

Nous

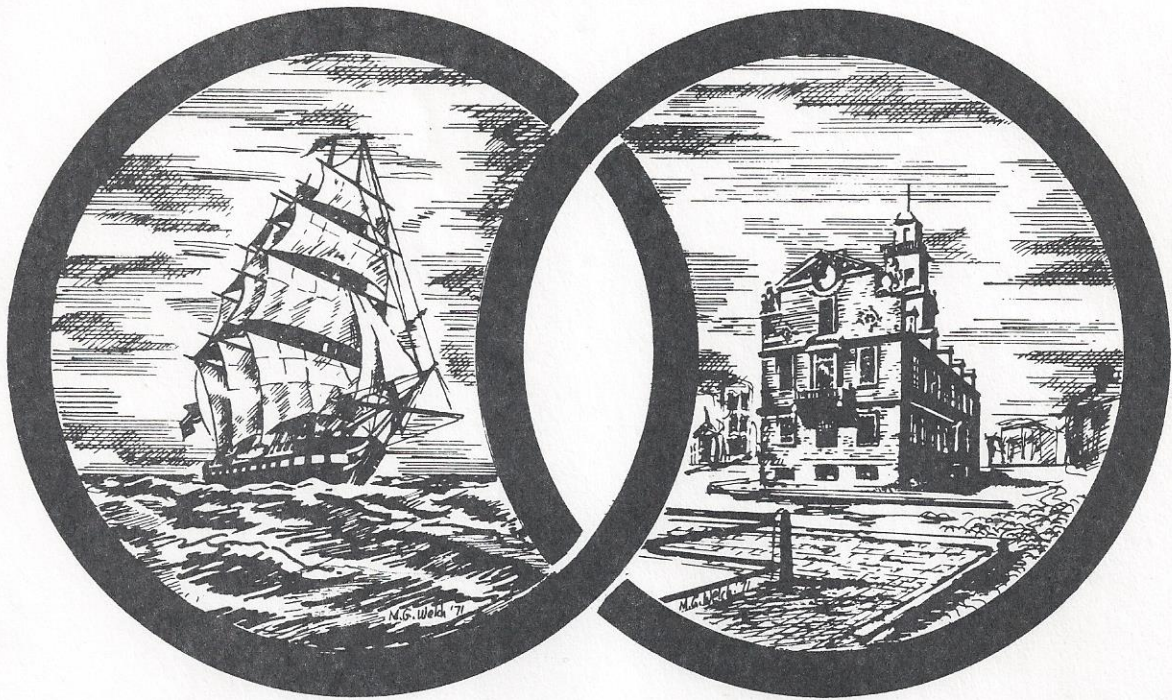


Lettre



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ANNIVERSARY



NOUS LETTRE

Vol. II, No. I

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THE CAPTAINS CHAIR

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who supported me for re-election.

As we are entering our third year I believe it is time to say a word about Runs.

Most of you are aware of my attitude in regard to our attending the out of town events. For those of you who are somewhat new to the Club, I strongly suggest you closely read the article located elsewhere in this news letter.

We have several events coming up in October that I feel that we should attend. I realize the cost of attending each and every run or event that occurs, however, we have an in town run next week. I see no reason why we should not have at least an 80% turnout for the Titans Run. After all, there is no cost of transportation involved. Furthermore, most of us will spend the cost of the run itself boozing it up in the local pubs regardless of whether we attend this function.

The second run occurring is of course, the Druids, in Washington, D.C. We are trying to get at least 15 members to attend this run. We won the best participation award last year for their spring event, and I would like to see us win another one.

We now come to dues. Some of you are far in arrears. This is to serve notice that the by-laws relating to this will be put into force. No votes -- and the possibility of being dropped by the Club.

I have accepted the resignation of Rod Hewes as Editor of the news letter. Rod has worked hard the past year and a half, without much help from many of you. We still need people to do typing, reporting, etc. Effective October 16th, Jack Goodall will replace Rod as Editor. I would hope you will give him the opportunity to act as such. To Rod, I thank you for what must appear to you as a thankless task.

In the final essence, the club owes its membership a certain loyalty but the membership in turn owes the Club. If there are any of you who feel you don't have the time or the interest to continue your membership, then it is to the interest of both yourself and the club, to submit your resignation. I would hope it does not come to this.

Mike C.

The Lieutenant Speaks.....

I see myself , through the favor and choice of the membership, serving a third term of office. I thank you for your support and confidence. Also to remind you that I am in office to serve all of you.

As chairman of the food committee, I was fortunate to have had gourmet cooks, such as Bob Pilon, and others who were so beneficial to me in preparing and serving the meals and in cleaning up after. I thank you all for your co-operation, time, work and imagination. Without all of you my task would have been impossible. I look forward to your continued support.

I also thank those of you who are involved in rewriting our club constitution. Your time, energy and co-operation in rearranging and updating Entre Nous' constitution is very much appreciated.

Looking at our Clubs past accomplishments, I have nothing but optimism for its future.

I thank the previous officers for their advice, support and ask the présent officers for the same help. I also thank other clubs with the same interests for the advice, criticisms and encouragement.

Let us continue to follow the path of brotherhood that emphazes ENTRE NOUS

Fred Lubanski

FOR NEW MEMBERS ONLY

What is required of a new member in Entre Nous or any other fraternal organization?

First, one should attend every meeting or at least meetings representing 10 months of the year. What is more frustrating to your elective officers than not to have a quorum or enough members to call for a vote to pass a motion. When you do not attend, old and new business must be tabled till the next meeting, resulting in negative actions. If you can't make a meeting, call one of the club officers and at least give him your proxy vote.

How can we plan a bus trip, plan a run or attend a run without the support of our membership. Older members, in the same sense, who do not attend regularly become unknown to many of us and especially to new members.

A new member should make it his business to attend 2-3 runs per year, getting to know people in other clubs and other states. Remember, if you do not support them, they will not support our "Days of Equinox" run in March.

Members, both old and new, should not discuss club affairs openly in bars or with strangers, especially if the nature of the conversation can be classified as "gossip". Criticism of club officers or the Executive Board should not be tolerated by any member.

New ideas for entertainment, runs, the Nous Lettre, etc. should be discussed with the Captain or brought up on the floor under new business.

New members should always keep their eyes open for possible new recruits who are denim or leather orientated or cycleists that would be an asset to the club, especially if they approach us first.

Dues should be kept current, try to meet your monthly obligations timely, the club tries to repay you for your interest by having one or two "club members only" runs in the course of the year. Past events were held in Conway, N.H. and P-Town, Cape Cod.

Keep in mind also that the "Nous Lettre" needs reports, it needs you. The officers need you, Entre Nous needs you.....

Fraternally,

Jim C.

"Lo! We have heard of the glory of the kings,
Of the people of the Spear-Danes in days of yore-
How these princes did valorous deeds!"

"The men of great renown there seated themselves
upon the benches, rejoicing in feasting, courteously
drank many a cup of mead."

-- BEOWULF: 725 A.D.

Leif Erikson '72

The Vikings M.C. really outdid themselves at their annual outdoor run. Following their tradition of Sea, Town and Country the initial registration was held dockside at Rowe's Wharf in downtown Boston. The boat pulled out and then the merriment began. With beer and cocktails available the two hour ride was given over to re-establishing contact with old friends and meeting new. Three clubs in particular were conspicuous by their presence, since they have not been noted in any great numbers at previous runs. A hearty welcome goes out to the Thunderbolts of Conn., the Centaurs, of Richmond, Va., and Iron Cross of Montreal, Que.

After the boat trip the group reassembled at the Shed Bar for a midnight buffet and an unending succession of "one more for the road." The Vikings, with an assist from Entre Nous and the Titans, provided sleeping accommodations for who needed them. (Per usual, The Wheels M.C. was quite content with their self-arranged set up at the Y.M.C.A.)

Saturday morning, at 11:30 the car and bike procession to the run site got under way and we arrived about 1:00. Souvenir beer steins were given out as receptacles for the great supply of Schlitz keg beer. The main tents were quickly erected except for the resurrection of the Entre Nous 'humpin-haven' which suffered from a complete lack of expertise and know-how. In fact, one group of E. N., who preferred private sleeping accommodations, attempted to pitch a small three man tent in the downhill pasture. Those three, with the help of seven Druids only required a half hour to bring off this remarkable achievement. It should be made perfectly clear, Entre Nous is not a club noted for its tent-pitching ability.

After the previously mentioned ordeal, lunch was a welcome sight to our exhausted club. Knockwurst and beans soon assuaged our appetites. Later a Polka-walk was held in the woods with only vague clues as a guide. After about ten minutes all one had to do was follow the newly created trails to pick up your envelopes. A lively volleyball game held the interest of the more athletically inclined until the cocktail party started.

Entre Nous hosted the party and it was served in its entirety by John R. who refused to relinquish the ladle to those less adept. Cape Codders were the fare and it was enough to bring the Vikings out in their full dress formal attire.

With everyone loosened up a bit, dinner was served with a main course of sauerbraten or ham. Dinner led to the Saturday night Summer Rerun show put on by the various clubs attending. All the acts were good but the standouts were a Canadian coup. Both the Iron Cross and the M.C. Kemo put on well rehearsed and excellent skits which deserved the accolades given them. E. N. presented a takeoff on the "Boom-Boom!" number from Cycle week '72 and David S., in a funny drag outfit capped by a mop/wig, highlighted the skit. Later, for those who hadn't already bedded down, 'lights out' provided a pleasant diversion.

And then the rain came. It started about 3:30 A.M. and lasted until 4:30 P.M. the following afternoon. A poor attempt at Eggs Benedict started the day off. As an alternative, scrambled eggs and bacon etc. were available and helped alleviate the stress of throbbing heads. One had to consume at least two cups of coffee in order to prepare for the main task at hand -- getting down that first beer! Since the fringe of a hurricane was passing over, the days events were postponed. Luckily the main tent became an indoor games parlor, and a Casino type atmosphere prevailed. Roast beef sandwiches were served for lunch and everyone enjoyed themselves as best they could until the rain let up in late afternoon. The treasure hunt followed, and Raymond G. of M.C. Kemo located the most articles on this event and deserved the trophy which resulted.

Bike events followed, and considering the wet condition of the grass, all participants must be congratulated. With such obstacles as Moto-Polo, Slalom, figure 8, target circle, Daisy-Chain, Over-the-plank, and Hot Dog Contest to encounter, they are all lucky just to be alive. But these events were enjoyed by all, and considering the adverse conditions, these people deserve a good round of applause.

People events were also much in evidence. What with belt, boot, and egg runs, plus egg and dart throws, and ball tosses, the opportunity was there for anyone, bike or non-bike, to win the individual participant award.

The Titans hosted Saturday night's cocktail party. A potent drink it was! Whatever ice hadn't already broken, soon melted. If this was the nectar of the pre-Olympian Gods, then one easily understands the reason for their decline. With Thor out of the way, thanks be to Woden-- dinner followed, shortly.

Words are insufficient to describe the feast: Choice of boiled-live-lobster, turkey, or pepper steak, baked potato, salads and assorted cheeses, rolls, etc. More choices of entrees than observed at all previous runs. Wine complimented the meal and left everyone in good spirit.

After many hours of being cooped up in the main tent while the rains came down, it was time to let the hair down and become free spirits. Don G. led the way and a remarkable dance marathon followed. Picture if you will: Mike C. on top of a table leading one session, Bob W. giving pointers on the modern Polka, and Roy J. of the Spartans giving introductory lessons in the Minuet. Need more be said? The Vikings show followed and we were well entertained.

Monday arrived much too early. Big 'heads' were the order of the day. Breakfast was available for the more resilient, everyone else saw only the coffee. It must of helped because everyone appeared alive at the awards ceremony, (In many cases great mental stamina rode shotgun over all other feelings.) The bike poker run was held that morning and finished just before awards were given out.

The Spartan M.C. captured the best participant award with the S.M.C.L.A.'s coming in second. The M.C. Kemo gave the Vikings a special brotherhood banner, which was warmly received by the V.M.C. Other awards went to various clubs and individuals and the run came to a close. Without predjudice, it certainly ranks as one of the better runs given by any club, anywhere, at any time -- from what one hears, "wait 'til '73."

This is our second anniversary. Many things have happened in the past two years, one of them is our becoming associated with a song from the hit Broadway musical "No No Nanette". What else could it be but "I Want To Be Happy"? With it we brightened the scene at numerous bars, during various runs and other club functions and have sung it in the majority of our shows and skits. Now with our second anniversary and it's "P-Town 72" event upon us the songs words ring true----- we wont be happy till we make you happy too!

Here are the words to "our" song, they don't have to be sung well, just **LOUDLY!!**

We want to be happy but we wont be happy till we make you
happy too.

Life's really worth living, when we are mirth giving, why
can't we give some to you?

When skies are gray and you say you are blue, we'll send
the sun smiling through.

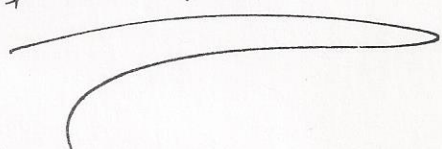
We want to be happy, but we won't be happy till we make you
happy too.

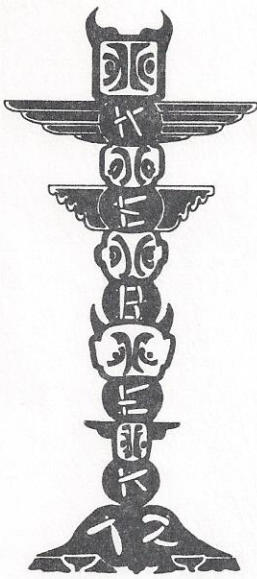
It's said the first year is the hardest, well we've gone past that and now we go into our third year. No one can say what the future will bring but we ourselves can help by continuing to keep and improve our standards of friendship and brotherhood as we have done in the past.

Don't forget you are the club, for each of you have made the club the success it is. My sincere thanks go to all of you for the help, the trust and most of all the friendship you have given to me.

Mike Markowski

Mike Markowski





Kebek '72

With apprehension fifteen Entre Nous members gathered at the Shed in anticipation of the bus ride to Montreal. After the events surrounding the journey to W-4 earlier in the month their concern was justified, but dissipated rapidly when the shining silver Gay Line Express arrived only a half hour late. The gear and beer were quickly loaded onto the bus and they were off. 86½ beers, two quarts of Scotch. 9 imperfect choruses of "I want to be happy", a 2/3 full chemical honey-bucket, 3 sexual orgasms, 4 war stores, one waitress destroying rest/coffee stop, 15 less than Prohibition Party candidates,

half an international boarder incident, and a ¼ alert bus driver later, the bus arrived without incident.

Registration was handled quickly and efficiently so all could begin to enjoy themselves to a heldover nutritionally replenishing feast. After eating, guests were shown their sleeping accommodations. Expecting 5'x5' plots of rain soaked turf on which to pitch their tents, surprise! if not joy, reigned, when led to the upper lofts of a barracks-like structure. Real beds, if not reasonable facimilies, were everywhere. Open bays, quarters for 8, and private rooms sleeping three (or six when doubled up) abounded. All Entre Nous except one found a place to sleep in that most receptive structure. Alas, experiencing his first "outdoor" run, one brave member did valiantly strive to pitch his first tent and sleep under the stars.

(An Ode to Bob W.)

He pitched here; he pitched there.
He pitched 'till he heaved;
He heaved 'till he bitched.
But not in vain, he swore profane.

Vain as he was; he saw the flaws.
Tonight 'fore light, if not right, needs a fight
This man reached his height
When the dawn Blossomed White.

Pitch this tent he would never;
This tend and he should sever,
With nary a glance
The tent became lance;
With hardly a quiver,
The tent to the river.

Where did this heroic soul sleep the night? To this day the mystery is unsolved.

Upon awakening in the morning, one found the 3 "S" facilities ranging from fair to very good. A good hot shower was available and within a one minute staggering walk from any sleeping site at the run. Hot shaving water was a bit more difficult to locate, but obtainable for the more perseverant. Latrine accommodations were excellent except for occasional pluggate in the more reluctant commodes.

As the morning risers slowly assembled in the dining hall they were given a breakfast which included: eggs to order, bacon or sausage, juice, coffee or tea, aspirin, alka or bromo-selza, in whichever order they preferred.

When breakfast was over, all gathered outside for the "counting of heads". A matter of trying to figure out who's here from where and who's not here from there and why. After the "count" was determined to everyone's satisfaction or dismay, the people events kicked off with a treasure hunt in the thick of a mosquito infested woods. Thanks to his lightness of foot, acute vision, and generous application of insect repellent, the former president of Wheels M.C. walked out of the forest heavy laden with bounty and bite free. Trophy and accolades were insufficient for one so keen.

Lunch followed the treasure hunt and by this time most people were ready to imbibe of solids rather than liquid nourishment. This main course consisted of meat pies, a foreign dish to most American tastes, but very substantial. After lunch we had a long afternoon of free time given over to socializing and unplanned events (mostly held in the dorm).

If one was lucky enough to have access to a bike, many interesting contests were held. Unfortunately only the Spartans came with bikes which participated in these events so their outcome held little suspense for those so inured.

More people events followed the cycles. They were routine until the "Presidents" call was made. Surely a first! to watch Mai Ling, Skip C., Roy J., Pierre C., D.D. and Richard, Manza T. and Fred L. (Pity to Mike C.'s back) dance and grimace as they attempted to pass under the "Limbo" stick was a sight for sore eyes. (In the future, variations on this idea would well serve the fraternal club ideal.) Most are not sure who won, but the competitive club challenge involved would certainly be welcome in runs to come.

A cocktail party followed, and the M.C. Kemo requested their members to serve. It went well and the ice broke swiftly. The Viking M.C. attended in their new formal club attire. (After the initial shock, they were well received.)

The cocktail party was followed by dinner and what a splendid feast it was. The main course featured "cog-an-vin" and was the result of many hours simmering in gallons of wine. The French onion soup was superb and tart to just the right degree, neither bold nor whimsical. With many bottles of wine to compliment it, the dinner proved to be a remembered run highlight.

After dinner the show began. Hollywood has never had an opening night spectacular to equal the display of lights witnessed that evening. It was as if floodlights had been trained upon the sky with a way out acid freak running the show. And this was only the unplanned "natural" phenomenon.

The stage show followed and not to be outdone by nature the M.C. Kemo lived up to their reputation in this realm. A lively Canadian-French-Anglo-Indian parody on history held our interest and reaffirmed

the hosts ability as originators and innovators. M.C. Kemo at its best! But who would expect otherwise. Three cheers/ or four if in doubt.

The show must end and so it did. But the night was still young and the Viking M.C. brought forth a slide show of considerable worth and merit. The slides depicted their club in pictorial form from their beginning to the present with concentration upon run participation-like reading a very personal diary to find out what a person (in this case, a club) was all about.

A spirited dance session followed for those who brought spare energy tanks, while others slowly drifted off, here and there in the night seeking less strenuous exercise.

The sun rose and eventually everyone else did. Breakfast was good but the main entree' was the coffee. Gallons were consumed in order for people to prepare themselves for the awards ceremony.

The top awards went to the Vikings M.C., Boston; Titans, Boston; Spartans M.C., Washington, and S.M.C.L.A.'s, Washington. The Vikings gave the M.C. Kemo a brotherhood award in one breath and the Torrid Tuber in the other. Various individual awards were given and next thing one knew it was time to pack up and depart.

Entre Nous gathered itself together and reboarded the "Gay" Line bus for the return home. Except for a quick side-trip to Burlington, the 7½ hour trip back went smoothly. Exhaustion, again reigned

Tom McKenna

ODDS AND ENDS

With a new slate of officers to lead our club into it's third year of existence, we note a few ways in which they might better serve in their capacities:

- Mike C.--to hold more cocktail parties.
- Fred L.--attend more runs.
- Mike M.--no need for improvment.
- Vince C.--buy into Keller's bar.
- Tom Mc.--double his beer consumption.
- George G.--to wear his overlay into the Crown & Anchor.
- Bob P.--second more motions at meetings.

While we're on the subject our general membership could stand some improvment.

- Frank B.--could spend more time working.
- Guy B.--should come to Playland occasionally.
- Jim C.--try to get involved with a younger person.
- Dick C.--investigate the pleasures of "poppers".
- Dick F.--should strive for notority in Provincetown.
- Bud G.--visit Europe.
- Dick G.--move occasionally.
- Jose G.--needs wheels.
- Rod K.--introudce more motions.
- Eddie I.--take organ lessons.
- Bill J.--further international relations
- Dennis K.-- move mid-way between Boston and New York City.
- John K.--raze his harem
- Eva La B.--take up cooking.
- Dick L.--trow a closed run.
- Tony M.--get rid of his dowdy attire and dress with a flair.
- George N.--stop frowning.
- Mike N.--travel more often.
- P.J.--should give driving lessons to the Vikings.
- Paul P.--take P.J.'s driving course.
- John R.--should write this column.
- David S.--have a club function at his home.
- Mike S.--keep up his perfect attendance.
- Horace S.--(see Dick F.)
- Tom S.--explore the pleasures of Maine occasionally.
- Jason S.--(see Tony M.)
- Jay W.--visit Boston less frequently.

Bob W.--write a camping manuel.

Larry W.--head the run button committee.

Woody M.--visit the Keystone garage.

Sam F.--become harem involved.

We can all stand improvment (except Mike M.) and if the advice herein is taken to heart, the club cannot help but continue to be a success.

Tom Mc. & Mike M.

AQUA I - Minneapolis

In an attempt to escape the heat of the East Coast and to support one of the newer clubs in their first run, reservations were made for the Atons "Aqua I in Minneapolis. Arrival of the flight was late but the Aton's chauffer was patient and soon it was off to a "different" type of run.

Registration in Minneapolis was followed by a wild reception party on the plains of Wisconsin. The possibilities for innovation were fantastic. The ingenious scenes -- behind a silo; in the hayloft; in the cow pasture; in the middle of the corn field, even on top of a manure spreader -- all under the stars, was just too much for a city dweller who is used to basement after hours parties. People were literally "hanging around".

Approximately 60 studs were in attendance representing most Mid-West Clubs -- Omaha M.C., Lake Riders, Hellfire, Second City, The Tribe, Chicago Knights as well as two "foreigners", VIKINGS and ENTRE NOUS. Beer flowed freely and most were still enjoying themselves as the sun rose over the acres of fields on Saturday.

Brunch on Saturday found everyone back in Minneapolis for a brief time; then the whirlwind weekend took off again. Saturday afternoon included a pool party in suburbia with continual beer in the rec room and unmentionable intertainment in the sauna followed by a late afternoon cocktail party back in the city. A brief rest and then off to downtown for dinner and a tour of the local bars, followed by another after-hours meeting. Sunday's Brunch had screwdrivers and Bloody Marys in abundance and it was hard to tell the eyes from the drinks. The vittles were an unusual assortment of Midwestern favorites and, like all else, were enough for a weeks run. The Poker Run, which had been started on Saturday, concluded with "that foreigner from Entre Nous" winning the trophy. The event as closed by a group photo, addresses and farewells and mad races to the airport.

Aqua I was the Atons first open run and was very well planned. With most participants from out of town, the Atons were hard pressed for transportation to and from the airport, around town and suburbia. To the East Coast group this may not seem to be a problem but it would compare to a run in New York City with a cocktail party in Philadelphia, dinner in Greenwich Village and after hours party at the New Jersey Shore. Food, beer and activity were in abundance the entire week-end. The event was well enjoyed by those attending. A big thanks to my host, Mike C., and Larry Daniels, President and the rest of the Atons for a very enjoyable AQUA I.

Skip K.
(The White Knight)

ROUNDUP

Would you beleive going on a two hour trip and arriving thirty-two hours later. I could have made 3½ round trips to Amsterdam. The Round-Up was well worth it. So, a day and a half of this report will be heresay,

St. Charles, as usual, was chosen for registration night. Everyone gave their hello's to old tricks, while cruising for new ones. They came from California to Boston, and such hide-outs as London.

After St. Charles, the gang ended up at Avenue Road for an after hours party. The decorated CHAIN bedroom stimulates my imagination to no end. (One of the earlier events that I really wish I was on time for.)

Saturday, at St. Charles, for brunch and instructions from Lil' John pertaining to the Poker Run. The "Boob of the week-end" award was presented to Lil' John for his infamous instructions. (I beleive the guys from Bass River 72 helped).

The Parkside took over early Saturday evening for Cocktails and Dinner -- after that it was on your own in the city till Sunday's boat trip.

Sunday morning about 1 AM I arrived at Lil' Johns and Bud's mansion, where the sounds of belts were coming from all corners and floors. A few minutes later I learned why -- most of the Round-Up contestants were staying there.

After the Sunday morning brjeakfast the thing to see was several groups of five to ten leather and levi clad boys hailing cabs to the dockside for registration on the "Canada Goose". The day turned out to be a perfect boating day. On deck we enjoyed the sun, breeze and sights while below deck others were enjoying a sing-along piano concerto, while others just enjoyed "other a-longs".

Mrs. Graham popped up during the trip- - instead of giving out candy this time to take advantage, she passed out key chains inscribed "Come with me".

Approximately at seven dinner was served at Mo-Mo's. Later in the evening each contestant was introduced and interviewed by Mrs. Graham individually. (At this time each candiate wanted to lose, we thought she went along with the prize.)

The Lower Winchester basement held an after hours party, the crowd was large enough to give off lots of body heat. (Which it did.).

Those who were lucky enough to get any sleep -- or lucky enough not too, dragged themselves into the St. Charles for brunch and final events.

The contestants for Mr. Round-Up were as follows:
NY Peter #1, Joe, #7 NY, Boston Fred L #6, Quebec City, Mike #3,
Toronto, Dave #2, John McG #4, Salvo #8, John M., #5. The Mr.
Round-Up winner was awarded to John McG., #5.

ENTRE NOUS associate patches were presented to Ray B. and
John T. of New York City (former CYCLE M.C. members).

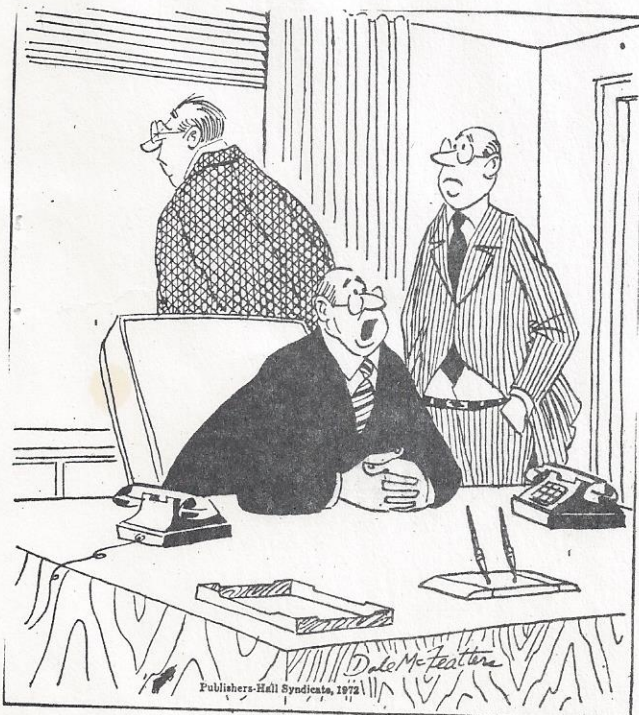
Best actor in a Non-Musical Trophy was presented to Mrs.
Graham. Longest Distance Trophy was awarded to Ron L. of the 69
Club in London, England (before any smart remarks are made, there
is a London, OHIO). Buzz T., President of the Border Riders,
presented his Club's banner to the Spearheads of Toronto. The
Poker Run was won by Serge (KEMO MC), the "Joker" hand by Bruce
P. of Toronto.

After the above events we rolled into the Parkside for
additional and traditional beer pouring.

Mr. Round-Up 72 poured beer over Bud M., Round-Up 71 winner,
and which he returned the same. Before long several persons got
christened, including Spearhead President. Alan McG.

My thanks to all for a successful Round-Up week-end. Next
year I will be arriving by faster transportation.

Fred Lubanski



"I never thought our treasurer was the kind of man
who would refuse to waive extradition."