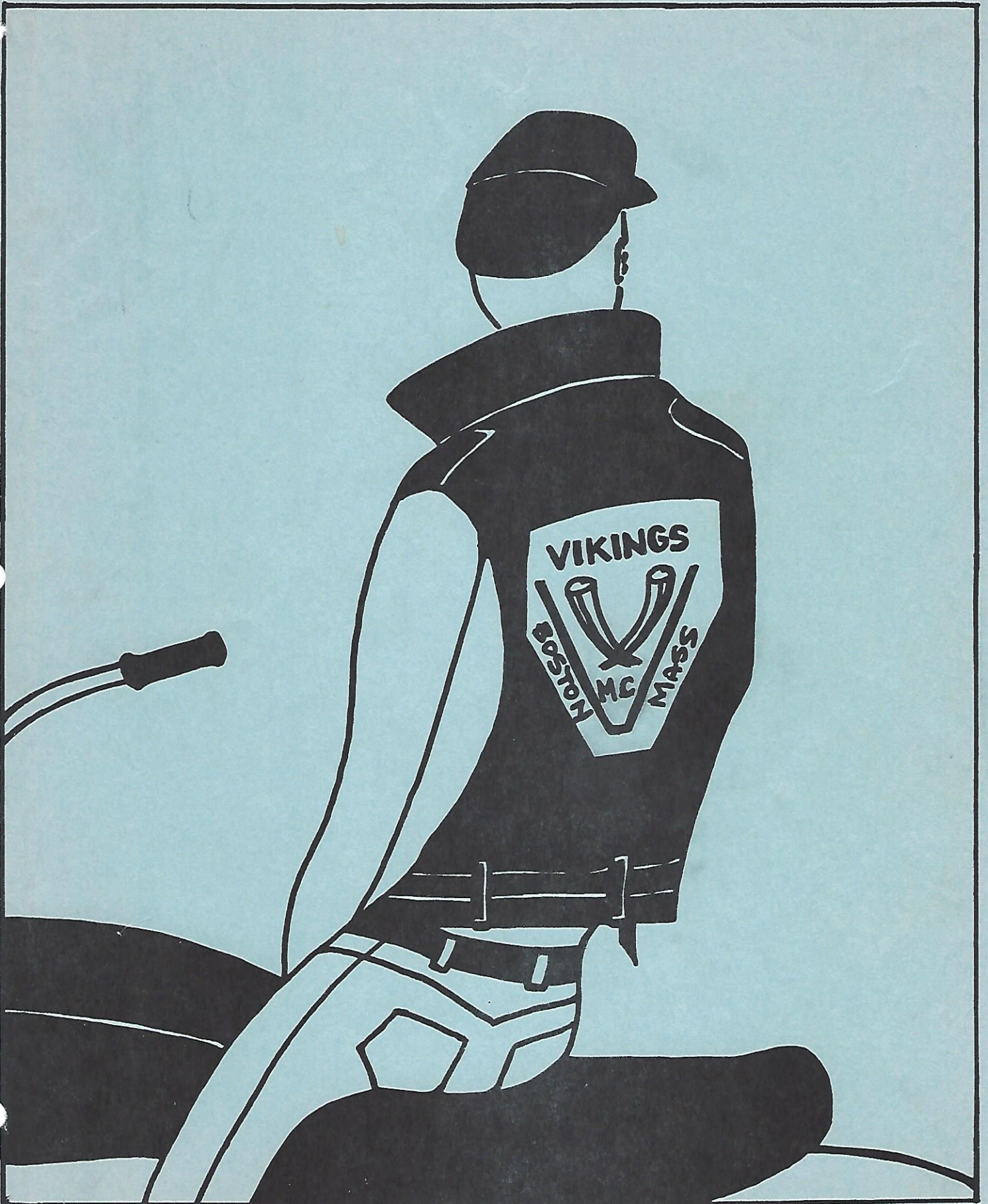


# THE LONGSHIP



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THE LONGSHIP

VOLUME II., NO. 4.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE VIKINGS, M. C.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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- AL W.
- CONSULTANT IN AFFAIRS FINANCIAL : - BILL G.

THIS ISSUE, BEING THE FOURTH OF VOLUME II, IS DEDICATED SOLELY TO

BO-2-2271



Anniversary time is here again, and with it comes many moments of reflection concerning our Club. Most of us are quite busy preparing for our up-coming run, and doing our best to see that our guests have the best time ever in Boston. However, even with all this activity we should pause and give thought to what the Club has been, and what you would like to see it become in the future.

When the Club formed, two years ago, I do not believe that any of us foresaw all the trials and tribulations that would have to be met and overcome to keep the (then un-named) longship of the Vikings afloat. Therefore, to all charter members, I offer you my heartiest congratulations for sticking to your oars, and maintaining our noble direction. You may all consider yourselves the navigators of our Club.

To the members who have joined us at a later date, with their dedication and enthusiasm, let me say, "Thank You", for it was your strength that gave us all the drive to continue. As I have said in a previous article, new blood in an organization can give it a new birth, and your contributions have been significant, and timely.

And, finally to our new members, I would like to say, "Welcome aboard." You have a great group of men to be associated with, and I am sure that the Club will benefit by your participation. We have all heard the skeptics say, "The Vikings will never last." We heard them say we would not last three months, then the time changed to six months, finally they said we would not last a year. Well, we did last a year, and then the cry from these same people was "Oh, well, they are tired now, they'll never last another year. Once again we have proved them wrong. Judging from history, and our critics lack of imagination, we can assume that their next pronouncement will be that we are once again a sinking ship, and can not possibly last another year. With the spirit of fraternity which now exists within the Club, we can say to these purveyors of ill-omen that their current predictions will be no more accurate than their past ones.

Also, I would like to speak to you concerning the running barage of derogatory remarks made about our Club and its members in an out-of-town publication. If you allow the slurs and inuendos to upset you, then you have allowed these people to acheive their purpose. We know that the attacks are either complete fabrications or gross distortions of fact. Our reputation is not enhanced or injured by the comments made about us in that magazine. We develop our reputation by the manner in which we receive our guests in this town and by our own behaviour while visiting other cities. In this regard, Vikings do not have to take a back seat to any club.

I have always been pleased that our own Longship has never sunk to the level of character assassinations, or been bent on the injury of another club. Therefore, my only advice to the people who become upset over the remarks made in a newsletter, that is rapidly becoming well-known as a slander sheet, is don't continue to buy or read it!

Perhaps in the future we can look forward to an A. M. C. C. newsletter which will keep us informed of other club activities, and which will not have a constant axe to grind.

My final comment in this column is to thank you for your current work on the run, and to encourage you to keep up the momentum. B0-2-2271 is going to be a great run, and each and everyone of you will be responsible for its success.

Thor

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Vikings,

I would like to take this opportunity to offer an apology to all Club members for being absent during the Holiday Season. I was so busy that I didn't even have the time to send out Season's greetings. I appreciate all the cards that I received from so many of the Club members, and would like to take this time to wish all Vikings a very Happy New Year. The end of the year is the busiest time of the year for me, work-wise, but fortunately that is now past. I hope to have much more free time to dedicate to Club activities. Looking forward to seeing a great deal of all my Viking brothers during the coming months -

Sincerely,

MARVIN K.

.....THE VIKINGS GO SOCIAL AT CHRISTMASTIME

(Contributed by Woody B.)

Sean O, and Woody B. started off the Season with a new twist on parties on Sunday, 13 December. The recipe for their successful party is as follows: Start with 25 Vikings in fabric, add 42 fun guys and gals of all ages, and mix well. Loosen up the group with egg-nog, prune cake, and cranberry bread. Sprinkle generously with Christmas decorations, add a lovely outdoor Christmas tree complete with six inches of real snow. Arrange the people in a double circle around the room and play "Yankee Swap" with Christmas gifts. The result is mucho laughs and great fun for all.

Tom O. came all the way from New York City to end up with a baby-blue shower cap, after having been dispossessed of a couple of gifts much more to his liking. Joe S. was never able to convince the ladies that they wanted his bubble bath. Though he swears he doesn't use such things, those who have been near him since then attest to the fact that he smells better. Bill B., our new P-Member, tried to hide the fact that what he really got was a raspberry-flavoured exceedingly personal article. The most sought - after gift (a vase on a chain?) in the end not only eluded George S., but all the Vikings.

The following Sunday the Vikings plus guests treked to Braintree and the apartment shared by David E., and Larry S., for the official Vikings party. Their beautiful tree was made even more so by the addition of 47 gifts for the elderly of Royale Nursing Home, and 25 gifts for the kiddies at Saint Ann's Home. It is a pleasure to be associated with a Club that thinks of those less fortunate.

Larry S. had spent two days, we understand, preparing the sumptuous Italian meal. Um-m-m good! The punch was delicious, but WOW! After Don J's flip remark at the Lief Erikson run, while tossing the salad with his hands, everyone demanded adherence to strict sanitary code for this salad. To understate an obvious situation, ate and drank we all, very well!

After George S. exorcised (in his own inimitable way), a returned patch, the Club voted to use it on a banner to be hung at the Edwardian Room. The refined (?) air of the living room conversation was frequently punctuated by loud cheers from the TV room, indicating that Oakland had scored against San Francisco (or vice versa). Carl B. rates huzzas for conducting the shortest meeting in Viking history. The party ended with the usual warm farewells and, "See you at the next party."

And so they did - at Ted. H., and Jim C's open house on 26 December. Their log cabin in Saugus provides just the right atmosphere for a Christmas party - the right atmosphere for almost anything, for that matter, and almost everything happened. The balcony provided the perfect stage for a performance, and the chandelier served as a hook for hanging articles. Again the Vikings were mixed about half and half with fabric enthusiasts, and all worked well, apparently to everyone's enjoyment. The party ran from 1 P. M. to 9 P. M., so that by the time yours truly arrived at 6:30, both party and guests had a perfect glow! A great party in a perfect setting given by two groovy Vikings. Thanks, Ted, and Jim.

The next day we moved to Marshfield. (Our associate member, Larry from N. Y. C. insisted on calling it Marshmallow). Sam J., and Don S. threw a great brunch. Their home really suggests gracious living - and a perfect house for parties! George played with a small (portable lap) organ, for a change, while Vikings and their guests sang carols, hymns, and a few less respectable numbers. Can't understand why, but with each drink consumed, the voices sounded better. Another performance (involuntarily by Rick S.), provided some entertainment, rivalled only by the ribald tales of our travelling D. O. M.s, Skip C., and Paul C. Looks like everyone will be booking for Caracas after listening to P aul. Wow! The loose drink brought loose talk, and an encounter session almost developed in which people were admitting to all kinds of desires and tastes. That which I said, I am not responsible for. We stayed too long, and Sam had to postpone his visit to the Lady of the Vapors, but that is the price you pay, Sam, for putting on such a good party.

And then there was New Yar's Eve! Did we ring out the old and ring in the new! With Don J. costumed to represent 1970 and Russ L. scantily dressed to represent 1971, and then George S. banging out Auld Lang Syne, the Vikings did usher in appropriately the new year. The setting was the third floor of the Edwardian. Some 80 members and guests drank heartily, ate well (extremely well), and in general mirthed their way from 10 P. M. to infinity. The proceedings were punctuated at times by brief visits of fluff from other parts of the club, but everyone seemed to enjoy the hoopla. A generous sampling of New Yorkers were noted as well as impressive out-of-towners from other prestigious locations in New England. A big round of applause for our social director, and for Jean F., who made the arrangements with the Edwardian. If this introduction to the New Year is any indication of things to come, the Vikings are off to a good start for 1971!!!

(Ed. note: Thank you Woody for an enjoyable report - reading it brings back memories!!)

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
NEW YEAR'S EVE					
- DRESS -					
10 P.M. - 11 A.M., 21 Broad St.					
Eat, Drink, & Be Merry !!!					
7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.

.....THE LYNNE CARTER CONCERT

(Contributed by Frank D.)

The Vikings and Lynne Carter were assembled at beautiful Jordan Hall through the industry of our President, Carl B., and our efficient Secretary, David E.. Unfortunately, through injudicious advertising, the hall was not filled to the rafters, but, as usual, The Vikings made a good showing, along with the Conservatory students, who filtered in after intermission. Mr. Carter was obviously impressed by his most warm reception, as was shown in his almost maudlin final monologue.

From members and friends who have seen the show before, I learned that the acts were not all new, but these same people would have been disappointed if their favorites had been left out. This is to say, an all new show was not presented, but this was to advantage; the good impressionisms were refined after being culled from diverse repertoire. This worked toward the satisfaction of the neophyte as well as that of the familiar viewer.

Mr. Carter seems to have a great reverence for his accompanist; this may be well-founded in view of his success. However, this reviewer found the music to be much like the razzamatazz extant in older Broadway shows and on the Johnny Carson Show. There seems to be a lack of up-dating here, but since the characters whose impressions were being given are of that era, perhaps the arrangements were apropos. This comment applies only to the interludes and 'overture', not to the accompanying Mr. Carter himself; this was impeccable!

The show was not what one could call that of a female impersonator, praise be to Wotan, but that of a man doing impressions of entertainers who happen to be women. This is Mr. Carter's saving grace along with his innate talent.

Everyone may have his opinions of Marlene, but to my mind an impression of her as a screaming Nazi was very much out of character. I have seen her on stage, and from where I was sitting Mr. Carter looked exactly like her upon his entrance. His "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have" was excellent as well as his references to Marlene's numerous face-lifts. I just wish I looked as good now, and could earn the appellation, "sexpot sexagenarian." Mr. Carter's Mae West, who disliked the N. Y. C. pigeons for obvious reasons and longed for the Jolly Green Giant as her only suitable sex partner, was brilliant to say the least. Just as he managed to look like exactly Die Marlene, he managed Phyllis Diller as well - except he hasn't gotten the laugh' down quite pat yet; but maybe just as well!

The obvious piece de resistance was Pearl Baily. This impression was done well indeed; in fact I never enjoyed Pearl as much as I enjoyed Mr. Carter's impression. After seeing this show, one is amazed at Mr. Carter's comment that he is being paid for it! I have never seen a performer work so hard in my life, and I do recommend that he try to use some fill-in acts to save himself some hectics. Unfortunately this has to be a critique, but let me add that for everyone concerned it was an evening well-spent.

Frank D. attended the MARDI GRAS, 1971 given by WHEELS M. C.

& has reported on the event as follows:

VIKINGS began to invade N. Y. C. on Friday evening, the night before the carnival, and made Keller's their first landing site. After this initial assembling of forces, and tasting our good-luck cake, our valiant travelers were deployed throughout the City to fend for themselves - especially at a certain strangely shaped bar that keeps interesting personnel on the upper floors where haylofts usually are.

Saturday evening again saw the VIKINGS assemble in Keller's in even increased numbers; it may be said that we made a good showing. Then off to the carnival. There were all sorts of booths set up: a fun house, a pie throw, a ring-a-dick, boat pulls, various gambling and pitching games along with peek-a-boo Polaroid photography. Contrary to all the carnivals this VIKING has ever been to, prizes were not too difficult to win, therefore, the VIKINGS were all loaded down with a myriad assortment of junk jewelry. (It has already been suggested that these be all melted down and given back as a trophy to our gracious hosts.) This portion of the festivities lasted from 8:00 until almost midnight, which most people felt was too long, even though there was a superabundance of beer and delicious food.

At or around midnight the show began upstairs punctuated by many door prizes from the Triangle, some from WHEELS M. C., and one from the VIKINGS M. C., (the only other club to offer one.). Speaking of the show, it was a very good production. Some people liked certain parts more than others, which is inevitable when everyone wants to be a director. The sequence with the slides and the peony was my favorite even though the lower slides were difficult to see - and I wanted to - make no mistake about that! All in all, maybe a bit too much NYC-Broadway razzamatazz, but a good show.

(Ed. note: Thanks, Frank).

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MINI -EDITORIAL:

The above is an example of how an event may be reported upon. Interestingly, it may or may not express what another reporter might wish to emphasize. However, the important thing is that the event was reported upon, and when such a thing happens, those of us who have to rely on reporting for our information may have some idea of what went on. Reporting is always much more interesting when it is flavoured with personal impressions, which of course means that it is not strictly factual reporting. For the purposes of our newsletter, THE LONGSHIP, the Editor encourages this vivid manner of reporting.

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# THE BRITISH ARE COMING.

(With a first.)



.....WINTER DOLDRUMS

(Contributed by Paul C.)

As I stand looking out of my window at the dull, dirty, gray snow covering grass, bush and curb, hovered over by the leaden sky, a sense of weariness flows over me, as I experience what I refer to as the Winter Doldrums.

Summer and early fall are too far behind. Spring has not yet approached close enough to stir the sap, and I react in the same manner as the long icicles hanging from my roof - nothing going anywhere in particular - caught in the iciness of February.

Yet, while in this mood, I know that spring comes just as the eternal sun rises, and we will emerge into the warmth of sunshine and out onto the lakes, onto the beaches, onto the cycles, and over the hill to fun runs. This is called "hope", and "faith".

Too many of us rush from home to subway, or car through slush, ice and snow to work and home again, only to rush out into the slush, ice and snow again to the same old bar(s), doing the same old routine things, seeing the same old faces that we have seen all winter (or no doubt for years). What we need is a change of pace.

One can neither stand still, nor retire into the woodwork awaiting the grand emergence into the hot sun, green leaves, blue sky, and water. There are many times when we have to substitute, to improvise, and to create things of illusion to get us over the winter hurdles.

Consequently, I play a game with Old Man Winter. Those of us who do not have the time (and of course the money) to go to the warmer or southern climes, must make-do with what is at hand - let's try some of the rules of my game:

Have you considered a car-pool on a Sunday to Ski 93 up in the White Mountains on Interstate 93, New Hampshire? Or have you been to Loon Mountain in the same area, or King Ridge on Interstate 89 close by? This gets you into the sun, fresh air, and gives you a whole new perspective on life. For those who do not ski (or again who don't have the equipment, or shekles) skier-watching can be fun; or taking a long walk through the wooded paths and trails. The fresh air, brotherly fellowship and a new view can renew so many things with all of us.

Have you tried ski-mobiling? This is a great sport for those who can not, or who are too lazy to ski. Most winter resorts have ski-mobiles at about \$10.00 per hour, or two. They are very exciting at 40 miles per hour over snow trails, or over iced lake, and can be a close runner-up to being on the motorcycle.

A less expensive type of snow sport is tobogganing ( you may even have an old one in the attic, cellar, or barn at hom), or snow-shoeing across open fields and woods (you have to learn how to walk like a duck).

How long since you have been on a good picnic? Many of the New England National Parks still have open picnic spots, and a good roaring outdoors fire, hamburgs, hot dogs, a basket (picnic) full of other goodies, and the proverbial Viking beer, with good congenial Vikings and friends can be a great way to spend a day in the mountains, shore, or just in the open air.

Not long ago I spent a beautiful weekend in P'Town, whis is active in the winter as well as in the summer, and many go down weekends for the winter quiet and beauty. The marshes, moors, dunes, and the sparkling clarity of the air permits one to see the Cape's beauty in an unhurried, and unpressured pace, differing from the customary summer hurly-burly search for a soul mate.

While I am not attempting to promote any specific ski-lodge, I do know one not far up in New Hampshire which prefers to entertain only simpaticos from all over the Northeast, at very reasonable accommodations, including meals, all-night dancing in the old 3-story barn, much fraternizing, and other sports. Good skiing, tobogganing and ski-mobiling is available, as well as an evening hay - sleigh ride.

If you have a little time and a little money, you should give a thought to Bermuda, a beautiful island just 700 miles away, sitting in the middle of the Gulf Stream, in pastel, and white beauty, with dozens of pink-white beaches, turquoise water, brightly colored fish, and much charm. The cost is only \$85.00 round-trip, by daily jet from Boston, and takes only 90 minutes. Things to do? - yes! - surfing in 72 degree water, riding on a (heaven forbid) Mobylette, a one-speed motorized bike. (Yeah - there's a bar there too!). Its a slow-paced drive-on-the-left-side-of-the-road island where you can really get rid of the mental cobwebs, and winter doldrums. (Have you ever driven on the left side of the road, going around a rotary circle - they call them turnabouts - going from left to right, at night, under the steam of very inexpensive Beefeater's Gin, on a Mobylette? - Try it!).

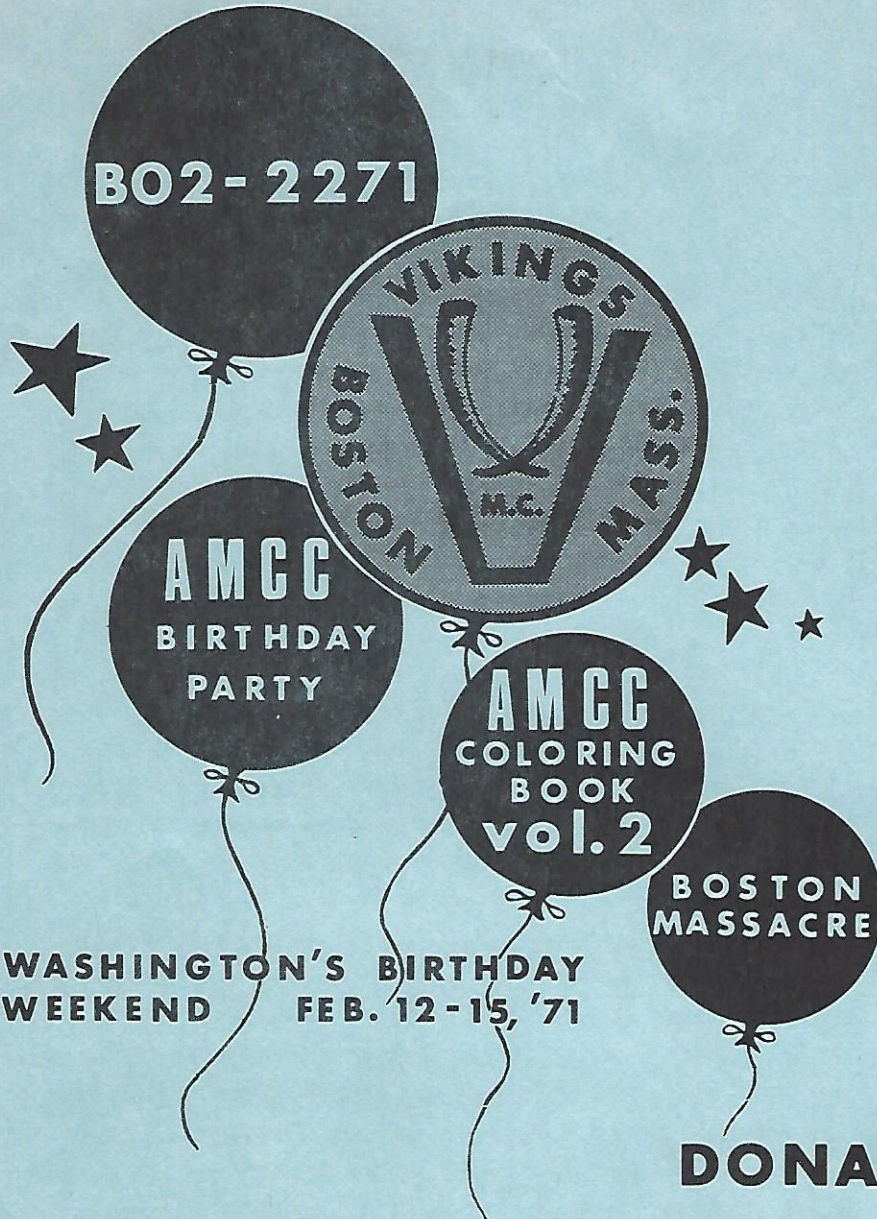
These are some of the rules of the game, there are many more. By now I've worked myself up into great morale, and enthusiasm, to jump into 80-2-2271, with full pride and honour. After the Run has been concluded with success, I'll get into some big outdoor activity to assure myself that living in the snowy, cold North does have a number of advantages over struggling against the elements! (If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!)

As Vikings we have banded together for the mutual enjoyment and the promotion of our chosen masculine way of life, wo why not as a group, or as a loner, venture forth into the great outdoors, as did our famous Viking forefathers of yesteryear?

EVERYBODY, OUT INTO THE AIR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

# VIKINGS M.C.

*proudly present:*



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