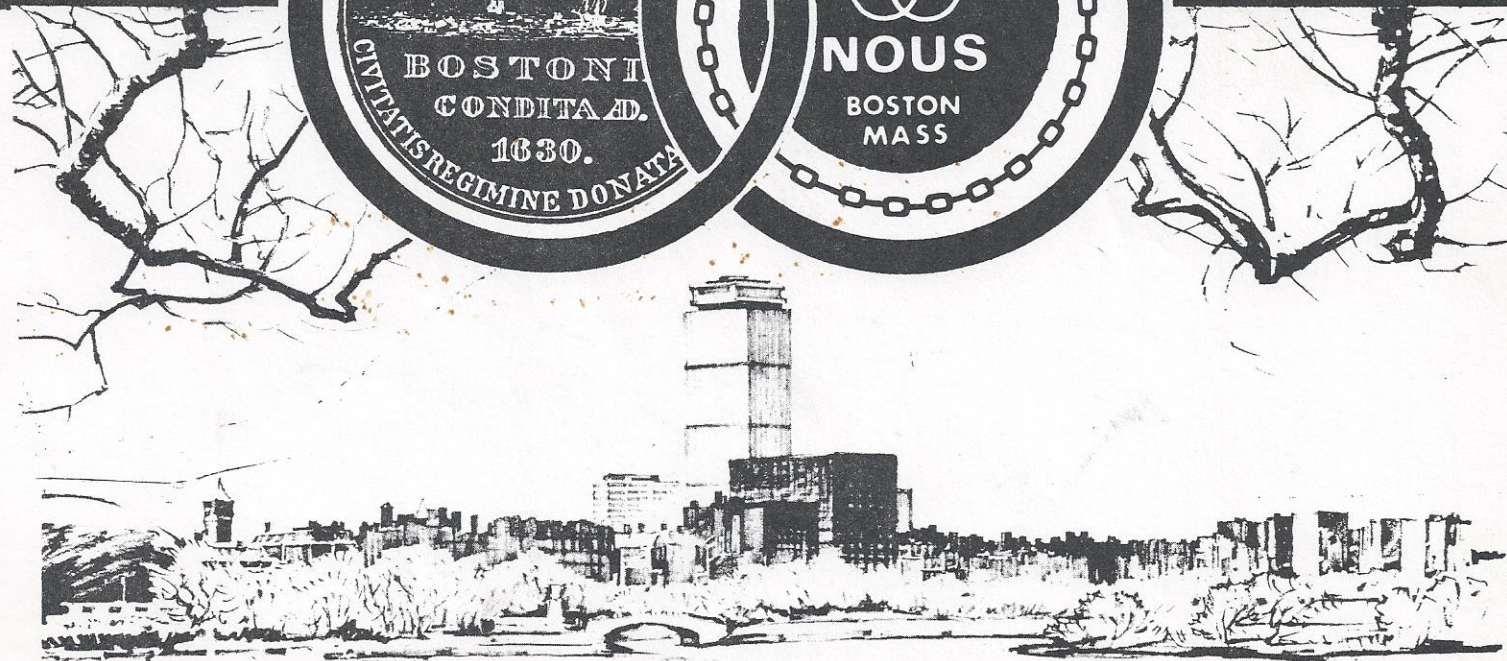
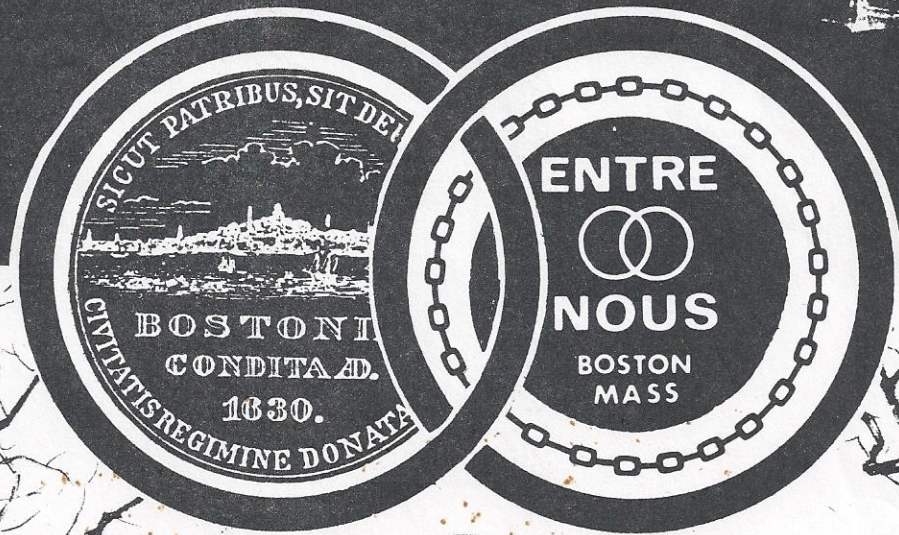
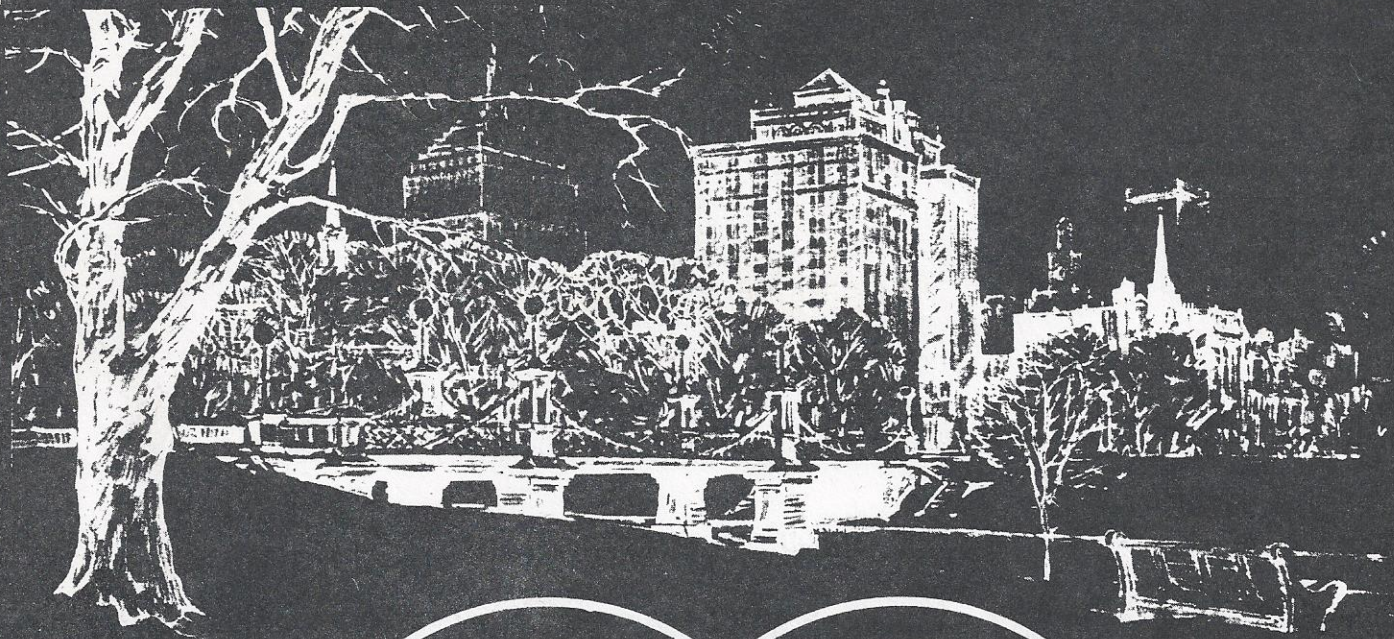


# *Nous Lettre*



JANUARY FEBRUARY

1979



# NOUS LETTRE

VOL. 9 NO. 2

Editor.....Rod Hewes

## Executive Board

Captain.....Al Cicoria  
 Lieutenant.....George Goodwin  
 Scribe.....Dick Haller  
 Business Manager.....Bill Wright  
 Corres.Secretary.....Jerry Viens  
 Road Captain.....Bill Fontaine  
 Asst. Road Captain.....Bob LaPointe

## ADVERTISING RATES

FULL PAGE: \$20.00  
 HALF PAGE: 10.00  
 QUARTER PAGE: 6.00

### Yearly Contract (6 Issues)

Full Page \$15.00  
 Half Page 7.50  
 Quarter Page 5.00

### Club Rates for Fliers

Full Page \$10.00  
 Half Page 5.00

## SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per yrer (U.S. & Canada)  
 \$6.00 per year (Outside the U.S.)

No. charge to all dues-paying  
 members Full & associate of  
 Entre Nous Inc.

Nous Lettre is the official Bi-monthly publication of Entre Nous Inc. of Boston, Massachusetta. Its aim is to express the ideas and opinions of our members, associates and friends, both as a grpup and as individuals; and to provide you, our readers with informative and entertain ng reading. We invite comments on articles herein. And welcome any and all constructive critisum and suggestions which might improve our Nous Lettre

All correspondence should be addressed to  
 Nous Lettre, Editor  
 c/o Rod Hewes  
 40 Hichborn St.  
 Brighton, MA 02135



HERBIE'S  
RAMROD  
ROOM

12 CARVER ST.

BOSTON, MASS



p.o. box 2063  
boston, mass. 02106  
January 1979

## FROM THE DESK OF THE CAPTAIN

Now that the holidays are behind us, it is time for all members to buckle down and get to work on "EQUINOX". Your contribution no matter how small will enhance our chances of holding one of the best runs in some time.

I must stress that show rehearsals are important and that we should be putting out 100%. Even if you feel you have no talent, try, rehearse, struggle with your assignment.

The "E-Board" is the Planning Committee but we will be seeking help in all areas. Give us your ideas, your help, your talent. Many members are free during the day while others are working. So much can be accomplished in taking one or two hours of your spare time.

This is your Club, this is your run. The success of the run rests upon all our shoulders and it should not be the same people who are always available for work.

If you honestly feel that you cannot help, come to us and I'm sure we can find something for you to do to make this a total club effort.

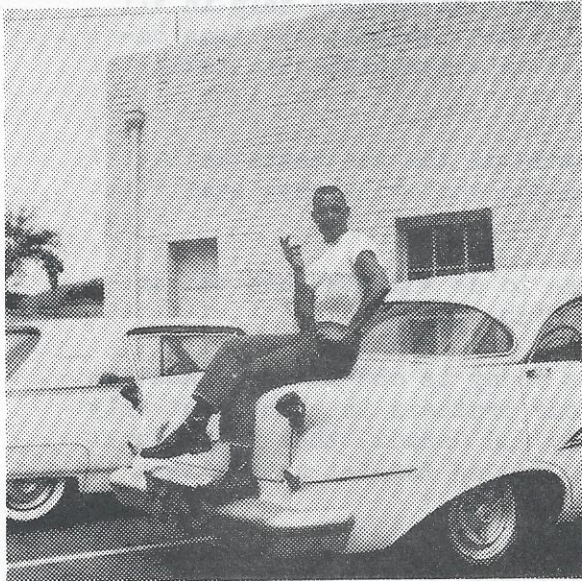
At present, I feel the membership as it exists today is one of the finest in the long history of Entre Nous. Let us show all our brothers in clubs, not only in Boston or New England but throughout the country and Canada, that Entre Nous is still one of the best. We have a tradition to live up to, let us not rest on our laurels.

Fraternally,

Al C., Captain/President

# PERSONALITY SPOTLIGHT

DICK H.



One of Entre Nous newest members and E.B. Scribe, Dick H. was born in a little town in Nebraska on 3//8/??

Between Nebraska, California & Nebraska (how she travels) Dick completed high school and graduated from Nebraska U.

As a young boy, Dick worked on a dairy farm (a dairy queen) and a real milk man, drove tractors & trailer and loved tractor trailer drivers. His "biggest" conquest was in Nebraska but he scored many victory

in So. California. While in L.A. Dick was ordained minister in his church and worked there for a few years. In the late Sixties, Dick met a native Bostonian and lost his heart. They moved to N.H. and Dick worked in a Tannery and for an electronic firm. But N.H. was too small and the big city of Boston was calling him. Newly divorced Dick set out to conquer Boston so he did.

Dick joined Entre Nous in 1978, works in Production & Scheduling of (heavy) Equipment. His interests are Dancing, loves to sing (opera) baseball, football (loves those rumps) Bowling (carries her own bag) enjoys cooking and parties Affectionately called "Halene" by club members, Dick has a good sense of humor, witty, intelligent and a good club member.

A Salute to you Dick by Bob LaP. in cooperation with his best friend Mother Supervisor Gerald

# EDITORIAL



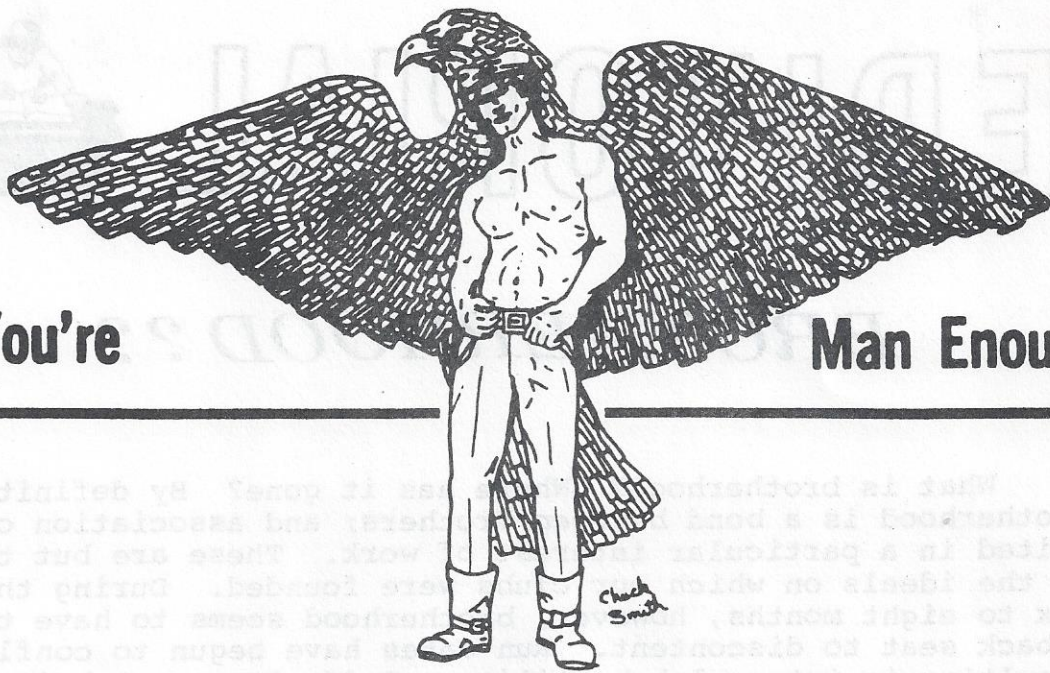
## *BROTHERHOOD ??*

What is brotherhood? Where has it gone? By definition, brotherhood is a bond between brothers; and association of men united in a particular interest of work. These are but two of the ideals on which our clubs were founded. During the past six to eight months, however, brotherhood seems to have taken a back seat to discontent. Run dates have begun to conflict, resulting in inter-club hostility. Suddenly one club is angry at another--and for what reasons? Is the leather-denim fraternity to which we belong so small that we can't give strong support to two events at the same time, if that be necessary? Granted it may be a bit inconvenient for those of us who are close to both clubs, but are we so weak in mind that we can't respect each other's decisions, even if those decisions take them to another club's run? Can we not go to a Viking run this year and a Spearhead run the next, an Entre Nous run this year and a Vanguard run the next, or vice versa? When are we going to learn that harboring grudges serves only to disintegrate our fraternity? Must we all have the attitude "if you don't come to our run I won't go to yours?" Somehow, we must bring ourselves to understand that everyone can't possibly make every run: Finances and work schedules often times do not permit it.

Now let us look at the subject from another angle. The trouble is not always between clubs. Quite often it is found within our own groups, where individual conflicts of personality, whether social or political, often give rise to disenchantment with each other and, ultimately, dissension within the club. As usual, these petty grievances always seem to surface just before run time.

It is at times such as these that we should sit back for a moment and reflect on why we joined our respective clubs and why those clubs were formed. We must remember that the key to unity and brotherhood is found only in the hearts and minds of our members, especially those whom we have chosen to lead us; and that anger and emotionalism must be restrained and replaced by solid reasoning. Only then shall we even begin to be the brotherhood that we profess to be.

Let us never forget the ideals on which our clubs were founded. And may we always remember that if we are to get along well with our brother clubs, we must first learn to live with ourselves.



**If You're**

**Man Enough...**

**THE  
BOSTON  
EAGLE**

**88 QUEENSBERRY ST.**

**(IN THE FENWAY)**

**(617) 247-9586**

**WASHINGTON  
THE D.C. EAGLE**

**904 9TH ST. SW  
(202) 347-6025**

**NEW YORK CITY  
THE N.Y. EAGLE**

**21ST ST. + 11TH AVE.  
(212) 929-9304**



p.o. box 2063  
boston, mass. 02106  
January 1979

## Long Island Spuds - "Horsin' Around" Al C. & Gerry V.

Like Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July, the first weekend in December is becoming traditional. Five Entre Nous members arrived at the Ponderosa to take part in what is now considered as one of the prime runs of the year.

There was the traditional check in, room assignments and a buffet awaiting along with frosty cold pitchers of beer. We arrived in time to get settled, catch a quick bite and a beer before the first cocktail party was held at 11:30PM after which many enjoyed the disco, sauna and assorted other games.

If you were hearty enough there was the traditional horse back riding and eye openers followed by the chuck wagon brunch. Then off to swimming and people events which are more cleverly put together every year. Time for a quick beer and then to shower, change and return for the pre-dinner cocktail party.

Dinner was two seatings, 6 and 7:30PM, and this seems to be the only drawback of the Ponderosa - too small a dining room.

After dinner we assembled in the disco area for what turned out to be the best show the Spuds have presented. This was followed by judging of the "Mr. Horsin' Around" contest. This done and another cocktail party which was wiping us out one by one. Disco, Sauna or your own fun and games followed.

Sunday came too soon with eye openers and brunch and an awards ceremony which was presented early because of the inclement weather.

Entre Nous Members, Al C. and Gerry V. were made Associate Spuds much to their surprise. M.C. Faucon again ran away with first place with 13 full members in attendance.

And the partings were brief and sincere as the snow started to fall. Once again, we promise to return to Spud Country at the Ponderosa.





# J U M B L E S

SATRECUN

○		○					
---	--	---	--	--	--	--	--

HETSROIP

		○			○		
--	--	---	--	--	---	--	--

INVSIGK

○							○
---	--	--	--	--	--	--	---

ERASHDAPE

		○						○
--	--	---	--	--	--	--	--	---

ROTMANHA

○						○	
---	--	--	--	--	--	---	--

RTAMSE

		○		○	
--	--	---	--	---	--

DNUHFACSF

						○	
--	--	--	--	--	--	---	--

UDSRDI

	○			
--	---	--	--	--

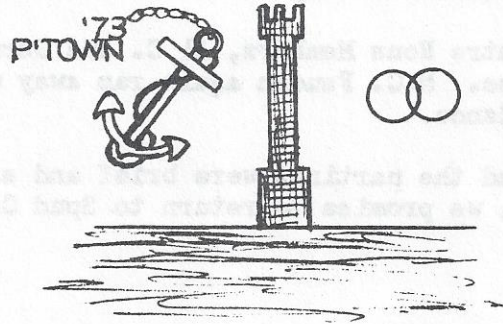
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

○	○	○	○
---	---	---	---

DIRECTIONS

Unscramble these eight jumbles, one letter to each square, to form eight words, names, etc.

Then arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the clue below.



The Entre Nous Summer White House.

(Answers are elsewhere in this issue.)



## MARITIME MASSACHUSETTS

For all this wealth of coast-line and abundance of good harbors, maritime Massachusetts enjoyed no natural advantage over other sections of the Atlantic coast. Cape Breton and Newfoundland are nearer the Grand Banks; hundred-harbored Maine offers better anchorage. Chesapeake Bay is more deeply indented, more richly supplied with agricultural wealth, more centrally placed, and seldom obstructed by snow or fog. No great river comparable to the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, or the Delaware, tapping the wealth of a mighty interior, makes a great trading city on the Massachusetts coast inevitable. Boston has always felt this handicap; her persistent place among the greater American cities, in spite of it, is a miracle of human enterprise.

Nature seemed to doom Massachusetts to insignificance; to support perhaps a line of poor fishing stations and hard-scrabble farms, half-starved between the two hungry mouths of Hudson and St. Lawrence. Man and a rugged faith have made her what she is. With but a tithe of the bounty that Nature grants more favored lands, the Puritan settlers made their land the most fruitful not only in things of the spirit, but in material wealth. Even Nature's apparent liabilities were turned into assets. The long-lying snow gave cheap transport inland, the river rapids turned grist and fulling mills, then textile factories; even granite and ice became currency in Southern and Oriental trade.

The ocean knows no favorites. Her bounty is reserved for those who have the wit to learn her secrets, the courage to bear her buffets, and the will to persist, through good fortune and ill, in her rugged service.

Massachusetts has a history of many moods, every one of which may be traced in the national character of America. By chance, rather than design, this short strip of uninviting coast-line became the seat of a great experiment in colonization, self-government, and religion.

Captain John Smith, in 1614, was the first Englishman to examine the Massachusetts coast, and to give it that name. Erecting his fish-flakes (wooden frames for drying fish) on the Island of Monhegan, he sent one shipload to England, and another to Spain, where it fetched five Spanish dollars the quintal. The six months' voyage cleared fifteen hundred pounds. In the meantime he explored the coast, and told the world about it in his "Description of New England," a sane, conservative exposition of the natural advantages of Massachusetts. For his pioneer work, sound advice, and hearty support of the Pilgrim colony, John Smith should rightly be regarded as the founder of maritime Massachusetts. Yet in all our glut of tercentenaries, this honest, valiant captain has been wellnigh forgotten in the region that he served so well.

It was not the intention of the founders of Massachusetts-Bay to establish a predominantly maritime community. The first and foremost object of Winthrop and Dudley and Endecot and Saltonstall was to found a church and commonwealth in which Calvinist Puritans might live and worship according to the Word of God, as they conceived it. They aimed to found a New England, purged of Old England's corruptions, but preserving all her goodly heritage. They intended the economic foundation of New England, as of Old England and Virginia, to be large landed estates, tilled by tenants and hired labor.

In this they failed. The New England town, based on freehold and free labor, sprang up instead of the Old English manor. God performed no miracle on the New England soil. He gave the sea. Stark necessity made seamen of would-be planters.

Massachusetts went to sea, then, not of choice, but of necessity. Yet the transition was easy and natural. "Farm us!" laughed the waters of the Bay in May-time, to a weary yeoman, victim of the 'mocking spring's perpetual loss.' "Here thou may'st reap without sowing—yet not without God's blessing.

The Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard; Chappaquiddick and Muskeget, Tuckernuck and Nantucket are detached from the mainland. Hardly a spot on the New England coast lacks passionate devotees; but the worshipers of Nantucket form a cult of positive fanatics. For this island, peopled by Quaker exiles from Puritan persecution, created that deep-sea whaling, whose peculiar blend of enterprise, dare-deviltry, and ruthlessness forms one of the most precious memories of our maritime past. New Bedford, and the minor ports of Buzzard's Bay, were but mainland colonies of Nantucket.

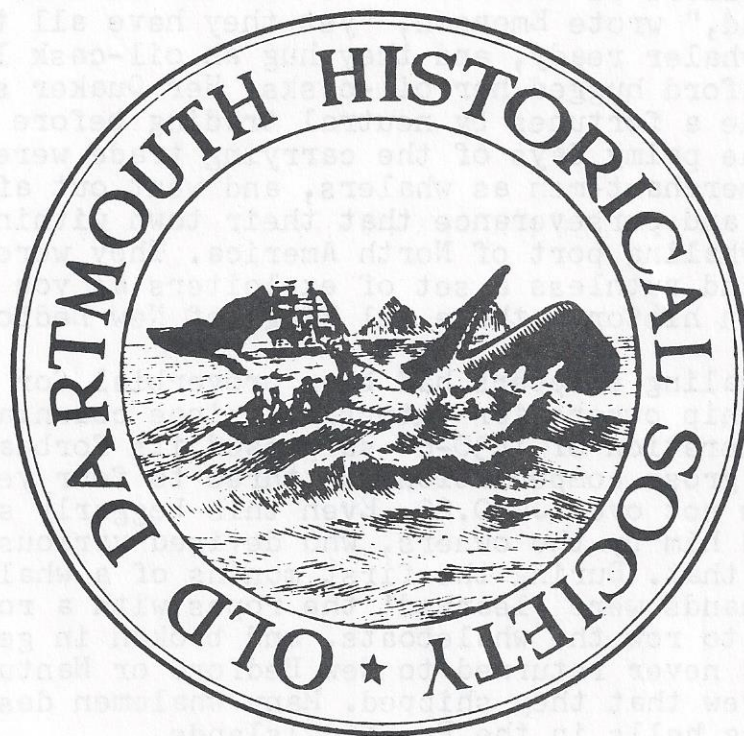
New Bedford became the whaling metropolis of the world. "New Bedford is not nearer to the whales than New London or Portland," wrote Emerson, "yet they have all the equipments for a whaler ready, and they hug an oil-cask like a brother." New Bedford hugged her oil-casks. Her Quaker shipowners who had made a fortunes by neutral trading before 1812, perceived that the palmy days of the carrying trade were past, refitted their merchant-men as whalers, and went out after oil with a spirit and perseverance that their town within six years the first whaling port of North America. They were as tight-fisted, cruel and ruthless a set of exploiters as you can find in American history, these oil kings of New Bedford.

Whaling skippers had been proverbial for cruelty and whale-ship owners for extortion, since colonial days; but the generation of 1830-60 surpassed its forbears. A green hand's gross compensation for three to four years labor at sea was not over \$400.00. Even this beggarly sum was begrudged him by the owners, who devised various means to rob him of that. During the first months of a whaling voyage the green hands were 'learned' the ropes with a rope's end, taught to row the whaleboats, and broken in generally. Whaling vessels never returned to New Bedford or Nantucket with the same crew that they shipped. Many whalemens deserted their floating hells in the Pacific Islands.

These three and four year voyages, touching at no civilized port, brought out the worst traits of human nature. Whalers' forecastles were more efficient schools of vice than reformatories. Brutality from officers to men was the rule. Many whaling skippers, who on shore passed as pious friends or church-members, were cold blooded, heartless fiends on the quarter-deck. Then, having made conditions such that no decent American would knowingly ship on a whaler, the blubber barons used the character of the crews they obtained as an argument for still harsher discipline. Men were hazed until they deserted, became cringing beasts, or mutinied. The ingenuity of whaling skippers in devising devilish punishments surpasses belief.

If his vessel ran into several 'pods' of whales in succession, he was worked until he dropped, and then kicked to his feet; but ordinarily he had plenty of leisure to play cards and smoke, and to carve sperm whales' teeth into marvelous scrimshaw work and jaggings wheels. There was nothing in the merchant marine corresponding to the friendly 'gams' or visits between whalers at sea; half the officers and crew of each vessel spending several hours, even the whole night, aboard the other. But the great redeeming feature of whaling was the sport of it.

"There she blows!—There she breaches!" from the mast-head lookout, was a magic formula that exalted this sordid, cruel business to an inspiring game; a game that made the rawest greenie a loyal team-mate of the hardest officer. No braver or gamier men could be found on blue water, than the whalemens of New England.



#### THE WHALERS

1815-1860

O the whaleman's joys! O I cruise my old cruise again!  
 I feel the ship's motion under me, I feel the Atlantic breezes fanning  
 me,  
 I hear the cry again sent down from the mast-head, *There — she  
 blows!*  
 — Again I spring up the rigging to look with the rest — We see —  
 we descend, wild with excitement,  
 I leap in the lower'd boat — We row toward our prey, where he lies,  
 We approach stealthy and silent — I see the mountainous mass,  
 lethargic, basking,  
 I see the harpooner standing up — I see the weapon dart from his  
 vigorous arm:  
 O swift, again, now, far out in the ocean, the wounded whale, settling,  
 running to windward, tows me,  
 — Again I see him rise to breathe — We row close again,  
 I see a lance driven through his side, press'd deep, turn'd in the  
 wound,  
 Again we back off — I see him settle again — the life is leaving him  
 fast,  
 As he rises he spouts blood — I see him swim in circles narrower  
 and narrower, swiftly cutting the water — I see him die;  
 He gives one convulsive leap in the centre of the circle, and then  
 falls flat and still in the bloody foam.

— WALT WHITMAN, "Song of Joys"

# CHAIN OF

# EVENTS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CLUB</u>	<u>EVENT</u>	<u>CITY</u>
<u>JANUARY</u>			
13	Avengers M.C.	1st Anniversary	Union City N.J.
21	Voyagers	Meeting	New Bedford
27	Voyagers	Club Day	Meeting Place
28	Entre Nous	CLUB DAY	BOSTON EAGLE
28	ENTRE NOUS	MEETING	BOSTON, Mass.
<u>FEBUARY</u>			
11	Nine Plus	Brotherhood Award	New York City
18	Voyagers	Meeting	New Bedford
18	Entre Nous	Club Day	Boston
23-25	N.Y.O.L.C.	5th Anniversary Run	Buffalo N.Y.
24	Voyagers	Club Day	Meeting Place
<u>MARCH +</u>			
16-18	ENTRE NOUS	DAYS OF EQUINOX	BOSTON, MASS.

Answers to the Jumble:

SOLUTIONS PLACEMENT CORE  
 CENTAURS  
 TROPHIES  
 VIKINGS  
 SPEARHEAD  
 MARATHON  
 MASTER  
 HANDCUFFS  
 DRUIDS

Answers to the Twistagram:

1. M  
 2. SM  
 3. SAM  
 4. MAST  
 5. MATES  
 6. MASTER

# Equinox

MARCH 16-18 1979

APPLICATIONS NOW  
 AVAILABLE LIMITED  
SPACES. FILE!  
 APPLICATIONS EARLY  
 SEE YOU THERE.



ENTRE



NOUS

BOSTON  
MASS