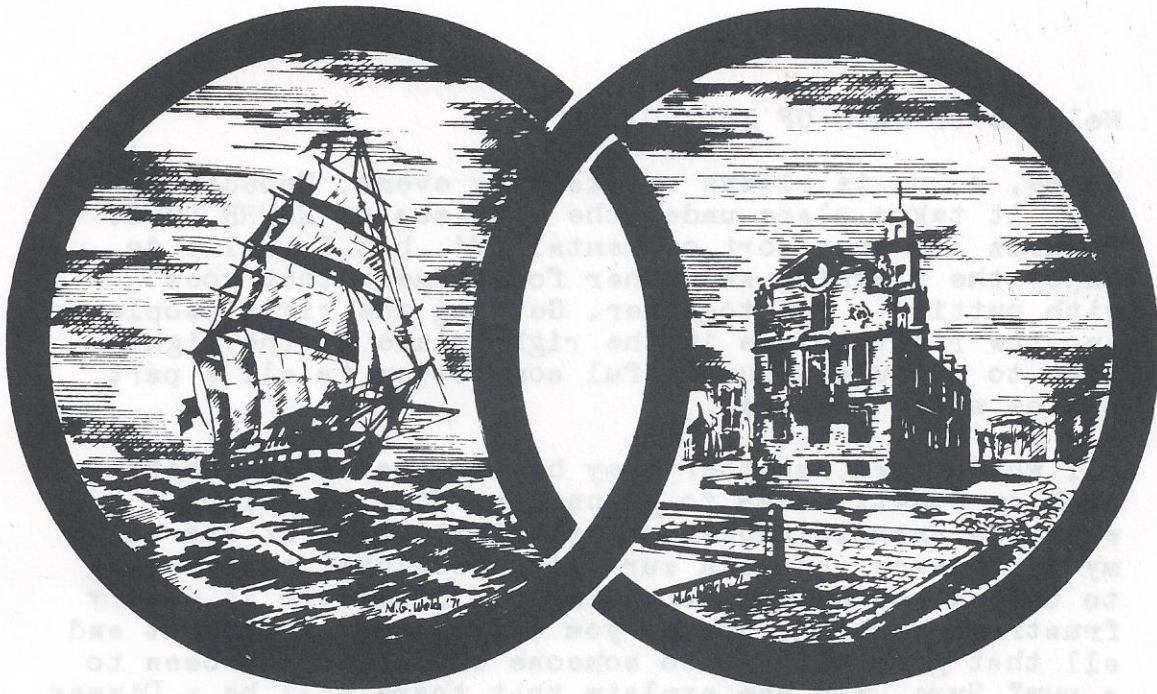


Nous Lettre



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NOUS LETTRE

Vol. III, No. 3

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Nous Lettre is the official bi-monthly publication of the Entre Nous of Boston. Its aim is to express the ideas and opinions of our members, associates and friends, both as a group and as individuals; and to provide you, our readers with informative and entertaining reading. We invite comments on articles herein, and welcome any and all constructive criticism and suggestions which might help to improve our newsletter.

All correspondence should be addressed to:

Editor, Nous Lettre
 c/o Entre Nous
 P. O. Box 2063
 Boston, Massachusetts 02106

Welcome to DAYS OF EQUINOX 1974

To me, a run is always an exciting event. Especially when it takes place under the auspices of ENTRE NOUS. Perhaps I'm some sort of mental 'M', but I really do enjoy the planning and other foolishness that goes with putting a run together. Getting the right people and the right things in the right place at the right time to produce a successful completion is all a part of the whole package.

All who attend, whether they be members of the host club or Guests, seem to go on some sort of 'high' which is unexplainable to the uninitiated. It has been my experience, and I'm sure I'm not alone, that trying to talk someone into attending his first run is a very frustrating thing. How do you convey the excitement and all that goes with it to someone who has never been to a run? Sure, you can explain that there will be a Dinner & Show and other events, but somehow when I try to sell this, it all comes out sounding rather vapid and insipid. I don't think I'm the only one who has felt this sense of inadequacy.

So what then is the answer? Is it a sense of belonging? Is it a sense of freedom from ordinary everyday society? Or is the sense of Brotherhood, Fraternity and Peace that comes with being with ones Brothers? I think it is a combination of all these plus a certain intangible that I won't attempt to define, because I don't think it's definable.

When you get it, you got it.

Gentlemen, welcome to DAYS OF EQUINOX 1974 - Enjoy, Enjoy !

John Henesy

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Full Page	\$12.50
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All correspondence should be addressed to:
John Henesy
c/o Days of Equinox
P. O. Box 2007
Boston, Massachusetts 02102

Road Captain's Comments

Recently we took a little trip down to Hartford, Conn. and participated in "Wintertrio" with the Thunderbolts, Vikings, and Wheels. I must admit that after a few minor difficulties with our own club---car breakdowns and so forth---we settled in and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality, good times, and entertainment provided. At this point thanks should be extended to Dean M., Road Captain of the Thunderbolts, and his "Thunderwagon" for providing transportation back to Massachusetts to pick up six half frozen Entre Nous who were waiting in their not-so-running car. I must admit that for a brand new car, this one behaved somewhat badly for its first major outing.

Wintertrio, being the first run of the year, brought a lot of friends together. Most of them were new ones for me, since I had met most of them within the past year. However, it also provided a chance to meet many people I hadn't met before.

A couple of runs can certainly bring two clubs closer together. This is extremely true of the Thunderbolts and Entre Nous. It seems that whatever differences there once were between our two clubs has certainly melted away to a nice warm, workable relationship. We thank you, Thunderbolts, for your friendship and hospitality.

I would also like to reiterate somewhat, and thank the Vikings for their banner, and for the friendship they have extended to us. Hopefully the future will bring an even closer relationship.

Wheels M.C. has always had a special place with me. I have found them all to be warm and open. Here is a club with some truly exceptional members. They have provided entertainment and cocktail parties at many of our runs. However, their closeness and brotherly love is the most cherished. Wheels, we thank you.

Our own Days of Equinox is now upon us. So, here's hoping we can extend to all of you the good times and friendship that you have extended to all of us.

Brad Welles

Road Captain, Entre Nous

ODDS 'N' ENDS

We were happy to hear that Don V. and Rick B. of 2nd City M.C. were back on the road to good health after their recent illnesses. It's hard to keep good men down.

And while we're on the subject of 2nd City, the Staff of NOUS LETTRE would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Jack S., Editor of LINK, for a job well done during his term in that post. We would also like to send our best wishes to his successor, Paul J.

Best Wishes to CYCLE M.C. on their sixth anniversary. Hope you have many many more.

Welcome aboard to the newest member of the L & L fraternity--The New York-Ontario Leather Club of Buffalo, N. Y. (Now that's a mouthfull)

Many thanks to Ken B. of the Vikings M.C. for being the D. J. at our February brunch. Your help added that touch of something extra that turns a mediocre function into a great time!

We were all happy to hear that our honorary "Mom", Eva LaBonte, is home agsin and feeling much better following her recent hospitalization.

The staff of Nous Lettre would like to take this opportunity to extend its best wishes to Mike C. and Fred L., who will be moving to San Francisco in April. The leadership they have given Entre Nous these past three years will certainly be missed.

A hearty welcome to our newest members: John P., Rusty B., and Bob C.; also to new "P" members Ken B., Emmett B., and Ray S.

Happy Birthday greetings are extended to Jose G., Jerry R., Scott T., George G., Paul P., Jim D., Dave B., Jim S., Roy V., and Eddie I.

First it was the Bucks, now we understand the Thebans, M.C. of Miami, Fla. has become the latest beneficiary of an Entre Nous loss. Good Luck to former E.N. member Mike N. in his new home. The Thebans sure got themselves one helluva worker!

DEADLINE for the May issue of Nous Lettre is May 1st.

Entre Nous "Second Sunday" brunches at Bob White's 1270 are becoming more successful every month. If you have the urge, please drop by; you'll be more than welcome.

WHEN: 2nd Sunday of every month
WHERE: Bob White's 1270
TIME: 1-4 P.M.
DONATION: \$3.00 (includes brunch and 2 drinks of your choice.)

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We are looking forward to greeting our regulars and making new friends.

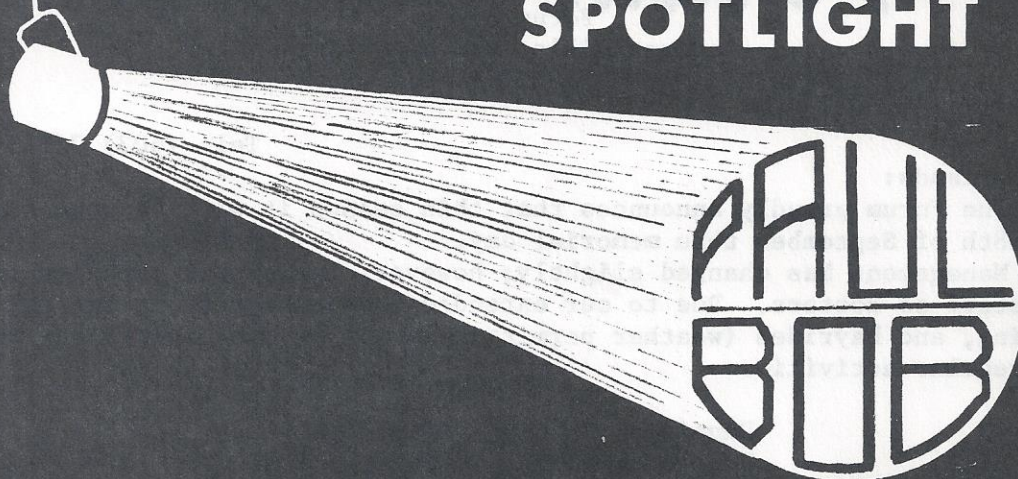
Sincerely:

James Mitchell
John Dougan
Louise Eastman

DIRECTIONS:

From Boston: Interstate 93 to Interstate 89 N, to N.H, Exit 12
From New York: Connecticut Turnpike to Interstate 91 N, to
Interstate 89 Exits 12 and 12A are just one mile away
From Worcester and R.I. Interstate 495 N, to U.S. Rt. 3
N, to Interstate 93 N, to Interstate 89 N, to Interstate N.H, Exit 12
From Montreal Rt. 10 (Eastern Auto Route) to Rt. 21 South to Rt. 7
South to U.S. Interstate 89 to N.H, exit 12A.

PERSONALITY SPOTLIGHT



PAUL CHRISTO

One of Entre Nous' newest members is Paul Christo, a blue-eyed, six-footer who was born in Boston on November 23rd under the sign of Sagittarius. Soon after receiving his college degree in electronic engineering and working a few years in the computer industry, Paul went off to the Navy for two arduous tours of sea duty in Vietnam. He moved to Cape Cod in 1970 to pursue ownership interests in private engineering firms with an emphasis in broadcast management and consulting.

Paul now resides in Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod, where he also owns and operates the Sea Drift Inn, a guest house whose reputation for accommodating "together" people is spreading throughout the Eastern seaboard. He is one of P-Town's youngest innkeepers, and frequently surprises his guests with sumptuous bar-b-ques, including his favorite Greek recipes. What's that they say about Greeks bearing (or is that baring?) gifts?

Behind his seemingly shy but outward-going personality, Paul is a guy whose quick-mindedness and deep sensitivity has won him many friends. His hobbies include three-finger banjo picking, sailing, mountain climbing, and walking the sun-drenched beaches along the shores of Cape Cod. His favorite drink is a Black Russian. Paul makes no bones about being caught completely off-guard after killing off a few bottles of Cold Duck and ten consecutive shots of Kalua in the company of "together" people.

Paul's interest in Entre Nous was sparked at both 1972 and 1973 P-town runs, where he housed several out-of-town guests and sponsored a poker-run stop. In January, 1974, Paul was accepted as a full member of the Club. His attendance at runs thus far has been "Wintertrio, 1974," where he helped bring home the top participation trophy for Entre Nous.

ROBERT CARTER, JR.

The newest addition to the Entre Nous family was born in Boston on August 25th under the sign of Virgo. Following his graduation from Dorchester High School Bob enrolled in Northeastern University, where he received his B.A. degree in History.

In 1964 Bob joined the U.S. Army. Following basic training at Ft. Dix, N.J. (there must be a hidden meaning there) he served twenty-two months with the Adjutant General's Corps at Ft. Eustis, Va. Upon completion of his military obligation in 1966, Bob gained employment with the City of Boston.

Bob's interests in Entre Nous began last Fall; he was accepted as a full member on March 13. During his probationary membership he attended "Wintertrio, 1974," where his athletic prowess won him the "Best Athlete" trophy. We must point out at this time that this particular trophy has also been called the "Endurance Award" by those who claim to have some inside info. Endurance for what, Bob?

Bob lists his hobbies as sex and sports. (That's funny; I never knew there was a difference!---Ed.) His favorite drink is Vodka and Tonic.



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SUNDAYS

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Drinks 75¢

4 p.m. - 8 p.m.

THURSDAYS

"Patch Night"
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Drinks 75¢

8 p.m. - midnight

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for
Days of Equinox '74*

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WOW! and THANKS to the "Rubber Duckies"

I waited six months to be Vulcanized, and all I can say is that it certainly was worth it! I now have the secret of being a Rubber Duckie, and in getting it I truly had one helluva time! at the Vulcan R.C. "Blowout III."

As usual, everyone in D.C. out-did themselves to make their out-of-town guests feel right to home, and my hosts, Lanny L. and Gary T., were certainly no exception. The run was great; in fact, if you were able to go twenty-four hours a day there was always something to do, including a champagne breakfast at the Ganymede Baths. Believe me, after spending a wild night in the pool paddling around with all those other ducks, that "Bubbly" sure hit the spot!

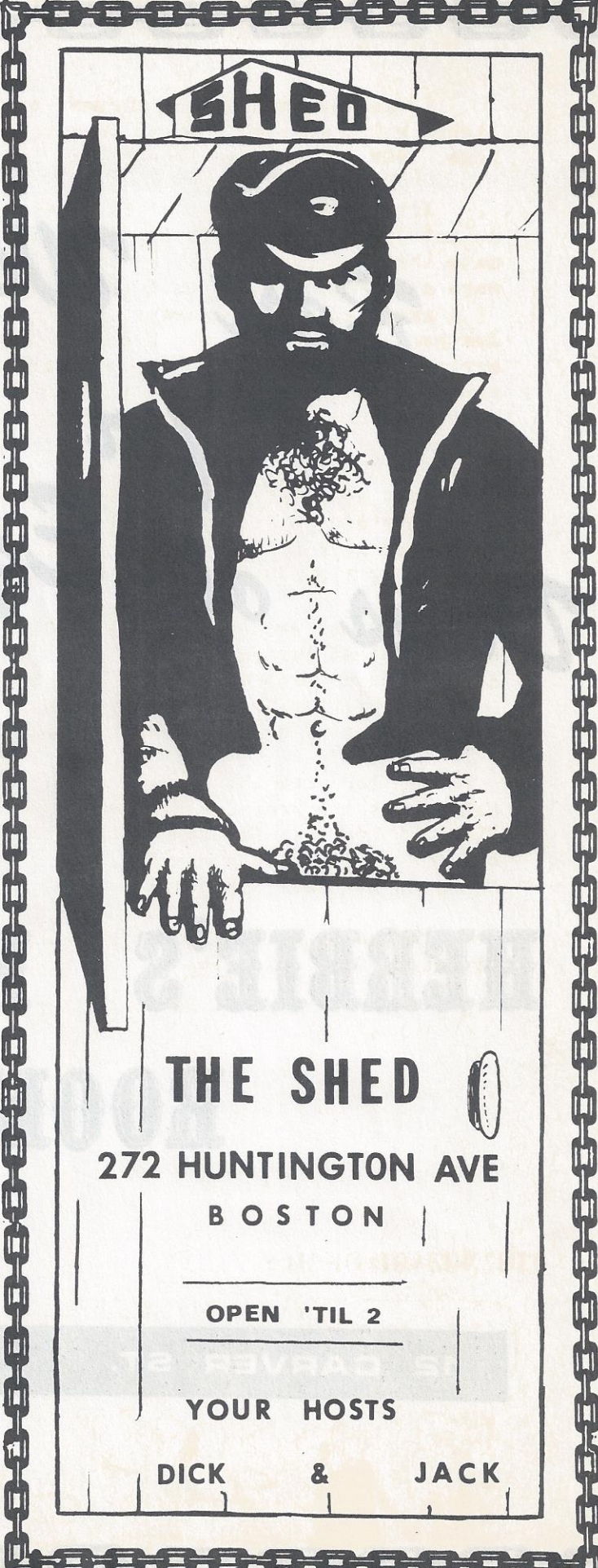
On Saturday afternoon a cake sale was held at Miss Scarlet's, and my two Boston Cream pies (with Entre Nous iced atop) brought \$60.00 towards the \$900.00 which was raised for the Children's Hospital. This was only the beginning of a fun-filled day and night which included dinner, movies, and, finally, the Vulcanization.

Sunday's activities included a dance marathon, fashion show, and brunch, all of which took place in Georgetown, and provided more than enough fun for everyone.

The run came to an end late on Sunday night, but I was so "blown out" that I carried on in the true Entre Nous tradition, and didn't leave those beautiful Washingtonians until Tuesday. It took that long to recuperate!

Thanks again, Vulcans, for a wild, wild weekend.

Rick N.



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Winter Wonderland

"Should I or shouldn't I go?" I asked myself. That was the sixty-four thousand dollar question. Where? On a weekend run with the Vikings and the Entre Nous. I've never been to anything like that before. What could happen? What are they really like? There were a thousand and one questions I could have asked myself. From what I've heard---the things they do---I'm not S & M. I really didn't know. And, Mary, what are cock rings for?

I finally decided that there was only one way to find out, and that was to do it. Besides someone once told me to "Try anything once." So off I went to George's Mills, N.H. I must admit I had a few reservations while waiting for Bill G. to pick me up at Bob White's 1270. "Bill's such a nice guy" I was thinking. Then suddenly someone interrupted my train of thought with talk of fist-fucking. Well, visions of horror and I must admit---fun---began to run through my mind! Oh, J.C., why me?

Bill and J.J. (whom I could tell at first was going to be a camp) and I were finally on our way. Just before reaching the New Hampshire border we picked up Bob C., and I knew for sure it would be a good weekend. He was so handsome and gay. Little did I know he'd win the prize for being the weekend tramp! The remainder of the drive to George's Mills was full of promise for a fun-filled weekend, and thanks to Bob's luggage of liquor and two cases of beer, by the time we arrived at the Forum I was one drunken queer without care or fear. Just full of cheer!

On arrival the Forum was all aglow (From the sounds of things, the Forum wasn't the only thing that was aglow! ---Ed.) and a welcome sight for us all. At the desk to greet us was John D.; and with him were Viking Russ L. and New Hampshire's own Minnie Pearl---Louise. While J.J. was getting settled in his room, Bob shoved off on the first leg of a long weekend cruise. There was a slight mix-up on Bill's and my room, which was quickly forgotten. As Louise put it, "What difference does it make what room you're in; you fellas are always in each other's rooms, anyway." Right on, Louise!

The first night was like an encounter group must be---sitting and talking with people you've seen for years, and never thought would like you. I didn't know how long it would last, whether it was the hour or all those beers, but I didn't really care. Suddenly I was having the time of my life. At about 3 a.m. Bill and I realized that we were the only ones left by the fire---or anywhere else, it seemed. We had held out to the last like true Mohicans (or should I say Vikings), and with a knowing look decided to hit the sack. On the way to our room we checked out the downstairs and found it to bear an amazing resemblance to Kansas---after Dorothy's tornado had struck---barron!

But while following the yellow brick road upstairs and over the rainbow to the land of Oz, all the little munchkins were munching away (You might know Dave B. would find his way to a place like this!--Ed.)

sighing and trying---tobe quiet. On second thought, you'd better strike that. But every now and then you could hear a painful, yet joyful shout, "Get the Vaseline."

While most of us "ski enthusiasts" stayed in bed late Saturday Morning, the two Jean Claude Kileys in the group were out on the slopes bright and early. With them were two novices, J.J. and Roy. Though not novice nuns they did appear to have a habit. They seemed to be constantly kneeling and praying; or maybe they thought they were blowing a snow god ! (It should be pointed out at this point that this paragraph goes on--- and ON ! But, for the sake of "insuring domestic tranquility" in Beantown we shall go no farther.---Ed.)

The traditional Saturday night New England bean and fart menu was not served. It was more like the Last Supper, with Rick N. turning his blood into wine to the delight of the Entre Nous and Viking apostles' hearts, and Ed R. obligingly offering his XL drawers for use as tablecloths. Joe S. (V.M.C.) dropped his leather drawers, and we had brown 'n' served buns without even having to ask. Next Skip C. "battered" Joe's buns, and finally, to show how grateful these leather and lather guys really were, they passed Louise's basket; and from their sewn and mended pockets what a load they gave ! Following dinner the real fun began as David (Rodney) and Danny (Bucks M.C.) and 10 O'clock Charlie can well attest. John H. and Fred L.'s room earned the nickname of Times Square. You eventually saw every MIDNIGHT COWBOY you ever blew---I mean, knew---coming out. No doubt they were on their way to their date with destiny, better known as Jim S.

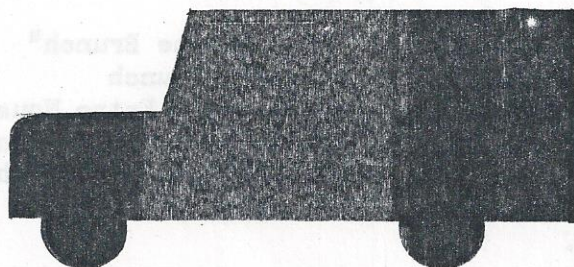
Well, guys, like the sinking of the Titanic, it was certainly A Night To Remember. In fact the whole weekend was great. I'll never forget my first, and I hope, not my last weekend with the Vikings and the Entre Nous. It was indescribably delicious !

Rick S.

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WINTERTRIO

"Wintertrio, 1974" began on Friday, February 15th with registration at the Warehouse. I'm sure everyone had a good time. Unfortunately, I was not there to enjoy the events of Friday night. Instead, I spent an (enjoyable?) evening with five other members of Entre Nous at Friendly's Ice Cream in Auburn, Mass. surrounded by---you guessed it---CLOSED gas stations. Great place to be when your car breaks down! After numerous calls and fights with the telephone operator (see Tony M. for details), we got through to the Warehouse, and were finally rescued when Brad W. and Dean M. arrived in Dean's "Thunderwagon." We arrived in Hartford too late for anything except bed---for some sleep!

Saturday began with events at Powder Ridge. There was tobogganing, but most people found it more fun to use their own "tails" as toboggans. After a good work-out with (I hesitate to use the word 'on') these toboggans brunch was served. And a welcomed sight it was. Following the brunch many of the run-goers were off to take part in the three-legged race, four-man relay race or tug of war. Entre Nous won the first two of these events, while a team composed of members of different clubs won the tug of war. The only casualty of the day was Bob P., President of 9-Plus, who had a slight altercation with a passing tree; seems each thought he (it) had the right of way. Bob lost. Luckily, he didn't break anything; but he did feel rather uncomfortable for the rest of the weekend.

Saturday night brought dinner and a show. There was also a cocktail hour before the show, which put everyone in a good mood. It was also the night for the Vikings M.C. to celebrate BO-2-2274, and during the festivities our brothers from "Beantown" presented Entre Nous with their new banner. Following dinner each of the host clubs presented their own individual entertainment. This included the last SCHEDULED appearance of Louise. An after hours party followed the evening's entertainment. 'Nough said!

Sunday morning was recovery time. The only event planned was an AMCC meeting which everyone was invited to attend. Following the meeting we all went to the Warehouse for a few drinks before adjourning to the Attic for dinner. Dinner was excellent; but I must admit that some of the best meals were served at the after hours party.



Monday brought the "Last Chance Brunch" at the Warehouse. Following the brunch banners and awards were presented. Entre Nous presented our banner to the Thunderbolts, when the festivities were over we had another trophy to add to our case. Thanks agin, guys, for a great time.

Bob. C.

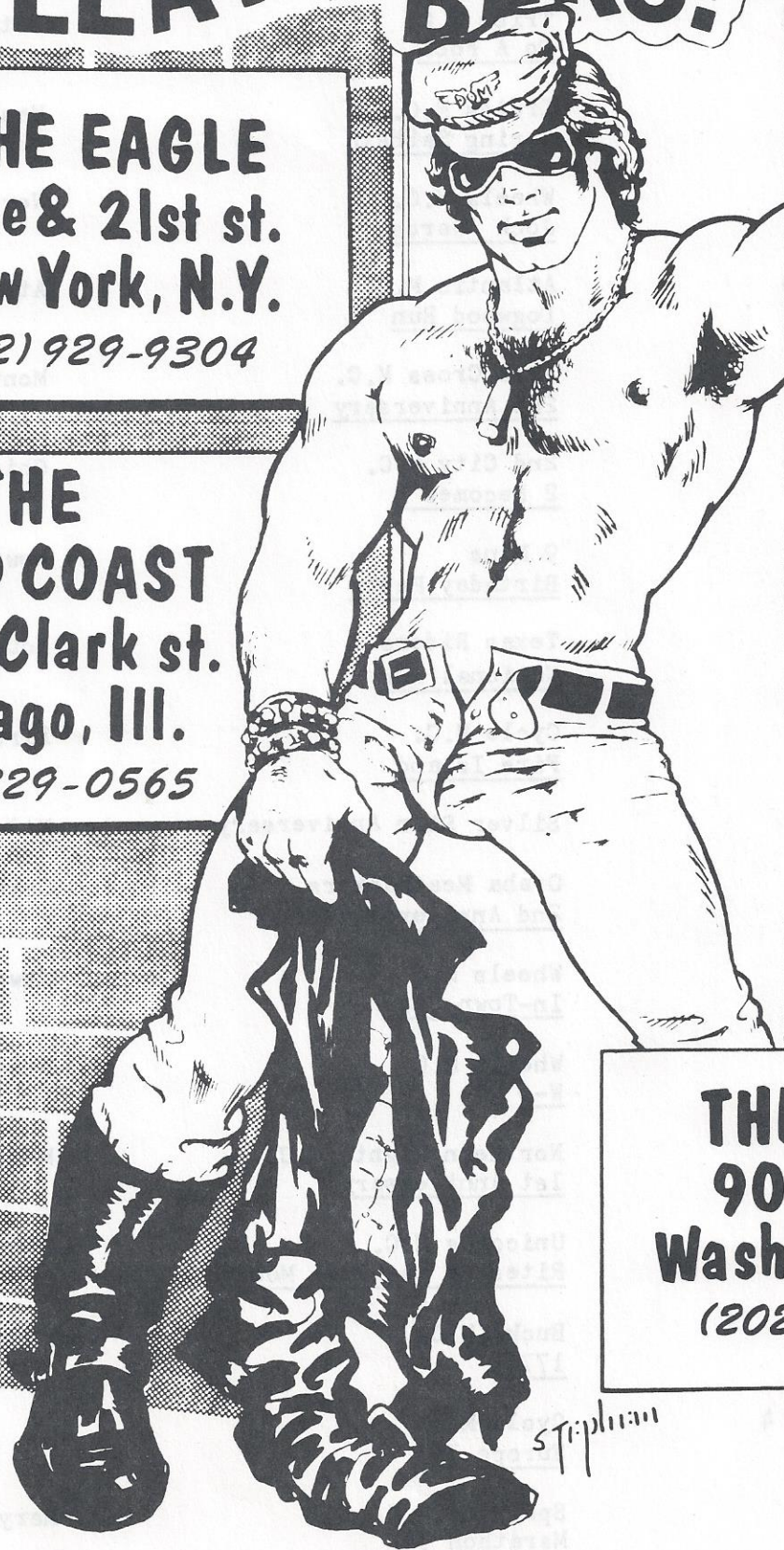
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CHAIN OF

EVENTS

March 29-31	<u>Tribe M.C.</u> <u>Do A Fool</u>	Detroit, Mich.
April 5-7	<u>Druids M.C.</u> <u>Spring Sabbath</u>	Washington, D.C.
April 6	<u>Wheels M.C.</u> <u>Jock Awards</u>	New York, N. Y.
April 11-14	<u>Atlantis M.C.</u> <u>Dogwood Run</u>	Atlanta, Georgia
April 20	<u>Iron Cross M.C.</u> <u>2nd Anniversary</u>	Montreal
April 26-28	<u>2nd City M.C.</u> <u>2 Becomes 9</u>	Chicago
May 3-5	<u>9 Plus</u> <u>Birthday Party</u>	New York, N. Y.
May 10-12	<u>Texas Riders</u> <u>National Run</u>	Houston
May 17-19	<u>Cycle M.C.</u> <u>Fire Island</u>	Fire Island, N. Y.
May 17-19	<u>Silver Star Anniversary</u>	Milwaukee, Wisc.
May 18	<u>Omaha MeatPackers</u> <u>2nd Anniversary</u>	Omaha
May 18-19	<u>Wheels M.C.</u> <u>In-Town Show</u>	New York, N. Y.
May 24-27	<u>Wheels M.C.</u> <u>W-6</u>	Pennsylvania
May 25	<u>Northern Lights M.C.</u> <u>1st Anniversary</u>	Montreal
June 28-30	<u>Unicorns M.C.</u> <u>Rites of the Full Moon</u>	Cleveland, Ohio
July 3-7	<u>Bucks M.C.</u> <u>1776</u>	Pennsylvania
July 14-Aug 4	<u>Cycle M.C.</u> <u>Europe 74</u>	
July 28-30	<u>Spartans M.C.</u> <u>Marathon 74</u>	Maryland

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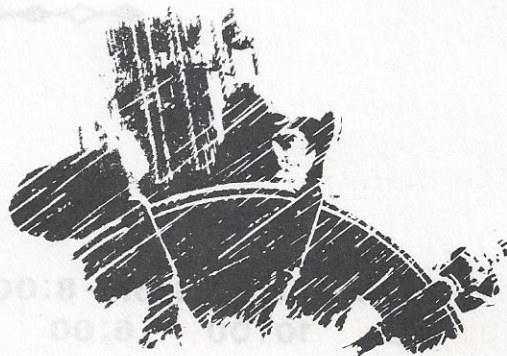
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Dick & Horace

P.O. Box 485

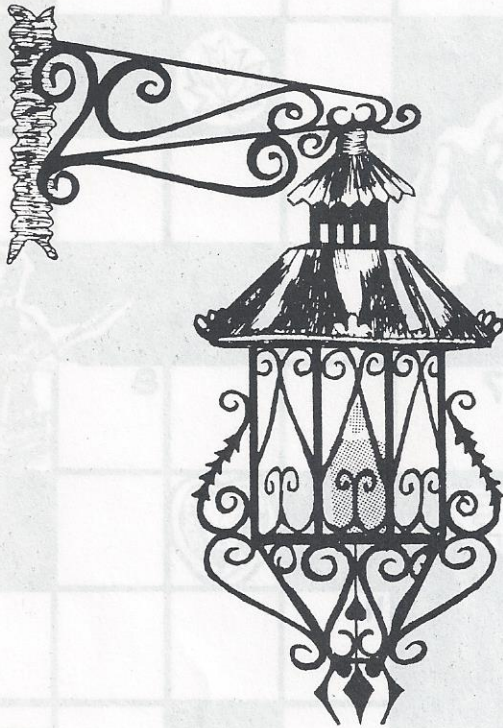
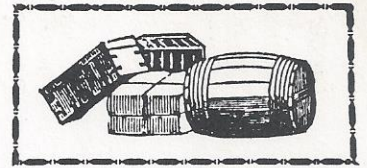
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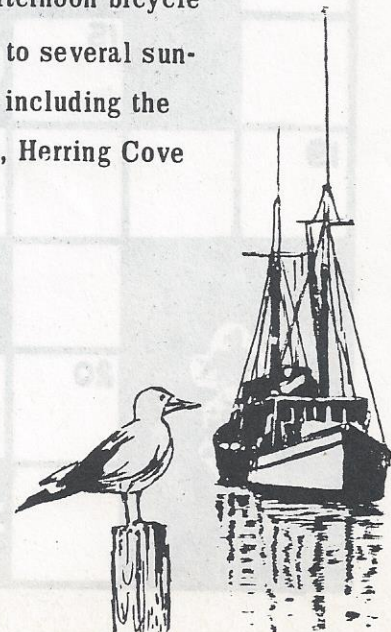
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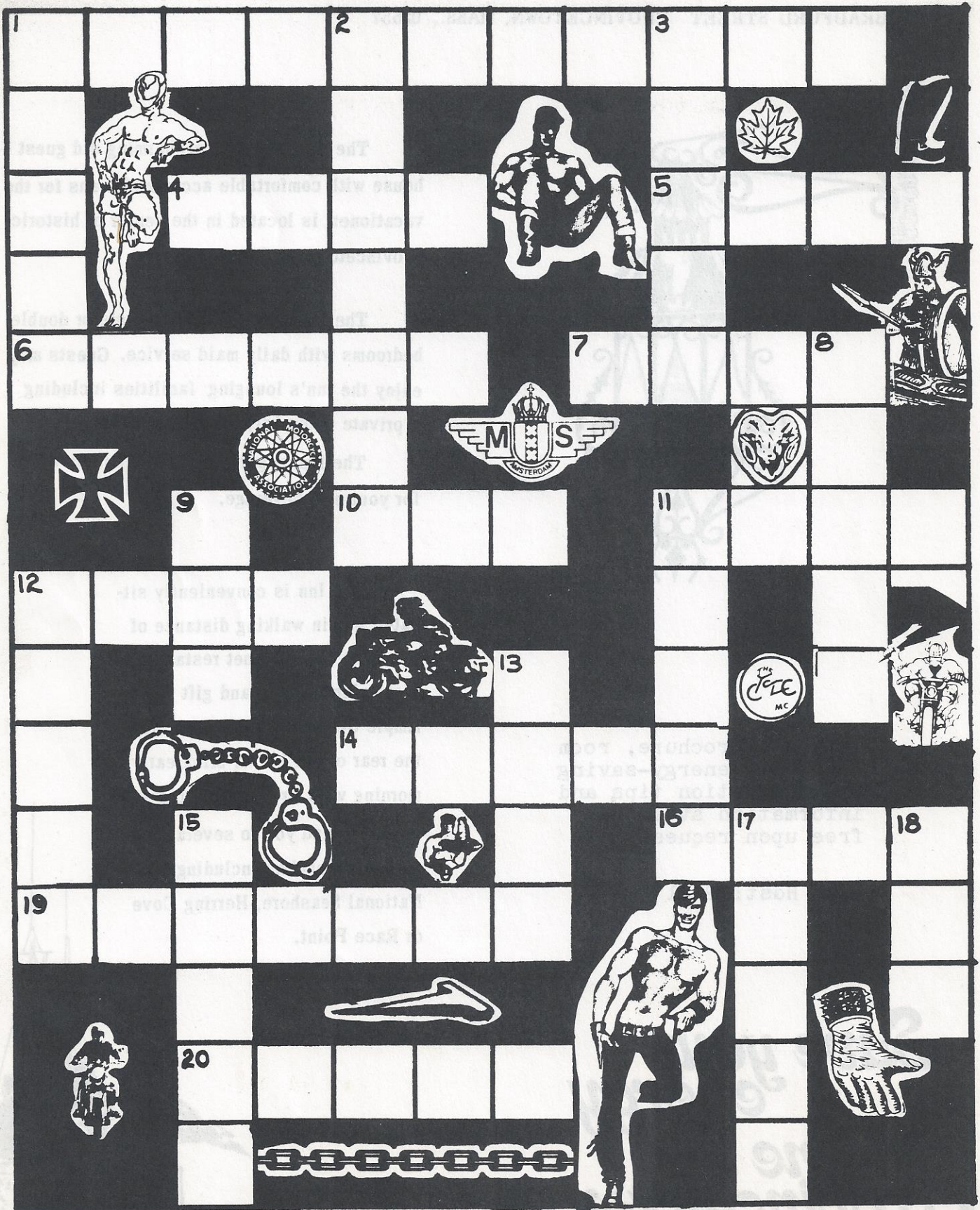
The Inn provides either single or double bedrooms with daily maid service. Guests may enjoy the Inn's lounging facilities including a private piano-bar, stereo and TV.

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e



Crossword Clues

ACROSS

1. If your're ever at 501 N. Clark in Chicago, be sure to drop in. It's just downstairs.
4. This Bar is Atlanta's gem.
5. _____ Coast.
6. Interchange _____ (Detroit).
7. Eagle's _____.
10. You'll find this one at 114 Christopher St. in the Village.
11. Two _____ Seven Bar. Go to Philadelphia to visit this one.
12. _____ Camp.
14. At Promontory Pt., Utah this hunk of gold joined East and West. In N.Y.C. it joins 20th & 11th.
16. Try a trip to "Beantown" for this one.
19. Oldest leather bar in New York.
20. Pleasure _____.

DOWN

1. J. Edgar had a good view of this place.
2. You'll have to go to the "City of the Angels" to visit this bar.
3. _____ Leathers--ask for John & Ray.
8. A _____ of leather (San Francisco).
9. Rem _____.
11. When you visit the Golden Gate stop in for a few at this place located at 11th & Folsom.
12. Cell _____.
13. In Dallas we could stop at the Sundance _____.
16. Ask for Roy at the _____ Fox.
17. When in Hartford stop at the Ware _____.
18. Tin _____ box.



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Adaptation by Dick G.

Big cocks and small cocks and asses for rimming,
Gay bars and gay parks and beaches for swimming,
Tea rooms in movies and gay songs to sing,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Slipping and sliding our bodies together,
Doing each other in all kinds of weather,
Winter and summer, autumn and spring,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm cruising, it's amusing,
If I don't make out,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I can sing and shout.

Leather and Denim are things that I crave for,
One burley master that I'll be a slave for,
Cockrings and dildos and other such toys,
These are a few of my favorite joys.

Whipping and pissing and even sucking,
Finding somebody that digs fist fucking,
Club runs and functions just meant for us boys,
These are a few of my favorite joys.

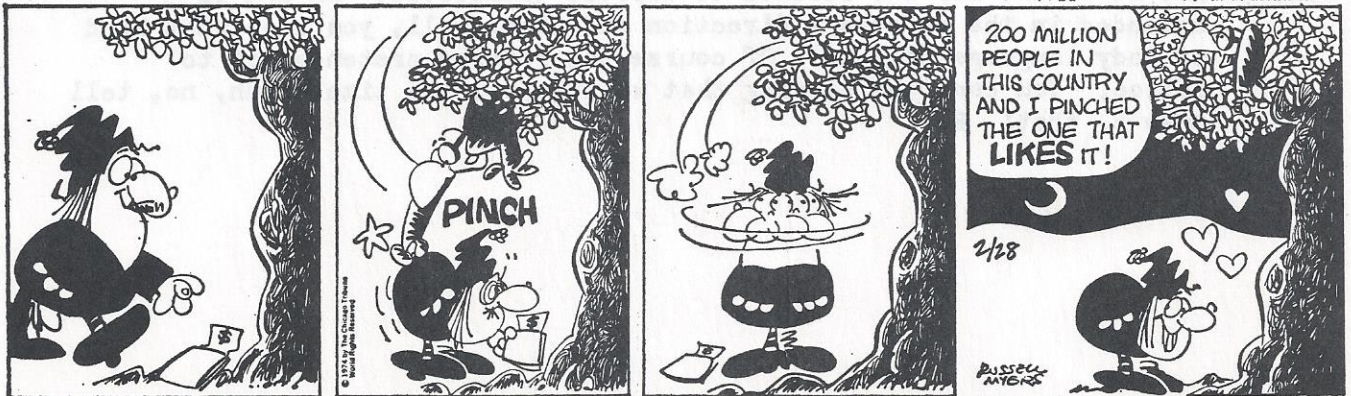
When the whip snaps, when the chains slap,
How I moan and groan,
I simply remember my favorite joys,
And I don't go home alone.

Now this isn't the end of this story,
Some search for fortune and some search for glory,
But there's a moral to this little song,
Happiness is we're all getting along.

So be jolly and be happy,
When you sing this song,
Remember your favorite things and your joys,
And you too will get along.

BROOM HILDA

By R. Myers



Body Language

by Jim S.

Winter (UGH!) is upon us again; and while the weather is turning roads and human breaths icy outside, noisy crowds will spend the coming weeks huddled inside around their favorite frozen pond--the Boston Garden.

For those of us who live in and around Boston, the coming of winter also means the arrival of the Bruins, otherwise known as Bobby Orr and company. Hockey, like any other game has its basic format. Five players whip (ahhh!) around an ice covered surface and try to zip (whipping is more fun) a rubber disk into a cage. That's all there is to it. Well, not quite. Hockey has interesting sidelights too. One is its system of communication. Communication among the players, between the referees and players, between the coaches and the referees, and between all of these and the fans. For simplicity lets call it body language!

Now, consider yourself sitting in Boston Garden for a Bruins game--gaily clad players are pushing themselves and everybody else all over the ice. One player not particularly swift of skate decides he's done enough chasing and suddenly does some pushing. That's OK until the opposition does the same. Several good pushes and shoves quite often lead to a good thrust--with an elbow, that is. (After all, what else are elbows good for?) At this point the referee steps (er, skates) in. Immediately he blows his whistle (sounds like a certain E.N. we all know, Ed.) to indicate his "displeasure". He then extends an arm and taps his elbow. For you as a spectator this means that the guilty player tried to "communicate" with his elbow. Too bad! Skates and quilty elbow are given a two minute rest in the penalty box. (Whose box? Ed.)

The game continues. One team rushes up ice eager for a kill. The other team (minus the sinful elbow) is trying frantically to keep the wolf from the door. After a few near-misses one player from the shorthanded team manages to gain possession of the puck (oh, yes, that's spelled correctly). While trying to skate away, a member of the opposition acosts him and gives him a bear-hug (they have so much fun) a choke hold and then finally trips him--in that order.

But there's that whistle again. Our friend the referee hasn't missed a thing! This time he lifts his right leg and taps his calf. More body language. The offending player is sent packing to the penalty box--not for manhandling, but for tripping.

Now it's time for the coaches to express themselves. An arm is extended in the referee's direction and then, well, you know what kind of body language that is! Of course the referee pretends not to notice. You can't be blowing that whistle all the time! (Oh, no, tell Dave B. that! Ed.)

Throughout these goings on you have taken note of your fellow spectators. Along with their audible noises, you are especially aware of their own peculiar forms of body language. Eyes follow player movements and practically spit out a type of venom called "home town hatred of the visiting team." Fists are clenched as they shout out their own displeasure. Seats are barely kept warm due to the constant up and down movements. (Oh, really!)

But one fan in particular says it all. Having been both thoroughly intoxicated (well into his 3rd six pack) and thoroughly incensed he throws himself and his brew toward the frozen battlefield. Needless to say this was no happy landing and he is quite efficiently whisked from the scene.

With the clock running out, both teams are mad-dashing it around the rink trying to score. (Sounds like the bars at 2 A.M.) One little player seems to think his moment of glory is at hand. He suddenly comes high-balling across the ice and rams the player with the puck. Both players lose all sense of play and raise their sticks ready to do battle. Our little hero now changes from hockey player to wrestler. Quickly dropping his gloves, he throws himself at his adversary like a Japanese Kamikaze pilot. The whole scene suddenly erupts into an orgy of fists and sticks flying in every direction.

This is body language at its best--a sort of "group participation" certainly not group therapy! (That comes later) What was a game is now a melee. The coaches are livid, the spectators torid, and the referees are probably thinking that there must be an easier way to make a living! And as for you--well, you've had a great insight into body language. So great is that insight that you've decided to exit before you lose your own body. And that's a language you don't speak.



J U M B L E S

DIRECTIONS:

Unscramble these seven Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form seven names. Then arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer.

GIOPLHNS

○				○			
---	--	--	--	---	--	--	--

RATDE

○		○		
---	--	---	--	--

ESHLEW

○			○		
---	--	--	---	--	--

KINL

		○	
--	--	---	--

CLTB

			○
--	--	--	---

SCARSORODS

	○								○
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BRSCCEI

					○	
--	--	--	--	--	---	--



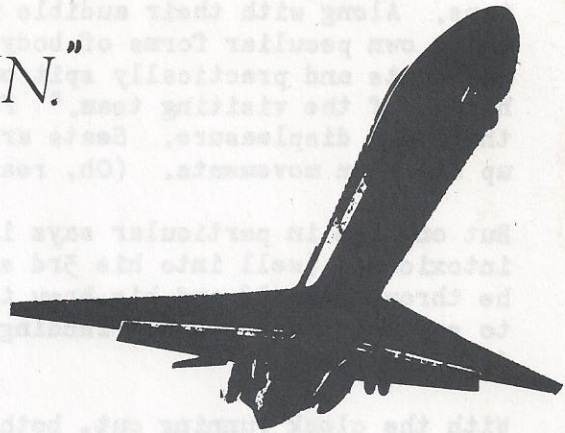
CLUE: We each have only one "Chief", but not nearly enough indians.

ANSWER:

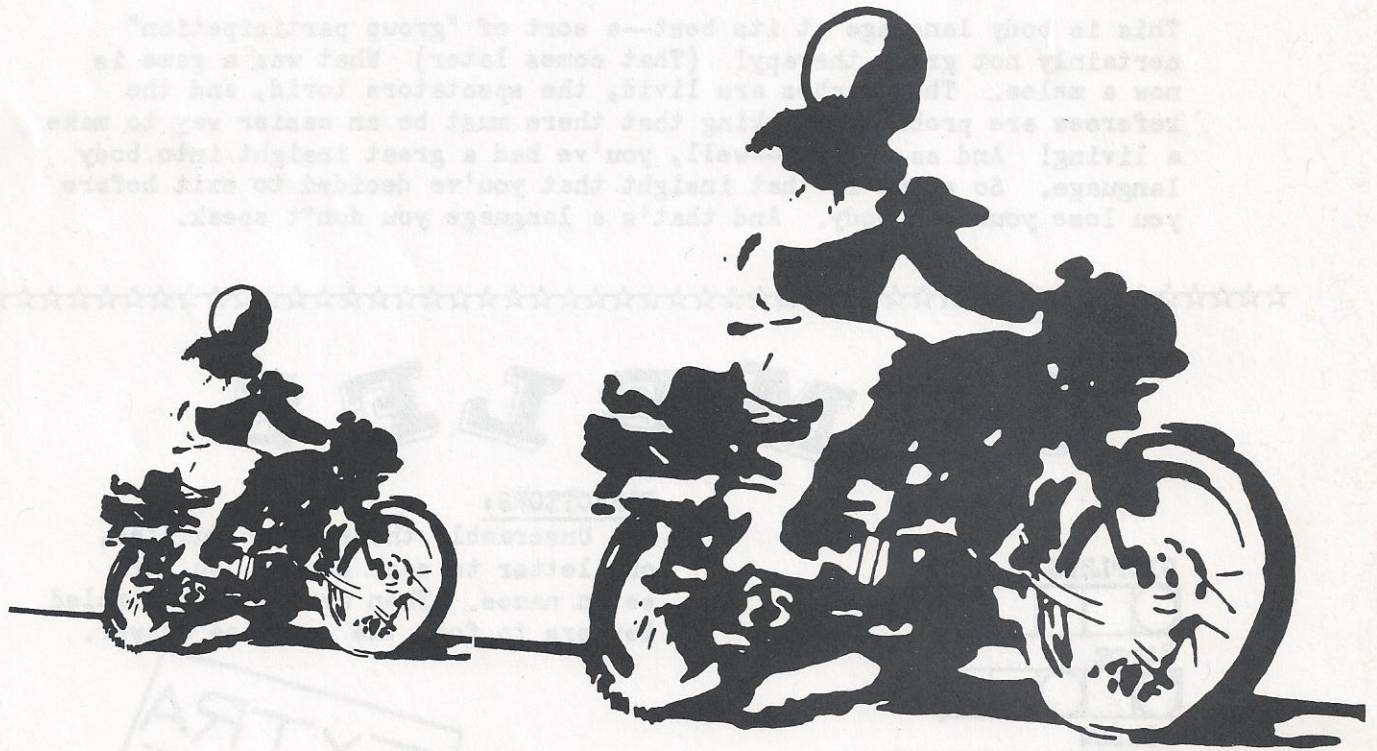
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○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
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"COME ON DOWN."



The race is on....



and everyone's headed for....

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saturday 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.
sunday 1 p.m. - 7 p.m.



NEW



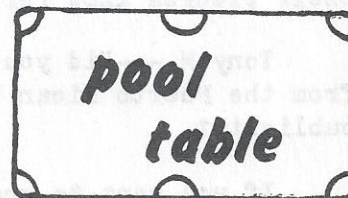
DIFFERENT

BEER BUST

mon. - sat. 8 - 9
sunday 6 - 7

Draught - 35¢

- ★ *Leather*
- ★ *S/M*
- ★ *Bikers*
- ★ *Levi*
- ★ *B/D*
- ★ *Cowboys*



ALL WELCOME

Dishes Not On the Menu

After the Centaurs and Scorpions having initially "passed the Bucks," it would now appear that the dollar has suddenly increased in value!

And speaking about the Bucks- Many rumors have come out of "Wintertrio"; but this editor finds it hard to believe that "The Bucks", as stated by one of the newest Vikings, "can't get it up". It would seem as though a challenge has been made!

From New York: "Dimples" O'Connor????

When Paul C. emerged from his membership committee interview tucking in his shirt it made many of us wonder what was happening behind those closed doors!

Overheard at the January brunch: "I don't get too many chances to play organs." That may or may not be true Eddie, but you sure don't need any lessons!

We understand Joe S.(V.M.C.) was complaining at the last brunch that he lost his watch when our Road Captain, Brad W., sat on his lap. Hmmm!

For weeks now I've been trying to find out if it's true that Joe K., our Assistant Road Captain, was taking RIDING LESSONS with Jerry R. at our January brunch? If so, riding what?

About that lost and found item we mentioned earlier- unless you were using it for a cock ring, Joe, isn't that a rather strange place to be wearing a watch? Like they say: "Different strokes for Different folks."

From the Vikings M.C. comes the word that the "Black-Smiths" seem to have found a new "Horseshoe," and that only their pledges know for sure. Is that true, Ken?

Tony M.---Did you really win the "Humanitarian Award" from the Puerto Rican Tourist Board, or is it just more publicity?

If you want to know who recently earned himself the nickname of "Volcano" ask Wayne J.

Mike M.---Is it true that the only thing working on your car after you fixed it was the windshield-wiper, and that they were the only NOT working before you started? Take the bus!

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(Saturday night 'til 1a.m.)

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bar*

Piano and organ
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Movie night every
Monday at 9 p.m.

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meetings
room*

1270 BOYLSTON ST.

BOSTON

THE BOILER ROOM

12NOON - 2 A.M.

(saturday night 'til 1a.m.)

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Daily luncheons served 12 noon - 8 p.m.

Sandwiches available 'til closing.

Free buffet every Sunday.

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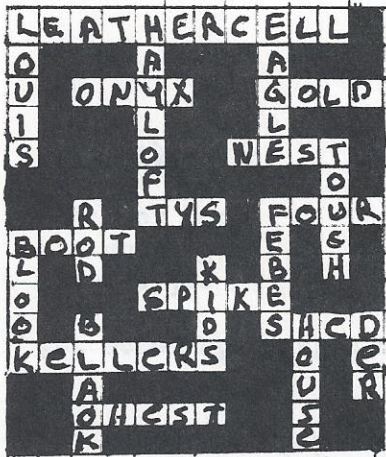
Boston's newest attraction for the leather and denim set.

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meet

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CROSSWORD SOLUTION



JUMBLES SOLUTION

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2. Tread
3. Wheels
4. Link
5. Bolt
6. Crossroads
7. Scribe

ANSWER: News Letters

Club Night's Camp.... & Quotes

A common question at the last Club Night seemed to be "How was Dixie's trip to Mardi Gras?"



Quote Ken B., V.M.C.: "Play the Wedding March, he's always doing it." Who, Ken ????

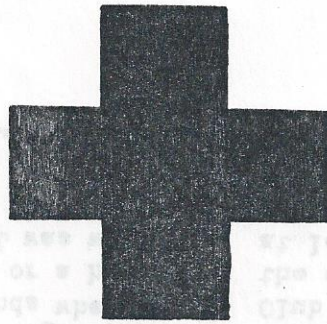


We DO wish that Joe S. and Sam J. would get together and make up their minds whether it was "a bathrobe or a horse blanket" that TFL was wearing at a more recent Club Night!



Dick L. offers the following bit of advice to those attending Club Night: "You simply can't win the drawing if you don't turn in at least one of each pair of tickets you get when you buy a drink!" And believe me, Dick knows!





ENTRE NOUS BLOOD DONOR PROGRAM

Hey, you! Did you ever want to help a fellow club member or a friend? Well, now is the time. As many of you know Entre Nous has organized a blood program. Of course, it's small right now; but, with your help it can grow into a program that can benefit a lot of people.

So, we are asking for donations. Everyone, who is capable, can give.

If you live in Boston, the place to go is:

AMERICAN RED CROSS
812 Huntington Ave.
Boston, Mass.

Make your donation to ENTRE NOUS.

If you live out of town or state, go to your nearest Red Cross Donor Station; but, be sure that you list the organization as ENTRE NOUS, P.O. Box 2063, Boston, Mass. All donations will be forwarded to the Boston Chapter of the American Red Cross.

So, go ahead. Help yourself; help a friend. Donate.

For more information contact:

Brad Welles
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