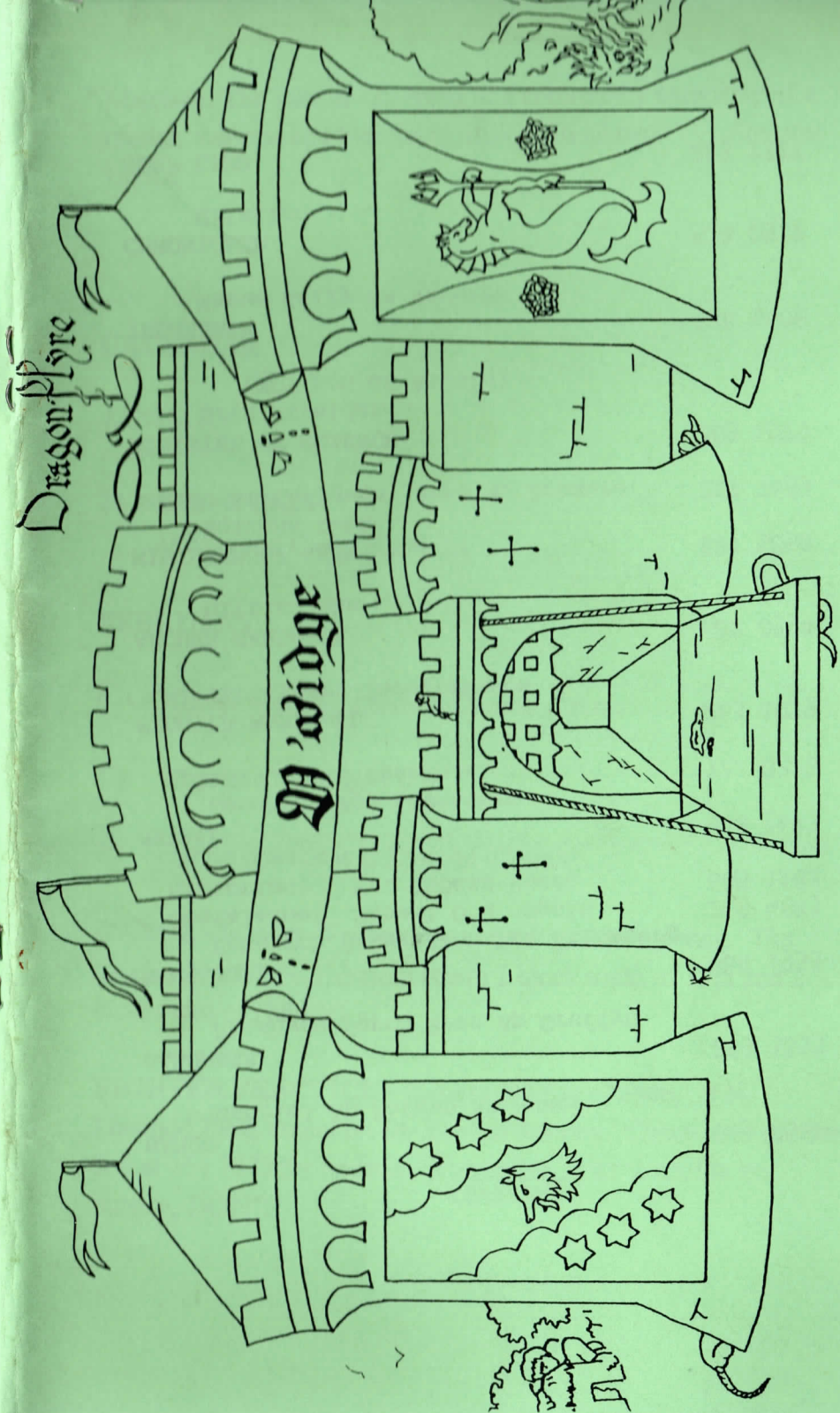


The Dragonflyer c/o  
Deborah Taylor  
1137 Gidley  
Michita, KS 67216



"Marriage: The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, mistress and two slaves, making in all two." Ambrose Bierce

## CALENDAR

### JANUARY

21 Baroness Bride

At beautiful Camp Hiawatha

### FEBRUARY

6 - Officers Meeting, Dawson Church, 7 p.m.

15 - Populace Meeting 7 p.m.

22 - Fighter practice is at Dawson Church

**DANCE** - Is every Wednesday except Populace meeting. The location is 1650 N. Fairmont (that's 1 block south of 17th and 2 blocks east of Hillside)

**FIGHTER PRACTICE** - Is every Sunday at noon, at N. Linwood Park, except on the 22nd of January. Check with the Serf line at 264 7373 for updates. Remember, if it's too cold to go outside, DON'T

OFFICERS	
Boy Duke	BARON Gabriel Ap Morgan Ap Hywel
269 3853	BARONESS Rhiannwen ferch Bran Ap Gruffyd
684 1953	SENECHAL Eckerich Rothvalken Von Stromburg Chatelaine: Sibeal O'H' Ogaln Historian: Fr. Thomas Bacon
942 3643	HERALD Leonhard Von Lowenturm Spike: Iain Brabcock
722 8229	FIGHTER MARSHAL Throttmarr Throglimsson
263 1079	ARCHER MARSHAL Little John
687 5850	MINISTER OF ARTS Muirren Dubh Min. of Children: Anne M. Bromere
267 7639	MINISTER OF SCIENCE Erik Asvaldsson (NOT son of Asvald)
636 5606	TREASURER Maeve Kelly de Navarre
524 0917	CHRONICLER Briallen
263 7373	SERF LINE



# From the Baronage

Unto the Populace of Vatavia come these fair greetings!

As the blanket of snow settles on these lands of Vatavia (a little, anyway), our minds turn toward hearth and home and family. We encourage our family of Vatavia to celebrate with us our upcoming wedding ceremony at Camp Hiawatha on the beautiful shores of Florin. There are rumors that the evil forces of Gilder would tear Her Excellency away from the bosom of her beloved Barony. Protectors are needed, as the Florinese frontier is filled with dangers, such as the fabled Screaming Eels, ROUS's, and worse! We pray that all who attend will be able to leave with glad hearts and happy faces, knowing that the Baron and Baroness have been wed. We also hope you will have a rollicking good time.

On a more serious note, tragedy has struck one of the families in our fair Barony. As many of you know, Gabhainn and Eliane's home and all of its contents were destroyed by fire. Marie Chantel is coordinating the relief effort. Gabhainn and Eliane and their family are currently staying with relatives, but are currently seeking a new place to live and re-establish themselves. If you can offer any type of assistance or can donate items, please contact Marie at 264-2729. They have asked that calls go to Marie.

Although our event is only a few short days away, it is still not too late to put in Baronial award recommendations. If you know of any deserving folks, please do not hesitate to make your opinions known.

Until we see you next, fare thee well!

*Gabriel*

*Rhianwen*

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures." Dr.  
Samuel Johnson

When a man seduces a woman, it should, I think, be termed a left-handed marriage. Mary Wollstonecraft

## The Wreck of the Sloop John P.

It was dark and stormy day....naaaaaah.

Okay, so the sun was shining as we sped across the great inland sea, beating into the wind, as we headed towards our home port. Their Majesties were well pleased with the feats of arms that had occurred the previous day on the great indoor emerald island. Mag Mor, as always, had wonderfully provided for all who would travel to her lands to take part in fighting, feasting, dancing, and reveling until the cows came home (okay -- Gawayne and Eckerich). We were quite pleased with our travels, but eager to get back to Vatavia, to home and hearth -- and the promise of even more fighting.

But avast, out of the sunny fog, our helmsman spotted a ship of the Mikado looming in the distance. All evasive maneuvers proved to avail us not. The foreign vessel rammed our vessel on the starboard side, we careened off our chosen path to come to rest against a reef. The Mikadon ship ran ashore on a nearby bar. None were injured, but our ship was damaged both fore and aft. His rudder was broken and adrift.

As we awaited the ships of the local navy to come to our aid, we began to ponder who of our ranks might come to our assistance. The Vataavian privateer, Vladimir Sennonovich, and his companions had traveled to the same distant lands as ourselves. There are many fine sea-faring routes in and out of the great inland sea, and we began to hope that he, too, would place his vessel on the same one as ours. But, alas, it was not to be, for he lay abed with his fine



lustly wench while First Mate Weiland slept off the effects of the previous night's revel and tasting of many fine home brewed beverages. When at last Vladimir arose from taking his leisure, he chose to take the route he always traversed, one far to the west, which missed us by leagues. We were marooned.

Eventually, the local navy arrived, and after much scribe work, helped us render our ship seaworthy. We cleared the wreckage, and drove to the port of Herrington to affect further repairs. We were first strangers the town had seen in many moons, and were the source of much entertainment at the local tavern.

As we limped homeward we pulled our ship into dry dock in Florence, only to discover we had developed a leak, and were slowly losing essential fluid. Again, much caution was exercised as we continued on our way. We safely reached our home port, and breathed a great sigh of relief.

#### Gawayne and Eleanor

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. Jonathan Swift

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats/ Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. "Hamlet"; William Shakespeare

#### Wish you were here... A Perfectly Period Party

Greetings unto my dear old father,

I hope these letters find your affairs in Normandy in order and the winter treating you well. I am happy to tell you that Lord and Lady MacDuinnchinn are faring well despite the recent turmoils in Scotland. I had the pleasure of attending their spacious clan manor for an autumn dinner in celebration of the summer crops.

The warm October evening welcomed many guests to the auspicious occasion, including an interesting Spanish woman who spoke of a "New World" and a gruff Alsatian gentleman who seemed to me to be very learned in the ways of medicine. I was also surprised to meet two gentlewomen from Kettering Manor, a dashing Welsh crusader who was attended by his Saracen ladywife and a young Danish lord who was full of wit - you would have been especially fond of him, considering your own Viking heritage. In addition, the feast was attended by a Scottish couple in fancy clothing and a young Welsh gentlewoman who made excellent conversation. I also think you would have been fond of this last gentlewoman as you seem to have a fondness for blonde, blue-eyed women who are conveniently unspoken for.

Fresh rushes were placed in the dining hall of the manor before we were seated to a sumptuous feast that included saffron rice, luscious cucumbers in dill sauce, a delicious honey and cheese bread called "phtois," beef served with wine mustard and filled muquarra for dessert. I am told the cook was a Byzantine who fled the fall of Constantinople, however this may only be a rumor. I can tell you that I was overly amused by a mute serving woman who went by the name of Brialen. I have the distinct feeling that she has not always been mute. The proof of the fruitful crops was evident in the generosity of the wine cellars - the wine was red, rich and flavorful.

I miss Normandy in the winter, I miss you, and believe it or not, I miss my annoying brothers.  
I will be returning to the family keep on the Western Isles as soon as protection for the trip can be commissioned.

I miss you much and wish you were here....  
Margarette

Postscript - I met a mischievous Romano-Celt from Ireland while feasting at the MacDuinnchinn manor. I am asking your permission to allow him to visit the keep. Please answer soon.

It (marriage) is like a cage; one sees the birds outside desperate to get in, and those inside equally desperate to get out. Michel De Montaigne

#### PUZZLE ANSWERS

Ala	Ivar	Hywela	Muldoon
Guenevahre			
John	Yves	Linnet	Giselle
Louvet du Quay			
Dana	Anne E.	Mysitra	Lora Anne
Christianna			
Tymm	Brude	Arthur	Phillipa
Katherine Helena			
Anne L	Janos	Arhtur B	Lochinar
Anne F.	Reina	Uracca	Margarette
Anne B	Maeve	Aelfric	Alexandria
Sean P	Angus	Gawayne	Hrafnhildr
Sean A	Seana	Leopold	Rolf Rustig
Sean C	Ysabel	Moraigh	Throttmar

## From the Chronicler

Good cheer to the populace of Vatavia from your Chronicler, Brialen.

This issue of the Dragonflyre is a little different in that there are very few officer's letters. Several good gentles have provided articles for our education and amusement, and without them we would simply have a calendar page. The officers don't write letters every month, nor should they feel they must. It's a good idea to write something every other month, just to let folks know about all the great things happening in the Barony, and most of the officers are great about doing so. I don't know about you, but I enjoy reading something else also. This is where I need your help. If someone wrote an article or letter, let them know you enjoyed reading it. You might suggest a topic to Fr. Thomas Bacon, he loves writing and would like to write something of interest for all of you. Most of all, believe me when I say that writing isn't painful, ask an author if you don't believe me. If there is a subject that you haven't seen covered and you would like it covered, think about writing it yourself. Leonhard retold an Irish folktale for us, and there are probably others that could be retold as well. Computer games aren't the only things that are interactive, this newsletter is too.

The best part of married life is the fights. The rest is merely so-so.  
Thornton Wilder



When widows exclaim loudly against second marriage, I would always lay a wager that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on. Henry Fielding

### Demo-Fighting

Now that the Yule celebrations are winding down, it is the perfect time for fighters to start thinking about the upcoming demo. What demo?! Renaissance Faire, of course. Believe it or not, now is the time to start getting ready. The first thing you should do as a fighter is check your armor for needed repairs. First, check the mechanics of the straps, the articulation, etc. Next, check the appearance of the armor. If it looks shabby or modern, fix it up so that it looks spiffy. If this proves to be an impossible task, buy some durable material to make an oversized tunic and pants to wear over your armor. If you already use this method, make sure that your tunic and pants are looking good - not full of holes, tears and patches. Use your best judgment.

Now that your armor and garb is up to show standards, look at working on your abilities as a fighter. Are you ready to go out and look flashy? If you simply fight to win or fight as you normally do at practices, you will probably bore the crowd to death after a while. BE FLASHY. The best way to be flashy is to use mismatched weapon systems and a little choreography. It also helps to use wide, circular blows and exaggerated movements. Be sure to adjust your mindset so that you can react quickly to a situation and make the most of an opportunity to turn a stumble or an unpredictable situation into a funny or impressive scenario.

Remember that all demo-fighting is an art to be mastered. Once you are proficient at demo-fighting, you will have a great time.

Sharing the dream,  
the paladins of St. Wenceslas,  
Bumpk, Pa'elf and Spyke

## TIR na nÓg

This story from Irish folklore is about Owin, a son of the great warrior of legend Finn MacCumbail. The beautiful Fairie Niamh fell in love with this handsome young warrior, and came to him. He fell instantly in love with her, for this was no earthly beauty. She compelled him to be with her in Tir na nÓg (the Land of Youth) to live and to love her for all eternity. Time passed and he started to miss some of his friends and family in Eire. She told him, "Three hundred years have passed my love. Your friends and family are most likely dead." He did not believe her and wanted to go and see for himself. Though it did sadden her, she relented and gave him her permission to leave, saying unto him, "I will give you this magic white steed to carry you safely to Eire. But if you leave the horse and your feet should touch the ground you will never return to me." He set forth for Eire. It was as she had said. Everything had changed his family and friends were indeed long dead and he wept for them. He turned the horse and started to return to Niamh. On the way he came across an old man mending his stone walls and offered to help. Never leaving the horse's back or letting a foot touch the ground he helped. Soon there was but one stone left. As he leaned to help put it in place, he lost his balance and started to fall. He reached out and grabbed the mane of the horse. The hair pulled free and he fell hard to the ground. There was a loud peal of thunder. He was instantly transformed into a wizened old man. He soon died, but not of old age, as one might have thought, but of being without the one he loved.

As told by Leonhard Von Lowenturm





DEDICATED TO OUR BARON AND BARONESS

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. John Selden

His designs were strictly honourable, as the saying is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. Henry Fielding

Courtship to marriage, as a very witty prologue to a very dull play. William Congreve

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. John Selden

Love is not love/ Which alters when it alterations find,/or tends with the remover to remove:/O, not it is an everfixed mark. William Shakespeare

O curse of marriage! / That we can call these delicate creatures ours. / And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad. / And live upon the vapour of dungeon, / Than keep a corner in the thing I love / For others' uses. "Othello" William Shakespeare

# From the Minister of Children

Greetings from the MOC. I have heard many people ask questions concerning what constitutes an art or a science. So I feel this article from the "College of Kestrel" will be useful to both the children and adults of our group.

In the SCA, we divide medieval crafts into two groups, arts and sciences. Sometimes people disagree about which crafts are arts and which are sciences. The most common division of arts and sciences are listed here.

## Arts

### Fine Arts

Painting

Sculpture

Drawing

### Creative Literature

Poetry

Prose (stories & tales)

Songwriting

### Dance

### Music Composition

### Performing Arts

Singing

Drama

Instrumental Music

Bardic Recitation

Juggling

### Fiber Arts

Weaving

Spinning

Dying cloth or wool yarn

### Needlework & Embroidery

Costuming (sewing garb)

Calligraphy & Illumination

Glass-work (stained glass)

## Sciences

Historical Research

Armoring

Metal Working

Woodworking

Paper Making

Making Pens, Inks &

Pigments

Bowmaking

Arrow Fletching

Cookery

Shoe & Boot Making

Leather Working

Lapidary (gem setting)

Herbalism

Ceramics (pottery)

Chandlering (candle making)

Soap Making

Book-Binding

Brewing & Vintning

Making Tools for Use

in the Arts

I hope you will find this useful in your endeavors in entering Arts & Sciences.  
Ldy. Anne Mercier Bromere

As printed in "The College of Kestrel", by Ldy. Pandora of Windywoode.

"Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage."  
"Twelfth Night" William Shakespeare

Benedick the married man. "Much Ado About Nothing" William Shakespeare

#### POSTSCRIPT

Our new Dragonflyre policy is that each household (address-wise) will get a newsletter free, if you come populace meeting. If you can't make it to populace meeting, you need to provide me with stamps in an envelope with your name on the outside. There are two reason for giving them out at populace meeting, one is to get more people to the meetings, and the other is to save postage. We can't afford to pick up the entire tab for the newsletter, and feel that most people will be grateful to receive one free.

If you have subscribed to the Dragonflyre you can request your money back, or donate it to the Barony. This is entirely up to you and whatever you decide to do is fine. Thank you for your patience and support.

Brialen

I say, we will have no more marriages. "Hamlet" William Shakespeare

This is the Dragonflyre, a publication of the Barony of Vativa of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. The Dragonflyre is available from Deborah Taylor at 1137 Gidley, Wichita, KS 67216. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. and does not delineate SCA policies.

My staff consists of Lord Dirik and Lady Maren, my "legs" and stapling crew. Thanks >

STAFF

Cover Art: Her Ladyship Marie