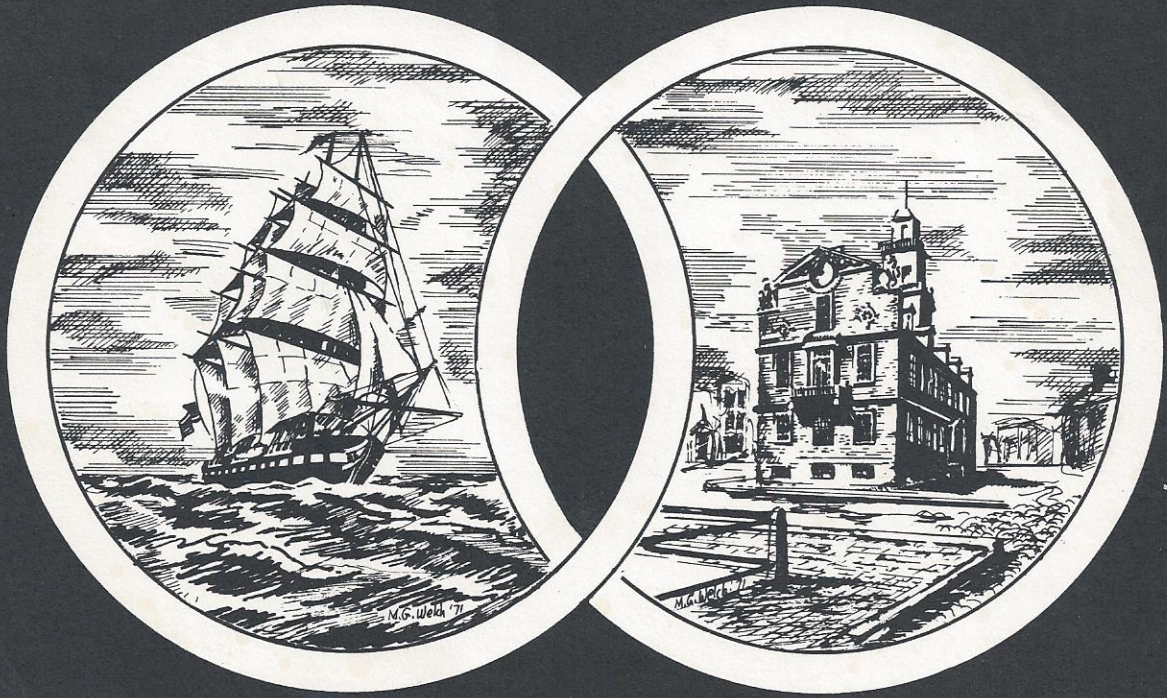
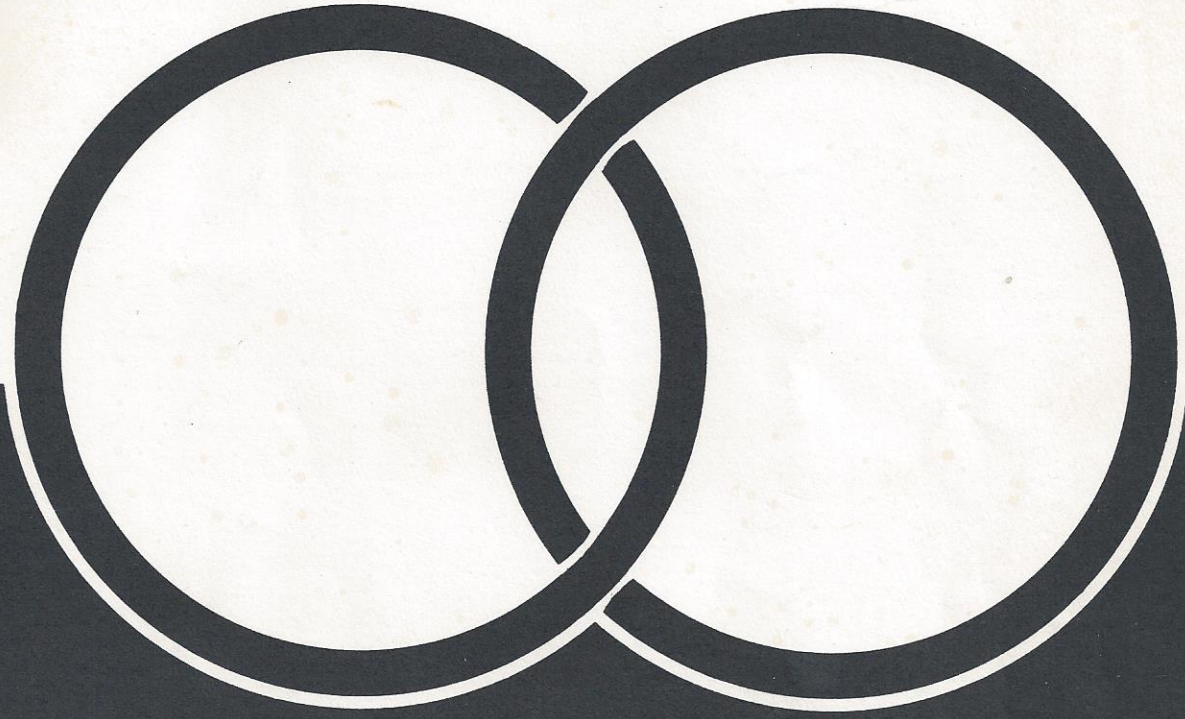


12/68

Entre Nous



NOUS LETTRE

Club Officers

Captian.....	Mike Cain
Lieutenant.....	Fred Lubanski
Scribe.....	Dick Latham
Business Manager.....	Vince Calloway
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mike Markowski
Road Captain.....	Walter Barnaby
Assistant Road Captain.....	Jack Goodall
Editor.....	Rod Hewes
Publisher.....	Dick Latham

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How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which must be thought to be the opposite of it; for they never come to a man together, and yet he who pursues either of them is generally compelled to take the other.

Plato

ELECTIONS 71

It seems that Boston has been busy during September and October with both of Boston's most active clubs holding their elections. Bostonians have always been politicians at heart and this is true for the two clubs.

On September 11th, Entre Nous met at a small bar and restaurant, decorated in old colonial style, to hold our elections. We started to gather around 6:45 P.M. and had one drink before we started the meeting at 7:10. The Captain told us to finish our drinks as drinking during the voting was banned.

The Captain called the meeting to order and after we were all seated he turned the meeting over to the Lieutenant. The reason for this was that he was running for re-election and could not chair the meeting during nominations for Captain. At this point Fred L. was nominated for Captain and the chair had to be turned over to our Scribe, Dick L. Mike won re-election to serve us another year. The Captain then opened nominations for Lieutenant, Fred Lubanski was re-elected. Nominations were then opened for the office of Scribe. Arthur Bentley and Dick Latham were nominated. Dick won this race and was returned to office.

Nominations were opened for the office of Business Manager. There were four people nominated for this post. Vince Callaway won.

The election for Road Captain was more or less a foregone conclusion. Walter Barnaby won his second term. There were three nominations for Assistant Road Captain and this office was captured by Jack Goodall.

Since that election we have held a special election for the newly created position of Corresponding Secretary. Three people were nominated for this position and it was won by Mike Markowski.

After all ballots were destroyed, the meeting was adjourned at 7:50. The bar was then opened for drinks. After this we sat down to an excellent roast beef dinner. This was our first election of this nature and we are proud of it. Our first election was at the formation of the Club.

We were very pleased to see many of our Associate Members from out of town in attendance.

I would like to say congratulations to those officers that were re-elected and offer them my support, as I am sure all club members do. Congratulations to the two (three at this point) who were newly elected and wish them the best of luck during the next year...to them, I also offer my support.

To the Management of the Spirit of 76....thanks for your help and work. (We will be having two of our events during Equinox here also.)

Rod Hewes

Remarks

The following individuals were awarded plaques at the Election Dinner for the noted reasons.....

Jose Gonzalez.....Technical Assistance
Arthur Bentley.....All Round Support 1971
Mike Welch.....All Round Support 1971
George Nash.....All Round Support 1970-71
Fred Lubanski.....All Round Support 1970-71
Frank Benner.....In Appreciation
Walter Barnaby.....In Appreciation
Dick Latham.....In Appreciation

Congratulations to the recently elected officers of the Viking M.C. of Boston

Skip C.....President
DON J.....Vice President
Frank D.....Secretary
Marvin K.....Treasurer
Tom O.....Road Captain
Russ L.....Master-at-Arms

In order to correct an over-sight that was made recently, I would like to thank Bill Provost, who served as our Scribe so very well, for six months.

Congratulations are in order for Empire City M.C. of New York on their sixth year in operation. Also to the Praetorians on their First Anniversary.

Congratulations are extended to the B.B.C. of Boston, on the celebration of their second anniversary.

Comments from the Road Captain

Our club is now over a year old and has thrown one major run and many smaller events.

At the present time we are in the midst of our third Conway run and will have held this closed run by the time of this publication.

Planning is now in the formative stages for our "Days of Equinox". We hope this year to have a few surprises in store for our members as well as our guests. The Viking M.C. and the B.B.C. have both offered to do something for us this year during "Days of Equinox". To them, in advance, we say "Thank You". I know that all of you join with me in my hope that the brotherhood between our clubs in Boston continues to grow.

The Viking M.C. have invited us to their Presidents Harvest Dinner to be held on the twentieth of November. I am sure we will have a great time at this event, especially if it holds up to their past performances.

I have been proud of the turnout in the past and the effort put forth from all of us, to make as many runs as possible. This is in no way a slap in the face to some who because of work or other commitments have been unable to make out of town runs. These members have given of themselves in many other ways, some of which is not known to all of you. Many more give other ways, as our Assistant Road Captain, who has yet to be in Boston for more than from Tuesday to Thursday, but off to a new city each week-end. You all help to spread the great warmth and feeling of Entre Nous.

We look forward to the many events that are coming up in the next few months and the good times to be had by all.

Many are planning the trip to Montreal over the week-end of Thanksgiving, this should be a fun time if Kemo lives up to their past. Then there are some parties in New York and Boston during the month of December, ending with Cycle Week.

To Dick L., lets look forward to a fourth Conway Run sometime after the first of the year.

And now onward to "Days of Equinox".

Walter Barnaby

Inside Toronto

For the second time in a row Spearhead of Toronto did it again, the rodeo roundup started and ended with a blast.

I left Boston on the 5:30 flight and arrived just in time to join The Cycle M.C. at Kennedy airport. Waiting on standby was not the problem, its realizing that a package had been left at the ticket counter and delaying the plane a few minutes. (They realized my choice: leave the banner behind and take up residence in Toronto or hold the plane a short time.

The delegation waiting for us at Toronto Airport and the tribe going through customs was a scene to be seen. I beleive its easier to go through USSR customs than through Toronto's.

Everyone was escorted for registration at the St. Charles, where we met old and made new friends. Later we found ourselves at one of the famous midnight shindings. The next day we found ourselves at the cocktail party followed by a roast beef banquet, patio enviroment style. Mr. Roundup candidates were presented once again, this time to do individual short skits, followed by a mini-show by Maurice singing "Spanish Rose" and doing a "Red Riding Hood" skit. After this everyone done their thing, then came midnight shindig number two.

Sunday was the day everyone had been waiting for. The famous bus FUN ride to the rodeo at Exeter. This year there were three buses instead of one. As a way to pick up votes the candidates served as stewards. And needless to say they worked very hard and earned every vote they got. We found out that luggage racks are used for other things besides luggage.

Halfway to Exeter we stopped at the Kitchner train depot for lunch, turkey, steak and spear-ribs were served. Dick D. after helping old Mrs. Graham may never get over the shock seeing her taking out inhalers, chains, iron rings, vodka, hand-cuffs etc., from her purse.

At the rodeo the people remembered us from last year, they stocked more toys for us to purchase.

The return trip was just as active, we stopped for dinner at The Exeter Curling Club for a cold plate dinner. That night there were several after hours parties for those who were still able.

Monday started with the farewell brunch, bloody Marys, show skits, announcement of Mr. Roundup, presentations and awards.

Entre Nous presented a Club Banner to the Spearheads. D.D. and Richard K. were presented the Gordon L. Massie award from the Spearheads.

Candidates for Mr. Roundup were: Ed S. Little John, Kim, Vin, Buddy, Jack N. (All Spearheads from Toronto), also George B. of Wheels M.C., Inc. and Joe M., a non-club member from New York State. Buddy was awarded Mr. Roundup, Little John and Joe M. was awarded runner-up winners. All three winners received Trophies, cash prizes and all contestants were given a free visit to a well known hair stylist in Toronto.

D.D. was awarded a three foot cake and made a worlds record in removing an overlay. All of you know where and how D.D. got that cake.

Mr. Roundup was christened with many bottles of beer at the Parkside Cafe. Speaking of christians, the one from Nine Plus drank a gallon of beer non-stop.

Ed K. (Ski), of the Vulcans done his thing, a dance to the tune of "Boom a Rang" and anothers.

Monday came to a close with everyone singing God Bless America and O Canada. Until next year let us all rest or whatever your pleasures desire.

Fred L.

If you are wondering what to do with yourself on a Saturday afternoon in Boston, see Fred Lubanski.

Fred recently started Saturday afternoon Opera parties. The first of these weekly events was quite successfull. However, wheather it was the music or his cocktail that drew the crowd is difficult to ascertain at this point. However, for my part it, the drinks held the greast allure.

After speaking to the ten to twelve persons who showed up at this get together, I think Fred had better be prepared to buy a lot of champagne and orange juice for next Saturdays song fest. Word of mouth is bound to push this gather to a crowd of twenty-five, even if you don't like opera.

Mike C.

BASS RIVER

The three Boston clubs decided to get a head start on the Bass River Run. Thursday night, September 23rd, we all converged on the Eagles Nest in New York for Pre-run Festivities. This started the Cycle running and it never stopped running through Sunday. Friday was a beautiful day and perfect for the two hour drive from New York City to Bass River, New Jersey. We were the first to arrive and to early to register, but were given a very friendly and warm welcome by the Yellow Jackets of Bass River. It soon became obvious that the Yellow Jackets from Bass River would win the best participation award.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and the sun was slowly sinking behind the horizon. The air was cool, crisp, and invigorating. One could sense in the air that this run was going to be fun, action packed and unforgettable. The run was all of this and more.

Friday night, Christmas Eve Dinner was excellent in every way. The Christmas decorations, Christmas music, and the thirty-two degree weather put us all in the spirit of the occasion. The Christmas Casino was great fun, but with all the hot professionals around most of us never had a chance, at gambling, that is. I wonder how they selected the dealers for each table. It was obvious that most players were too busy watching the dealer, and not the game. This explained why so many were soon separated from their shekel's. Ken from Australia had the best table going. The players enjoyed loosing just to see Ken smile. For those who did luck out at the Christmas Casino, and were loaded with money they were able to take advantage of the auction. The items for auction were real works of art and museum pieces. The rest of us had to depend on Santa to be good and leave something in our sleeping bag. Santa had a very busy night making the rounds of all the cabins. He obviously did an excellent job, for all got what they wanted for Christmas.

Time did fly at Bass River and Easter did come early. The Easter parade and Easter hat contest was something you had to see, and you still would not believe it. Entre Nous lived up to our reputation by coming up with something unusual and unexpected. Entre Nous placed second with a real live hat by Jose G. and David S. called "Ass River". David in his all-together as the hat, was in a most provactive position. I and the bartender from the Eagles Nest, you know the one, black wavy hair and sexy eyes, did some unofficial judging of the hats. We may not have selected the winner, but I bet we had more fun than the official judges.

In the Sign of the Zodiak contest, Entre Nous drew the sign of Capicorn. Here again, we came through with a live, not usual, but most unexpected performance. Mike explained at the end, that a goat would eat most anything. All of the displays and performances were excellent and original.

The Prohibition Cocktain Party, I am sure was everyone's cup of tea. With cocktails like that I am surprised that we still do not have prohibition. After we sobered up, we realized that it was time for Thanksgiving Dinner. The frost was certainly on the pumpkin, which added to the spirit of the occasion. The

Thanksgiving dinner included turkey with all the trimmings.

The Midnight Halloween party, costume, in which those participating were to be dressed as Bass River "Past", "Present" or future. Entre Nous was a runner up in this contest. Rod H. had an unfair advantage, in that he had a most talented assistant to help with his outfit. Carl B. of the Viking M.C. won this contest with his idea of Bass River Past....or retitled Mai Ling in 1968. Our Captain lost a few bucks on a bit on this contest. He bet the costume worn would be a musical version.... "Sweet Rosie O'Grady".

On Monday morning the sun decided not to shine. However, this did not dampen anyones good mood. Shortly after breakfast, it was time for the car judging contest. This was won by the S.P.M.C. who came as Cycle Week 1970.

As usual there were many awards to present. The Entre Nous were presented the SPMC banner. We also shared Best Participation with the Viking M.C. We also won the award for the sign of the zodiak and shared this honor with the Vikings who had drawn this sign also.

Jack Goodall brought us home two awards, one for first place in the Poker Run and also first place in the Buddy Rider events.

After all that has been written about the Poker Run in other magazines, we will give Bob H. a break and not mention it!

The long distance trophy was awarded to the SPMC. How can you possible beat that milage.

I realize I have probably forgotten some of the people who won awards but I had an ink pen and it was raining.....need I say more?

The end of the run was a tear jerker. What with "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save The Queen" you have to break down a bit.

The return home was fairly uneventful. We nearly lost an Assistant Road Captain, but he finally managed to make it home. All in all..... a run well worth having attended.

Vince Callaway

ODDS AND ENDS

We hope you will find the following items of interest, as well as entertaining; nothing here will go down in history, but you may enjoy the more private aspects of our club members lives.

Bass River: Friday night, we heard that Jack G. is very well hung, especially from the rafters of the Aussie cabin. The only thing that got him to leave was picking up his two trophies Sunday morning (no wonder the Aussies were the loudest singers of "Tie me kangaroo down, sport").

Saturday night: high fashion should look into David S.'s unique chapeau as modeled by Jose G. Put a naked body on your head, place a tassell in a strategic spot and call it a Nous chapeau.

Dick M. also came up with an original, shades of Christmas and the 4th of July!! Much with buttons and lit sparklers, perhaps thats the reason Rod H. was wearing a firemans uniform?

Our thanks to Mike C. for directing the skit, who else could have found a relationship between Capicorn and a public orgy?

Sunday; Returning from Bass River John T. won the Good Samaritan of the year award, but not from our club members who rode to New York City with him.

The Big question of the run is still unanswered...who or what is F.L.?

When you run out of room on your overlay for your run buttons you can always pin them to your chest, right Alan S.?

After seeing Jim B.'s act at our election dinner, we hear the Boston police have a new pin up girl, the Green Goddess.

Fred L. recently went to Philadelphia, although he seldom saw the sun, we hear he came back to Boston with a tanned glove.

That same week-end Tom G. and Dick G. had a party, which was quite an undertaking, especially the events on the back porch, what say Dan. H.?

Certain "E" board members should practice the discretion it preaches. We feel Mike M. and Mike C. should engage in their oral intercourse someplace other than P.L., especially the non-verbal form.

From first hand experience we know how Mike C. keeps "E" board meetings in order. That big bull whip on the wall is not just for decorative purposes.

Two years ago, after Fred L. and Mike C. met, there has been a change of heart in the person who introduced them. Next time time speak for yourself, Vince C. And lastly; ask Paul P., "Hewes" the one?

Mike M. & Tom M.

Year of the Kick

Upon arriving in Chicago I proceeded to register at 2nd City's clubhouse. Being one of the first to arrive I was afforded an excellent opportunity to meet and talk with the members of the 2nd City M.C. before the full excitement of the weekend began.

It didn't take long for things to get into full swing. The beer was flowing freely as guests began to arrive from Detroit, Toronto, St. Louis and New York. A delicious buffet was served, but was unfortunately interrupted when someone's cow crashed the party and somehow managed to knock over one of the lamps. "FIRE" was the cry, and as the room filled with smoke we were all evacuated to the safety of the Gold Coast.

After spending a few hours renewing old friendships and making some new ones, we left the G.C. for Dan B's, and the first after hours party of the weekend. The amount of beer present in Dan's kitchen led some of us to believe that he was going into competition with the Gold Coast. Needless to say, the liquid refreshment flowed like water, and, judging from the condition of Dan's apartment (and guests) the next morning, an enjoyable evening was had by all.

Saturday morning brought some of the clan together for a leisurely brunch at Ivan K's. Most informative!

(NOTE---It should be pointed out at this time that anyone interested in learning the secret to "raising" coal on a plantation in W. Virginia should contact Skippy at their earliest convenience.)

After a pleasant brunch and many cups of coffee the party broke up, and a few of us decided to head for the planned beer blast being hosted by Frank and Richard. So we all piled into Ivan's car, and off we drove to say hello and have "just one."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS!

After about 2½ hours and ??? number of beers we somehow managed to haul ourselves together and head for home, where each made his own attempt to pick up the pieces and assemble them into some reasonable facsimile of-----LHC!

Brief pause for R & R. (very brief).

At 7 p.m. we all gathered for cocktails in the penthouse dining room of the Belmont Hotel, the only hotel I've ever been in that actually has a floor labeled "13" (and wouldn't you know we would be on it). Next, a delicious dinner of roast beef followed by the introduction of 2nd City's officers and members of each of the attending clubs.

Presentation of awards was next on the agenda. Trophies were awarded to the Rocky Mountaineers of Denver, Colorado for second place participation, and to The Tribe of Detroit for first place participation. A special presentation was also made to Chicago's own "Big Ed." And speaking of awards, perhaps a special one should have been presented to "Turn On" from Detroit. After all, it isn't every day you get handcuffed to a go-go boy for safe keeping, and then have him go into his act (on stage) before your friend returns. That must certainly come under the heading of "services above and beyond the call of duty"!

Immediately following the presentation of awards it was.....

ON WITH THE SHOW!

And what a show it was! A special appearance by Molly Brown was welcomed by all, and 2nd City's presentation, The Kick, drew many laughs. It seems that the reason Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over that infernal lamp was a very simple one. She was scared by a strange noise. But, would you believe the sound of a cycle owned by the local judge from whom Mrs. O' was gettin' a little on the side? What's Chicago for ya!

Shortly after midnight we all departed the hotel for the second after hours party of the weekend, at Dick J's. I must admit our departure was somewhat less spectacular than our entrance (or was it!). Thru the kitchen and out the back door, indeed! Oh well, what do you do when you've got a lobby full of sweet old grannies? Actually it was quite comical.

On to the party. More booze (as if we really needed it by now), and judging from the amount of fraternization and brotherly love, I can only assume that everyone had a WHOPPER---of a good time!!

Sunday morning brought us all together again for brunch at Ivan's. The traditional Bloody Marys prepared us for what was to become a most unique farewell brunch, as the downstairs crew will readily testify (or will they!).

At approximately 4p.m. our friends from Denver took leave, and soon everyone (well, almost everyone) had disbanded for home and recuperation. Columbus Day '71 and The Year of the Kick had truly been a fulfilled weekend.

Many thanks are extended to the members of the 2nd City M.C. for a most memorable weekend. And my personal thanks to Dan and Pat for their super hospitality and friendship.

Thanks again, 2nd City, and congratulations for a job well done.

Jack G.

Oktoberfest

Looking forward to a six hour ride to Philadelphia, Walter Baranaby, Dick Latham and myself decided to load the V.W. bus with beer and ice to lay a good foundation for a party mood.

Arriving in Philadelphia in high spirits we proceeded to the Pen Rose Club for registration. Here we ran across the rest of our group, David Sherman and Jack Goodall. Also, we hailed many people that we had seen just recently in New York, at the Praetorians Anniversary.

After registration, a few drinks and a nice buffet, we left the bar for the abode of the Vanguard President for an after hour party.

Saturday afternoon was spent at the Westberry for lunch for those who had missed the bus tour, missed cruising the Philadelphia Mall, going aboard the "Olympia", the battleship that helped open the orient (the Navy looked opened themselves), visiting the Liberty Bell, the location of the First Continental Congress and many of the other historical spots.

Early evening was at the Mystic for cock-tails, a menu for dinner for which you must go to Germany to usually find. A variety show that started with the "Garden of Eden", "Sight and Sound Slide Spectacular", and many others that space will not allow for. The song "I want to be Happy" was used at the beginning, middle and close of the show. It was an occurrence that made us happy and made us think of our fellow club members who were unable to make this week-end event. (Did you know that Jack G. could fly...but why not?)

After the show everyone split to various places of interest, but we dropped the Liberty Bell bit at this time. We had other aspects of sight-seeing on our minds. Early morning found us back again to Jack K.'s pad for a second after hours party. The entertainment at this party was really "unreal" Enough said about that!!

Sunday noon was upon us much to quickly and we returned to the Mystic for a brunch and a two hour open bar. The brunch was excellent. As an extra treat we were shown (this time on video tape) the complete Saturday night show. Everyone enjoyed it as much as the original live performance.

David Sherman joined us on the return trip to Boston. And, of course, we loaded up the V.W. again with lots of ice and beer (thanks to an assist from the Vanguards) and started home. An hour out of Boston we were still singing, drinking and in high spirits. It's at this time the Entre Nous song (unofficial) was created. (Typists note: I still don't believe that song) Our Assistant Road Captain was in back three or four days later (par for the course).

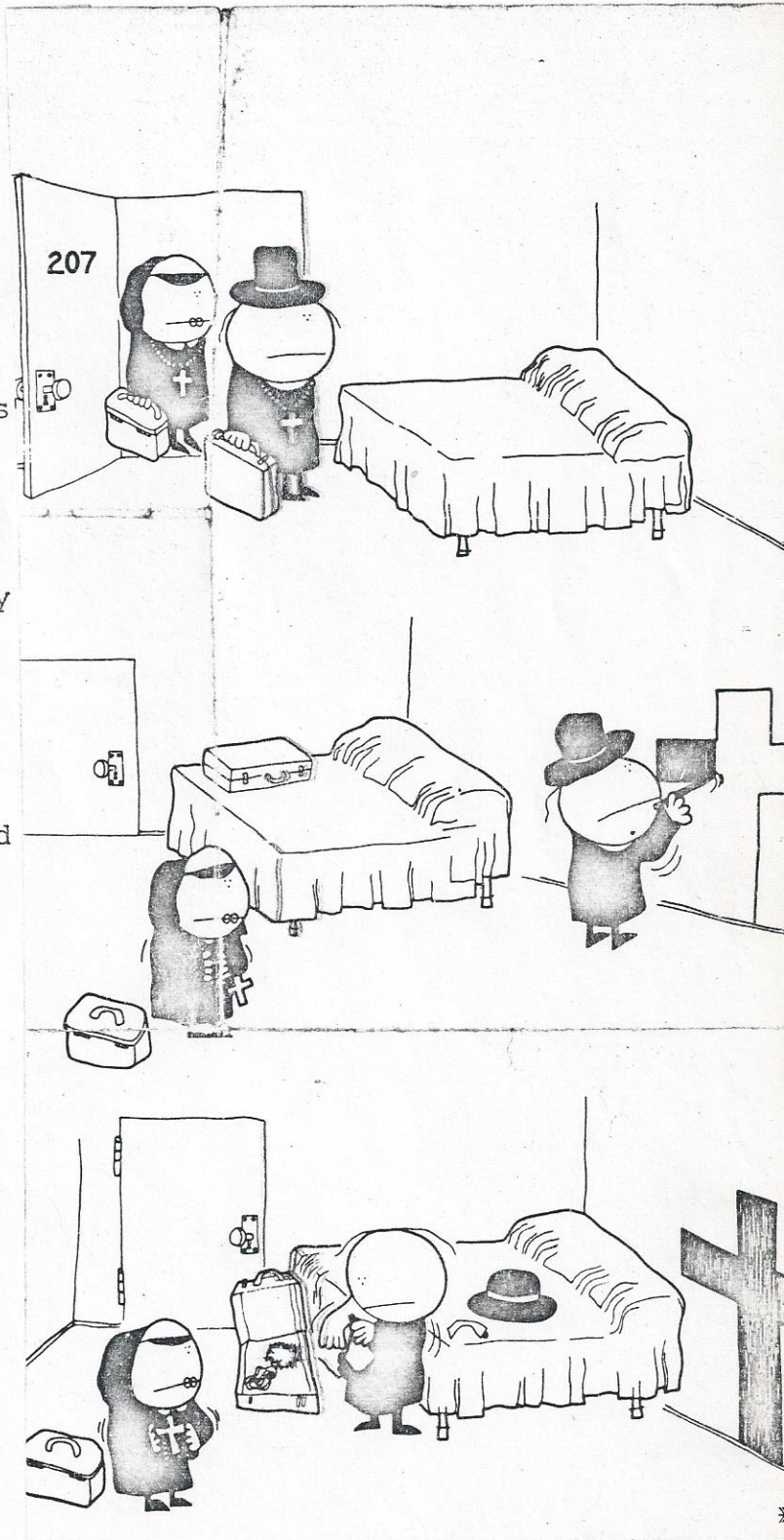
So, Vanguards, until next year...Lets do it again.

Fred L.

Runs & Events

- Dec 11 Empire City Xmas Party in NYC
- Dec 12 9 Plus Toys for Tots in NYC
- Dec 18 Vanguards M.C. Xmas Party in Phila.
- Dec 26-
Jan 2 Cycle M.C. "Cycle Week" in NYC
- Jan 21-23 Chicago Knights M.C. "Tournament of Knights in Chicago
- Feb 11-16 Cycle M.C. "The Real Madri Gras" in New Orleans
- Feb* Viking M.C. anniversary "Invitation only"
- Mar 25-27 ENTRE NOUS - "Days of Equinox"
- April 8, Cycle M.C. fourth anniversary
- May 19-21 Cycle M.C. Fire Island
- Aug 14/
Sept 4 Cycle M.C. "Leather Capitols of Western Europe

*date to be announced



Personality
Spot Light

Walter Barnaby

Walber was born in Medford, Mass., more years ago than he cares to talk about. He graduated from high school in Malden, Mass.

He served a tour of duty with the U.S. Army and spent a great deal of this time in Korea with the 3rd division, Signal Corp.

Walter has held a multitude of jobs in various fields and had done a great deal of traveling. He has lived in Florida, California, Ohio and several points in between.

Around four years ago he enrolled in school for a license to become a Licensed Practical Nurse. He completed this course and is now employed by a major hospital in Boston.

He joined Cycle M.C. several years ago and is still an Associate Member. When the Viking M.C. formed he was elected to the office of Road Captain.

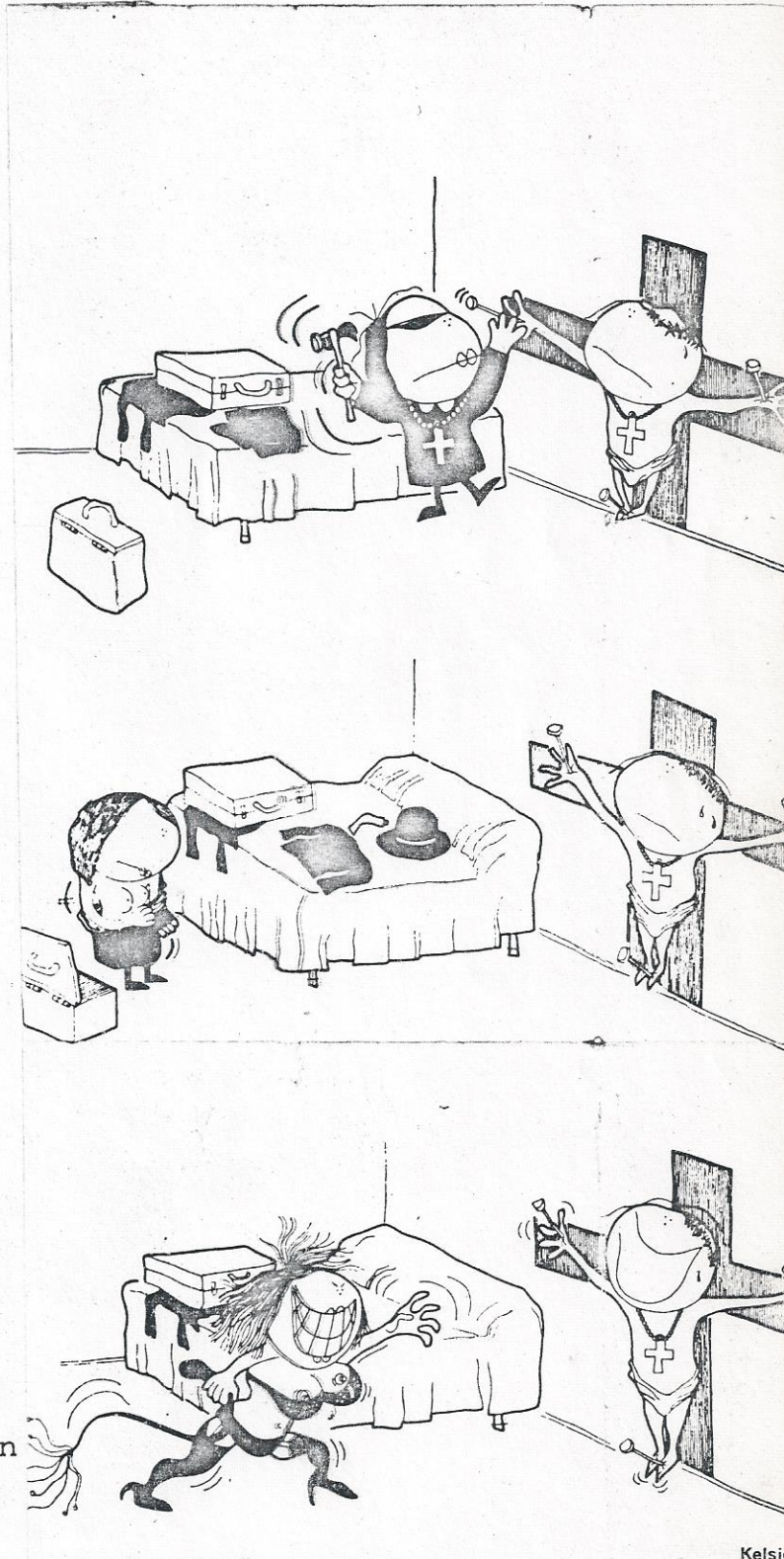
At the formation of Entre Nous he was also elected Road Captain and this past September was re-elected to this post.

As our Road Captain he has been very active in the planning of last years "Days of Equinox", two Conway runs and our invitational run to Hillsboro.

At the present time he is deep in the planning stages of this years "Equinox" and our closed run to Conway.

In addition, he is attempting to work on several Christmas parties and a possible carnival in February.

Walter was born in March and is a large consumer of beer.



Heaven's Very Special Child

A meeting was held quite far from Earch,
"It's time again for another birth,"
said the angels to the Lord above,
"This special child will need much love.

"His progress may seem very slow,
accomplishments he may not show,
and he'll be known as handicapped.

So let's be careful where he's sent
we want his life to be content.
Please Lord find the parents who
will do a special job for you.

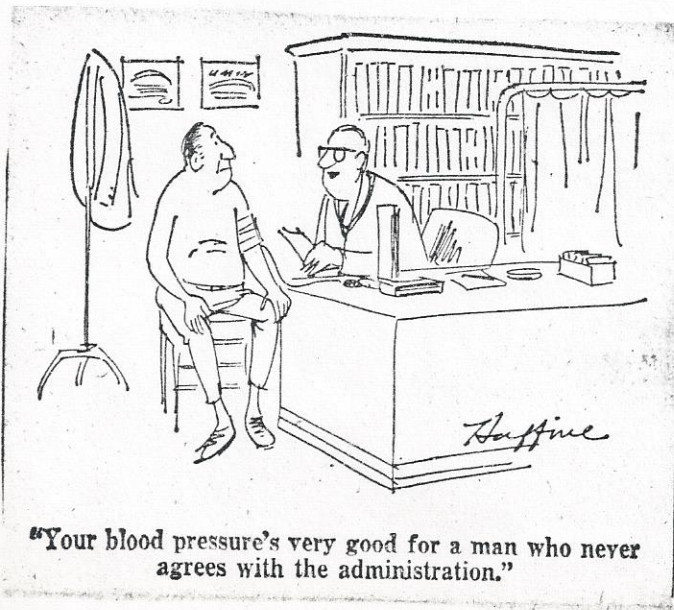
They will not realize right away
the leading role they're asked to play,
but with this child sent from above,
comes stronger faith and richer love.

And soon they'll know the privilege given
in caring for this gift from heaven.
Their precious charge so meek and mild
is heaven's very special child."

From the Fircrest Torch....Author Unknown.

Many people have asked if they could send articles to us. The answer is yes, we would be happy to review such articles for publication. Articles from our own club members will take our first consideration, and then all others.

Our new cover was done by one of our members, Mike Welch. We are proud of the cover and I personally thank Mike for it. I feel sure that the membership is more than pleased with the effort Mike put forth.



Editor

CONWAY 3

Yours Truly & mate were the first to arrive. After staking out our claim right down to plugging in the electric blanket (which proved unnecessary as Conway is not exactly "roughing it") we turned up the heat and set the logs aglow in the fireplaces. We were soon joined by Lee & John, our associate members & longest distance guests, from Connecticut. Thanks to their generosity we were able to christen the chalet with the first drinks of the weekend. The Volksbeerwagon had not yet arrived. But arrive it did at about one in the morning with assorted carloads of people before and after. Following much unloading of men & supplies we were settled in and it was no time at all before beer cans were being opened in a symphony of flip-top sound. From then on it was go-go-go! Infact, to be perfectly honest, most of the night (early morning) is remembered rather hazily through a veil of inebriation.

I do remember Cecil B. Barnaby turning on the camera the first thing upon arrival. Per usual, this event like so many before it, was immortalized on celluloid. What would those frustrated, aging old stars among us do without the comforting sound of that whirring camera? There was much music, dancing, drinking, etc. Who was that lovely couple lying nude & asleep by the fireplace & who were so rudely awakened about three hours later by Walter's antics of building a fire practically on top of them and then tearing off their blanket for all the early risers to see? Most of us got about two hours sleep (perhaps three) before starting the next day. I'm told it was Saturday. We stumbled around and managed to eat breakfast (though for the life of me I can't actually remember it) & then while some went off to see the sights--or be the sights--others of us stumbled back into bed in an attempt to catch up on our lost sleep. At one point there were three in the host's bed not having a bit of success at sleep until the valiums (guess whose) were passed around.

After a few precious hours of sleep we came downstairs to peace & quiet. Tony & "friend" actually had at the bathroom facilities for a good two hours. Must look our best in the middle of the mountains. A short time later the sightseers pulled into the drive. I detected about them the results of some rather steady drinking but have yet to figure out if it was done en route or if they discovered somewhere in those mountains a bar, the name & location of which they aren't devulging to those of us left at the chalet. By this time it was late afternoon or early evening and lunch was gotten underway. George's aunt came through once again with the beans (which were quite good) and we thank her. To Bob we owe a great debt of gratitude. I have never seen anyone work so diligently and calmly in the face of such confusion to attend to all our nutritional needs the entire weekend. To you, Bob, nothing but Bouquets, Bravos, and Harrahs. After lunch I tried to nap in the bunkroom to no avail. The action there was interesting though. Luckily Cecil B. was asleep under a table somewhere or we'd all have to suffer our indiscretions at some later film showing.

CONWAY 3 (cont.)

Later on we all stumbled (I must stop using that word. People will think that we drink) downstairs to watch films. There were old ones and new ones, good ones and poor ones...something for everyone. The projectionist was great. He always knows how to make rotten films come to life by speeding them up or running them backwards and good films even better by stop-motion or the act of zooming-in. There was, of course, running commentary by most present which added another dimension. We really should have taped the comments, spliced them to the films & entered the whole thing at Cannes next year. Andy Wharhall, look out!! Following the films it was party time again (had it ever stopped?). All I have is a mish-mash recollection of more of the same; music, drinking, laughing, horsing around, filming, etc. I'm sorry that I can't be more explicit but you see I never did peruse the upstairs rooms where I surely would have found more spicy material for this article.

To my recollection there were no marriages or divorces. Is it a first at Conway? At 11:00 we had a marvelous roastbeef dinner served up once again by our own Master Chef. Following this people began to dwindle away to their various beds so that by two or three in the morning there was only an intimate after-party going on. The cameraman had disappeared so he doesn't yet know that Fred & I, on impulse, finished up the film with some rather good sequences of Jason & some gorgeous personage by the fireplace and of a charter member (whom I shall not name here) never before, to my knowledge, seen in the buff. By sunup it was a small livingroom group being led by our illustrious Lt. laughing with and at one another. Anyone who doesn't think that Fred and great wit are synonymous, ask me about it. We have hidden talent among us. After an hour or so we finally managed to slip into unconsciousness.

When we all got up a few hours later (Sunday? Sunday) we were all shocked to find the water level down & water virtually non-existent, an event that proved to be quite distressing to some of us. Did you ever go, Tony? Do you know that it is nearly impossible to find an area in those damned woods at this time of year that is completely out of sight of a single chalet? I did manage though. Luckily two nurses were available if needed to attend to our cramps. Oh! The latest thing in smart breakfast parties is to discuss your impending morning movement over eggs and bacon. Delightful and soooo chic. Following breakfast at about noon, those of us who hadn't previously paid, gathered around Vince to hand in our money. Money well spent I might add and money for which was gotten more than full value. So what if I did have to sign into a hospital for a rest when I returned to Boston. It was worth it. I know the weekend was a success because even our undertaker was seen leaving with a smile from ear to ear. A little ad here: I'm sure Dick could use some help on chopping the wood he didn't get chopped on the weekend. Get in touch with him. And thank you Our Host. When's Conway 4?

Bill Provost

The officers would like to take advantage of this issue of our News Letter to wish each of you a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year.

May we continue to work together as well this coming year as we have in the past year.

Oh we, we happy few,
we band of brotherhood.....
Holiday Greetings.....

Mike Cain

Season's Greetings and
Best Wishes for a
Happy New Year.....

Mike Markowski

Best Wishes for a very Joyous
and happy holiday season and
may you have a very GAY New Year.....

Dick Latham

Merry Christmas and Best
Wishes for a Happy New Year.....

Vince Collier

Seasons Greetings to
you and your loved
ones.....

Fred Lubanski

May the Good Will
and Peace of this
Christmas Season
be yours throughout
the coming year.....

Walter Barnaby

May the Peace and Love
of this Holiday Season
be with you all, both
near and far, for now
and always.....

Jack Goodall

Holiday Greetings,
Best Wishes for a
prosperous New Year.....

Rod Hewes