

June 95

The Dragonflyer



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Handwritten signature

The Dragonflyer c/o
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Wichita, KS 67216

Last months cover art was by Lady Odindesa, this months is by Ann Foxmore

My staff consists of the very patient Lord Derik von Rossvald and Lady Maren. Many thanks.

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Warm greetings unto the Populace of Vativia from Gabriel and Rhianwen, Baron and Baroness of these fair lands by the Grace of Their Majesties.

Errata: That was an "r" last time. It only looked like a "t".

Thanks go to quite a few people for Lilies. For the War Chest donations, Margarete made a hood, Marie made some handbound books, Maeve assembled three necklaces, John made a pouch, Rhianwen made a shade fly, Sibeal donated rose petal wine and some small bottles of another fine brew, and Kerare made mead and donated a fine jar of salt, a jar of spice and a wooden box. Eckerich also selected some nice items from lost and found that no one would claim and donated them.

For the Vativian parties, a thousand thanks go to Sibeal and Brialen for cooking the food. Brialen, Courtney, Margarete, and Randall prepared the food for the parties and ensured that the plates were full.

Odindisa spend most of her War bearing water to the troops, so additional thanks go to her not only from us, but from the fighters and marshals at large.

Congratulations are in order for Duncan. He received his Award of Arms at Lillies. (He also made a pretty amazing showing in the Torchlight Tournament hosted in our camp by His Highness).

Our Baronial Birthday Bash is coming up on the weekend of July 8th at Cheney Reservoir. It promises to be a fine camping event; we hope that you are able to attend. We are planning to hold Baronial Court at that time.

The Baronial Directory is currently being updated. If you have an addition or correction from the last one, please see Rhianwen.

Gabriel

Rhianwen



OFFICERS' MEETING MINUTES JUNE 5, 1995

22 members attended: 16 officers/deputies/champions, 6 members of the populace.

The meeting was called to order. Officer reports followed.

The MOC reported that her warrant is up this July. Applications are being taken. The MOS's representative requested that the artisans and informed people please let the MOS know what is being done in the sciences. The MOA announced the dance practice information; Rhianwen announced the fighter practice information. The Archer Marshall is now also the southwest regional deputy for archery. Archery practice is currently awaiting confirmation from Kansas Newman for permission to hold practice there.

The Chatelaine reported on a proposed project for recruitment by Sir Stephen. Re-doing the business cards was discussed. The Herald had no new information to report. Each Champion reported. Bardic will have sessions concurrent with fighter practice if there is interest. The Luchisnik has a practice location available. Contact him. The Arts and Sciences champion has several potential projects she would like to start.

The Seneschal, Eckerich, reported on the background and current status of Bash-A-Knight. The activity is allegedly proscribed at a Society level at this time. Anyone interested in reading, or wishing to contribute input to the proposed safety guide he is putting together on the issue, please contact him.

Final plans and preparations for Vatavia's activities at Lilies were covered. Brialen gave a summary of the Free U classes given and recommended the organizations continued participation. Those present agreed.

Summer events were discussed. Three proposals were presented. A possible demo is being planned. One of the bids was accepted for the Baronial birthday event and planning was started. The current status on Valor was given.

The meeting adjourned.



FROM THE KNIGHT MARSHAL



Unto the Good and Gentle Populace of Vatavia come these Greetings and Good wishes on the twelfth day of May, ASXXX.

My Lords and Ladies,

Recently I took over from Ld Throttmar as Knight Marshal for Vatavia. I thank Ld Throttmar for all he has done, and wish him well, as do we all.

Just a few general notes regarding fighting in Vatavia: Fighter practice is at noon on Sunday, in North Linwood Park, until we decide to go home. Fighter practice is cancelled in the event of inclement weather. Traditionally, fighter practice has been cancelled out of hand on weekends of major kingdom events, but if possible I would like to approach these on a week-to-week basis. If there are any fighters who will be in town on such a date, and I am also in town, fighter practice is on. And until further notice, practice will remain at 12 noon; lets see how the weather develops before we go to our "summer hours".

I ask all fighters to make contact with me at an upcoming practice so that I may update the group status report for July. It is important that all information be kept up to date, and I rely on you fighters to help in keeping our files up to date. I especially hope to hear from those new fighters just taking up the sword and shield, and those who have moved recently into the Barony.

I wish to extend an open and standing invitation to all the Good Populace of Vatavia to join the fighter practice. This is a perfect time for us to get together as a Barony on a more regular basis. Bring your arts and your sciences, your bardic and heraldic projects, or just bring yourself to socialize.

In closing, I wish to thank the Baronage, officers and populace for giving me this opportunity to serve. Anyone with questions or concerns about the state of fighting affairs in Vatavia should feel free to contact me at any time. Until such another missive should come forth, know that I remain

In service to Vatavia

Niall Mac a Ghobhainn
Chris Mayer
262-8141 (leave a message)

THANK YOU

Unto those Good Gentles who participated in the Living History Area of RenFaire, comes these words of greetings from Lady Eleanor. Thank you all for your assistance at one of the wettest and muddiest Renfares in my short memory. I know many of you risked damage to both projects and garb in the name of showing what is historically best about the re-creation process of the SCA.

In gratitude,

EfR

A TALE OF TWO FAIRS

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Well, maybe not. But it was early in the morning as I rolled out of bed. After a light repast, I hitched up the team and drove over to the house where my two fellow travelers were staying. This day we were travelling to the great medieval Faire that was occurring in the Barony of Namron.

Upon reaching the fair, we learned that we were among the first Vatavians there, though many had begun the trip the day before. I was greeted by an old friend whom I had not seen for many a year: Lady Margarite Isabeau. After speaking for a few minutes, she had to leave to carry out her duties for the day, and I to explore the encampment.

The Vatavians were ensconced in a tent next to the baronial pavilion on the east side of the list field sitting on top of a long ridge overlooking the faire. To the northwest under some trees were various displays and a forge. Among the displays was a chess board of the Byzantine style decorated by some of the thinnest mosaic tiles I had ever seen. There was also a jar lid decorated in the same manner with the image of Our Lord.

As the rest of the troop slowly arrived, it was learned that our first performance would be at the baronial meal shortly before none. As this was several hours away, I went out to examine the faire.

The faire filled a small valley, the floor of which was occupied by a large pond, which was crossed in the center by a high arching stone bridge. There were merchants of weaponry, jewelry, pottery, glassware, food from all lands. There were minstrels, mimes, actors, jugglers, acrobats, and dancers to entertain the crowds. On the far ridge was a jousting field, though I did not see a single pass. And in a quiet glen there was an outdoor chapel for weddings.

The none meal was for the Baronage of Namron, Wiesenfeuer, and the Baroness of Eldern Hills. We did two more sets over the course of the faire, all of which were well received with a number of people joining in.

I stayed the night in the home of Lady Margaret and her husband. Who can refuse a meal by one of the finest cooks of Ansteorra, even if it was only beef stew? Among the guests at the table was Sir Jonathan the premier duke of Ansteorra. Far into the night Lady

Margarite and I chatted about old times, old friends, and the passage of events since she had left Vativia.

Shortly after our final performance on the last day, I gathered my fellow travelers and left for home. I bore with me a message for Duke Sir Gabriel. As we traveled north the weather turned cold and cloudy. Little did we realize that it was an omen of things to come.

Three weeks later, I again woke up early to travel to a faire, though this one was not so far away. This one was located at the local college. As I gathered my accouterments the sky was overcast, but the reports had promised sun for the afternoon. But as I left it began to rain.

Arriving at the faire, I met with one of the minstrels who questioned the sanity of the upcoming endeavor. I pressed on to join the rest of the barony which was rearranging pavilions in response to the various pools of water that were forming.

For the first time in eleven years we were not in our accustomed place. While construction did not touch the old dell, much of the rest of the faire grounds had been altered. The new dell was hard by the library with the rest of the faire nestled among the woods to the west. I seemed to recall the last time the faire was on these grounds, the weather sprang a few surprises.

The rain soon ended and we began our final preparations as a few hardy souls began perusing the faire's offerings. And despite the clouds, the crowds came.

So we fought, danced, and were beaten upon by smalls. The list field became a large wallow that was repeatedly filled with straw. The baronage even settled a few disputes over domestic chores.

Again this year the faire royalty had vaguely familiar faces from the past, and court fool had more than a passing resemblance to the bardic champion. Makes you wonder about bards. Towards the end of the faire, their Majesties presented their Excellencies a stained glass dragonfly in appreciation of the baronial efforts at the faire.

As the final blows rang from the list, we began to pack up our goods and take down our pavilions. And as the wagons were being loaded it began to rain again. And so the faire ended as it began, and another faire season came to a close. After helping their Majesties with their packing, I too went home to a far, far better rest than I have ever known.

Humbly submitted by Friar Thomas

We ought to do good to others as simply and naturally as a horse runs, or a bee makes honey, or a vine bears grapes season after season without thinking of the grapes it has borne.

Marcus Aurelius

The SCA: We have archaic and eat it too!

It's morning in Calontir, and it's not my fault.

"Fantasy as the bait, with history as the hook."

- W. Heydt on the SCA

"If you can't say something nice, come sit by me."

- Duchs. Hywella

Would you like to take part in a Perfectly Period Party but didn't think you could pull off your persona? Do you hesitate to sign up for one? Go ahead - it's well worth the effort, you'll learn something about your time period and enjoy good company as well.

You will find it easier to blend into the group if you have something to discuss, and it can lead you to discover what your persona would have owned for clothing and jewelry, feast gear etc. Here are some guidelines to help you start thinking about your persona:

1. What's your name - Why? Does it reflect something from your culture? If it's a mixed cultural name, why? Know cultural naming practices.
2. Where are you from? What part of the country, bigtown? Farm? Something in between? What types of things would you have done? How does it affect your attitude toward your world?
3. When were you born? What's going on in your time period? It helps to know some place names around you. It also helps to know something about what's going on in the world around you. Is anyone fighting with anyone else, (Civil wars? International wars?) Or are you living in a period of peace and plenty.
4. Who are you? Did you come from a wealthy family? Middle class? Poor?
5. Who do you live with? Mom & Dad? Your rich, elderly husband who is in poor health? Are you a vagabond on your own? What is your trade or occupation?
6. Do you work? Are there local, county or foreign markets you deal with?
7. What do you wear? Where you live or your trade will influence your dress. My Daddy gets me all the fine jewelry I want when he goes Viking. I love my Dad.
8. Think about what you eat. Is it mostly fish? Your refrigerator won't be delivered for quite a while, so you are probably eating what's in season. What are the regional variations for common foods.
9. What do you do for fun? What How do you fill your free time? Why do you do what you do?

10. How were you educated? What did your lessons cover? Where were the learning centers in your world? Who taught you? What ideas are prevalent in your world?
11. Who is in charge of your world? Who is important to you? Your persona would know this.

I hope you can party with the best of them now. Good luck.

To the Populace of Vatavia from the Valor/Outlands InterKingdom autocrats, Lady Ala and Baroness Brialen

Valor is fast approaching and we thought it was time for an update. As you know, it's a Barony's responsibility to help local groups, and we are honored to include West Umbria and Thusedfelds in our plans for Valor/InterKingdom. West Umbria has graciously offered to sponsor troll, but we still need Vatavians to help. Thusedfelds is sponsoring the tavern and we are sure they will do a great job. We still have need of people to help in the tavern (we would like to bring back the idea of tavern wenches - or laddies), and for set up and later, clean up. The heralds will always accept help. We would like ideas for site tokens. and help making them. We would like Vatavia and the populace to really shine and it will take help from everyone.

On another matter, we heard that last winter Camp Hiawatha had some problems with water. We checked with the Kansas Dept. of Health and Environment and found that this had been true. Camp Hiawatha had tested with a nitrate level of 11 one month, and a level of 13 another. Since then the levels have within the acceptable level. The KHE informed us that a nitrate level of 20 was allowed in Wichita public school water and that the only thing linked to high nitrate was "blue baby syndrome", and that wasn't confirmed, in addition the level in that case was 184. They also told us that wells in agricultrual areas had much higher levels because this is caused as a by product of fertilizing fields.

Greetings from to all the Good Gentles from Vatavia's roving reporter.

I don't know who said that war is hell, but obviously they weren't at the recent Lilies War. It not only wasn't hell, but a great good time was had by all. Even the fighters who did battle!

The week had something for everyone, classes, fighting (ask Maggie about the fighter who drug her out of the line after he couldn't kill her any other way), archery, shopping, drumming, dancing (ask Rhianwen where you are supposed to point them-I know it doesn't make sense, just ask her), visiting with old friends, making new ones and PARTIES!! (Ask Brialen about the Daiquiri party - what do Scotsmen wear under kilts anyway?) If you couldn't be there - you missed out on a great time. (ask Eckerich about anything-he'll only tell you about armor, but you can ask anyway). The weather was perfect and Vatavia had the honor of hosting the Kingdom two times, once on Friday, and again on Saturday at the torchlight tourney. (Brialen had to personally repel an aquatic invading force at the torchlight tourney - where was Hal when we needed him?)

Do you get the feeling that you don't quite know what I'm talking about? Are you asking yourself, "Self, who is Hal and what has he got to do with water anyway?" That's because you weren't there! Next time you should be.

THREE MINUTE HERALDRY, by Ld. Ian of Treemoore

The following article is my way of assisting some of the over-worked heralds who will no doubt be asked the same two basic questions at the War this June: "Why do I have to use a blazon for my device---why can't I just show you what I want to use in a drawing?", and, "If it's only a matter of differencing my shield by a point, why can't I just substitute the color of the field with Orange, or use Lavender instead of Purple?"

The biggest problem with books on heraldry is that they tend to be on the snobbish side, and they rarely if ever explain by example why blazons are an extremely economical way of quickly describing one's device. They also fail to explain how the tightness of the armorial system works to one's advantage.

The following fictional examples will help.

STORY ONE: two princes are kidnapped in their youth and then much later escape back to their home country. Prince Cedric, who was taken by the Pirates of Malta, was always an obedient, studious son, so when his father, the King, is skeptical that it is indeed Cedric, Cedric needs only to recite a short, ten-word blazon (Cedric's own personal arms, which are slightly differenced from the King's) to prove to the King that he is who he is. This entire action takes Cedric about three seconds and about one micro-calorie of energy. As simple as that.

Cedric's brother, Prince Humphrey, had been a rather insistent sod who thought himself much more clever than his father's heralds, so when he presents the King a drawing of his arms after having fled from the Pirates of Corsica (the sketch of which is a crude, stick-figured thing which has long-since faded into a mucky mess), imagine Humphrey's surprise when his father tosses him off a cliff as an imposter.

STORY TWO: Duke Phillip and his hastily-assembled army of townspeople are in flight after a failed first skirmish with the Baron's usurper sons, Geoffrey (red surcoat) and Gilbert (yellow surcoat). Now, normally, the Duke would only have to rally perhaps a third of the townspeople to repulse the attackers, as the townspeople outnumber the attackers ten to one. But as the Duke approaches a large gathering of retreating townspeople, the following conversation takes place.

"It's the Duke! I know him by his orange tabbard!"

"No, wait a minute. Maybe it's Gilbert, and it only looks orange because his spilled blood on it. Or maybe it's Geoffrey, and he fell in a creek and the colors washed out."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Let's fire a volley of arrows just to be on the safe side."

As the Duke is being made into a human pin cushion, his last thoughts are, "They told me Orange was not one of the five legal colors, but ooooooooooooo..."

BARON

Gabriel ap Morgan

Boy Duke

BARONESS

Rhianwen

269-3853

SENESCHAL

Eckerich Roothvalken

von Stromberg

Minister of Children

Ann Bromere

684-1953

CALTROP

Leonhard Von Lowensturm

942-3643

TREASURER

Maeve Kelley De Navarre

636-5605

CHRONICLER

Brialen

524-0917

KNIGHTS MARSHAL

Niall Mac a Ghobhainn

262-8141

MINISTER OF ARTS

Muirenn Dubh

687-5850

MINISTER OF SCIENCES

Kerare de Jorses

686-6893

ARCHER MARSHAL

Little John

682-0394

SERF LINE

BOG-SERF
or 263-7373