



THE DRAGONFLYRE

c/o C.I. Jeddon
 400 W. Central #1405
 Wichita, KS 67205

Barony of V'tavia - December 1986

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Calendar of Events

DECEMBER

- 6 Krist Kinder, Forgotten Sea (Kansas City, MO)
- 14 Christmas in V'tavia (Kiwanis Park)
Baronial Officer's Meeting

JANUARY

- 3 Twelfth Night, Lonely Tower (Omaha, NE)
- 3 Yule Feast, Longridge (Sikeston, MO)

FEBRUARY

- 7 Costuming Seminar II, Forgotten Sea (Kansas City, KS)

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- Domnuil MacRath 12c
- Phillipa Lloyd de Tarifa: 2c, 7c, Inside Back c
- The News Flyre pg. 11
- Tymn the Mysterious: Badges, Pg. 1
- Front Cover: Reprinted from the December, A.S. XIX
Dragonflyre.



From the Seneschal



Greetings:

The Barony has a new meeting place: 2525 N. New York, Building A1. We will have this site 7-days a week for the next year. In order to help organize our schedule, I am asking for your help. Elsewhere in the Dragonflyre, you will find a form listing all the currently running meetings and Baronial events. Take a moment to decide which events you would like to see on which nights. (ie. Dance on Wednesday, Archery on Friday, ect.) This list will help me in planning a weekly schedule for use of the building. Your assistance is IMPERATIVE.

Also, the renting of this building is a substantial monetary commitment on the part of V'tavia, and requires the help of all of it's populace. We need your support. Whether it's painting walls, or contributing to the kitty - V'tavia needs you. So, lend a hand, you'll be glad you did.

In Service: The Silent (TKI)



From the Knight-Marshal



Greetings:

I am your new Knight-Marshal, (at least for now). As K-M, I would like to congratulate Ld. Conrad for his inclusion into the Byrd at Crown. Huzzah.

I would also like to take a moment to encourage everyone to get involved in the "Light Weapons" disciplines practiced in V'tavia. Try it, you'll like it. Let me know if you have any questions on either, I'll be glad to answer any I can.

In Service: Torin Carson (TKI)



A Christmas Story

(Reprint, Dec. ASXX Dragonflyre)

By. Ld. Aelfric Fritharikksson

* * * * *

The following is a Christmas legend I was told by my grandmother when I was a child, then read later as a high school student in German class. I forgot about it for many years. Just recently, I read a shortened version as I prepared a December "Frey Gabriel." Here I will attempt to re-tell this ancient Christmas tale.



The snow lay heavily upon the Bois de Noir, and all the world lay mute under its cold winter blanket. As the sun descended into a misty west, the dark sky slowly unveiled each of the uncounted brilliant stars. The air was crisp as death, and each clink of mail and creak of leather resounded in Bonchevalier's ear. The hoof beats of his great, dark beast were muffled into silence. The knight rode as quickly as he dared on his tired horse, for ahead, he knew, lay des Aguilles, the great keep of his family, and the village by the Rhine that had grown up around the keep itself. Bonchevalier was cold and the chain mail lay an icy weight on his shoulders. Since Michaelmass, he had ridden from the Northern shore which he had helped to guard against the ravages of the Norsmen. He was tired, and looked forward to food and lodging.

The warhorse suddenly wickered and shook his shorn mane. Bonchevalier looked wearily down the road and urged his mount to greater speed with subtle signals of his knees. In the darkness ahead, a softly suffused light was visible through the trees. To his surprise, the beast broke into a trot despite the hours of weary road behind them.

Softly he clucked to his horse "Mon ami, you know rye and oats are waiting for you, don't you? It's almost Christmas, you know, and you deserve the treat." The horse responded to the tone of the young knight's voice and abruptly began to canter. Around the last bend in the way, the huge beast bore his master; then halted without command.

Ahead in the road, a great fir tree arose. There was no snow about its base and the tree soared twenty feet above Bonchevalier's head. This, and not his father's village, was the source of the light which had so enlivened the weary beast,

Christmas Story continues.....

for on each branch blazed candles of pure beeswax. Some of the candles hung from the branches upside down and others burned upright. The fir was festooned with ropes of holly, whose berries were red with Our Lord's Blood and Rosemary was twined into the ropes. Here and there among the needles roses bloomed, even as it had been foretold, the ancient birthright of Jesse'. Atop the highest point shone a brilliant point of light, more bright than all the fine candles on the tree. As He looked at it, it seemed to Bonchevalier that it resolved to become the face of a babe with a halo which shone like beaten gold.

The knight's hand had flared to his sword by instinct, whether to attack or defend he did not know. Now he drew it with a flourish, then sat frozen with indecision. Foes of flesh and blood, steel and iron were Bonchevalier's bailiwyk, and before them he never quailed, but manifestations of the divine were beyond his ken. Sword in hand he dismounted, strode two long steps forward, and stopped. Reversing the sword, he knelt in the snow, and bowed his head. As he grasped the blade, the hilt of his sword cast a cruciform shadow over his coifed head. The light suddenly flared, so brightly that Bonchevalier saw pink light within his tightly closed eye lids, then the light died altogether.

When Bonchevalier looked up, the magnificent fir was gone. Neither the knight nor his horse felt cold any longer, and all weariness was lifted from their limbs. Down in the valley of the Rhine, the lights of des Aguilles shone with a friendly, familiar light, and the warrior and his mount galloped down the slope into town, bonded in comradeship as never before.

Bonchevalier told his tale to the village wise men, to his Lord Father, and the local priest, and none could say for certain what the young knight's vision had meant. Finally, Bonchevalier decided to ride to the bluffs over the river, and speak there to the anchorite - a holy man, clothed in sack cloth, and too little of that, yet he never shivered or seem to notice the frosty air. He eked out a living with a small garden of onions and leeks, with what ever fish he could catch in the River, but he never complained of hunger and always offered guests refreshments. Bearded and dirty, his eyes shone with righteous fervor and devotion, and made all else about his appearance seem lordly. Bonchevalier stood to tell his tale while the old man sat on the snow-covered ground, counting his beads.

When the knight was finished the old man looked him in the eye, and Bonchevalier shivered, for it was the look of a commander of hosts, and a wise man, and it touched him.

Did you not cut yourself, Sir Knight, when you grasped your sword so?"

"Nay, for my hands were gloved and mailed."

"Are they so mailed now?"

"Nay, they are not, as you can see. I am in my Lord Father's own country, and we are at peace. My hands are covered only in kid."

"Remove your gloves and take forth the sword of your knighthood." The old man commanded, as he pulled a crucifix from his meagre robes. "And bow before this symbol of your Lord."

Bonchevalier hesitated, for he was unused to peasants giving him orders, but the old anchorite's voice carried the authority of command. Besides, the young knight had come here, impinging on the old man's self-imposed exile, seeking answers. Slowly he drew his blade, and kissing the quillions reversed it and knelt.

The old man spoke again, though he had watched in stern silence until Bonchevalier knelt, and this time his tones rang in the knight's ears.

"You are blessed, Sir Knight, for I tell you that your vision was a true one. The fir was the sign of St. Wilfrid to the Norsemen, of the one true faith, and so it was here again; the tree of humanity and each candle was a person. Some are upright and burn with a holy flame, others are fallen and burn in hell. The babe upon the upper most branch was the Christ-child, the crown of humanity who watches over us all, and you have gazed upon his face. Blessed are you, indeed."

Bonchevalier looked up at the old man as he spoke. The sun blazed brightly over the rim of the bluff, and lighted his hair as it fluttered in the breeze, so that he seemed surrounded by a silver halo.

"Yet you have a task to do as well." The holy man continued, "You who have been blessed must watch over he who watches over us. Go to the holy sepulchre, and guard it, for the heathen grow ever stronger."

"I shall!" Bonchevalier cried leaping up. "I shall depart at once."

"Stay, young Sir," the anchorite spoke softly, "for you are wounded. Look at your hands...they bleed."

Letting his sword fall, Bonchevalier looked in amazement, for he had cut his hands on his own blade. Bright blood dropped into the snow, but even as he watched the wounds stopped bleeding and healed in but a moment's time, leaving a small round scar in the center of each palm.

The knight stood, frozen in place by a myriad of emotions; fear, horror, delight, wonder.

"You bear the stigmata of your vision, lad. Rejoice!"

The old anchorite gathered up a hand full of snow, where the young man's blood had fallen, and for each drop, a perfect teardrop garnet of deepest sanguin glittered in the sunlight, awash in the melted snow cupped the anchorites old hands. He took the younger man's hand, and poured the gems into it.

"Here, lad, this will pay your way to the holy land," he spoke softly. And turning he entered his cave, letting the door cloth fall behind him.

Dazedly Bonchevalier counted thirteen garnets into one of gloves he had dropped, and secured it to his belt. He turned to pick up his sword, which had fallen point first into the snow, and which stood upright like roadside shrine. He crossed himself before he pulled it out and sheathed it.

With a cry of joy the knight leaped down the path toward des Aquilles.

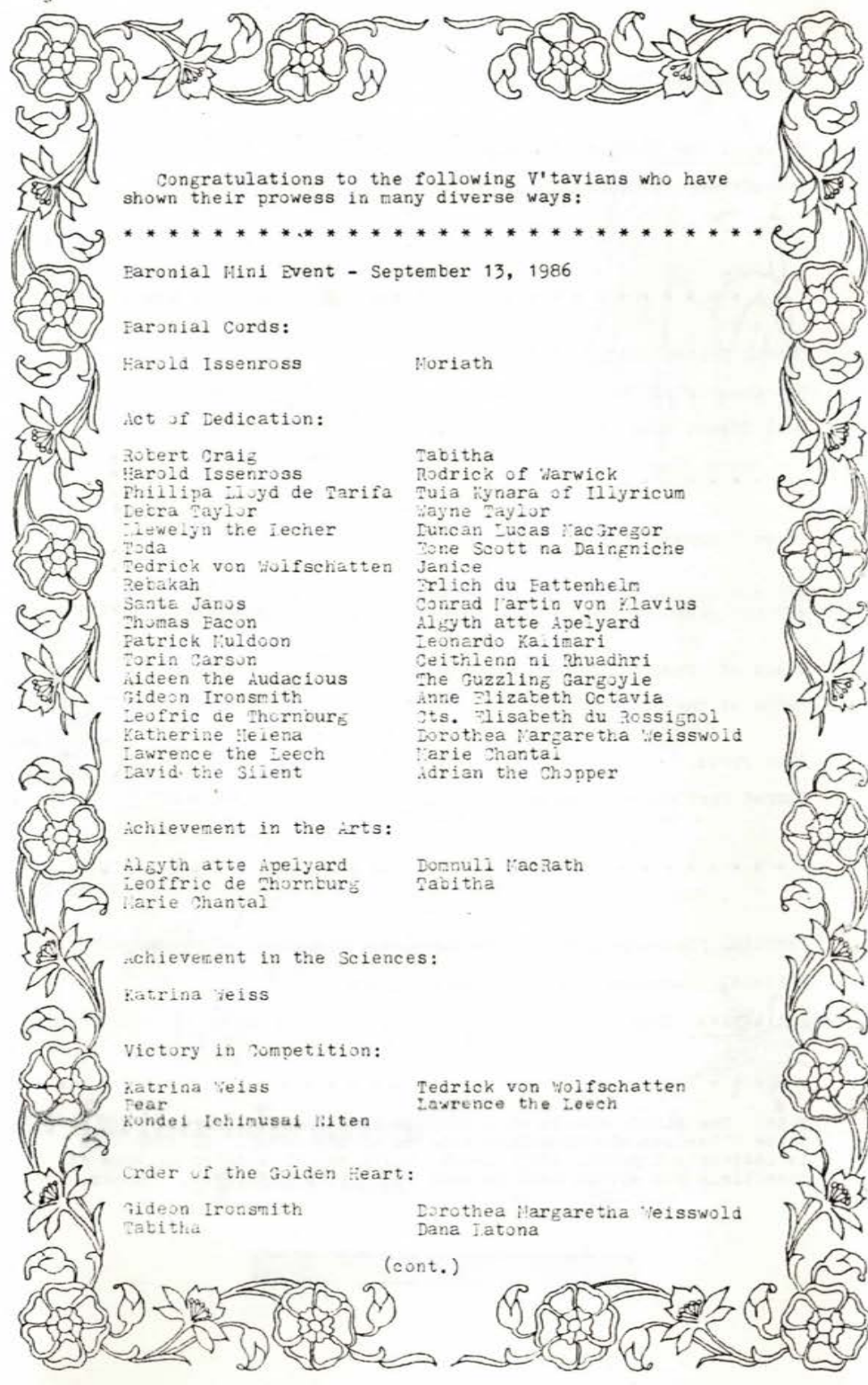
Later when Bonchevalier tried to find the old anchorite, the villagers told him that the old man had packed up his few belongings and left, commanding them to erect a fir tree before the church doors and ornament it as grandly as they could. They asked the young knight what they should do.

"Do as old John told you to." Bonchevalier replied. "And do so each year at Christmas-tide to commemorate the vision and miracle given to me here. For it is your miracle, too."

And that my friends is the story of the first Christmas tree.

Bonchevalier went on to Jerusalem with his thirteen garnets and built a hospital there, to aid and protect the Christian pilgrims, and to show Christian charity to all in need, and he called it the Order of St. John.

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Congratulations to the following V'tavians who have shown their prowess in many diverse ways:

Baronial Mini Event - September 13, 1986

Baronial Cords:

Harold Isсенross Moriath

Act of Dedication:

Robert Craig	Tabitha
Harold Isсенross	Rodrick of Warwick
Phillipa Lloyd de Tarifa	Tuia Kynara of Illyricum
Lebra Taylor	Wayne Taylor
Mlewelyn the Lecher	Duncan Lucas MacGregor
Toda	Bone Scott na Daingniche
Tedrick von Wolfschatten	Janice
Retakah	Trlich du Battenhelm
Santa Janos	Conrad Martin von Klavius
Thomas Bacon	Algyth atte Apelyard
Patrick Muldoon	Leonardo Kalimari
Torin Carson	Ceithlenn ni Thuadhri
Aideen the Audacious	The Guzzling Gargoyle
Gideon Ironsmith	Anne Elizabeth Octavia
Leofric de Thornburg	Ots. Elisabeth du Rossignol
Katherine Helena	Dorothea Margaretha Weisswold
Lawrence the Leech	Marie Chantal
David the Silent	Adrian the Chopper

Achievement in the Arts:

Algyth atte Apelyard	Domnull MacRath
Leoffric de Thornburg	Tabitha
Marie Chantal	

Achievement in the Sciences:

Katrina Weiss

Victory in Competition:

Katrina Weiss	Tedrick von Wolfschatten
Fear	Lawrence the Leech
Kondei Ichimusai Riten	

Order of the Golden Heart:

Gideon Ironsmith	Dorothea Margaretha Weisswold
Tabitha	Dana Iatona

(cont.)

Baronial Mini Event - September 13, 1986

Order of the Radiant Lioness:

Christianna du Peauchasteau

Namron Protectorate - October 10

Grandmaster of Namron:

Earl Edward Cire of Greymoor

Crown Tournament - November 8, 1986

HRH Sir William of V'tavia - Crown Prince of Calontir
HRH Mistress Mammara Leone - Crown Princess of Calontir

Award of Arms:

Penda of the Far Travels

Iren Fyrd:

Conrad Martin von Flavius

Baronial Mini-Event/Champion's Tourney - November 15, 1986

Baronial Champion: Kondei Ichimusai Niten

Lucistnik: Bear

Note: The above list is published in an attempt to give credit to those V'tavians who have been honored at any level. If your name is inadvertently left off, please notify the Chronicler as soon as possible. All effort will be made to rectify the error. Thanks.



Christmas in V'tavia

WHERE: Kiwanis Park
5201 W. Second St.

WHEN: December 14, 1986
12:00pm - 8:00pm

PRIZE TOURNEY: Double Elimination

CHILDREN'S QUEST: Prizes

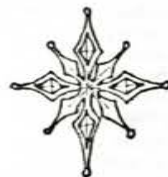
FEAST: Mundane Last Name
(Pot Luck)
A - H Cheese & Veggies, Bread
I - Q Salads or Hot Dish
R - Z Deserts

Meat Will Be Furnished By The Barony!

SITE FEE: \$2.00
Children under 12 Free

CONTESTS: Christmas gift made by the children to be given to
En. Humpk. Entries judged by the Peers present.

Bardic Recitation with Christmas as the Theme.
(Storytelling, Singing, Poem, ect.).



Baklava making contest. Bake a batch of Baklava.
To be judged by the contestants of the Baklava
eating contest.

The First Annual V'tavian Invitational Baklava
Eating Contest. (Contestants will be notified
shortly).

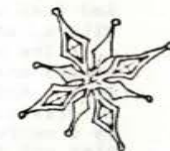
CHINESE GIFT GIVING: A gift exchange (not over \$5.00 please).

Special Note: Bring canned goods for the needy to be given
to Operation Holiday.

PRE-REVEL: Birthday (Damian Tammuz)
Saturday, December 13, 1986
7:30pm - ?



Saint Humpk



For further information
please call:

Id. David the Silent
(David Woodworth)
2123 E. 53rd St. S
Wichita, KS 67216
(316) 522-1658

The Legend of Saint Humpk

By Brother Joyce de la Soer de Sainte Heinze Bumblefoose

In the days before Charlemagne, in the eastern reaches of the Known World, there arose a man whose name would be long remembered in the local chronicles: Humpk of Moldavia. Farmer, tradesman, warrior, and missionary; he did it all and blazed a trail for others to follow. Martyr to a cause; to bring truth, justice and the feudal way to all (if they wanted it or not).

Back in those early days there was born to a poor farmer a son, whom he named Humpk. And in accord with time and nature, Humpk grew up to be a large strong man, well versed in the ways of the farmer. But the land was poor. Thus Humpk was forced to search elsewhere for his fortune.

So it befell Humpk to come across a race of dwarves. And one household, who lived on the edge of a meadow owned by Locke, took him in, and taught him various crafts, including the way of the sword. While Humpk was happy, his destiny laid elsewhere. So Humpk moved on.

During the course of his travels, Humpk met with four men, who were to become his constant companions. They were Hard Lec and William, Walter and Arthur, the sons of David. Humpk found that he was in the company of these men, distances seemed to rush by with no effort, while all the while they displayed little appetite.

Now the lands to the east were a wilderness, populated only by wild animals and heathen savages, ignorant of civilization. And the Lord came unto Humpk in a vision saying, "Go to the east, and bring enlightenment to who dwell there, so that they may know the glory of the word, and become part of the Known World." And so Humpk with his companions and some other followers went east. And they came to rest at the banks of a river, now known as Vitava, and settled there.

The natives that lived there were hostile and unreceptive to the message that Humpk brought. Blood was spilt and lives lost. And for a long time the settlement teetered on the brink of dissolution. But Humpk persisted. And was rewarded. Aided by a native, known as "His Mysteriousness", the settlement slowly grew and expanded.

Under Humpk's skillful eye, the land flourished, and blossomed into an ocean of grain. And Humpk looked out and smiled. And this was good. But one year the rains did not come, and everyone was sorely tested. So Humpk, aided by one that was called the "Silent One", prayed, and it began to rain. And they rejoiced.

Now when Humpk planted his gardens, he always set aside a portion for the wildland creatures so they may not be tempted by the garden. And this practice once saved his life. Not all the natives listened to Humpk's message, and some remained hostile. So one day, while Humpk was walking alone in the fields, three of these benighted souls set upon him. Being unarmed, Humpk consp-

ed his soul to the Lord, when suddenly a flash of white fur came from the bushes, and created havoc on his attackers. So beset by the rabbit, the would be murderers ran away, not stopping till they reached the far land of Scotland, where they decided that it was far easier to induce other people to commit mayhem.

But while Humpk escaped that day, the animosity only continued to build. Finally came the day when a large army rose up and fell upon the settlement. And Humpk rallied his fighters around him, so that no matter from which direction they came, the enemy would be facing the large shiny shields of Humpk's men. And so on the side of a hill the two forces struggled till the falling curtain of night ended the scene, the enemy repulsed.

But the cost of victory was high, for Humpk laid mortally wounded. Fearing all was for nought, a vision came to Humpk and said, "Be of comfort, for you have planted the seeds of future glory. For there shall be another, who will found a barony whose name and deeds shall be recited throughout the Known World." His heart at ease; Humpk died.

Gathering troops from neighboring lands, Humpk's companions chased those who had beset them. But when at last they had been cornered, it rained, and there could be no fighting. Then a young follower, small of stature but loud of voice, prayed to Humpk to intercede and stop the rain so that he might be avenged. And lo, the rain stopped, and did not resume till the fighting ended, and the enemy slaughtered.

The village laid quiet, not even the church bell rang, for it had been broken in the raid. A young novice, Anna, was distressed by this and went out into the garden to meditate. It was Humpk's last garden, and she stopped by a lone bluebell that somehow survived. When suddenly, to her amazement, the flower began to enlarge and acquire a golden hue. Within a moment, there at her feet was a bronze bell of a size needed to replace the church bell. So it remained in the church tower for many a year.

As word of Humpk's martyrdom followed by numerous reports of miracles, the Church decided it could not ignore such a man, canonized him. Then forgot him, except for a small group of men and women in that small corner of the Known World. But then, that is another story.



Reprint
Mar. AS XIX
Dragon-
flyre

Announcements



THE SMITHY BUS:

The Smithy Bus is available for selected out-of-town events. The next scheduled events are:

- Twelfth Night - January 3 (Lonely Tower)
- Twelfth Night - January (Tulsa)
- Estrella War - February 14

If interested in transportation, contact Earl Edward (Eric Mohr). Phone: 522-7670.

THE SMITHY:

The armoring facilities at The Smithy are closed until after the first of the year due to the move to the new site. Keep checking these pages for new place and time.

THE NEW SITE:

The Barony has acquired a new meeting place. The address is 2525 N. New York, Building A1. Please help support your Barony in this endeavor.

CHIVALRY IN ACTION:

The Barony will be collecting canned foods at the Christmas mini-event to support "Operation Holiday." Help support this "Holiday Tradition" and show true "Chivalry in Action."

The following Dragonflyre subscriptions are due:

November	December	January
Eric Mohr		Jayne Wood
Dennis Gideon	Dermit Penick	Mary Cook
Jonathan Auker		
Tim Richards		

Please renew your subscription, we need your support.

TKI

Back By Popular Demand
The Barony of Forgotten Sea Clothier's Guild
 presents

COSTUMING SEMINAR II

8 a.m. to 6 p.m., February 7, 1987
 Johnson County Community College
 Quivira and College Blvd., Overland Park, KS.

The Barony of Forgotten Sea Clothier's Guild in cooperation with Johnson County Community College Community Services, presents the second annual Costuming Seminar. Whether an absolute beginner ("What's a needle?") or an experienced seamstress, there's a class for you. Tentatively scheduled classes include: "Medieval Underwear", "History of Costumes", "Eastern European Costume", "Mongolian Costumes", "Researching & Sources", and "Basic Bodice Pattern Drafting".

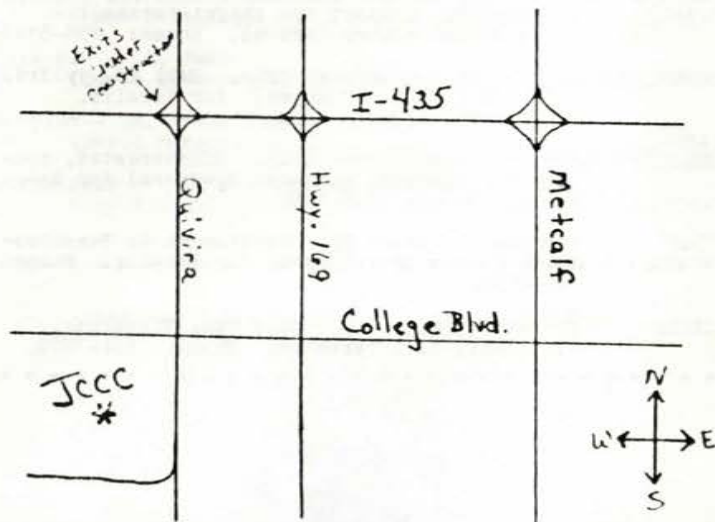
This year we have been fortunate enough to acquire JCCC as a site and this will provide more much-needed space. Site opens at 8 a.m. and classes begin at 9 a.m. with a break for lunch. There will be an on-site cafeteria open until 1 p.m. for food and drinks. Site closes at 6 p.m.

Site fee will be \$3, with a \$1 discount for SCA members showing proof of membership (membership card or recent *Meies* label). (There may be mundanes attending some of the classes.)

This is a dry site with plenty of parking available and several fast food places nearby. Maps will be available at the event.

Crash space must be by your own arrangement.

If you have questions, suggestions or would like to help out contact:
 Ly. Liriel Correll of Tuatha Keep, c/o Catherine Kinsey, 8321 Lowell, Overland Park, KS 66212 or phone (913) 648-7525.



Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed

Fill in the blanks! Help our Seneschal write a schedule for our new site by indicating when you would like to do what. (For example, if you want Dance on Wednesday night + write Dance in the square marked Wednesday (Don't forget meeting times to!))

TKJ

of Events

Thursday	Friday	Saturday

Current Baronial Events:

- Archery
- Armoring (On Hold)
- Dance
- Fighter Practice
- Needleworking



Interest Groups



NOTE: THE BARONY HAS A NEW MEETING PLACE: 2525 N. New York, Building A1. ALL CURRENTLY LISTED MEETING TIMES AND PLACES MAY CHANGE. PLEASE CONTACT THE GROUP MEETING LEADER LISTED FOR CORRECT MEETING INFORMATION.

ARCHERY: Meetings currently on Friday nights. Call Ld. Bear (David Pitchers) if interested. Phone: 688-1728.

BARDIC RECITATION: Meets Sunday from 5:00 - 7:00 at the home of Ld. Wylfrdd Taliesin, (Lance Newcome). If interested, contact him at 267-5570.

DANCE I: Meets Wednesday nights at the new site, (tentative schedule). For more information, contact the MOA/S - Ld. Aelfric Frithariksson (Allen Leddon). Phone: 267-5913.

DANCE II: To be held at the new site concurrently with Fighter Practice. For more information, contact the MOA/S - Aelfric Frithariksson (Allen Leddon). Phone: 267-5913.

DRAMA: Meets on Sunday nights at the home of Ld. Yves Henri du Beauchasteau, (Glen Echeltarger). If interested, phone him at 722-9788.

FIGHTER PRACTICE: Will be held at the new site. For more information, contact the Knight-Marshal - Torin Carson (Casey Carson). Phone: 838-5149.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC: By Appointment Only. Call Ld. Wylfrdd Taliesin, (Lance Newcome) for details. Phone: 267-5570.

MIDEASTERN DANCE: By Appointment Only. If interested, contact HRH Mammara, (Annabel Vinduska) for details. Phone: 942-1058.

NEEDLE WORKERS: Forming. Contact Ly. Christianna du Beauchasteau, (Chris Echeltarger) for details. Phone: 722-9788.

SEWING: By Appointment Only. Call Cts. Elisabeth, (Liz Mohr) if interested. Phone: 522-7670.



Baronial Officers

BARONAGE

Baron - HRH Master Sir William V'tavia
(Bill Vinduska).....942-1058

Baroness - HRH Mistress Mammara Leone
(Annabel Vinduska).....942-1058

OFFICERS

Seneschal - Ld. David the Silent
(David Woodworth).....522-1658

Pursuivant - Ly. Ceithlenn ni Ruadhri
(Amy Billington).....524-2987

Treasurer - Ld. Conrad Martin von Klavius
(Michael Sauer).....721-1098

MOA/MOS - Ld. Aelfric Frithariksson
(Allen Leddon).....267-5913

***Knight-Marshal - Ld. Torin Carson
(Casey Carson).....838-5149

Chronicler - Ly. Tuia Kynara of Illyricum
(Chris Leddon).....267-5913

Champion - Ld. Kondei Ichimusai Niten
(Park McKellop).....269-3847

Luchistnik - Ld. Bear
(David Pitchers).....688-1728

Historian - Ld. Friar Thomas Bacon
(David Moreno).....685-1182

Listmistress - Ly. Ceithlenn ni Ruaidhri
(Amy Billington).....524-2987

*****New Phone Number

***New Officer

