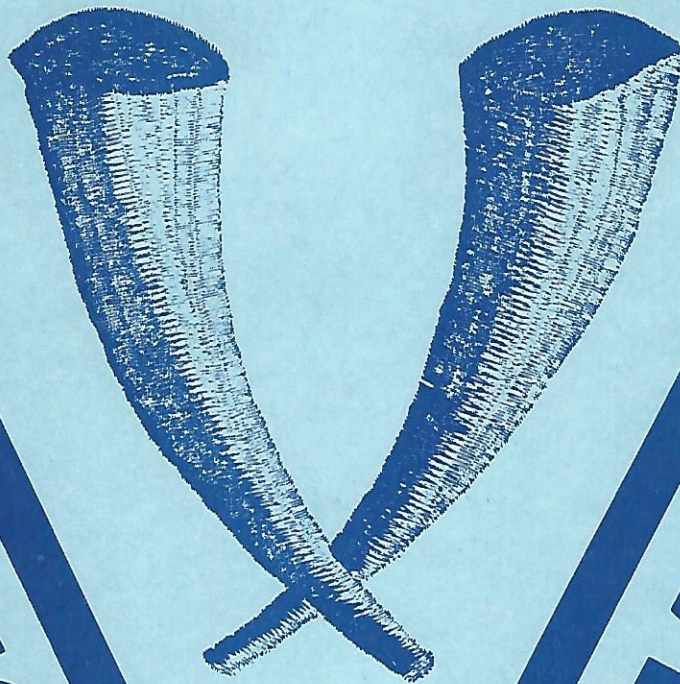


THE LONGSHIP

VIKING M.C. NEWS OCTOBER-NOVEMBER VOL. 1 NO. 4

VIKINGS



BOSTON

M.C.

MASS.

THE LONGSHIP

VIKING M.C. NEWS

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THE LONGSHIP



FROM ODIN'S CHAIR

Whatever it is that is appropriately awarded to publishers, it would certainly seem that our LONGSHIP publisher deserves several. With each issue evidences of great amounts of both time and work are obvious, and the improvement in the quality is outstanding. Therefore, with many, many thanks to Charles, (Chuck, to some of you), we would shower him with bouquets of roses, cases of champagne, boxes of boots, or whatever you think that he would prefer! The least we can do is to personally thank him for all of his efforts, and to help him in the many ways that are available to us.

Our publisher has made an appeal for various types of assistance. There is a need for willing proof-readers. There are other needs, however, one should see Charles and ask him what he desires. The LONGSHIP has never aspired to anything greater than a type of newsletter, but all evidence points to more than that; and now that we have a handsome child, it is imperative that we bring him up properly. As creative individuals you are encouraged to submit original works in the form of cartoons, line-drawings, pertinent photographs, short articles, and poetry. Without question, an excellent letter-to-the-editor, or a good line to the Improper-Bostonian are approved methods of contribution.

There are many places that mean many and various things to many people. As the following are listed for your amusement, it is certain that diverse images and thoughts will appear: New York City, Grosse Point, Chestnut Hill, Toronto, Fort Lauderdale, Edgartown, Bar Harbour, Washington, D. C., London, Montreal, Hackensack, Wichita, and of course, Boston. Naturally, the various clubs and organizations in any specific geographic area are bound to be coloured by local custom, and above all, thinking. A typical Boston club would be out of place in New York City, and certainly, a club from Wichita would be not much better off in Bar Harbour. It would not be at all impossible that some day the very name BOSTON might mean to some people more than BEANS, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, and

THE VIKINGS M. C.! It could well be that the very name BOSTON will conjure-up THE VIKINGS M. C., and THE LONGSHIP, a magazine that began modestly as a news-letter, and evolved into a small literary work of true worth! Thanks to Charles, and to his enthusiasm, we are getting there. Help him, I certainly will!

Gratefully,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Odin". The letter "O" is a simple circle with a dot in the center. The "d" is a vertical line with a small loop at the top. The "i" is a vertical line with a dot above it. The "n" is a vertical line with a small loop at the top.

President

FROM THE EDITOR:

It was late one Friday evening and a misty rain was falling. The cyclist, who came barrelling up Massachusetts Avenue, was on his way to a late hours party. He was quite eager to get there and out of the rain. Suddenly, an approaching car made an unsignaled left-hand turn in front of the bike. The cyclist unable to swerve into another lane because of oncoming traffic, hit his brakes. The bike seemed to halt abruptly and then the entire bike reared into the air. It flipped over on its side and, with the rider, slid into the turning car, which had now screeched to a stop.

The rider appeared to be unconscious on the street, as his buddy, who had been following, also on a bike, rushed to his side. There was a frightening moment as everyone stood around wondering if the cyclist was alive or dead. Slowly the rider arose from the street, and it appeared that he had only been stunned by the accident. The machine had not been badly damaged and after a short period of time, both cyclists mounted their bikes and were off again. What had occurred was a prime example of riding to fast for existing conditions and not taking into account the unpredictability of automobile drivers.

A misty rain can be far more dangerous to a cyclist than a downpour. It is fallacious to believe this type of rain cleans the streets. What it does do, however, is to loosen up the oil slicks, making city by-ways lethal skid traps. Nothing much can be done about the erratic driving habits of some automobile drivers. Nevertheless, cycle riders must, because of their increased vulnerability, assume more responsibility in looking out for the other guy. As a rule, a motorcycle driver is in poor condition to argue about who was "right or wrong", after an accident occurs. Remember, late Friday or Saturday night is the worst time to assume that automobile drivers will behave predictably.

The above described accident could well have been prevented had the bike rider been traveling at a reduced rate of speed and paying better attention to traffic conditions. Fortunately for this fellow, he was wearing a protective helmet and leather jacket. Both of these items greatly reduce the risk of personal injury to a cyclist who does take a spill.

The rider involved in this accident, luckily, was able to continue on to his party. However, I can personally assure you, that having the hell scared out of him, certainly taught him a meaningful lesson in good riding habits. By the way, it turned out to be a blast of a party!!

Clay Banks

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Vikings:

My first working day is over, since I returned, and I am tired as hell, nevertheless, I feel I must write immediately to say a very big "Thank You" for giving me such a wonderful time during my stay in Boston. I really enjoyed the run and all the guys were great. Even though it was the first run for the Viking M.C., I must say it was a good one and I look forward to returning for your next one.

Thanks again for all your warm hospitality and hope one day to see you all in Toronto. My warmest regards to you all.

Sincerely,

Alex J.
Toronto, Ontario

††††

Hi,

Just a line to let you know that the few Apollo riders who were present at your "Lief Ericson" run (whatever the spelling) have enjoyed your Viking hospitality very much. We are a new club and I hope we will real soon have a chance to reciprocate. I know well how much planning and personal sacrifice it takes to make such a run a success, and it is therefore so much more appreciated. This letter is meant for the entire club, but extra thanks, Ray, for your ability to really show us city slickers how to put on a good outdoor cookout. Again, thanks a million.


New York

††††

To the Vikings:

Recently while visiting San Francisco, for the first time, I was privileged to be the house guest of Mark, Jason and Bob, the operators of Stagecoach Leathers, Inc.

The hospitality extended to me by the Bay Area motorcycle clubs, as well as my hosts, was nothing short of fantastic. I was fortunate to be able to attend the Recon's "Pine Lake" run to Fresno and the Barbary Coaster's "Gold Rush" run to Sonora Pass. I was very much impressed by the number of bikes present at both runs and the willingness of members to travel great distances to attend club functions. Thanks to Bob and Carson I was able to attend a business meeting of the San Francisco Serpents and was duly impressed by the progress they are making.

I sincerely hope that we Vikings will show fine New England hospitality to any Bay Area club member visiting Boston.

Incidentally, if anyone is interested in some groovy leather gear (and who isn't), the address for Stagecoach Leathers is 3810 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California.

Sincerely,

Dave Evans

(Ed. Note; I know Dave really had a great time in San Fran, as that was all I heard about for weeks.)

††††

To the Vikings:

It was a fantastic weekend for me to join your club's first run. I can only hope that all your future functions will have the success that I experienced with you all.

It was well worth my travelling so far, but I had no idea that this would entitle me to such a way out trophy, which I might add caused a minor sensation upon check-in at Kennedy Airport, arrival at Brussels and customs at London Heathrow. It now stands in a place of honour in my home as a constant reminder of my first American M.C. run.

It's a pity our 69 Club doesn't have club premises where I could display my beautiful trophy; the first one ever won by any member of our club.

Again, thanking you all, for the most fabulous weekend of my life.

Ron S.
London S.N.C.

††††

To the Members:

I would like, at this time, to thank the club members for expressing confidence in me by my election as their Vice President at the last meeting.

Also, I wish to thank so many of the members for their participation, both before and during the run. I would like to see the loyalty and comradeship shown during the past six months extend into the coming year.

Sincerely,

Mike Cain
Vice President

††††

AS I SEE IT!

The latest run sanctioned by the A.M.C.C. was held the week-end of September 19th. Our host was Cycle M.C. of New York. I arrived at Bass River State Forest, N. J. at four o'clock Friday afternoon with three Cycle members and two of their guests from Australia.

The host club had rented six cabins for the week-end activities. They immediately proceeded to stock each cabin with its own supply of coffee, beer, cola, etc. Cabin four was designated as headquarters and all meals were served from there. By ten o'clock there were approximately seventy people milling around, representing seven clubs.

Saturday morning several bike - car events were held, including a treasure hunt. (Question: Richard, where did all the "A.N." containers come from, empty alas?)

Upon completion of these events, a meeting of the A.M.C.C. was held. I am pleased to report the acceptance of Wheels M.C. into the council as the 9th member.

The S.M.C.L.A. held a smart cocktail party Saturday evening which was followed by Cycle's "Hat Party". The hats worn to the party could either be "store bought" or innovated on the spot, letting imagination run rampant (which it did). The Spartans took first prize with a creation of marshmallows that would put Mr. John to shame.

At 2:30 A.M., DD and Richard went on a tour of the camp site to roust the "early to beds" in order to "drag" them to a come as you are costume party. Fortunately for me I was building a fire when they reached my cabin.

Sunday morning arrived and after breakfast Cycle M.C. awarded the trophies and then it was time to start the long trek home. It was agreed that nearly everyone had a "fun time" and were looking forward to Cycle Week in N.Y.C.

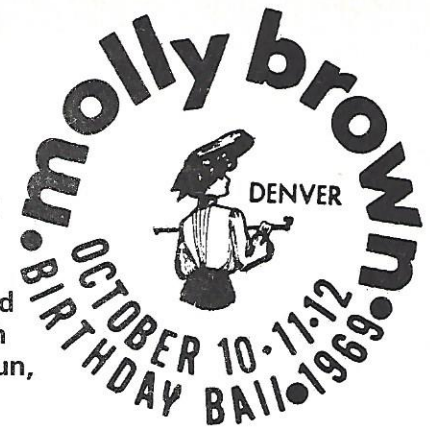
A little bird tells me that two Ex-Vikings managed to win, in addition to their trophies, three tickets awarded by the New Jersey police, between Bass River and New York City.

MIKE Cam

MOLLY BROWN BIRTHDAY BALL

October 10, 1969 was a beautiful Indian summer day and United Airlines flight 163, 4:20 p.m., nonstop Boston to Denver departed Logan International Airport on time.

As Bob Kellman of SMCLA and I settled back for take off, our hostess announced the weather in Denver: twenty degrees and snowing! Our hostess was a real peach and two girls who sat with us, bound for Denver for the weekend, were a lot of fun, making for a fun flight.



Three cocktails, three splits of champagne and four hours later, 6:20 p.m. Denver time, we touched down at the mile high city's International Airport. We were promptly met by members of The Rocky Mountaineers M. C., who wasted no time in whisking us away to where we would be staying. After getting settled at Bob and Wally's, where there were also guys from Los Angeles, Chicago and New York, we were off to Bob Connell's, President of The Rocky Mountaineers M. C., for the get acquainted Cocktail Party. It was a real nice party and the weekend certainly was off to a great start. Later in the evening we all went to the Pirate's Den, where new acquaintances and old had a great evening.

Saturday it was back to the Pirate's Den and later in the day a city tour of Denver included seeing Molly Brown's House, the Governor's Mansion, State Capitol, Coors Brewery, a city park, and for some, a shopping spree at Miller Stockmans, Denver's great Western apparell shop.

Saturday evening, despite a raging blizzard, we all boarded two chartered busses for Central City, Colorado, a beautiful little gold mining town 36 miles from Denver and 8,500 feet high in the mountains. The Glory Hole Tavern, with all the glory of the old west, was where our hosts, The Rocky Mountaineers, arranged the most sumptuous buffet that Ritz Carletons, or fine hotels throughout the world, would find hard to beat. The center of the table was graced by a beautiful ice carving of the Rocky Mountain Ram, and one end of the table was a color lighted fountain pouring forth pink champagne.

There was a fun melodrama, "Ten Nights in a Barroom", then we were all presented with 100,000 dollars to gamble with at Roulette, Blackjack, etc., and all anyone could win was to be held until Sunday for an afternoon auction at the Pirate's Den. Next, the highlight of the evening was The Rocky Mountaineers and the beautiful people of Denver presented the musical version of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown", starring Scotty Carlyle.

Molly, Scotty Carlyle, was presented a gorgeous birthday cake, several tiers high, decorated with sparklers and at the end of the show was presented a trophy from The Rocky Mountaineers.

It all added up to a real fun evening, including the bus ride back to Denver, in the wee hours of a cold, windy, and snowy Sunday morning.

Sunday afternoon everyone was back at the Pirate's Den whose owner is Vivian, a real great gal and a most gracious hostess. Vivian presented each and everyone with a gold coin. It could be kept as a souvenir of the Pirate's Den or spent for \$2.00 in drinks. I'm sure most everyone held on to them as a keepsake and a memento. The auction, in the afternoon, turned out to be great fun, with items going for "millions of dollars", especially from one big spender from the East. After a very substantial brunch and more drinks, everyone headed for a club in downtown Denver to see Scotty Carlyle perform.

For those of us who stayed over until Monday, it was shopping time in downtown Denver before boarding our flights to all parts of the country.

Thank you Rocky Mountaineers of Denver, each and everyone, Vivian, and the club's mascot, Coco, for a most memorable weekend! This Viking is looking forward to the Second Molly Brown Birthday Ball, and with high hopes of having more Vikings in attendance!

Charles B. Hobson



HISTORY OF THE VIKING SHIP

In the 10th and 11th centuries, from the fjords surrounded by towering cliffs of the Scandinavian peninsulas, sailed these "long boats" of the Norseman. Although propelled principally by oars during their coastwise travels, they were fast sailors in the open sea, riding on top of the sea rather than in it. In spite of its early years, the hulls of these craft were of "clinker" construction. This is a method still used in wooden boat building in which the hull planks overlap the ones below.

It is interesting to note that the rudder of the Viking ship was always on the right side of the vessel. It was this fact which gave us our word "starboard" from the Norse word "stjornbordi," meaning "steering side." The benches for the oarsmen were called "rums" and the size of the ship was designated by the number of "rums."

The Norsemen called Vikings, who used these vessels were bold, adventurous, blond giants whose massive stature dwarfed other men. Driven from their homes by their political enemies, they roved the seas of Northern Europe attacking and pillaging coastal towns. After striking terror into the hearts of the townspeople they would retire to some protected fjord to divide their loot.

Most important of these many forays was one into Northern France where, finally, one Viking leader, Rollo, was commissioned by the King of France to protect that country from other enemies. In payment for his protective services Rollo was made duke of a newly formed province called Normandy. The descendants of these same Normans, as they were called, went on to great heights in the history of Europe.

Also of historical interest is that a band of Vikings, led by Leif Ericksen, about 1000 A.D. made the first known landing on the North American continent several hundred years before the Spaniards and Portuguese.

THE VIKINGS

When men became friends and friends became brothers; it was then that men of the North did take council together.

This was our beginning as a club and also the beginning of our name sake THE VIKINGS.

First of all, let me say that to present you with more than a capsule impression of the Viking age would be an impossible task. Therefore, I will only attempt to hit some of the high points in Viking history and culture.

There is still quite a bit of controversy as to what period constitutes the Viking age. However, from 879 until 1066 can be safely assumed to be the period when Viking influence was felt the strongest. The Viking did not constitute one group or one nationality; moreover they were a homogenous cross section of people who lived in the area known now as Scandinavia.

When the longships set forth on their voyages; amongst them were Swedes, Danes and Norwegians. In early Viking history we see small societies, crews of a single ship, banded together under rules that demanded of their numbers the exercise of strong willpower and stern discipline.

In order to better understand the Viking age we must remember that outsiders were hardly considered as possessing the rights of men, and that only countrymen were regarded as fellow beings in the full sense of the word. In this relation the Viking age recognized forms of justice other than that of physical violence. Respect for the individual existed and it became stronger and stronger as the Viking age progressed.

The Viking self assurance and matter-of-factness grew into a conscious emphasis on the tangible and the reasonable; also he grew into a person that had complete faith in his own power and strength, a fact the Vikings were to always be remembered for.

In character these Northmen were brave, fiercely independent, hard, often cruel, grimly humorous and very active. Their dispositions were shaped by the barren soil, rocks, moors and the great sea fiords, which were like large fingers reaching deep into their homeland and beckoning them to far off places. Still more remarkable was the powers of organization shown in the Viking expeditions. Fleets comprising hundreds of ships were gathered without any permanent leader. "We are all equal" are the words placed by Normand legend in the mouths of Vikings as a reply to a Frankish messenger, who inquired for their leader. Yet all of their wills subordinated themselves to a common decision.

Brotherhood means a great deal in this epoch. It meant as much as fidelity of retainers had meant to an older generation. In this context brotherhood did not limit the individual spirit; rather it welded many independent men into a single purpose for their common good. If one lacked the support of an actual brother a comrade would step in as a "foster brother" in his place.

Instead of local social structure, based on neighborhood or local custom, a group of Vikings would constitute themselves a community, often with customs and laws of their own. Jomsbourg on the Wendish coast, as an example, became a great Viking society, cemented by certain laws, duty of vengeance, equal division of booty, and the exclusion of women from the citadel.

Ceremonial ritual was an important part of Viking life. The sacrificial usages were extremely old and very close to nature. As an example, the gifts to the Gods were hung in the trees, in order that creatures flying in the night might snatch away the soul at the moment the noose around the victims neck tightened. If one had attended one of the great festivals that was held every ninth year about the time of the equinox, he would have found the grounds filled with a great tumult of men. On each of the nine sacrificial days, at least one human being was slaughtered as well as numerous animals. The human

sacrifices were suspended naked from the trees, impaled on stakes or drowned in the sacrificial springs. At the close of the days of sacrifice, the assembled thousands would return home, hoping the Gods would now grant prosperity to man and beast. But in the grove hung the remains of the sacrifices; a witness once counted seventy-two corpses in the trees.

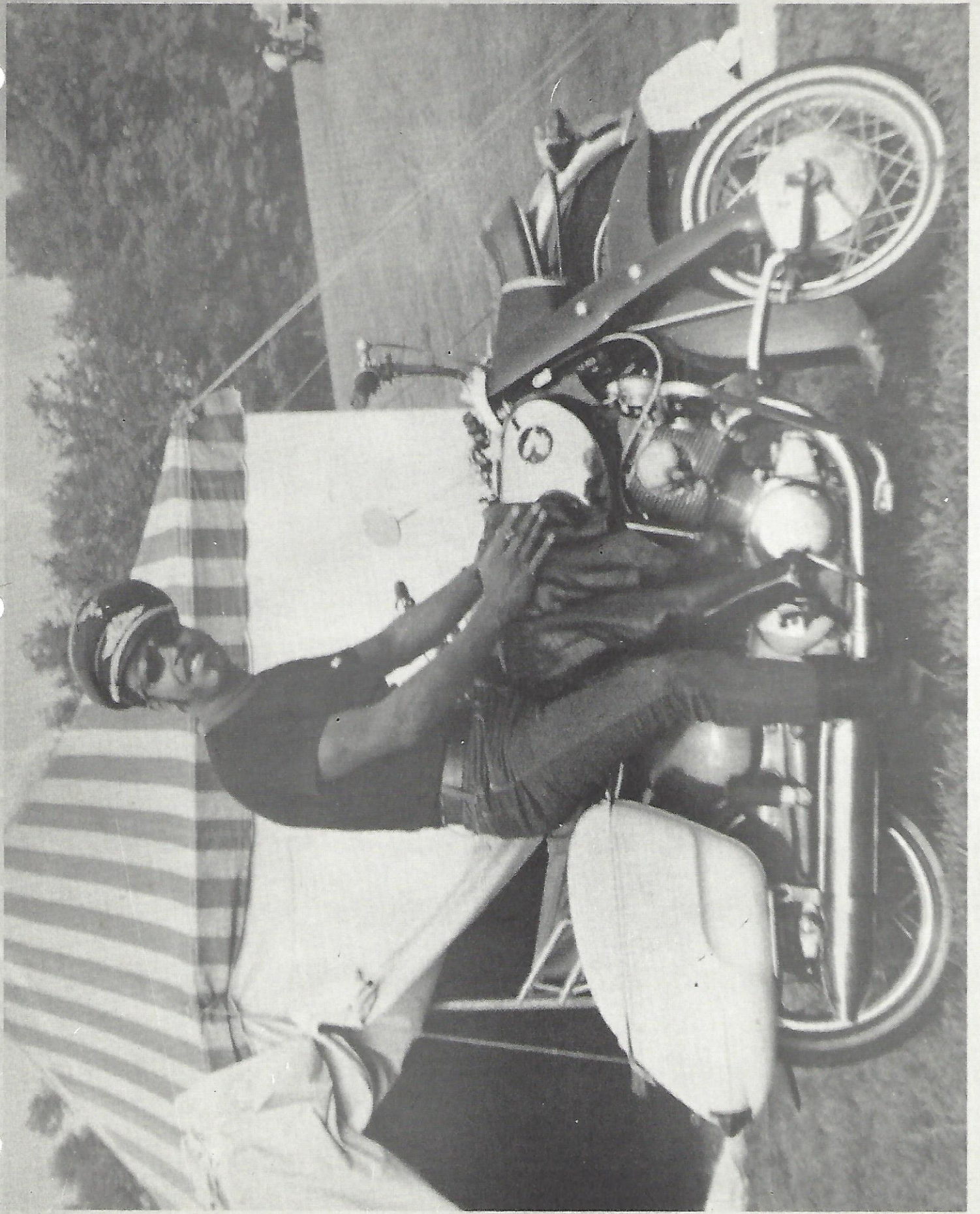
Largely through the influence of Wagnerian opera, Valhalla is commonly equated with the Norse heaven. Asgard, however, is the actual heaven and Valhalla is only one of the many abodes therein. Odin rules over all the houses of Asgard. The Gods of unbroken divine descent are twelve in number: Odin is supreme as well as being the oldest of the Gods. He has his way in all things. Mighty as Thor, Frey, Balder and the others be, nevertheless, they all serve him as children obey their father. Odin is called All Father because he is the father of all the Gods. To Odin wisdom is power. Snorri, the great Viking historian, says that, "When Odin was sitting amongst his friends, his countenance was so beautiful and dignified that all were exhilarated by it."

Some historians have built a highly favorable picture of the Vikings; seeing them as models of all the manly virtues, courage, hardihood, loyalty, love of individual freedom and a sense of honour. All in all, if we do subscribe to the virtues and attributes of the ancient Vikings, then we will have chosen a very good name for ourselves indeed.



THE IMPROPER BOSTONIAN

DD, we hear you have donated twenty-five pounds of hot dogs to the Tool Box for a "Weenie Roast."This stealing of Viking members by Washington has to cease! If it continues it just might open up that old North-South thing all over again.There appears to be quite a Mutual Admiration Society developing between Empire City and the Vikings.Rumor has it the L.A.'s pulled a successful heist of Wheels' run flag. Note: B.H., maybe you should take lessons from Mai Ling's crowd.Have the Vikings created a "Financial Frankenstein's Monster" with their new Treasurer.To the new motorcycle club forming in Boston: We wish you the same success which you have so graciously wished us!.... Mike, sorry they didn't give a "Most Active" award at Bass River. Then maybe the Vikings would have won something.What could it be that our President and our newest member find so attractive about Worcester?.....Rudy we hear your European trip is ending in RUSSIA!.....Bob K. of S.M.C.L.A. you're going to Omaha?...OMAHA! '.....Someone is going back to Denver before very long.



NEXT MEETING

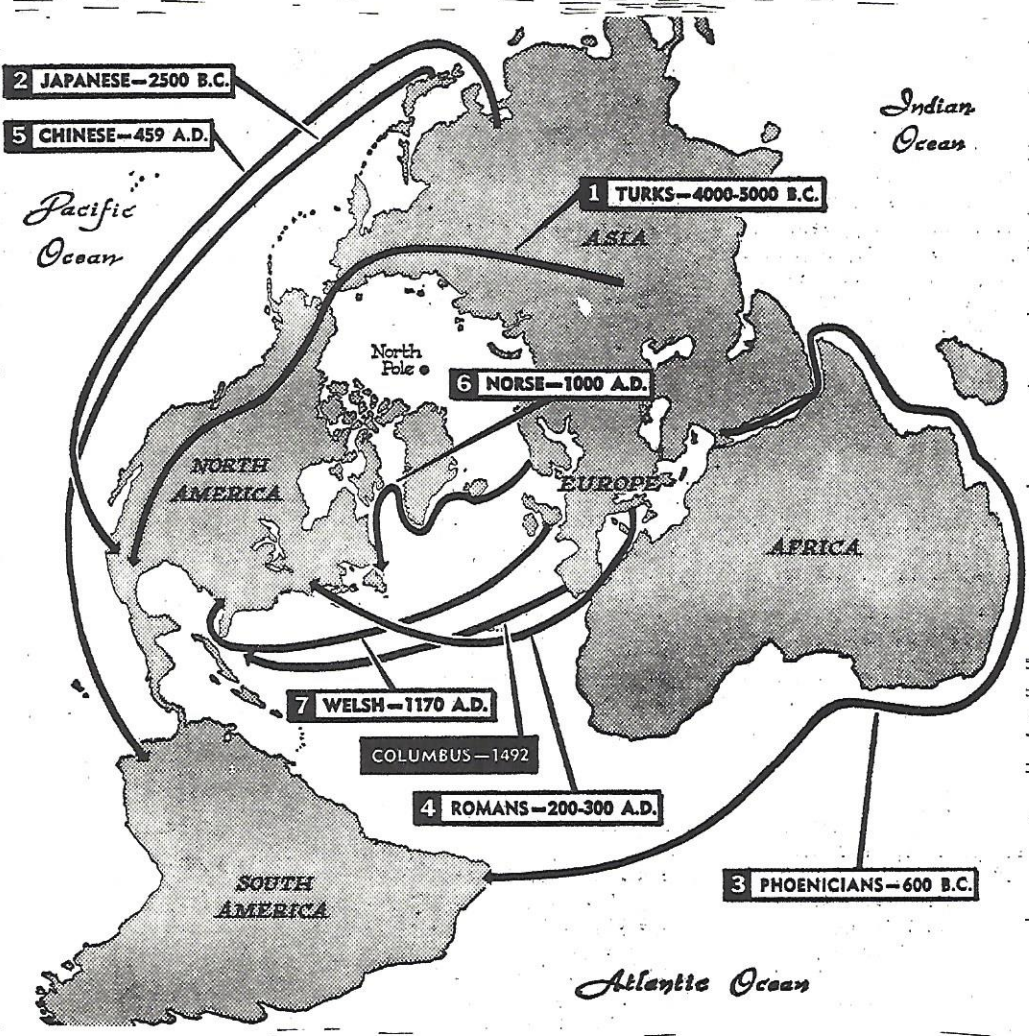
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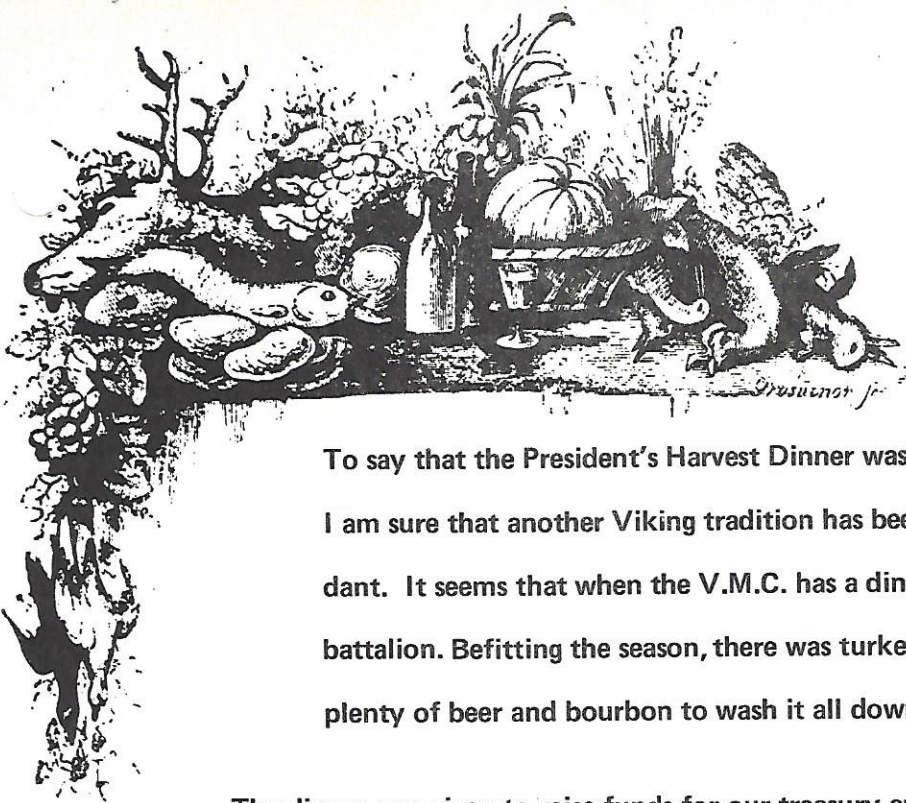
WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 19, 1969 7:00 P.M.

DUES

3rd QUARTER DUES ARE NOW DUE

IMMEDIATELY PLEASE





THE PRESIDENT'S HARVEST DINNER

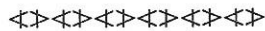
The Vikings have scored yet another victory.

To say that the President's Harvest Dinner was a success would be a gross understatement and I am sure that another Viking tradition has been born. The food, elaborate as usual, was abundant. It seems that when the V.M.C. has a dinner, they always prepare enough food to feed a battalion. Befitting the season, there was turkey, ham, Swedish meatballs, casseroles, salad and plenty of beer and bourbon to wash it all down with.

The dinner was given to raise funds for our treasury and in that regard, we hardly could have been more successful. In addition to the donations contributed by those attending, the treasury received a real "pep pill" from the auction held after dinner. We were amazed at the items up for sale but even more impressed with the prices which some of them brought. Much credit must go to Walter and Bill for their fine auctioneering. Everyone seemed to enjoy the auction so much that another one is being planned for the near future.

Club spirit ran high all evening and everyone seemed to have had a great time. The next morning, however, did find some members suffering from extreme pocketbook fatigue.

A special vote of thanks must be given to Odin for his warm hospitality and for providing us with a place to hold the party. Thanks again, to all Vikings who contributed their time and efforts to this our first, Harvest Dinner.



We would like to WELCOME the following members into the Viking M.C.

Walter B.
Mike A.
Dick N.



