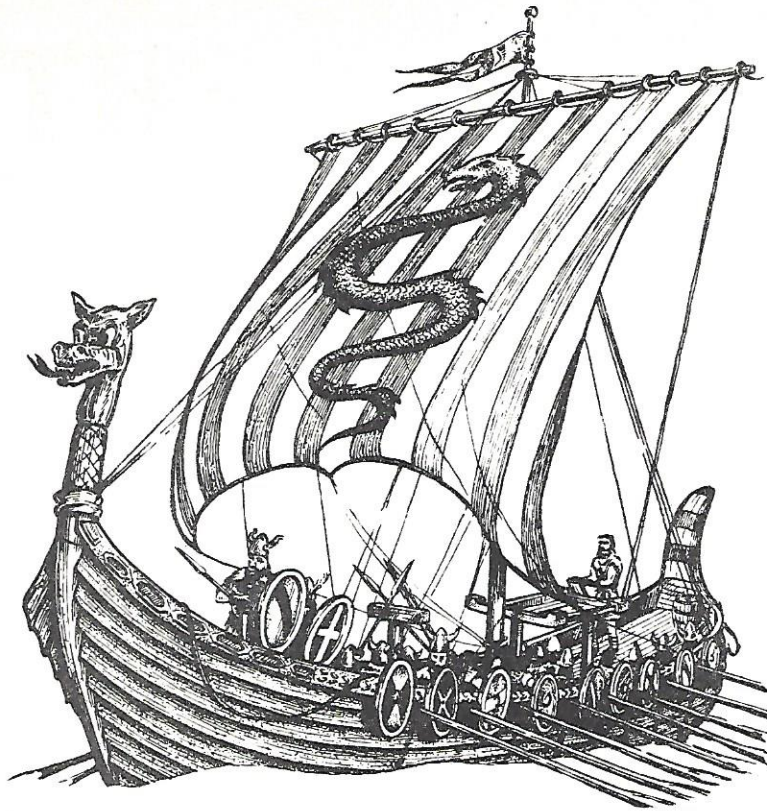


# THE LONGSHIP



NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1971



# THE LONGSHIP

VOLUME III No. 1

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Russell L. Master-At-Arms

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO: The Executive Committee

Credit must be given to Frank D. for all his help with the preparation of this issue. I hope you will find the articles contained herein punctuated correctly. Thank you Frank.



## Inaugural Address of Eric the First

Over one and one-half years ago, when I first had the honor to be asked to join the Vikings, I hoped I would be worthy of being a Viking. After being in the club for only two weeks, I decided then that I wanted to become your President. I still hope today, as I had hoped a year and a half ago, that I would be worthy as your new President. I am going to need the complete trust and confidence from each and everyone of you to help me serve out my coming year's office. From the results of our first Executive Committee meeting, I would say that you have chosen wisely in electing all of your new officers. Because my first responsibility is the this club, not all of you will agree with some of my decisions, but I will do my very best! I am proud and honored to have been elected as your new President.

Eric I

### Facts from Eric the First

The Vikings, Leif Ericsson's people, love adventure and danger. Because of this, they often sailed to strange, far-off places - places they had never been to before. To get there, they constructed huge seaworthy sailing ships. These ships were called dragon ships. They were built long and sat low in the water and with a single, tall mast and many strong oars for rowing when the wind died. Standing proudly on the bow of each ship was a carved head of an awesome-looking dragon or serpent, which was meant to keep the evil spirits away. Leif Ericsson was raised on the lonely, icy island of Greenland. There his adventurous father, Eric the Red, taught Leif the art of hunting white foxes and seals. He learned to fight with a sword and also to wrestle. Leif also learned to sail a ship through the roughest of seas and finally reached the shores of North America almost 500 years before Columbus!

Eric I

### Massachusetts - There She Is; Behold Her

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts, she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And Sir where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit.

Daniel Webster, January 26, 1830  
from his "Reply to Hayne"



After that grandiloquent introduction by Daniel Webster I would like to say that as the new Editor of your Longship I feel that a serial history of our state of Massachusetts would interest, not only the Vikings, but out-of-state people as well. It certainly makes for facinating reading. If I have enough support for this venture, I shall continue the series from 1003 as far as possible. This history does not stress Boston since this is a separate endeavor. If any readers would like a serial history of our city, this could be arranged also. Let's write those letters.

#### Medieval Massachusetts

First came the Norsemen. The year was a.d. 1003. From Greenland Leif Ericsson and a crew of thirty-five men brought their high prowed Viking ship to three successive landfalls, usually identified as Labrador or Newfoundland, then Nova Scotia, and finally an island called Vinland, somewhere in the Cape Cod area of Massachusetts. They built a house at Vinland, and spent the winter, before sailing back to Greenland with a cargo of dried grapes and ship timber. In 1005 Leif's brother Thorvald Erisson came again to Vinland. Although Thorvald was killed in an encounter with the native "skraellings," perhaps on Cape Cod, his party stayed three years in the island settlement, pasturing cows on the islands and trading with the natives. And again in the years 1010-1013 the wealthy Icelandic merchant Thorfinn Karlsefine, a friend of Leif's lived three years in Vinland with an expedition of eighty people, building additional houses in the colony and exploring the mainland to the southwest. He encountered increasing resistance by skraellings in large flotillas of canoes, and while he returned to Greenland and eventually to Norway with profitable cargoes of furs, he believed that further settlement in Vinland was impracticable. In 1013 and 1014 Leif Erricsson's sister Freydis organized a fourth brief voyage to Vinland. After a winter of bickering, during which Freydis is believed to have murdered two of her associates in Vinland, she returned to Greenland with a load of timber. This was the end of the Vinland enterprise.

This, in brief summary, is what we know of the twelve-year occupation of Massachusetts by the Norsemen. The story was handed down through generations of professional Viking storytellers, and only reduced to writing by Icelandic monks more than three centuries after the events it describes. There are numerous fragmentary references to the same events, however, written within a century of the Vinland voyages, and these lead us to believe that the main outline of the story in the written sagas rings true. Furthermore, the coincidences of undisputed detail in the Greenland and Icelandic versions of the sagas so generally fulfill the requirements if a Massachusetts background for Vinland that most authorities have come to regard the Cape Cod-Martha's Vineyard region as the site of the settlement. If so, then Massachusetts enjoys the distinction of participating not only in the first discovery of America but also in its first attempted European colony.

Recent zealous efforts to pin down a precise site for the Vinland settlement have thus far proved fruitless. So alluring are the puzzles involved in the entire Viking episode that men spend lifetimes following thin clues that might seem to link the legendary lore of the sagas with some archacological proof as yet undemonstrated. Their failure is partly due to our ignorance of the fate of the Greenland colony from which the Vinland voyages sailed. There are no sure records of the western settlements of Eric the Red and his associates in Greenland after the twelfth century.



Minnesotans who claim the migration of the Norsemen into the heart of the continent as yet can offer no very good proof. Perhaps better archaeological investigation in Greenland itself will eventually turn up clues. Perhaps in Massachusetts the earth will yet unfold more evidence. Until then we must be content to speculate about the fate of our first Norse families.

No amount of speculation, however, can connect the Vinland events with the chain of rediscovery that was necessary to the final permanent colonization of Massachusetts and North America. Those were the work of other nations than the Norse. No one can find even a shred of evidence that sixteenth-century Massachusetts Indians remembered Vinland or were in any way influenced in their attitudes toward Europeans by the brief sojourn of the Vikings in Massachusetts. The unique Norse discovery remains only a bright isolated incident in the exploration of Massachusetts, and no more.

Yet archaeologists are increasingly successful in assembling patterns of the Indian cultures in Massachusetts. The ground has yielded up testimony of at least three successive occupations of the state by aborigines over a period of four thousand years. The earliest datable evidence is associated with an ancient fishweir in the Back Bay of Boston constructed more than thirty-five hundred years ago in estuaries of the Charles River then existing sixteen feet below the present low-tide mark. Near Ipswich there have been found stone projectile points of a type associated elsewhere in the United States with preglacial man. Unfortunately no dating of these fragmentary discoveries is possible. But in Andover, at Titicut in West Bridgewater, and along the shores of Assowampset Pond in Lakeville, extensive excavations of stratified levels in Indian village sites have turned up abundant proof of repeated occupations by Indian cultures so distinctively different in pottery and stone implement characteristics as to leave no doubt of successive waves of migration of aboriginal peoples over the woodlands of the state. Carbon-14 datings of the earliest of these peoples already are supporting the notion that some of them lived in these Massachusetts villages three thousand or more years ago. Where the Norsemen's "skraellings" fit in with these changing patterns of aboriginal occupation no one as yet knows. Indeed such poor evidence as there is in the sagas suggests that the skarellings may have been a coastal extension southward of an Eskimo-like people, perhaps related to the Beothuk tribes of Newfoundland. We must be content to admit that we know too little, as yet, to describe with accuracy the civilizations of any native peoples prior to those found in Massachusetts by the French and English explorers after the year 1500. All we know is that the earlier peoples existed, and their imperishable stonetools of the Algonkian Indians our ancestors knew.

About these Algonkians we can write with some assurance. From both archeological and historical testimony we know that they were an agricultural people. They lived in oblong or beehive-shaped houses of bark and straw mats in the midst of corn fields and kitchen gardens which they cleared by burning the forest and planting around the burned tree stumps. Corn and beans, pumpkins, tobacco and squashes were their crops, and they had learned to rotate crops on the land, leaving each field fallow in certain years to allow recovery of fertility. They cooked in fired-clay pots. Their artisans made not only wooden bowls and ladles, but birch-bark boxes, willow and rush baskets, bark fiber mats and blankets, and fish lines and nets from Indian hemp. Their clothing included many varieties of dressed deer and moose skins, and mantles of lynx and beaver. From snake-skin girdles around their waists they hung little bags containing tobacco, soapstone and copper tobacco pipes and iron pyrites fire-striking sets. We still cannot improve on their



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moccasins and rawhide boots, their birchbark canoes, their pack baskets, and their bows and arrows. Even their dugout canoes still persist in the pirogues of Louisiana bayous. Snowshoes, fishing through the ice, snares and box traps, and the New England ritual of the spring herring run are all direct survivals of Algonkian culture. Their colored beadwork, porcupine quill designs, and pottery decoration have all crept into our artistic heritage, as have their use of copper and seashells in necklaces and bracelets. Succotash the New England clambake, Indian pudding, elderberry wine, and baked beans, we owe to the Indian. When these were supplemented by such Massachusetts delicacies as venison, lobster, green corn, partridge, roast turkey, broiled mackerel, blueberry cakes, wild strawberries and pumpkin pie, one need not feel that the wretched Indian necessarily lived a miserable life.

Editors Note: No one knows how to spell Ericson, Erickson, Ericsson etc.  
How about Eiricksson?

Due to the popularity of the very fine motion picture Fortune and Men's Eyes, I felt that our readers may like to know where the title came from. Please read this sonnet very carefully and more than once in order to really extract the meaning; a quick reading will gain little. Several serious readings are necessary to understand it properly and do it justice. Frank D.

Sonnet 29

William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee - and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

haply - perhaps, by chance  
bootless - useless

### Smoke from Eric

Your President had hoped he would not have to bring up anything concerning this particular subject as soon as this, but this is as good a time as any.

The subject concerns gossip, or for a better word, hearsay! It has come to my attention by several different methods and from varied sources. Hearsay, as you well know, can do a hell of a lot of damage! We have all seen this happen to other clubs. It can also, in extreme cases, split a club in two. When I was just a member of our club, before becoming your President, I personally paid no attention to anything I heard as hearsay and ignored all of it, but now, as your President, I can not ignore any of it any longer. In my personal opinion, most forms of hearsay are unnecessary and unbecoming to the caliber of our club, or any any club for that matter.

We are a solid group of adult and mature-thinking men. If any member in the Vikings M. C. hears any hearsay from another fellow member or a member of another club, do not discuss it further with anyone else. In other words, somehow ignore it, and try to forget it, or bring it to my attention immediately. If I hear of anyone in our club talking adversely or maliciously about another member or club, he will have to deal with me personally.

Eric I

### Do You Remember When Sex Was Dirty and the Air Was Clean?

Well, a lot of things have happened in the three years of the Vikings' existence. We have our third President, our fourth Vice-President, our fourth Secretary, our third Treasurer, our sixth Road Captain including two Co-Captains, and our one-and-only Master at Arms. This is quite a good record when considers that the original elected officers served for a period of six months. Add to this our last elections which went off without a snag or snit and six great runs culminating in the biggest and best yet - Leif Erikson '71. To my knowledge no one has ever given such an ovation to such a magnificent table setting. All these things come to mind a great accomplishments of our club, and they are deeds that we new officers will have to emulate. Thankfully I do not have to go into detail about our Club's history this is now in the capable hands of our Club Historian - Carl B. Surely many members are anxious to read this completed history which will inform everyone about what a group of intelligent, mature men were doing while the air was being befouled and sex unsullied.

Frank D. Secretary V.M.C.



## ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

-- Sean O.

It may seem a bit strange to read at this time an article dealing with our Leif Erikson Run. However, I feel there are things still unsaid about one part of the Run is very dear to my heart; namely, the show, "The International Affair". It was a success, we all know that, so I'm not going to praise it--only the audience can do that anyway. Rather, I'm going to praise, from my backstage view, some of the people who made our portion of the program memorable.

First to be mentioned are Bobby and Marvin. To appear before a large group of people for the first time is in itself a very difficult thing. To do it in the nude is something else again.

I can't find the words adequate to compliment them for both their courage and the fine performances they turned out. You can't imagine how much work went into their number. They rehearsed over and over again till we thought Bobby's skin would be rubbed off and Marvin's knees would be bloody. No matter how tired they became, they remained cooperative and uncomplaining. Congratulations, Bobby and Marvin!

Next, our four crazy white slaves who carried Cleopatra's litter: Chris, Jean, Jim and Marvin, plus Bill G. who led the way. By today's standards, it can't be said they were nude, but they were canned close to it. Their zany antics provided a perfect setting for the sultry Queen of the Nile. I feel we have a comedy team in the making. One note of interest, almost every one of them was innocently "roped into" the act.

No one in the audience was aware that Russ was a very sick boy. He had been hit by the "Sturbridge Hop" and hid hard! When he should have been in bed, he was getting into costume and performing. A live example of the old show business adage that the show must go on. You did a beautiful job, Russ!

Carl must be mentioned too for his fortitude. Certainly in no mood to be in a show after his painful accident, he tucked his crutches under his arms and "swang on". Here's a backstage tidbit that very few are aware of--when Carl was taken to the hospital, we never thought he'd be in the First Lady number. Al W. agreed to do what a vice president is supposed to do--fill in for the president. He even went through one quick rehearsal. You were great, Al; and all three people who saw you agree.

I'm not mentioning Joe S. because like myself, he's a ham from way back and has bounced around on many stages through the years, and we all know that no one can belt out a song like he can.



Nor will I mention Frank, for we all know his perfectionist approach to sound. I do want to mention our invisible accordionist, Bobby. Thank you for the beautiful accompaniment. You helped the old voice to sound better than it is.

Last, but certainly not least, the man who pulled the whole show together--Tom. His fertile mind was responsible for our part of the production and the weight of the whole evening was on his shoulders. Had it been a flop, he would have been blamed. It wasn't and he deserves great praise. His wearing a tux was a master stroke. No performer can get along without a director. No matter how much experience he has had, he doesn't know just how he looks or sounds. The director does and is able to keep what is good and change what isn't. This Tom did and he kept after us until things went the way he wanted them to go. It wasn't easy, but the end result was the proof. Tom and I disagreed on many issues, but in almost every instance, he proved me wrong. I appreciate that. Thank you, Tom.

Well, I feel better now that this is off my chest. Let this be my toast to a bunch of beautiful guys who turned out a beautiful show.

The time that is required to be an officer of a club such as the Vikings cannot be comprehended by anyone other than he who has served as one. In the short time that I have been your Treasurer, I have realized with admiration and respect the exceptional dedication of the officers who founded and carried this club to its present greatness.. It makes one feel so inadequate. I have found that the Executive Committee is in actuality a club within a club whose sole function is the responsibility to serve their masters - its members. The Executive Committee consists of members who have their own individuality, and think and react as such. Any final decision rests ultimately with the President. This is a heavy burden to carry and as such must carry the respect of the office. The Executive Committee may not in all instances agree unanamously, and if dissention is heard, it is constructive and very often healthy. Controversy will unfortunately be aired everywhere; however, it is most important that it be aired among ourselves. The cheapest commodity in the world is talk. Let the club as well as the Executive Committee try to relate to others needs. If you have something to say, say it at a meeting. Shout, bitch, do your thing but do it at a meeting. Honesty and respect equals greatness, and greatness equals Vikings.

Marvin K.  
Treasurer, V.M.C.



From the Vice President

On Saturday afternoon at a downtown combat zone bar many friendly faces can be found. It is a good way to end an afternoon of shopping.

The following was heard on a Boston radio station on Halloween Eve: "Be sure to let Mom and Dad see your tricks, I mean treats, before you eat them".

The first Vikings Night for November was poorly attended. There were five members of the Executive Committee and three members. Remember, for each member attending, the treasury receives one dollar.

Warning to persons owning a water bed: do not smoke in bed, as you may burn a hole in the bed and drow; pointed toys are also not advised.

Beauty Hint: Vaseline is great for keeping crows feet fround the eyes.

Beware: Some of those fluffs sitting around the Twelve piano bar are not as fluffy as they appear to be.

I am very happy that Cleopatra's vision of the future did not come true. Interclub brotherhood has improved tremendoulusy during the past few months, and I hope it will continue. Boston is the only City I know of where three clubs live together in harmony. We may have our differences; however, when we are together at various functions or our favorite watering holes, there is the feeling of brotherhood and not three separate clubs. Let us all strive to keep it this way. There is far too much hatred and anomosity in the world. Keeping proving to others that we have a common bond that keeps us helping others, sharing experiences and good times, and living together in good will.

Don J.  
Vice President

The following is a list of the standing committees hereby submitted for your information:

Membership Committee

Jim C., Chairman  
Sean O.  
Bill G.

Constitutional Committee

Don S., Chairman  
Carl B.  
Sam J.  
Dave Ez.



## Oktoberfest

Oktoberfest proved to be a fun-filled weekend for the two Vikings who ventured to Philadelphia October 15-17. Jack greeted his guests Friday night at Randy's Outback of the Penrose, and got the run machinery well oiled with a buffet and five free drinks of your choice. Time was allotted on Friday night for an orientation course on Philadelphia bars, before the start of the afterhours party at the Penrose. Saturday afternoon's brunch and bus tour were well planned, but sparsely attended, probably due to fuzzy heads from Friday. Fun and games always seems to outdraw local culture. Saturday evening the group assembled at the Mystique for more free drinks and a "sit down" buffet. The buffet included a large variety of meats and vegetables, including (at Oktoberfest) the omnipresent knockwurst and sauerkraut. The Vanguards presented a review of enormous magnitude on Saturday night. It included a little of everything, even a genuine Eve, a genuine drag, and a commentary on current events. My favorite numbers were "The Garden of Eded" and "Walking in the Rain". Next on the agenda, an after hours party at a Philadelphia town house. The party featured a sociological demonstration of a fertility rite that is supposedly quite popular in certain cultures. Back to the Mystique on Sunday for bloodies, brunch, and a videotape of Saturday's show. Farewells and plans to meet again at the next run filled the balance of the day. Thanks again to the Vanguards for a great run that lived up to the standards set by its run button, king size and great design.

Sam J.

## Frustrations of an Officer

In this day of rather non-representative government ensnared in its own bureaucracy and dedicated to its preservation and self-interest, I feel that the Executive Committee of the V.M.C. should strike out and be representative. For my part I have already tried to perform this function which I feel is the duty of an elected officer. On two occasions I have brought to the Ex.-Com. meetings issues which were mentioned to me by Club members and have fought for them equally even though I personally agreed with one and disagreed with the other. This I feel is only doing my duty; therefore do not take offense at me or any other officer for espousing a particular cause. Keep in mind that he may not agree with it either, and that the final disposition in any case is up to the club anyway. Our club is dedicated to the ancient Greek ideals of democracy where every franchised member has a voice - an equal voice. No matter who the member may be, or what the issue may be, he will be heard.

Frank D. Secretary V.M.C.



## The Road Captain's Corner

"I would just like to wish everyone a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year." This was the last slurred phrase Jerry said when he stumbled out of his friend's apartment. Jerry had trouble navigating the stairs. Halfway down he mumbled, "Oh, man, these steps are hell." He took a couple of steps more, stopped, looked around, and thought, "Oh, man, wow, am I smashed - oops!" He missed the last two stairs and landed on his face. After a few seconds he managed to stand up, open the door, and walk outside.

A light snow was falling, and the air was cold and crisp. He took out a non-filtered cigarette from his leather jacket, lighted it, and looked for his car. The car was a 1972 jet-black Ford Mustang Mach I. The car was parked four cars from the apartment from which Jerry had just come. After a few drags on his cigarette he spotted his car and walked carefully to it. He fumbled in his pockets looking for his keys. He found them, unlocked the door, flipped away the cigarette, and got into the car. He put the key into the ignition. Jerry was going to drive home! The sentence should be rearrange to read Jerry was going to commit murder - his own and possibly others.

Why is it possible to predict the outcome to this fictitious story? Fifty percent of all highway fatalities involve drinking. Let us look at the facts:

- (1) He left the party drunk.
- (2) He could not walk properly - equilibrium problem.
- (3) His reflexes and coordination were off..
- (4) The weather was not in his favor.
- (5) The holiday season meant more parties and more drunks on the road.
- (6) Finally, he owned a fast car.

The odds were against Jerry's getting home alive! The real killer was the consumption of alcohol. You may have heard people say, "I had only 0.05 % in me when the cops asked me to blow up the ballon. I was o.k.". It can be simply defined as the percentage of alcohol found in the bloodstream. Thus 0.03% means that three hundredths of one percent of alcohol (by weight) is present in the blood. All evidence points to 0.03 to 0.04% as the threshold level for most people. Little effect is noticed below this level; however, impaired driving does occur beyond this level. This impairment becomes progressively worse with increasing amounts of alcohol. At 0.10% virtually all driving is impaired, regardless of his drinking history, and the probability of his having an accident is at least six times that of a sober person. At 0.15%, the probability is increased to 25 to 50 times over that of a sober person.

What does this mean in terms of consumption of alcohol? A 169 pound man consuming about seven ounces of 100-proof alcohol during a four hour period would have a blood alcohol level of approximately 0.10%. After drink at this pace, it would be difficult to find the car - let alone drive it!

There is far more to consider than how much alcohol an individual drinks. Alcohol affects individuals differently in physical reactions, coordination, and visual perception. In mental attitudes, however, the variations are even greater. For example, one person long before he appears drunk may lose all sense of responsibility and drive home at 90 miles per hour. Another person who has consumed the



same amount of alcohol may recognize that his driving skill has been impaired and drive home very slowly and carefully. Remember, mental reactions vary from one person to an other.

Contrary to popular belief, the process by which alcohol is removed from the system cannot be hastened. The average body will lose a maximiu of one-third to one-half an ounce of alcohol per hour. Cold showers, black coffee, or running around the block will not sober up a person at all. All of these methods will only result in a wide-awake drunk.

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Tom O.  
Road Captain, V.M.C.

The Vikings M. C. is currently revising its list of Associate Members. According to our records the following list of Associate Members are in good standing:

Neil R.	Gene H.
Chris M.	Ed. G.
Rick T.	Bob R.
Bill K.	J. J. H.

We have not heard from the below listed members, and would appreciate hearing from you by January 1, 1972. The dues are five dollars per year and are payable on January 1. If we do not hear from you by that date we will assume you wish your name to be dropped from the roster of Associate Members:

Bill B.	Ray L
Larry C.	Tom Mc.
Dan E.	Ken S.
Don G.	Frank T.

The Membership Committee

## Autumn Scrambles '71

In Washington, D. C., on November 12, 1971, five Vikings and two Associate Vikings were present at the Washington Eagle, 904 9th Street, N.W., for registration and the opening blast of Autumn Scrambles '71. The bar, operated by Don and Roy of the Spartans, promises to be an asset to the Washington scene when it officially opens on November 26. Friday night was spent renewing old friendships and making new ones while all night the free beer flowed. After a roaring Happy Birthday to Roy J., it was off to Roy's house for an afterhours party hosted by the Spartans .

Saturday noontime found almost everyone at Louis' for drinks, brunch, an exchange of war stories, and a squaring off for a Saturday afternoon round. At the A.M.C.C. meeting Saturday afternoon M. C. Kemo was voted into the Council. Everyone was happy at the good news, and congratulations are in order for M. C. Kemo, a great group of guys; this is what makes a great club.

Saturday evening everyone returned to Louis' for cocktails and dinner, The food was excellent and on schedule; the menu was Roast Beef.

For the Vikings the highlight of the run was Saturday night's award ceremony. The S. M. C. L. A.'s run trophy was awarded to the Vikings M. C. for its continuing support of all club runs AND their outstanding contribution to the cause of fraternalism among clubs. At this point I must say that I was one mighty proud Viking, three cheers for us and let us keep it up, men. Skip C. received the cup for all of us, and a handsome blue-eyed Associate Viking, Bob R. of the Spartans, bought champagne, which we all shared from OUR cup. On Saturday there was another afterhours party at the famous L.A. party house. Thanks Jim C. I cannot speak for everyone, but I had one of the greatest times ever. Sunday brunch and farewells were at the Plus I where there were more drinks and a delicious brunch. Then some very arty movies wrapped up another fabulous Autumn Scrambles,

Sam J.

P. S. Last year Russ L., understandably hating to leave Autumn Scrambles missed his plane; this year unbelievably he missed his car. Did you have a good time, Russ?



## HARVEST DINNER

"Three-fifty; do I hear four? Four dollars; do I hear four fifty? Four and a quarter I have. Going, going gone. Sold to the gentleman here this lovely piece of African art imported from Chelsea."

And another successful auction closes another successful Harvest Dinner in the long succession of successful Vikings affairs.

And those Vikings gourmet cooks did it again. The brothers, who so magnanimously waited until the guests were served before satiating their own healthy appetites, were developing furrowed brows for fear the goodies would not last--especially when they saw the long line of heaping plates passing by to further tease their visual and olfactory senses. But worry they needn't; as usually there was more than enough food--just another of those miracles that the Vikings are able to work consistently.

And what a spot for a party! The house of Rick and Chris was obviously designed by someone who likes to give parties. The house, the egg nog, the decorations, the gracious hosts--it was all there to help create the perfect setting for the Harvest Dinner. Even to cornstalks in the living room.

More than forty guests paid \$3 a head to participate in the eating, drinking, laughing, bidding, and general horse play.

Thanks to the Entre Nous, who seem to be specialists in knowing how to make a club feel good. In their inimitable way, they came up at just the right times with those gestures that make brotherhood something more than just a word. Thanks in particular to Walter and David for bidding high on the Vikings ship and then returning it to the club as a gift from Entre Nous. And then the special presentation of the vice president patch to Don J. by Fred L. was most impressive; I thought for a moment the veep was gonna weep.

I am sure the Vikings felt as much pride as I, a Viking-in-exile (as Al W has labelled me), when Skip revealed so ceremoniously the trophy from SMCLA. It is quite a tribute to be labelled "the club we would like to be like." That has to be about the highest compliment possible from another club.

And many thanks to all those who bid so generously at the auction, and dug so deeply into their jeans (or is it genes) to help the club sweeten its coffers.

Well, Vikings, you did it again--another successful event. May there be many, many more; where true brotherhood exists, anything is possible.

-Woody B.

The Growler  
1969

Listen all brothers and you shall hear  
Of that special day in that famous year,  
On that Sunday in March of '69,  
A Handful of Vikings are still resigned  
To remember that glorious day and year.

1970

A few left by land; others weathered the storm  
To shout to the world that our club was strong,  
Ready to ride and spread with glee,  
To Boston, New York, and even D. C.  
The Vikings are well and always will be.

1971

Since the growing pains are now in the past,  
With good men, good brains we are bound to last.  
Onward and upward we will survive,  
Fighting the crest, riding the tide,  
Vikings and Longship, in Boston reside.

Russ L. Master at Arms



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The Improper Bostonian

Who puts after shave in a Visine bottle?

The new John Hancock Building will not have a restaurant on the top floor, since it would probably be called "Top of the John," or "Top of the 'Cock. "Well, anyway it is better than "The bottom of the John."

Rosy Red What?

It is not nice to fool Mother Nature!

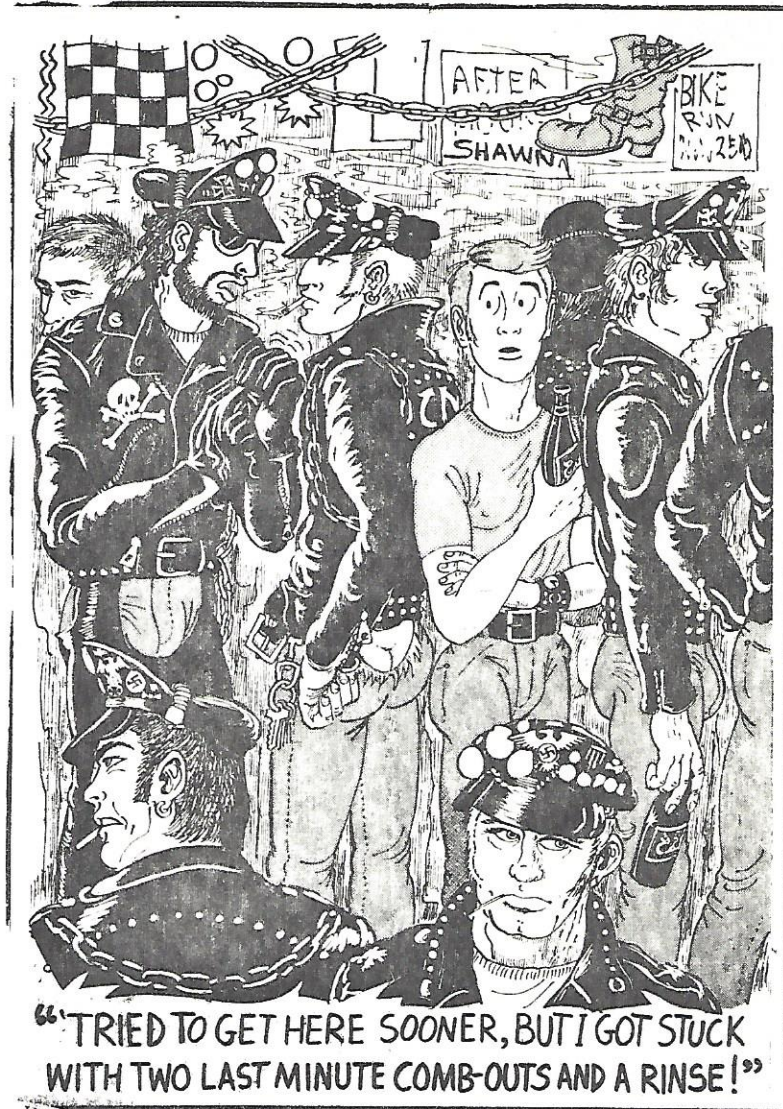
What happened to Olive's pit?

Who is Betty Crocker?

Cold Fronts come from Montreal, but hot fronts come from Kemo.

Blessed are they who travel in Circles, for they shall be known as Wheels.

Roses are Red and Violets are Blue. The Vikings sailed with their Poms. Poms Blue.



B.C.

B.C. is in the Sunday Globe

By Johnny Hart

