

Nous

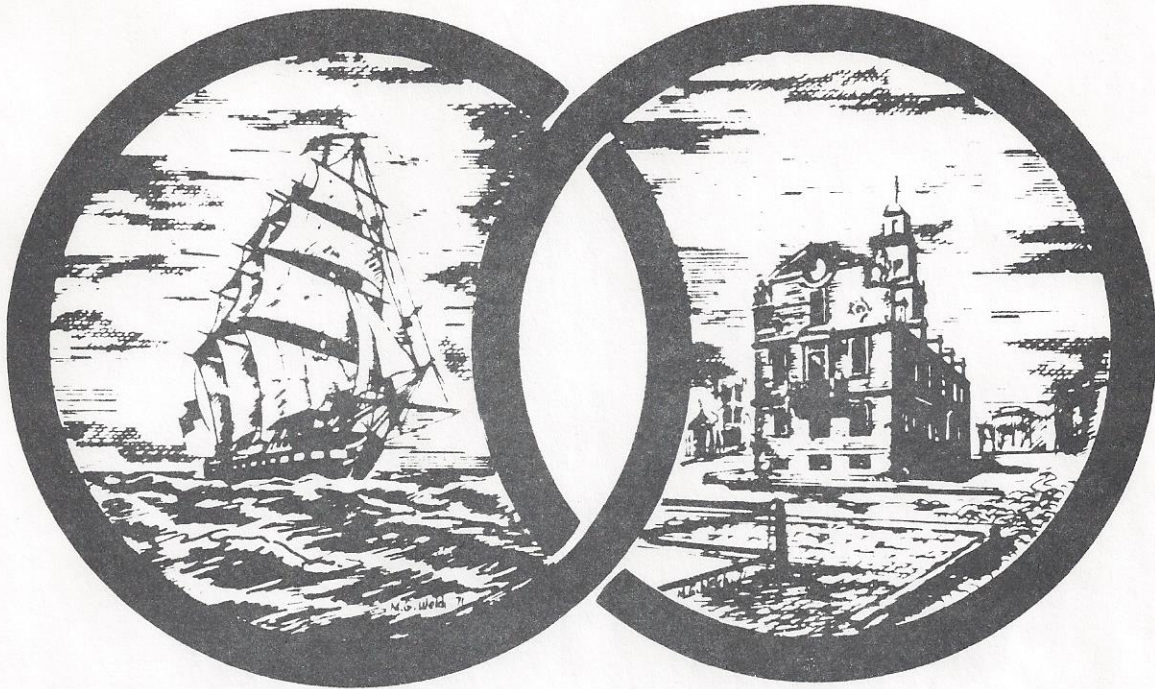


Lettre



Franklin Street, Boston
1850

JUNE '73



NOUS LETTRE

Vol. II, No. V

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FROM THE EDITOR

Now that summer is here let us look back for a moment and reflect on what we, as members of Entre Nous, have accomplished during the first half of 1973. In March we hosted our third annual "Days of Equinox" and had the largest attendance ever. It was at this run that we presented our second annual "B Brotherhood Award" to Wheels M.C., and were presented with the official banner of the Vanguards M.C.

With the upcoming "1776" run this weekend we will have attended almost a dozen runs and events in almost every major city on the East Coast. Our members have extended the Entre Nous hand of friendship as far south as Atlanta and as far west as Cleveland. During our travels we have added two major participation trophies and one distance trophy to what seems to be an ever-growing collection of collumns and cups. Some of our members have also brought home lesser trophies for their own individual accomplishments.

We recall with regret that circumstances have made it impossible for our members to attend all the events planned by every club. In fact, we have been criticized recently for not attending a certain run hosted by our good brothers from north of the border. In brief rebuttal, and with all due respect to our Canadian friends, we think they may have criticized too quickly; and that when such time comes that their members have traveled as far and to as many runs as ours have, that then and ONLY THEN should they become critical of others.

Having taken a short rest, we're off on the merry trail again this weekend. We hope to see many of you at the Bucks' "1776" run, and at the many events planned during the last six months of 1973.

Entre Nous will be at most of these; will you? We hope so.

Jack Goodall

BUSINESS MANAGER'S COMMENTS

For the 16th consecutive year the President of the United States has proclaimed that Law Day be observed throughout the land on May 1st.

As the American Bar Association has explained it. Law Day is not meant to be a lawyers' day, but a time for all Americans to recognize the relevance of law to our society, for refreshing our knowledge of how our legal system works and for examining how our laws can be improved to better serve the people.

Too often we take law, as so many other blessings great and small, for granted. One man, however, was once accused of taking law too seriously. He was Felix Frankfurter, the late Supreme Court Justice, and he pleaded guilty to the charge.

Reason is fragile and law, as the institutionalized expression of reason, is limited, Frankfurter carefully noted, but "that's all we have standing between us and tyranny of mere will and the cruelty of unbridled, undisciplined feeling."

On the occasion of Law Day last year, President Nixon emphasized the fundamental importance of law to the American way of life. "Under it," he said, "men and women can buy, sell, marry, express their personal opinions and engage in a vast array of other activities. Without it, America would not have realized its unparalleled growth in prosperity, individual freedom and equality of opportunity."

Future historians, no doubt, will try to calculate the contribution of America to the fickle progress of civilization and they will attempt to determine the basis for that contribution. Some will argue that the technology which enabled men to walk down lunar paths provided the foundation. Others, perhaps, will argue that our system of law, which made not love but justice a real possibility in our land, laid the real foundation. And they could be right.

Vince C.
Entre Nous
Business Manager

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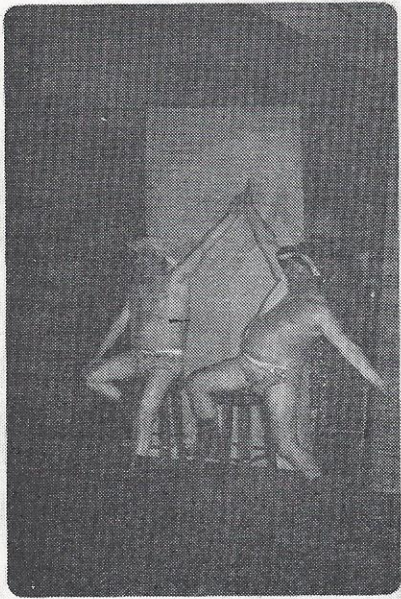
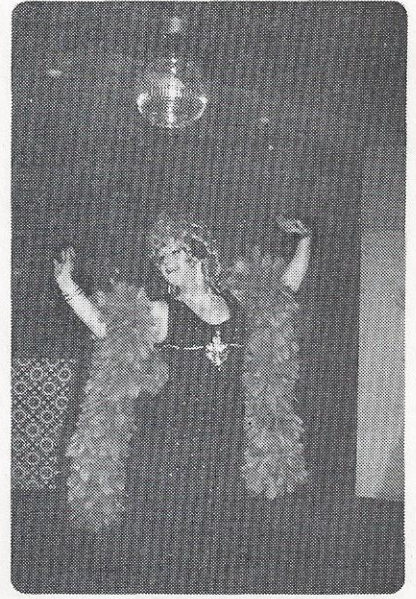
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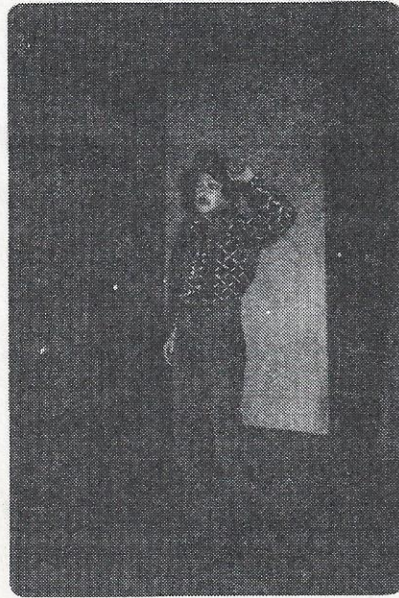
Tantalus

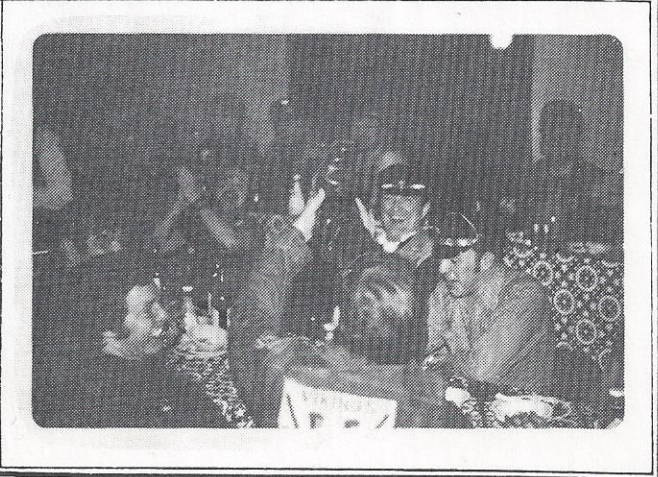
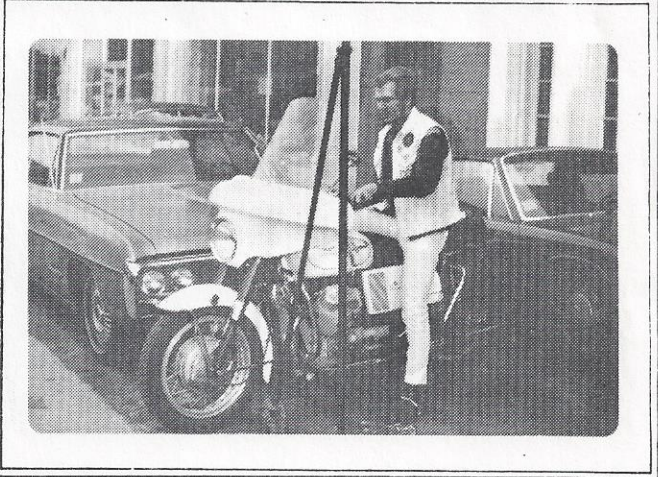
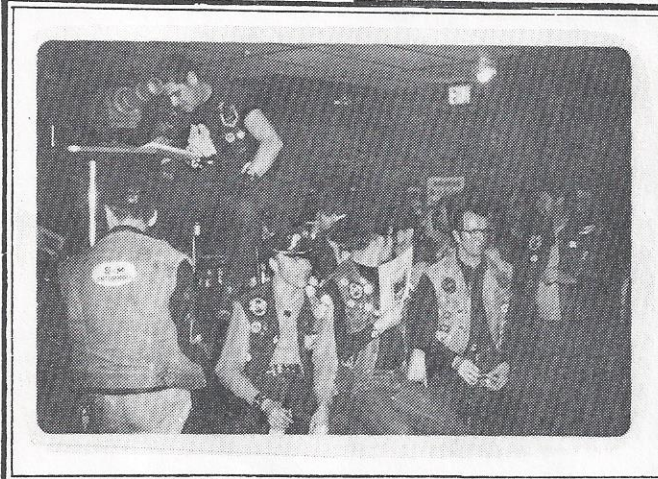
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Boston, Massachusetts 02114



EQUINOX
73





Letters to the Editor

1281 Naugatuck Avenue,
Milford, Connecticut 06460

May 1, 1973

Editor,
Nous Lettre,
P. O. Box 2063
Boston, Massachusetts 02106

Dear Ed.,

Please excuse the slovenliness of this manuscript. A couple of nights ago, over cocktails at the Beau Geste, your Captain, Mike C. remarked, "B...h, how come you never did an article for us?" That's what your Nipple considers leading with the chim. Let no one ever dare to accuse fearless Mike C. of wanting courage. Many an editor fights..... to keep us out of his journal. What can one write which has been written too often and bears repeating?

Well, you know we did appear at Days of Equinox. We almost didn't make it. Fortunately for us, but otherwise for the run, our good friends Tommy O., Angelo, and Paul R. swooped us up from our rural retreat to the lap of swinging Boston. Eventually, we made it to "1270" for the sign-in festivities. How happy we were to initiate our spring season of spreading cheer up and down the eastern seaboard at Days of Equinox.

Before long, our co-guests, Kelly, Tommy, and Buddy arrived with a large planeload of Druids. Our hosts, Carl B. and David E. whisked us off to Charlestown for a catch-up session since the Court had not met for many months. Old times relived and future frolics planned might have engaged the Charlestown set. We don't know. Someone mentioned the magic letters, A.M.C.C. and off to "Nodland" drifted your Nipple. That Fresca can be powerful stuff!

With the year's first warm afternoon, we hustled Kelly off to his Council meeting before hoofing over Bunker Hill to catch the tail end of a splendid brunch, courtesy of Jim D. and Don. G. of the Vikings. As conversation wafted gently on the warm breeze, your Nipple seconded host Jim in the readings of some delightfully scurrilous verse, courtesy of a Montreal bard. Back across the Hill we ambled

for more refreshments before attending the afternoon Entre Nous entertainment at the "1270". Then we toddled to a splendid cocktail party somewhere along Stanhope Street before returning to the "1270" for banquet time. The post prandial festivities ran on and on 'til near dawn. What we saw, what we did we'd rather not pollute these innocent pages with graphic details well known to those who attend such functions. Innocents wouldn't understand even the most elaborate descriptions, so why bother with details?

Eventually awards time came. Our Druids' walked off with the big one! The following month Entre Nous copped the Druids' chief award. Maybe both clubs could economize by chipping in for one statuette which they could keep exchanging each year. But if any of you think you're going to get your hands on my trophies, you'll be missing a paw in no time flat. Those who know your Nipple best testify that he's the lousiest sorehead in the business. Don't say you haven't been warned!

Riding back to Connecticut as guest of John M. of the Druids (along with Kelly and Buddy), we dined in great style in West Haven. Not at the Spanish Princess' ever-loving Duchess Diner, though! That came the following week. Or whenever the S.P. decided to embrace the leisurely life. Too many evening that soi disant royalty Shrieks on the horn, "Let's go to dinner (in middle high San Juanesque). And don't dress up like a bum! No leather." When we arrived in West Haven, there she is in studded bells, high heels and contacts. And off we fly to the Duchess Diner, for the daily special. Now you know why I forbid my club members to appear at runs. Despite everything, those who know us consider your Nipple the most together Connecticut Vulcan. Ask Louise! She hasn't quite recovered yet from one brief conversation with the Spanish Princess at the Warehouse last October. Many a weekend headed for disaster when the S.P. zoomed into my driveway with the announcement, "We go to the Iggles tonight." Imagine the catastrophe when the evening begins, "Tonight the Continentals." To those of my age bracket, "Continental" refers to a Fred Astaire creation. Some members suspect our recent ten day tour of Washington and New York served more to escape Her Spanish Highness than to spread cheer. Witnesses decide for themselves.

Before we sign off, your Nipple would like to thank Mike C., Jim D., Ed and Roy for their applause when we

accepted the Wheels M.C. Jock Award for the Druids' production of "A Funny Thing". Not to diminish the Druids' great hospitality do we give credit to the many Entre Nousmen who made the long journey to D.C.. A run without Entre Nous representation is the Proverbial day without sunshine. Plainly, it would be no fun.

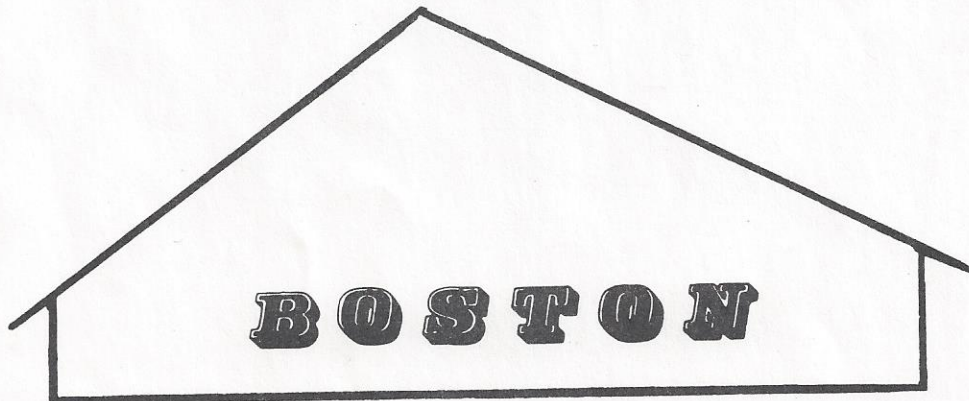
So thank you, Entre Nous. Hope this letter cheers more than it offends. But if it doesn't, remember your Nipple means well!

Fraternally,

/s/ Stan S.
Stan S.,
Great Nipple,
Connecticut Vulcan R.C..

THE SHED

BAR



YOUR HOSTS ARE DICK & CARL

272 HUNTINGTON AVE



SPRING SABBATH

THE DRUIDS

Time bequeathes man happiness for no long duration. Or rather, happiness is a three day weekend in Washington, D.C., or at least two days anyway.

The weather was beautiful as Entre Nous boarded the plane at Logan Airport. However there was some last minute concern that some members were not going to make the flight. However our doubts were soon dissipated as they came dashing madly down the flight ramp ripping unsuspecting passengers right out of their everloving gourds. Their boarding went unnoticed except for the applause and catcalls of our quiet and conservative entourage. The flight was uneventful, except that "Our Leader" bought the first round of drinks.

At Washington International we were met by Kelly and some of the Druids. We must have come to town virtually unnoticed as we were not molested by the City Police, State Police, CIA, FBI or President Nixon. However, it was rumored that the latter had heard we were coming and promptly left for California, after boarding up the White House. I feel that his precaution was unnecessary since Dick L. cruised around the WH only stopping to ask for aid from those nice policemen. Of course, Circle Drive is hard to find. Right, Dick?

But back to Kelly. We boarded the Druid Bus, found a cache of beer on hand, and pounced upon it. Since the drive to Louis' is only a short one, most of us didn't have time to finish the first beer. But, more was to come.

Louis' was quiet when we arrived. Entre Nous members lined up as the bartenders, aghast at the situation, readied their miniatures, which, thank goodness, Boston does not have. The registration went well and soon we were inside looking at ourselves. This was short lived, as most of us soon began speeding out----to the Eagle, the Fenway, hold it, that's in Boston, and who knows where else? The Eagle had a buffet set up, so some of us had a quick bite to eat and a few drinks. You know--they have a groovy crowd down there.

However back to Louis'. By now the place was packed, but above the noise you could frequently hear a whistle blow. As the evening progressed towards midnight some people began anticipating the mystery ride of the Druids. The first bus, which Vince C. was on, left after midnight. Laying his head down for a bit of a nap, he awoke an hour later only to find the bus back in front of Louis'. He has been asking ever since how come it took so long to go from Louis' to Louis'. But he did arrive at the ranch somewhere after four in the morning. The second bus arrived after six or should I say sex? John H. commented that his button read

ELKRIDGE RANCH. WOW. "My comments exactly," he said, "Wow!" Since I was not on either bus I cannot say too much about the trip. I do understand that the poker run was cancelled but the trip back was nice.

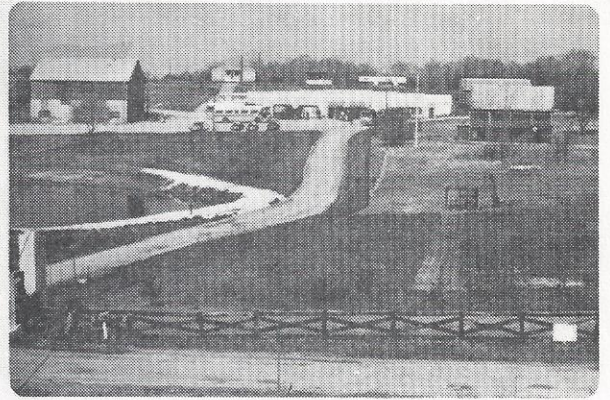
Saturday proved to be the real beginning of the run. Everyone began gathering at Louis' for before dinner drinks. Then dinner was served. An elegant affair it was. Rice Pilaf, green-beans, Shish-ka-bob and wine flowing from the white gloved hands of that terrific catering service-The Druids. Dinner was great.

The show followed and proved to be as excellent as the dinner. Using words such as, super, great, magnificent, etc, would only be redundant but, very true. Too much cannot be said.



they sure can turn out a big days work. Thanks for the good time men.

Sunday found us at the Plus I for the awards. But before the awards the Druids served a delicious brunch that would do any good eating establishment justice. Of course, Mike C. did have brunch, but paced the floor as if he had been attacked by a herd of wild elephant ticks.



More drinking after the show, then on to the after hours party. It must be noted here that Entre Nous aquired an addition to the club over the weekend. A Whistle. Attached to our two and a half foot tall member with the hat. Dave, you certainly shrank; but worse, the noise was terrible.

Hosting the after hours party were the Bucks, who did a big job handling the drinks and eats for such a turn out. For a small club



Since I am a novice at runs I do not know who all received awards but can say that ENTRE NOUS came home with first place and that second place went to the VANGUARDS. Congratulations to the men from Philly and to all others who received awards and trophies.

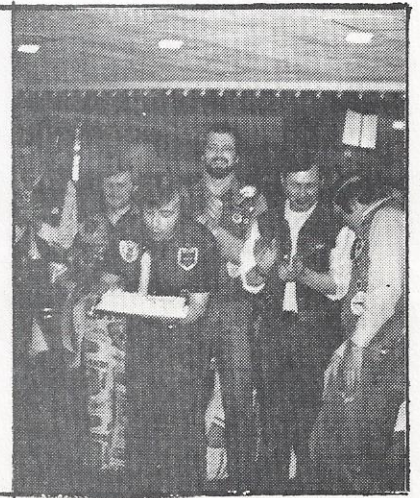
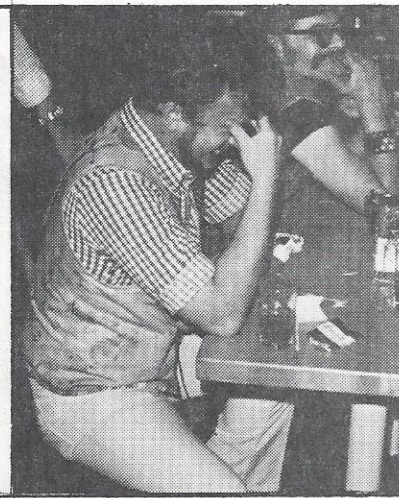
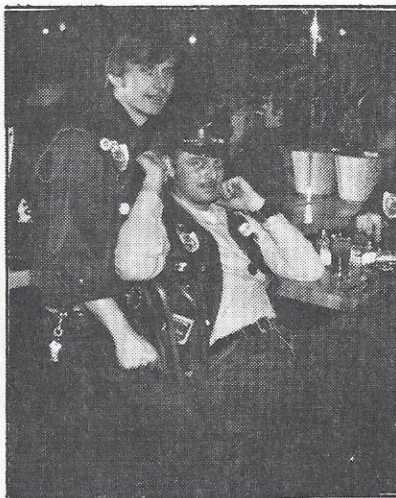


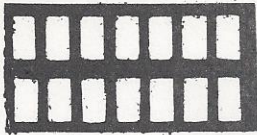
The airlines responded to our request and moved our departure time from Sunday to Monday. Being the hangers-on that we are we stayed, and stayed, and stayed. The ones of us that did stay had lunch with John M, star of "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE BATHS." He proved to be as personable off stage as he is on. John, here is a tip of the hat for you. Swagger a little when you walk. For all the rest of the cast, you did a tremendous job and certainly should be proud.

To The Druids: Happiness is a good run, and you certainly had yours. Here's to seeing you all soon.

NOTE: All information contained within this article is truth, and nothing but the truth because we saw it all for ourselves.

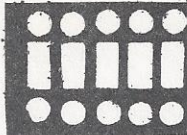
Brad W.
In Colaboration With
John H.
Fred N.





BELT 27.50

WBN-NONE
WBW-12-
WB-8-



'APOLLO'

'CLASSIC I'
-NOTE: ALL SAMPLES ARE FOR BELTS-
OTHERS CO-ORDINATE

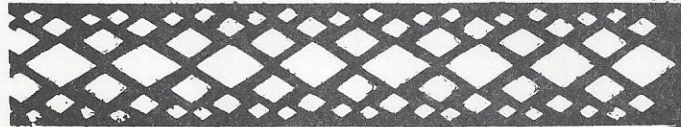
BELT 27.50

WBN-12-
WBW-12-
WB-8-



'APACHE'

WBN-12- WB-15 BELT 42.50
WBW-15-



'COBRA'

FULLY-
LINED

VESTS



SM.
MED.
LG.

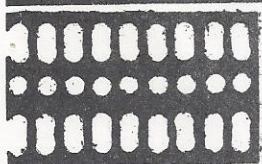
48-

'CHESTER'

'TRADE I' VEST (NOT SHOWN)

PLAIN DESIGN - FULLY-LINED

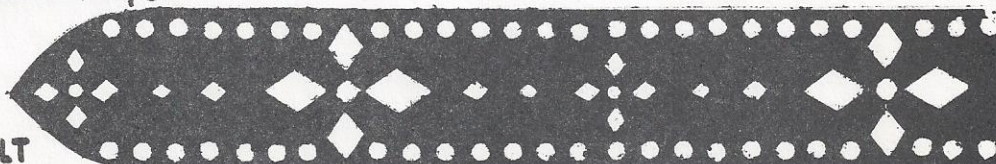
S.M.L. CHECK BOX FOR
OUTSIDE CIGARETTE POCKET 38-



'BULLET'

BELT 50-
WBN-10-
WBW-15-
WB-15

BELT
27.50



'STAR' WB ONLY
12-



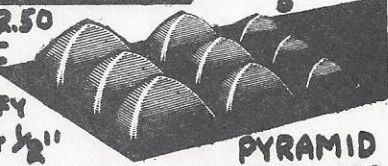
'TRAC III'
BELT-32.50
WBN-10-
WBW-12-
WB-8-

'TRAC IV'
BELT 50-
WBN-10-
WBW-15-
WB-15-

AL & MARSHALL

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BELT 32.50
WBN-10-
WBW-12-
WB-8-
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3/8" or 1/2"



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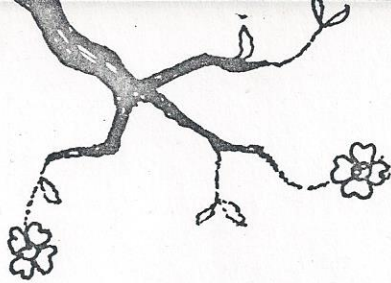
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Dogwood '73

My adventure began Thursday, April 19, at 6:15 P.M. on Eastern's flight #537 to Atlanta, Georgia. Landing twenty minutes early was great, but having to wait nearly thirty for my suitcase wasn't. I was met at the airport by a member of the Atlantis M.C. and immediately started for the registration point.

Arriving at the Onyx Bar, I was greeted by Mike C. and Dick L. who had been in Atlanta since Tuesday. Mike was more interested in seeing me than Dick was because I had brought along with me his checkbook and airline ticket back home on Sunday! Upon turning over these two treasured articles I was then allowed to register and obtain all and any necessary information needed for the run. The only thing left to do that night was to meet people and have a few drinks while I waited for my host to arrive.

Friday dawned into a bright, warm, sunny day. First thing on the agenda was brunch at the home of the President of Atlantis M.C., When everyone had finished eating, a guided tour of Atlanta and other points of interest was given for those interested. We saw many fascinating sites. Among them were: Martin Luther King Jr's grave; the overwhelming painting of the famous Battle of Atlanta; Stone Mountain Memorial, largest single carving in rock; and the many beautiful homes and other buildings in Atlanta. All that took part in the tour agreed it was both enjoyable and interesting.

Friday evening found all run-goers heading out for the campsite, which was located almost 65 miles from Atlanta in Franklin, Georgia. The opening ceremony at midnight was the important happening of the night. The American, the Confederate and Atlantis M.C. flags were hoisted to full mast. A runner then started at the top of the hill and ran down carrying the eternal flame. Upon reaching his destination, he placed it in front of the flags. The manner in which it was done was quite impressive, and the run was now officially opened. The rest of the evening was left to drinking or "whatever".

Saturday turned out to be another lovely day. Breakfast was served, after which we all prepared for the day's activities. There were a number of events among which are some I'll never forget. Thanks M.C., and that doesn't stand for Motor Club! There was the obstacle course, a bike-buddy race, paddling down river in a rubber raft, and a poker run just to mention a few. In the poker run only two participants could not find a certain lady's box. The evening's cocktail party was hosted by the Thunderbolts. It proved to be different, beginning with the personal appearance of Louise. "Anything Goes" should have been the theme of the party because that's exactly what happened. You should have seen Dick Lick'em, I mean Latham. (Sorry about that, Dick.) After this little shindig the presentation of awards was held. Congratulations to the Bucks for scooping up first place. Would you believe that Scarlet and her partner, both Rubber Duckies, won the rubber raft race down river? We cannot forget our own club of course, for picking up the Club Distance Trophy. The remainder of the night was left to "whatever", again.

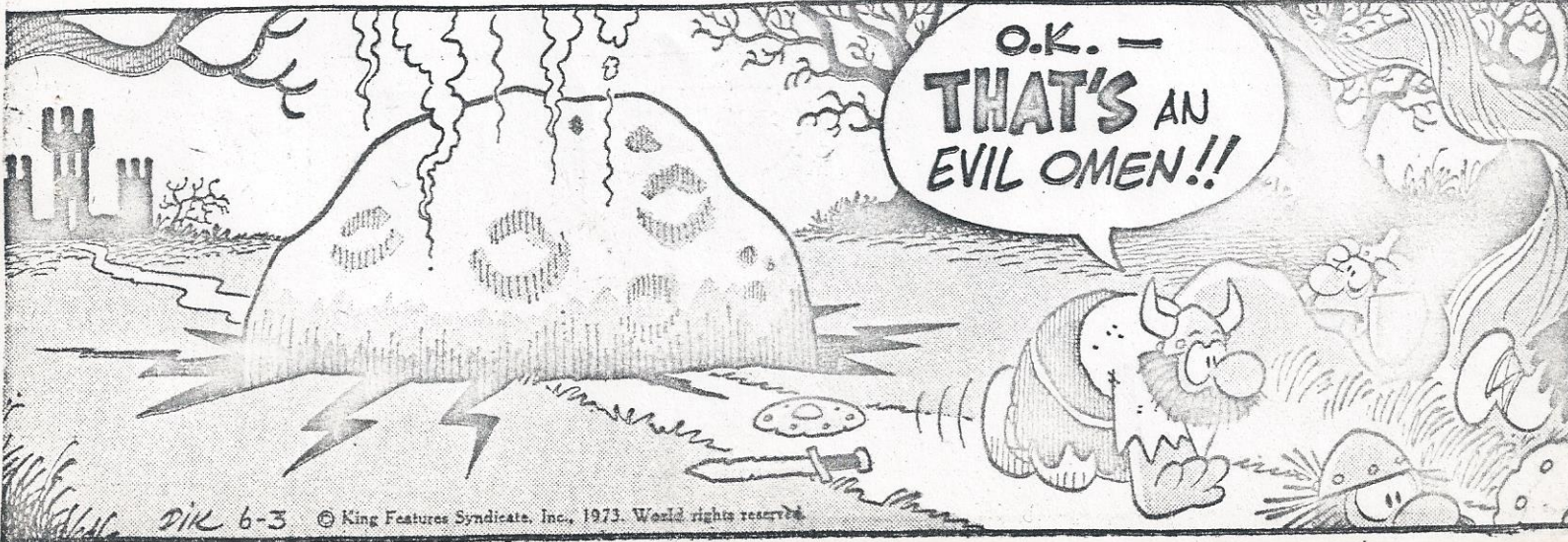
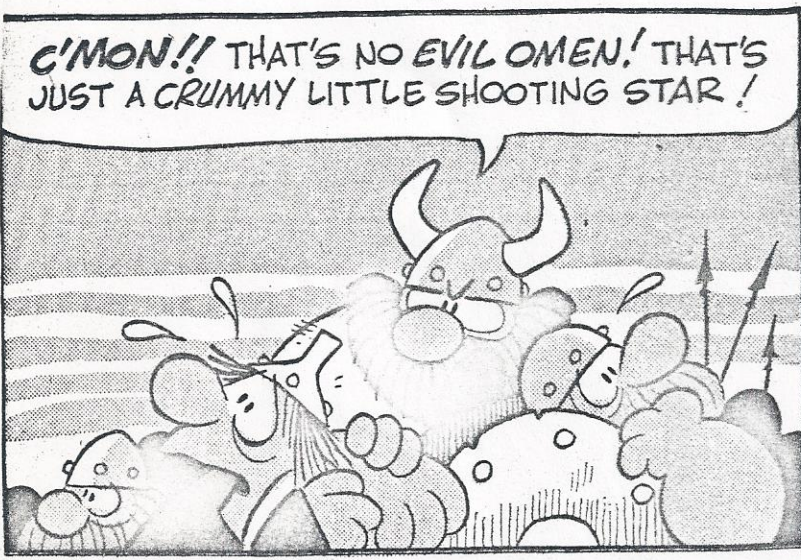
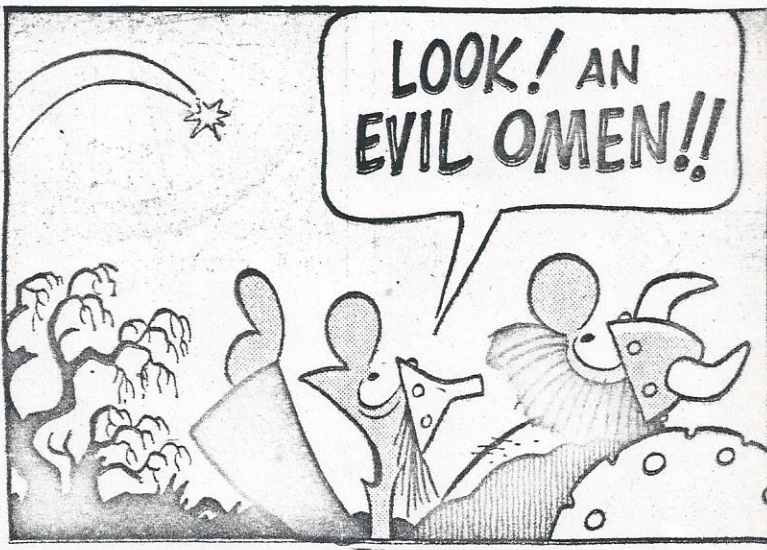
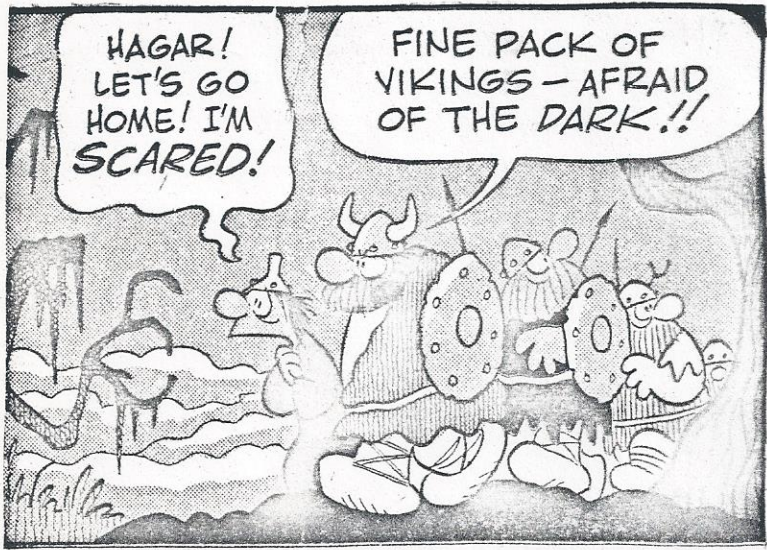
Sunday morning crept up on us as did Mother Nature's little friend, the Easter Bunny--cotton tail and all. It turned out to be Woody, a member of Atlantis, in his latest drag. He was visiting each tent and leaving something for every one of us. He also hid a black studded Easter Egg, which would bring a prize to whoever found it. I did, and won a bottle of wine. Our last breakfast of the run was served and then everyone began breaking camp for it was now time to leave.

This being Atlantis' first run, congratulations are in order for throwing such a good run. Special thanks should be given also because the entire membership of the Atlantis M.C. worked hard in trying to please everyone who attended the run. I am sure we are all looking forward to "Dogwood 1974."

Jim D.

HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE



ODDS 'N' ENDS

A sincere thanks from our editor to all the guys in Atlanta who extended him such great hospitality during his brief visit to that city last month. Atlanta has certainly not seen the last of J. G.!

A warm welcome goes to our newest members: Jerry C., John H., Fred N., and Brad W. Congratulations also are in order for our two latest "P" members: Dan H., and Scott T.

Congratulations to Jim C., and Joe K. on the latest additions to their families----a 350 C.C. Yamaha, and a 450 C.C. Honda respectively. Happy biking.

Congratulations and best wishes to the newly formed Spuds M.C. of Long Island, N. Y., and also to the Roo M.C. in Sydney, Australia. A hearty welcome goes to these two latest additions to our L & L Fraternity.

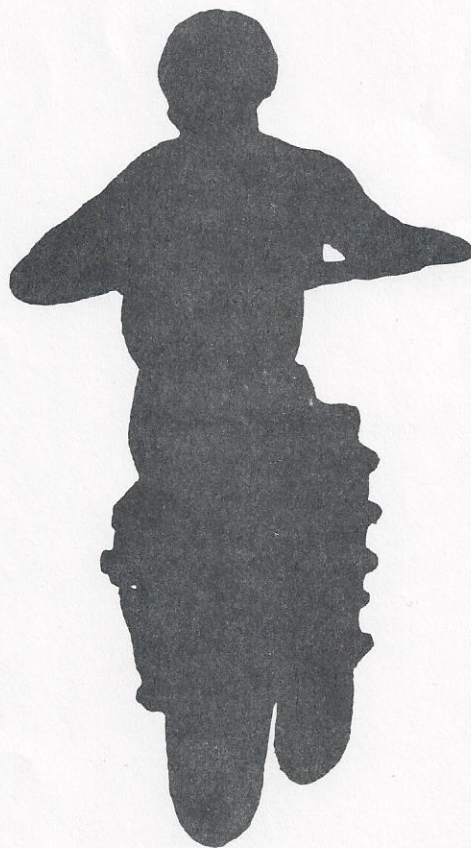
First it was the "Redcoats; then it was the Russians. But watch out, America; this time it's Bella Boops that's coming!

Congratulations to the East Coasts' two latest newly-weds----Skip K. of the Bucks M.C. and our Fred N. We hate to see Fred leave "Beantown," but we're sure he'll be an asset to New Hope, Pa. Good luck guys.

Jack Goodall

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*...and the windows of heaven were opened...
And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.
And they prevailed exceedingly upon the earth;
and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven,
were covered...*

Gen. vii; 11, 12, 19

W5

OR

"Why Wheels M.C. Gave Up Biking
and Bought A Canoe"

Following an eight hour cruise and too many Whip 'n' Chills, the Entre Nous-Viking ark came to rest at Thomasville by the Sea at 2:50 a.m. coincidental with the incoming tide. (And on time!) A large crowd was on hand to greet us as we disembarked to the strains of "We want Ethel!" At this time we thought we had pulled another Chris Columbus routine and arrived at "Aqua II" rather than "W5". Following the warm welcome we were whisked off to the registration desk where we were each presented with a beautiful gold run pin and our own drinking mug, which had the "W5" insignia on the bottom. A live rock band provided the entertainment until a much welcomed lunch was served. Following a bite to eat we were taken to our quarters, each of which had been thoughtfully provided with the ultimate in sleeping facilities---
WATER BEDS!

Upon completion of a hearty Saturday morning breakfast, Dick, Tom, and I began our search for a plot of dry land on which to pitch our tent for the remainder of the weekend. For what we accomplished, we could have set up housekeeping in the swimming pool!

Soon the call was given for the individual and team athletic events, which were being held across the street in "Flounders' Field." These included a 100 yard dash, in which the participants had to drink warm beer through a straw, a raw egg toss, an egg-bag relay race, and an obstacle course. The most tiring of the events--a rather unique balloon-breaking contest--was, naturally, held first. I do believe that our own Brad W. had more fun than anyone in this particular event. How 'bout it, Brad? At this point I must say that the Wheels M.C. Road Captain must have had many sleepless nights (or was that KNIGHTS?) thinking up some of these events, as they were real gems! However, all of the games were bothe amusing and MOST REWARDING, weren't they, Bella?!

Following the games a few of us had a brief chance for some rest and "relaxation," then it was off to the Great Hall. It was at this time that David B., having already tasted most of the goodies available, blew his whistle (and the fuse) and promptly subjected us all to a local power failure. But, never let it be said that the L & L fraternity is lacking for ingenuity. On came Angelo of the Vanguard's with his saxophone, and with the help of some piano accompaniment, a candlelight sing-along became the hit of the afternoon. Then on came the Druids with their beach party cocktail hour; and believe me, they couldn't have picked a better site. During the festivities we were amused by a brief visit from Trudy Tread. Immediately upon taking control of the stage she placed a phone call to Louise of the Thunderbolts. I'll have to forego the details here, however, since to report accurately on the conversation would require printing on asbestos pages.

After a slightly delayed Chicken Kiev dinner, the "9" Plus Club presented "This Is Your Life--Wheels M.C.," in which Bob P., Chuck P., Lou C. and John-John did a wonderful job in their amusing history of our host club. Their show was followed by the grand entrance of the Praetorians. Their procession led us out of the hall and into their Roman camp, where a surprise cocktail party was in progress.

Sunday afternoon brought free time for all, since most of the scheduled activities had been cancelled due to an unscheduled temper tantrum which Mother Nature rudely provided. (Honestly, Mother Nature, we weren't trying to fool you!) Some of us helped to blow up balloons for the forthcoming evening's activities. Others were playing Battleship, Monopoly, or any one of a number of different card games. We understand that Chris and the Wheels V.P., Steve, even found a few extra minutes to get in a couple of hands of Honeymoon Bridge. Hmmm! These various activities were followed by the Thunderbolts' "Roman Orgy" cocktail party, which was enjoyed by all. Louise, standing atop her leather chariot, was naturally the hit of the afternoon.

Following a delicious dinner in the company of some delightful friends the moment for which I had been waiting finally arrived. It was now showtime. The scene for this year's production of "Auntie M" was Cherry Grove, Fire Island. Lee S., Gene H., and the rest of the cast did a fantastic job in their adaptation of "Mame." However, Roy I. once again stole the show with his outrageously funny portrayal of Algie Gooch. Everyone involved deserves to be commended and thanked for this hilariously entertaining evening.

Following the show the hall was cleared of all chairs and other debris, and the live rock band returned to provide music for the remainder of the evening/morning. The volunteer go-go boys added both color and interest to the activities which finally came to an end at about 4a.m. It was at this time that the few lucky (dry) souls who remained found that they had unknowingly joined the rest of us in "Everglades North," and decided to take to the hall for cover. Shame on you, Mother Nature; and welcome aboard, guys! (At this time I would like to give a personal thanks to 2nd City. "Lucky" me !!!)

After a fine Monday morning breakfast and the Entre Nous cocktail party it was time for the award ceremony. The S.M.C.L.A. and Entre Nous won first and second place participation, respectively; and the Praetorians won the "House Beautiful" trophy. S.C.M.C. scooped the "Mini-bike Award" and plaques were given to the Druids, Thunderbolts, and Entre Nous in appreciation for their cocktail parties.

The weekend finally came to a close just as Sol appeared for the first time. It was at this point that we were very grateful that the Vikings had brought along their inflatable longship, since we weren't sure whether or not the bus had survived the rains. In spite of the wet weather we all had a great time, and I sincerely hope the reports that Wheels M.C. is considering Death Valley for the "W6" run site are unfounded.

Thanks, Wheels M.C. for a wonderful weekend. We're looking forward to many more.

Jack Goodall

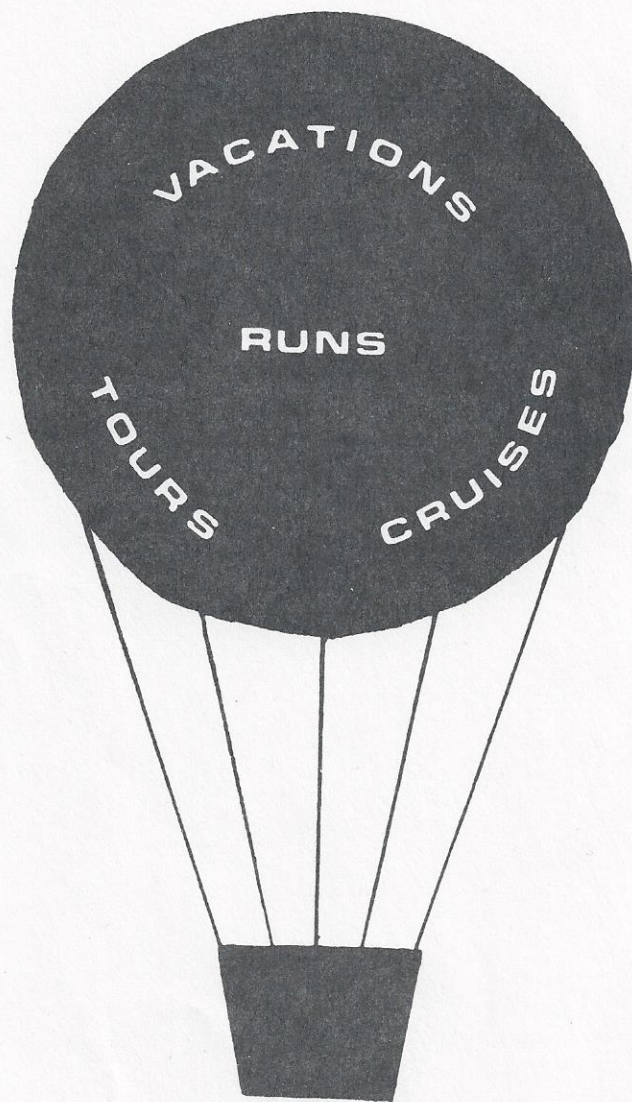


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Wild and Woolly

Wet and Windy

"Go West young man" they used to say; so Jim D. and I decided to go west and see what would happen. Departing Logan Airport at 6:15 on Friday, May 18th, we had a most enjoyable flight to the Cleveland Hopkins Airport. The weather was warm but cloudy and not too promising. Being the first run for the Unicorn M. C. of Cleveland, they were a little unsure of the correct procedure to follow as far as their guests and transportation facilities were concerned, so Jim and I boarded the Rapid Transit for a twenty minute ride into the downtown area of Cleveland. While waiting for a member of the Stallions, a newly formed club in the Cleveland area, Jim and I were approached by two young hookers looking for something that we had no interest in whatsoever. With an opening line such as "Act like you know us, there is a pervert following us" they proceeded to ask us questions about ourselves and what we were up to for the night. Needless to say, our friend from the Stallions arrived none too soon and whisked us away to meet the rest of the gang.

After driving down a few dark and narrow streets, we came to stop in front of an old warehouse with nothing but the number on the door. We were told, this was the place known as the "Leather Stallion", the only leather-denim bar in the entire Cleveland area. Once inside, it was quite a cozy little place and very friendly.

After becoming better acquainted with some of the fellow "bikies" there, we all climbed into various cars and started our forty mile drive to the run sight. Though the weather was cold and damp, that didn't stop a few of the girls (guys) from riding with their car tops down, hats blowing in the cool night air.

The run sight was called Camp Hiram, which was a Boy Scout camp during the summer months. At registration, a huge fire was going and some of the other guys, were warming themselves around it vigorously. By the time Jim and I had finished getting settled into Camp, the temp. had dropped to a lovely 42 degrees and a slight mist had started to fall.

Both feeling a little disappointed at the start, we headed for our respective cabins and hopefully a warm night. Needless to say, the cabins were as old as the hills, and there wasn't a warm one available within fifty miles. About the only way to keep warm was by the good old reliable BODY HEAT; but with Jim and I being the martyrs that we are, and rather than give Entre Nous a bad name with scandalous riff, we took to our sleeping bags ALONE and commenced to dream about our warm cozy beds back in Boston.

Saturday morning brought a very nice brunch and some drinks that were quite warming themselves. During the night, it had rained quite hard and we were in mud up to our bippies, but the run wentt right on as planned. Early afternoon brought the motorcycle events and a few other activities. Horseback riding was one of the favorite pastimes during Saturday afternoon, and even Jim rode her first horse while there. Watch out Dale Evans, Jim is pretty good at riding side saddle, and even in those open toe pumps.

Saturday evening brought a most deliscious steak dinner with salad and baked potatoes to injoy. The most different thing of the dinner was, everone was given a huge piece of meat (HO HUM), and we were instructed to march through the dark and wilderness down a muddy path to an open fire and cook your meat the way you wanted it. At least it was done to your own liking though a little different from most runs we have gone to.

After dinner, a show called "Rites of the Full Moon" was given in the recreation hall. It was so Down to Earth, that Jim and I almost died laughing. Presentation of awards came next and Jim and I were a bit disappointed as to the outcome, but being understanding as we are, it turned out O. K. with us. Jim and I had travelled the farthest of anyone there (591 miles exactly) but since the Unicorn M. C. is strictly a motorcycle club, all the awards presented were given to people who had come to the run on bikes. Richmond, Virginia was the winner of the trophy with travelling only 390 miles, but....

Saturday night was still cold and wet, but back to the sack everyone went, and again upholding the grand tradition of Entre Nous, we did our best to keep our image alive. Sunday, the last day of the run, was damp and soggy in the morning as we prepared to leave the run sight, but not before a raffle of a few cases of booze. Not wanting to leave without bringing something home, we stuck around for the raffle

and ended up winning a bottle of scotch to make our flight home more enjoyable.

Scheduled for a 3:40 flight back to Boston, we went back to the Bar in Cleveland and had a few drinks. Again upholding the true Entre Nous tradition, we had such a good time that we cancelled our flight and made reservations for a later one home. Jim and I had met a real ADONIS at the bar on Sunday and he fell immediately in love with our very own Jim D. Naturally, J.D. accepted the affection and had a most enjoyable time. Then time to leave came again and this time we had to go. On the way to the airport, our driver told us about this ADONIS we had met. Since he had an apartment in most every country of the world, and being a man of high royalty from a European country, Jim wanted to turn right around and become a resident of Cleveland. Jim was to phone Monday night back home, so we hope he made out all right there.

All in all, we had a marvelous time and many thanks go to the Unicorns MC.

Soggingly reporting, Bill B.

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*Spartan M.C.	Marathon '73	August 3-5
Iron Cross M.C.	Teutonic Meet	August 3-5
2nd City	Wild Run	August 10-12
Scorpions M.C.	Scorpio Rising	August 17-19
*Thunderbolts/Vikings	Leif Erikson	August 31-Sept 3
Spearhead	Round-Up	August 31-Sept 3
Cycle M.C.	Bass River	Sept.
Empire City M.C.	Anniversary	Oct. 6
Praetorians	Anniversary	Oct. 7
ENTRE NOUS	P-Town '73 Anniversary	Oct. 12-14
Vanguards	Oktober fest	Oct. 12-14
Druids M.C.	Sabbath	Oct. 26-28
Scorpions/Centaurs	Halloween	Oct. 27-28
*SMCLA	Autumn Scrambles	Nov. 9-11
UYA	Anniversary	December
*Empire City M.C.	Christmas Party	December

(* indicates AMCC sanctioned events)

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Dishes Not On the Menu



An impromptu "Name The Column" contest was held during dinner at W-5 in order to chose a name for this column. Accordingly, we would like to give credit & our thanks to Jim P. formerly of Chicago's S.C.M.C. for coming-----up with the best name, that is!



We understand that "Second City's Betsy thoroughly enjoyed the diet of assorted nuts and 'BOLTS' consumed at W-5". Now, that's food for thought!

Speaking of W-5, we are pleased to announce that the winner of the first annual "Weatherman Of The Year Award" goes to none-other than Wheels' Al C. Explanation---UNNECESSARY!

It has been interesting to note lately that whenever someone mentions "The Wholething" he is greeted almost immediately by Entre Nous' own 2½ foot whistle, D. B., who seems to appear out of nowhere!

Just a note to our brothers in Connecticut-----WE realize the weather wasn't the best at W-5, but really, guys, dont you think pitching a tent INSIDE another tent is pushing caution just a little too far?! No more "Entre Nous Pink", etc. from you, please!!

Overheard at Second City's dinner table at W-5: "I was in the Winnebago, there was activity in first class, upper, lower and standing room only in tourist! I didn't say A Druid, I said ONE of the Druids I was with this afternoon." At least we know this voracious Chicagoan has good taste!

Jack Goodall



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P'TOWN '73

OCT. 12, 13, 14, 1973

FRIDAY NIGHT

Registration
Buffet & Slides
After Hours Party

SATURDAY NIGHT

Dinner & 2 Drinks
After Hours Party
(Boat)
Entertainment

SUNDAY

Bloody Mary Brunch
Presentation of
New Officers
Awards

SATURDAY

Breakfast with
2 Mixed Drinks
Poker Walk
Cocktail Party

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