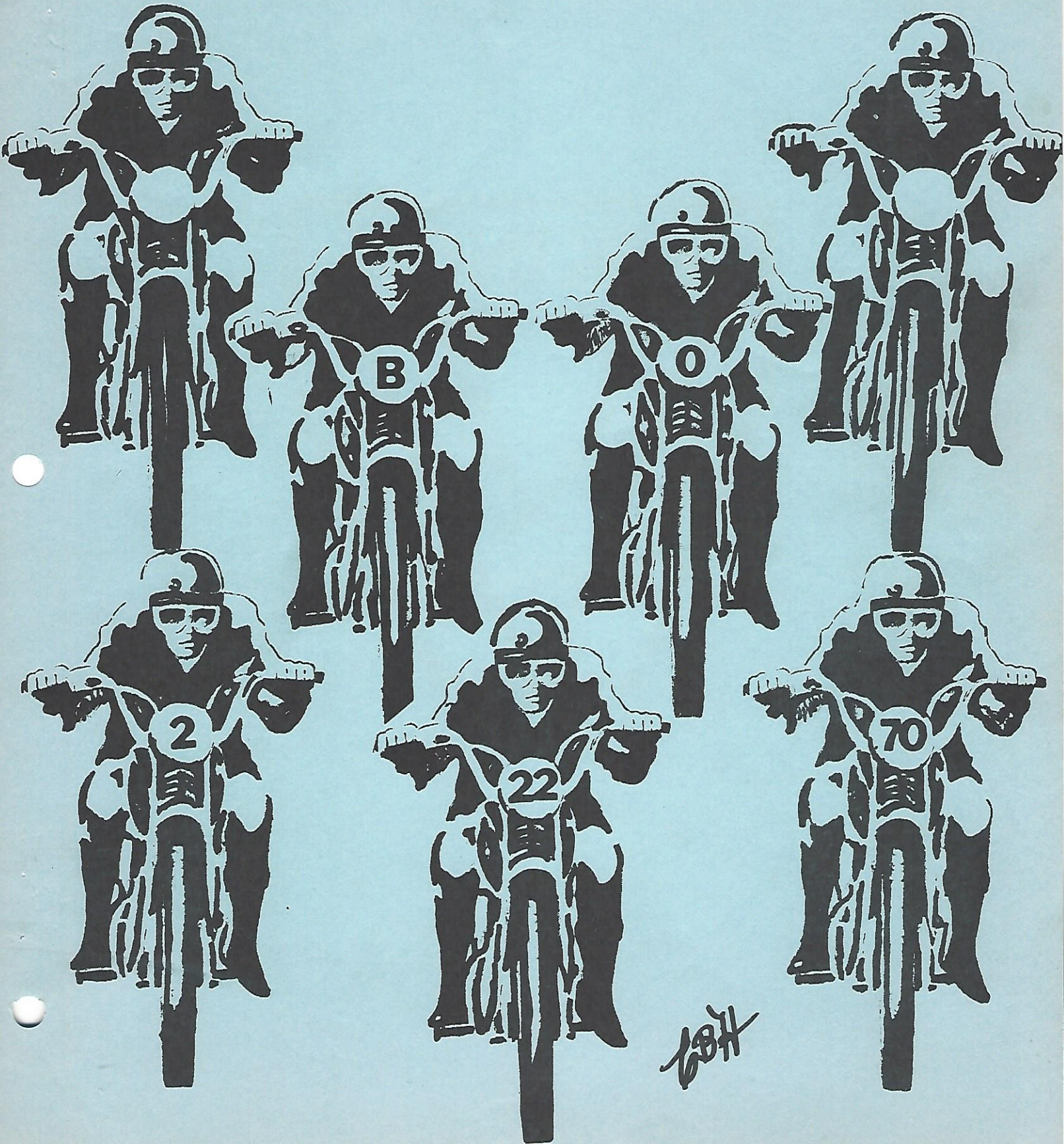


THE LONGSHIP

VIKING M.C. NEWS DECEMBER-JANUARY VOL. 1 NO. 5



PUBLISHER'S LETTER

TO THE VIKINGS AND FRIENDS OF THE VIKINGS:

When The Longship first came into existence, it was my desire to furnish the Vikings with a magazine of interest and true worth to the club and other clubs of the A.M.C.C., and also to have a magazine of which we could be proud.

It was to be a magazine for the Vikings and by the Vikings as a club, but not the voice and the thought of a couple of officers of the club, which is exactly what it has turned out to be. I had asked on several occasions for articles to be contributed, also and especially for art work for cover designs, cartoons, pictures etc. This is the fifth issue and I have not had anyone come to me or send to me any of these things. I have not even had anyone come to me and express any ideas what so ever.

A great deal of thought, work and time goes into any publication of any value. It involves composition, set-up, camera room, and plate making before anything is ready for the press. Graphic arts communications processing entails a great deal more than does Xerox for example. Due to lack of interest, imagination, and cooperation this is the final issue of the Longship. The Longship has sunk.

Also a contributory factor in my suspending publication of The Longship is the internal strife and bickering within the club. When a member like Ray B. resigns under such circumstances as he resigned, it is all to discouraging and one wonders where are we really going. Ray B. worked very hard for the Vikings and had so much to offer the club. His resignation is a tragic loss to the club in this persons estimation.

Carl B. the Editor tried his best I am sure, but do to his lack of experience in this line it has been difficult for him as well as for myself, and this is in no way meant as a criticism of Carl. I am sure that with all of his work as secretary to the club it has been just a little to much to take on a job such as that of Editor of the Longship.

I can only say thank you and I am most grateful to Carl B., Editor and those who did contribute to the Longship.

Perhaps at a later time when there is some imagination and interest among the Vikings we can have a really good cycle club magazine.

Yours truly,

Charles B. Hobson

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE VIKING, M.C.:

December 10, 1969.

On behalf of WHEELS, M.C. I would like to extend our sincere appreciation for the courtesy extended to Ken, Rick, Bill and Norman the weekend of December 5th to 7th. We hope to reciprocate your hospitality many times in the future for your members when they are in New York.

With best regards.

"Mac"

President, WHEELS, M.C.

TO THE EDITOR - THE LONGSHIP

This is a very big day for me. I'm in a plane flying toward a new city, a new job and a new life. Although I'm naturally excited, I also feel a sincere sense of loss and regret, because I'm leaving a group of men with whom I have shared so much during my year in Boston.

I can never tell you how much being a Viking has meant to me and how proud I am to have been associated with this fine group.

I never believe that a farewell is final. I know there will be many occasions that will find us together again. It won't, however, be the same as working, planning and enjoying ourselves together. Be assured that the Vikings have a good will ambassador in San Francisco who will enhance our good name and may this letter also serve as an open invitation to all Vikings to visit me whenever possible.

And to all of you, thanks again for making 1969 a year I'll always remember.

Best wishes in all endeavors,

Gil

San Francisco.

TO THE EDITOR - THE LONGSHIP

I finally received my copies of the Longship and I was most impressed with the last two issues, I was very happy to see that your publication is staying away from the typical gossip sheet that one has come to expect. "The Improper Bostonian" is very effectual as it is presented and also "From the Editor" in the November issue sounded very familiar! Woe be to me to yell about spelling errors, BUT George ought to be informed that Bah Hahbah is spelled Harbor not Harbour (check Dent's Canadian School Atlas - printed in Great Britain by the Aldine Press, Letchworth. Herts, with full colour maps.....by John Bartholomew & son, Ltd. - 1958)

Man, you forget what it is like to see the sun out here! It peeked through the clouds today for about five minutes and the kids reacted like they do back home when the first snow of the winter falls. The roads, however, aren't really that bad for bike riding when wet. I guess that with so much rain a lot of the oil film, that we have back east, gets washed away and the traction is pretty good. The fog is something else though! With no exaggeration it was so thick last Saturday you could only see for about forty feet in front of you. This is no fun on the bike at all. Last Sunday was a real exception; the day dawned bright and sunny and I was on the bike as soon as I had my coffee and enjoyed a five hour ride, in 70 degree temperatures, up the Fraser Valley. (Ed. Note: This letter was received a month ago)

Guess that's all from up here. Give my best to Sandy and say Hi to all the Vikings.

Buzz

Vancouver, B.C.

THE NEW ENGLAND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS

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CLIFFORD W. FALBY, *Executive Director*

Telephone 232-8600

January 7, 1970

The Vikings Motorcycle Club

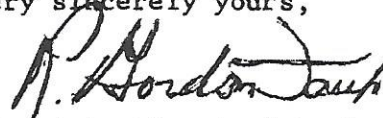
Dear Friends:

We are writing to express our sincere thanks to you for your gifts at Christmas time in memory of Mary Sullivan.

The toys, games, dolls, cars, books, paints etc., were a wonderful help to us in providing a special and happy Christmas to our large "family" of youngsters under care.

Again, thank you all very much and our best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Very sincerely yours,



Administrative Assistant

RGF:dtl



Someone once told me that when I died he hoped that I would leave to him all my audacity. Further, he told me that he thought that I had lots of audacity, and that he had always been envious of me. His word choice varied from mine. Because his is currently in vogue, I choose to deviate from current fashion and to use my own vocabulary, which I consider to be more refined. In my reporting of this incident, my accuracy maintains integrity, and I sincerely hope reflects the gentlemanly considerations which his did not. He was no gentleman, neither did he wish to have anyone regard him as such.

In the British tradition, eccentrics are regarded with great fondness by the community. Always pointed out to the visitor, they are held in a peculiar niche of esteem, a most enviable social perch. Being aware of this at an early age, and having been warned by concerned elders of immediate relationships that my idiosyncrasies were propelling me along the path toward eccentricity, it was natural that my curiosity was immediately aroused. That they should be alarmed by something that they also admired was fiercely fascinating. Intrigue early led to investigation, and exceedingly thorough at that.

Highly individualistic personalities, (or characters), are often questioned as to their motives. The answer to that, if honestly given, is that one is following his peculiar temperament or bent, and independence of action is a positive indication of strong individuality. There are many who secretly admire eccentricity, and yet, upon occasion there can be a person who is vociferously shocked by social deviations.

The shocked person assumes that the eccentric has a problem, when in reality it should be plainly obvious that the problem is a coddled and prized possession of the shaken. Living and acting within the confines of exceedingly limited social background and experiences, the person who is quick to take issue with any display of idiosyncrasy has no tolerance of anything beyond the boundaries of his mini-existence.

At this time it should be hastily pointed out that eccentricity for the sake of being eccentric is impossible. Because of the very nature of being highly individualistic, a person of independent action must of social necessity prove himself to be a person of fair intelligence. In addition he must earn, and re-earn his envied place among the eccentrics. Consequently, if anyone foolishly indulged in eccentricity for the sake of it, he would be relegated immediately unto the pack in which he belonged - amongst the fools! Mental aberration can not be equated with freedom of expression.

When questioned, several years ago, before sideburns were in such favour as they are today, when the wearing of fine Spanish boots under trousers raised more eyebrows than the wearing of ill-conceived blue suede shoes, and when leather attire was rarely seen, it took some serious thinking to arrive at a satisfactorily logical opinion concerning individuality and resulting independence. The times have rapidly changed, however, the reasoning has been strengthened through continued experiences.

That one should dare to be highly individualistic and be acceptable, he must first excel in his endeavours to the extent that great respect in that area is automatic. In his vocation and avocations he is compelled to excellence, thereby earning a right to eccentricity. This can also be accomplished by being blessed with a compassionate nature, or at least by working at it within the framework of rigid and demanding discipline. Either excellence in performance, or warm compassion earn the freedom of high individualism, and a combination of both is assured victory.

There are those who imagine that they are highly individualistic, when in reality they have merely moved from one herd over to another. Conforming to non-conformity is not all that brave, nor does it place an individual in a particularly enviable position. "Moving" is not "earning", it is nothing more than "shifting". If one person in a particular group wore long hair, a beard, fringed suede jacket, rather unkempt and certainly unpresed wide bell-bottomed trousers, run-down-at-the-heels brown boots, raw-hide around the forehead, gold-rimmed spectacles of dubious ophthalmic value, beads, and sported a leather change-bag dangling from a belt, he would be rather noticeable. Consider also another type of person in still another and particular group. If he wore light grey flares,

black socks, dark brown loafers, a fuzzy cardigan over a blue shirt, and was freshly - shaven with an abundance of Rowboat After Shave on his tender skin, he, too, would be somewhat noticeable.

However, when all of the persons who have just discovered gold-rimmed spectacles band together, identifying individuals can become somewhat difficult. The tragedy is that they not only grow to look alike, they think and act in an outwardly identical manner. When all of the fuzzy cardigans who have just discovered Rowboat After Shave band together, identifying individuals is no less difficult. The tragedy is that they not only grow to look alike, they also smell alike. A dash of Tugboat After Shave by a daring individual would change all of that. Within the other group, a pair of thick wooden-framed spectacles might become spectacular.

There are not many person whom we know who would dare to wear a black dinner jacket if everyone else at a party were wearing red. It might be considered highly individualistic. It might be considered eccentric.

Happiness is wearing Diesel oil when everyone else is wearing baby oil with iodine in it.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Odie". The letter "O" is stylized with a circular flourish.

PRESIDENT

FROM THE EDITOR.....

I sincerely regret that the original column intended for this space had to be discarded. It was written shortly after I returned from the Autumn Scrambles in Washington, D.C. and therefore contained much information of which you are all now fully familiar. However, I do wish, even though late, to extend a sincere thank you to all the Spartans for showing us such a great time. We hope to be able to reciprocate in the very near future. (BO-2-2270)

While in Washington I also attended an A.M.C.C. meeting as the Viking representative. The experience was extremely interesting as it afforded this writer the opportunity to gain a better insight into the nature of the participating clubs. The views expressed at the council meeting were as varied as the club names themselves. It became obvious very early in the session that certain issues were not going to receive unanimous approval by all the attending representatives. There was vigorous discussion, reminiscent of our own early club meetings. I am sure the council will learn, however, that integrity tempered with compromise is the only way any organization made up of sovereign groups can survive.

The Viking Christmas party turned out to be a great success, both for the club and the Home For Little Wanderers. Our raffle gave the treasury a needed shot of adrenalin and we received a total of sixty-one gifts for the "Home". Second prize in the raffle was won by our very own Charlie H., whereupon he promptly donated his gift to the upcoming New Year's Eve party. (Thanks much Charles) First and third prizes were won by friends of the club. We wish especially to thank David S. of the S.M.C.L.A.'s for all his efforts in selling the most tickets. I can personally assure you that the "Home" was delighted with all the gifts presented. It was apparent that many members had spent considerable time and effort (and money) in selecting their gifts. The assistant administrator of the "Home" expressed some amazement that a motorcycle club would take such interest in a charity of this type. We can be sure that our efforts will greatly help to improve the image of the "cyclist" in the Boston area.

Many Vikings and friends gathered together on the "eve" to welcome in the New Year and bid adieu to the Old. I am sure that all of us spent a few minutes that evening thinking about the experiences we had shared together in "69" and contemplating our future as individuals and as a club in 1970. Being an optimist by nature, I firmly feel that we will continue to prosper in the coming year as we have in the one just ended, and on that note i would like to wish you All the happiest of New Years.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Carver Banks". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned at the bottom center of the page.

B0-2-2270

THE VIKINGS' M.C.

FEBRUARY 20-21-22, 1970

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

\$15.00 PER PERSON A.M.C.C. MEMBERS

\$18.00 PER PERSON ALL OTHERS

FRIDAY EVENING

REGISTRATION---GET ACQUAINTED PARTY AND DRINKS

SATURDAY EVENING

COCKTAIL PARTY AND DINNER-ENTERTAINMENT-DOOR PRIZES

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

FAREWELL PARTY 1:00PM - 4:00PM

ATTENDANCE LIMITED TO FIRST 150 APPLICATIONS - FIRST COME FIRST SERVE BASIS

LIMITED HOUSING AVAILABLE

ALL CHECKS MADE PAYABLE TO VIKING M.C.

SEND APPLICATIONS AND CHECKS TO:

VIKING M.C.
% CARL BANKS
226 CHURCH STREET
NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02158

APPLICATION BELOW --- PLEASE PRINT

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

CLUB AFFILIATION

MODE OF TRANSPORTATION

HOUSING



AS I SEE IT

Due to our publication dates of "The Longship", most of this article will be "yesterday's news" to anyone other than Vikings.

However, since few club members were able to attend the Wheels M.C.'s "Witch In" held over the Halloween week-end, I thought I might give a brief summary of the events which took place.

Friday night started off at 9:00 with each of the guests being given tickets redeemable for four beers. What with the heady atmosphere in the TB, by eleven O'clock, four beers were about three too many for me, regardless of what those who know me may think. At 1:00, when the judging of costumes took place, there were at least 200 "Witch-In-ers" jammed in (can't say milling around, there wasn't a spare inch to be found - until later) from the door to all pillars, and even to the rafters in some cases.

Saturday dawned (and most of us witnessed it) and everybody was hell-bent-for-leather at Danny's for a bit of tippling. By early afternoon the place was beginning to resemble the TB the night before. However, we were granted salvation due to the fact that the big dinner was scheduled to start at eight, further uptown. A few of us found we were in great need of sleep and started home, unfortunately, I discovered that in order for me to reach my host's apartment it was necessary for me to pass the Den. And being a proper Bostonian, I decided it would be the height of discourtesy not to leave my calling card. I managed to be only thirty minutes late for the dinner. So much for the Den, a nice place to visit, but not if you have to be somewhere on time.

The dinner was an unqualified success with the food being of prime quality as were the guests. There was "fun and games" to add to the overall festivities. And there is not the slightest doubt that the game "prizes" were top notch. (Note to Cycle member-- I feel it's only fair to warn you that I intend to collect mine on my return visit to NYC.)

Afterwards everyone began leaving for various watering spots located on the lower West side.

Sunday we were at it again, with a brunch at the TB. The Bloody Marys there really do equal Boston's 99.

The crowd started breaking up around six with the out-of-towners beginning their trips back.

It was one of the best managed in-town events that it has been my privilege to attend.

Note: To anyone being hosted by Wheels' Road Captain; there are several dangers involved -- etc: If you don't trip over either a Ham or a Roast Beef in the kitchen, you can be absolutely certain of tromping on a Turkey in the shower.

A little bird tells me : It wasn't just at the TB that goasties and goul-ies went bump in the night, isn't that right Terry?

Mike Bain

S AND M DINNER

Even Boston's notoriously unpredictable weather gave forth with its approval of Mai Ling's first and triumphal visit to the City-by-the-Charles.

A Friday night Beacon Hill Scotch-tail party was given by Odin in honor of Mai Ling.

Mai Ling arrived early in the evening resplendent in leather, followed by an entourage put together between Washington-NYC-Boston. After Mai Ling's formal presentation to Boston Society, all repaired to the Huntington Avenue shack.

Considering our early closing hours, Dave and Walter held an after-hours party which was extremely successful, and very interesting.

Saturday afternoon was kicked off with a cocktail party at Fred and Mike's. All manners of booze and beer flowed, and even a rose was seen to bloom. From the party everyone went directly to the Queensberry "Y" for an S & M dinner sponsored by the Boston chapter of the S.M.C.L.A. Mai Ling presented to the Club the S.M.C.L.A. banner, which was deeply appreciated. A big thanks, Mai Ling!

And once again back to the dusty den by the "Y". Saturday being even an earlier closing night than Friday, Dave and Carl invited the world to their place for after-hour drinks and further cementing of new relationships, and an unplanned wine-tossing event.

Sunday morning came much too soon and it was quickly established that the only well stocked liquor cabinet and fridge in town was located back where it all started from on Saturday. Everyone debarked immediately for Mike and Fred's., where they were served, with the aid of Ray B., Scotch, and breakfast rolls.

We look forward to the next visit of our friends from Washington.

THE IMPROPER BOSTONIAN

To the casual observer, it was difficult to determine whether Odin was wishing Bon Voyage or deporting two of our members as they recently left for Europe.-

There is one Viking that should brush up on his geography. No Mike, Philadelphia is not below Washington, D.C.

What about that rumor of a V.M.C.L.A.?

Our new members seem to be providing quite a bit of back-up for the club.

Russ, what is the deep dark secret one member is carrying concerning the Capitol building?

One Viking was really spoiled on a recent trip to Washington. Really guys champagne in bed!!

What do you mean Dave, that you're going on a diet. What will the Head Pigeon say?

With all this recent talk of pigeons, has anyone seen Yankee Doodle Pigeon yet?

$99 + 2$ does not = 101. For a certain two it equals disaster.

What WHEELS member went to Puerto Rico, stayed at a Hotel by the sea but never made it to the water?

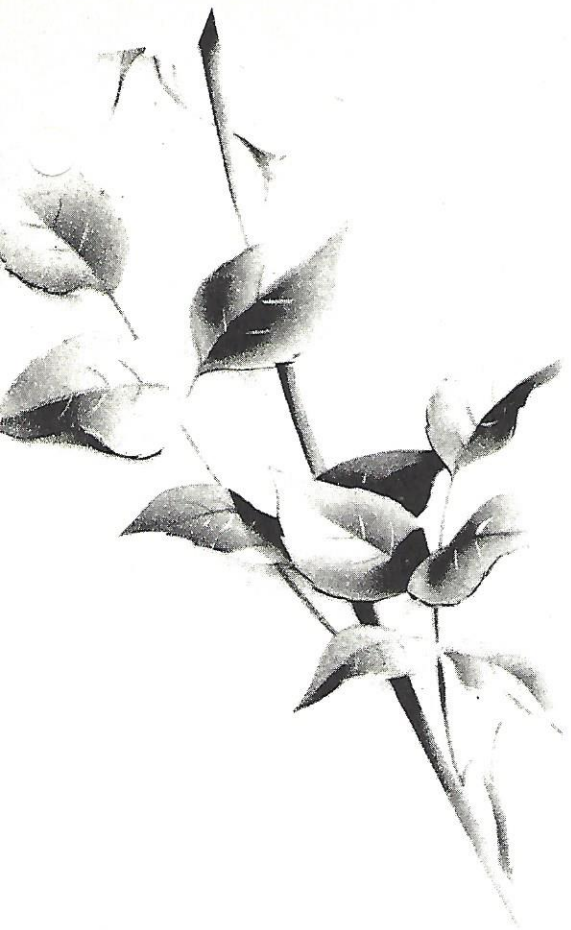
Fred, wouldn't it be more comfortable to sleep at home instead of at parties?

Will the real Rosie O'Banks please stand up.

Rudy, we understand the price of champagne is, in your opinion, somewhat over priced at the Lido.

Just who or what are the Pigeons?

Is it true that Ray B is pulling a Dick D, with overnight trips to NYC?



POEM

HE SPINS HIS WORDS
INTO PAPER KITES
AND I, LIKE THE TAIL,
CLING TO THEM.
BUT THE DAY IS CALM
AND IT'S TIME
FOR HIM TO PUT DOWN
HIS TOYS AND
TELL ME ABOUT TOMORROW,
AND ALL THE
TOMORROWS TO FOLLOW -
NO MORE DREAMS
NO MORE PROMISES.
I MUST KNOW TODAY,
THIS MINUTE,
BECAUSE TOMORROW IS
THE FIRST DAY OF
THE REST OF MY LIFE.

Anonymously submitted
(Written in Boston, 6 June, 1969)





Газета основана
5 мая 1912 года
В. И. ЛЕНИНЫМ

ПРАВДА

Орган Центрального Комитета КПСС

№ 5 [18783]

Понедельник, 5 января 1970 г.

Цена 3 коп.



В МОСКВЕ, на Центральном стадионе имени В. И. Ленина, проходили традиционные мотогонки по льду. В матче встретились команды Москвы и Ленинграда. На снимке: один из заездов.

Фото В. Разумного.

FROM THE SOVIET PRESS (PRAVDA) CYCLE RACING ON ICE A POPULAR SPECTATOR
SPORT IN MOSCOW DURING THE WINTER TIME