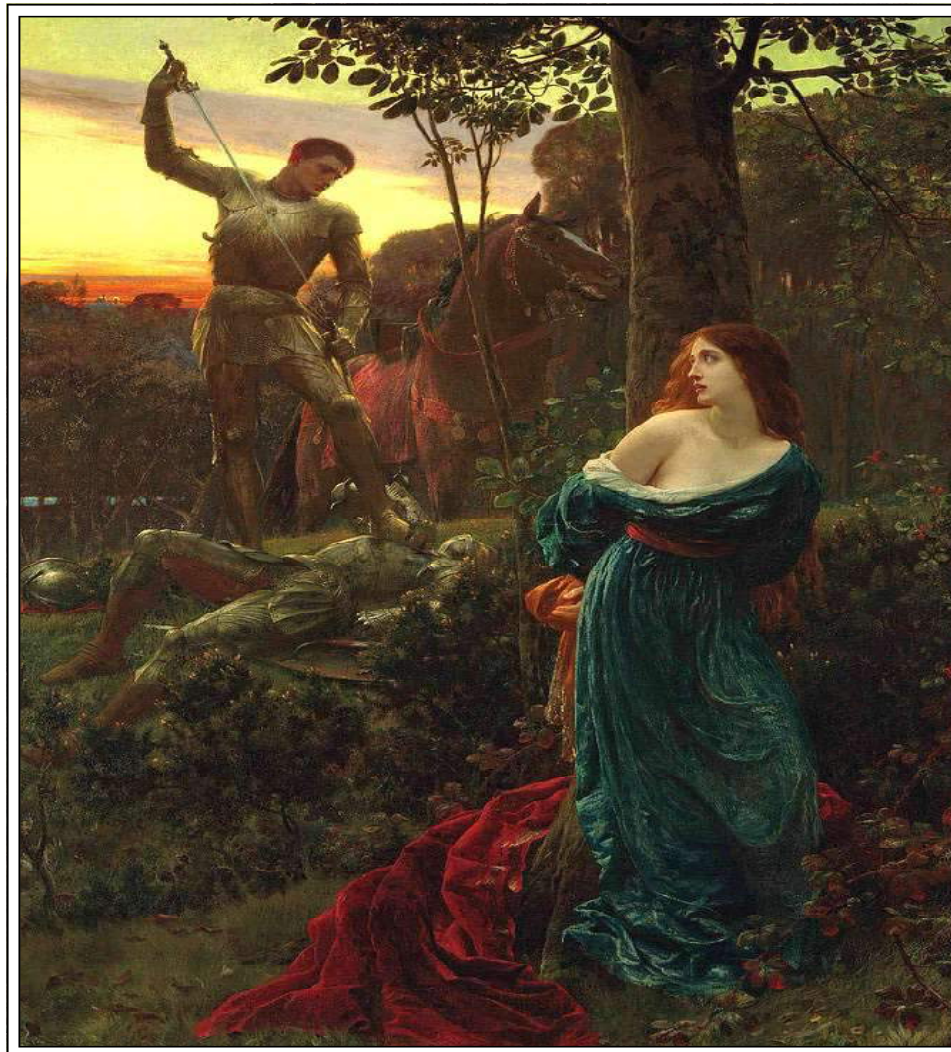


CHIVALRY LOVES COMPANY



Frank Bernard Dicksee - Ritterlichkeit (1885)

IN THIS ISSUE:

- How To Make Roman Sandals
- The Mysterious Stranger - A Christmas Story
- Phalera: Ancient Military Awards of the Roman Empire
- Why the SCA Needs Light Combat
- A Rustic Medieval French Brunch
- Plus all of our regular columns and so much more...



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Your local officers are the individuals who help facilitate the activities and events that everyone in the Shire gets to enjoy and make sure that the Shire operates smoothly. While many officer positions in the Shire are not specifically required, all, when filled, contribute to the Shire in many ways. If you see that a position is VACANT and you have an interest in serving the Shire as an officer, please contact the Seneschal for additional information.

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Curious? Want More SCA?

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR THE SHIRE OF GLENN LINN, OUR ACTIVITIES AND THE "CURRENT MIDDLE AGES," CONTACT US. WE OFFER FREE PRESENTATIONS AND DEMONSTRATIONS FOR CHURCH GROUPS, SCHOOLS, YOUTH GROUPS, CLUBS, CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE SHIRE OF GLENN LINN:
WWW.GLENNLINN.EASTKINGDOM.ORG
[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/GROUPS/GLENNLINN/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/glennlinn/)

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The CASCADIAN: Official Newsletter of the Shire of Glenn Linn
<http://glennlinn.eastkingdom.org/>

JUN 2021
PAGE 02

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Shire Officers	02
Table of Contents	03
What's On Your Calendar	03
From the Publishers Desk	04
Back In Time.....	04
The Squealer	05
Phalera: Ancient Military Awards of the Roman Empire.....	06
Resources for Reenactors	07
Eludications for Artisans: Roman Sandals	08
Light Combat: Why the SCA Needs It.....	10
The Vigil	12
The Words We Use	12
Epicuria: Rustic Medieval French Brunch	13
Media Musings: The Warrior and the Sorceress	15
Ut Ludos Ludere: Glückshaus	16
Ye Old Book of Song: Calin o Custure Me	17
Poetry Page	18
The Tale End: The Mysterious Stranger	19
Funny For Fun	24



AWARD RECOMMENDATIONS

While awards and honors generally come from the hands of the Royalty, they depend upon the citizens of the Kingdom to tell them about folks who are deserving of awards. Remember, anyone can recommend individuals for a large number of awards.

It's usually a good idea to check the East Kingdom Order of Precedence to see if the individual already has an award:

<https://op.eastkingdom.org/op.php>

Once you are ready to make a recommendation:

<https://surveys.eastkingdom.org/index.php/945932/lang-en>

What's On YOUR Calendar?

You're invited! Every member of the public is invited to take part in our activities, workshops, meetings, or events. Workshops sometimes require a material fee. Entry fees, if any, for some events are reduced for registered members. However, formal membership is NOT required.

MEETINGS, EVENTS & ACTIVITIES

Business Meetings: Glenn Linn has quarterly business meetings in Nov, Feb, May and Aug. Additional meetings may be scheduled as needed to attend to Shire Business.

Arts & Science: The Shire holds A&S workshops throughout the year where individuals can learn and practice skills and activities such as such making garb (clothing), cooking, brewing, leather working, medieval games, period music and dance and a large variety of other subjects.

Practices: Glenn Linn runs a variety of practices (some seasonal) throughout our region. Archery, thrown weapons, heavy and youth combat, fencing and more can all be learned and mastered at these practices.

Events: The Shire holds four quarterly events throughout the year in Jan, Apr, Jul and Oct. These events can incorporate any and all of the normal activities found within the hobby and also often incorporate a theme and additional elements unique to the event.

Demos: Glenn Linn regularly plans and / or participates in various demonstrations with and for an assortment of institutions and organizations throughout the year. These demonstrations are designed to educate the public about various aspects of the time period covered by our hobby as well as about the Shire of Glenn Linn, the SCA and associated organizations.

Specific information on all activities dates, time and locations can be found on the official Shire Calendar on our Web Site. The official Shire of Glenn Linn Web Site is the only "official" source for information about our activities and events. You can find the calendar at:





From the Publisher's Desk

Greetings again and welcome to the culmination of the first full run since volume 6 (1993-1994). I will take a moment to pat myself on the back and wait for the might cry of "Huzzah" to pass. The Cascadian began as a monthly news letter back when news letters actually meant something. News and information were generally only found within them (as there was no social media) so they were a necessity. The monthly edition format continued up through the end of the 6th volume. The 7th volume began with a monthly publication but ended with a couple of "seasonal" editions, notably for Spring and Summer. The following volume appears to have been planned to follow the format but again only two "seasons" were covered. After that, publication became sporadic at best, with the publication schedule in the hands of the Shire Chronicler. When there was no chronicler, the Cascadian faded away to be revived and revised if and when the position was filled. Over the past seven years, the Cascadian has been in "constant" publication but, for one reason or another has not, up till now, produced a full volume of editions as planned. So I suppose this is a mile stone of sorts, especially in today's environment when everyone will read and write on social media platforms but seldom consider submitting to a news letter. In fact, many will not even read one, which is understandable, when you consider that any information you desire is only a google search away. Because of this, many "News Letters" have become little more than a combination Regnum and Meeting Minutes with, if you are lucky, some officer reports.

Those of you who have been following along will at this point note that the Cascadian does no longer publish meeting minutes but does indeed present the Shire Regnum and the occasional officer report. Hopefully that is not all you have noticed. We (yes, that is the Royal we) at the Cascadian have taken a stance to halt and reverse this trend by presenting a newsletter fully equal to those of yesteryear...a newsletter packed full of useful information, how to instructions, fun and games and many regular columns designed to bring a bit of the medieval into your lives each quarter. On top of this we attempt to preserve the history of the shire with reports on current happenings and to serve as a repository for new comers to access to learn more about the hobby and how to get started in it. Are we succeeding? Are we failing? Only you, the reader knows. Have you found anything informative or helpful between our covers? If so, then our efforts are a success and that makes the job worth doing.



Back In Time

Roman Harvest Festivals

June is said to be named after the Roman goddess Juno who was the goddess of fertility and fruitfulness. June was when the grain crops began to ripen and farmers were hoping and praying for a good harvest.

After Mid-summer, the days began to get shorter and in several European countries people would light bonfires to encourage the sun to stay longer, and to keep away witches.

The Roman harvest celebration of Cerealia was dedicated to the honor of Ceres, their goddess of corn. Held each year on October 4th, the celebration included offerings of the first fruits of the harvest and pigs to the goddess, music, parades, games, sports and a thanksgiving feast.



Keepers' of Athena's Thimble
East Kingdom Embroidery Guild



Did you know anyone can become part of Athena's Thimble!

All are welcome at any meeting to learn something new or to show off your own talents and to meet friends and relax!

We normally meet in Albany at Lady Ruth's home.

We can be found on...

Website: <http://www.athenasthimble.com/index.htm>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/KeepersOfAthenasThimble/>

If you need directions, please email Arnliel at: redlioncanoe77@gmail.com



The CASCADIAN: Official Newsletter of the Shire of Glenn Linn
<http://glennlinn.eastkingdom.org/>

JUN 2021
PAGE 04



THE SQUEALER

A QUARTERLY COLUMN OF
CURRENT COGNIZANCE

Greetings and well met once more. As is always, my better half, Madam Blandings, the vocalic porcine ungulate, and I have availed ourselves of all the back fence rumors, wash tub gossip and general tongue wagging so that you, our beloved readers, need not do so. Instead, simply lend us your ears, or eyes as it were and we shall regale you with all the new and refreshing chatter worth repeating.

First, as is sadly usual, the plague continues, but, so to does life and its myriad activities. Indeed, even the Kingdom has shook itself from the year long somnolence and, as reported last, held a crown tournament to determine which poor benighted souls would next bare the burden of the crowns magisterial. Tournaments were fought and, in a rapid display of perfunctory demission, our former Consuls passed the Eastern anadems onto their successors, Ioannes Serpentius and his consort Ro Honig von Sommerfeldt. Huzzah! we say, and of course, long life! to the new royalty, or perhaps, old royalty as this is not their first time upon the perch most lofty. Indeed, the good Madam points out that fully one third of the last fifty or so royals have been either a Serpentius or a Drachenklaue and as such, we should perhaps follow the inclinations of the renowned Of course, Madam Blandings sense of humor tends to be rather droll.

Closer to home, with home being defined as the borders of the Shire, although there is certainly nothing to stop those who live beyond our borders to consider the Shire as home as well, we have experienced a slight serge in populace as some individuals have immigrated from Concordia (the Barony to our south) and taken up residence with the green rolling hills and valleys of our beautiful Shire. Were they fleeing the plague? Perhaps. Everyone knows that the fresh country air and wide open spaces is a sure fire remedy for and contagion. We however prefer to think that the allure of our Shire was simply too much to resist. We wish to welcome our new transplants and look forward to their long and happy presence here in the Shire.

While on the subject of exciting news, the good folk of the Shire along with friends from the south gathered on the last Sunday of August to practice their archery. This would be the first official practice for the Shire in well over a year and a half. For those who know, archery, along with thrown weapons, had been the mainstay for martial activities up until the beginning of the plague. Often highly attended and more often then not included food, drink and

other merryments to delight and entertain the populace, these practices were sadly missed. This most recent practice, while less festive and of short duration was a wonderful first step toward getting the Shires activities up and running again. The new archery site is well equipped and more centrally located then the old one and everyone enjoyed the day. Eleven people attended and most submitted rolyal round scores. It certainly looks like the coming months may harken a new awakening for Glenn Linn. I, and dear old Blandings certainly hope the the coming months will give us plenty to talk about.

PRITHEE PAY HEED...

Good folk and friends of the Shire, the Cascadian is the quarterly news letter of the Shire of Glenn Linn. That means it is your news letter. We all know that both the Shire folk and our regional friends are talented, knowledgable individuals...and that is what we need to help make the Cascadian both useful and entertaining for new folk and old hands alike. So, if you can draw, take pictures, write songs, poems instructional or informational articles, the Cascadian is the place to display your ability and share your knowledge.

Please E-mail submissions to:

deputy.chronicler@glennlinn.eastkingdom.org

OYEZ! OYEZ!

What is the Valiance Proposal?

The Valiance proposal is designed to provide a pathway to peerage recognition for those individuals in each kingdom who excel in both knowledge and skill in archery, thrown weapons, siege, equestrian, or any other SCA martial activities not covered by the existing peerages.

Why do we Need it?

So that every member of the SCA can pursue their chosen path to peerage.

TO FIND OUT WHAT THE MOVEMENT IS ABOUT

<http://endlesshills.net/valianceproposal.pdf>



GENERAL



ARCHERY



EQUESTRIAN



SIEGE



THROWN



The CASCADIAN: Official Newsletter of the Shire of Glenn Linn

<http://glennlinn.eastkingdom.org/>

JUN 2021

PAGE 05



PHALERA

ANCIENT MILITARY AWARDS OF THE
ROMAN EMPIRE

"In front of the eagles marched the prefects of the camp, the tribunes and the centurions of the first rank, all dressed in white, the other centurions marched with their respective centuries, bearing their arms proudly and showing their decorations, as for other ranks they sparkled with phalerae and neck torcs"

Tacitus Hist II.49

The Roman military machine, originating as a volunteer force of citizen soldiers that gathered for singular campaigns, evolved over time into a professional army whose members made a decades long commitment upon enlisting. As is the case with most such organizations, the Roman military awarded various "decorations" to provide the recipients with a material symbol of pride that acknowledged their bravery, superior behavior and great accomplishments. Particularly deserving soldiers and officers of the Roman army were granted marks of honor (Dona Militaria). While there was a variety of such awards that made up the Roman Dona Militaria, in this article we will focus on the phalera

Maxfield notes that the earliest recorded examples of such decorations date to the early years of the republic (middle 5th century BCE) and that award-giving on a regular basis came to an end in the early 3rd century CE. While evidence from the Republic is slight, by the late first century a system with a complex hierarchy of awards was in place. Of course, as one might expect the practice of presenting such marks of honor changed in the course of the Republican period and the Principate. During the Republic, each decoration had a specific meaning and was awarded with regard only to the nature of the deed that earned it, without the rank of the recipient playing any role. This system was greatly altered during the Principate when types of award received depended largely upon the recipients military rank rather than degree of heroism displayed. This however was to some extent offset by the fact that the quantity and combination of awards that each rank was eli-



Image 02



Image 03

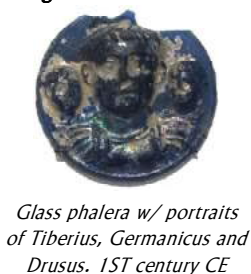
gible for remained flexible enough for the recognition of individual merit. In this article we will look at one particular type of award found in the Roman Dona Militaria: The Phalera.

A phalera was the Roman equivalent to a modern military medal, though few looked like medals as we picture them today. Instead, they were ornately sculpted disc-shaped plates made of various materials including gold, silver, bronze and even glass (see Image 01) that were either worn by the individual soldier, or, when awarded to a military unit, mounted on the staffs of the unit's standards. The term phalera was used by the Romans to designate a number of different things from the badge of rank of a magistrate, to the pendant ornaments on a horse's harness, however the earliest reference to phalerae as military decorations comes in Polybius who states that they were awarded to cavalry, while the equivalent award for infantry was the patell. None of the other literary allusions to phalerae makes it clear whether the recipient is infantry or cavalry and the difference between the phalerae and the patell is not clearly explained. One might suppose that if only cavalry initially received the phalerae, it may have been some type of horse trappings at this early date (Image 2). Regardless, by 89 BCE cavalry were getting both phalerae and patellae and by the Principate, phalerae were being awarded to both foot and horse soldiers and the patella had completely fallen from use.

It is clear that phalerae were not of a single standard design as a number of funerary monuments depict Phalerae of various type. Some were finely decorated with rosettes and the heads of animals and gods in high relief while others were plain discs with a simple central boss. Archaeological finds also reveal that they might be made of various materials including precious and base metals and

even glass. Suetonius records that Augustus rewarded valor with phalerae of silver and gold (but does not record their design). A set of nine Phalerae made of bronze with silver plating was found at Lauersfort near Krefeld (in Germany).

Image 01



Glass phalera w/ portraits of Tiberius, Germanicus and Drusus. 1ST century CE



Fragmentary glass phalera of Emperor Tiberius
Early 1ST century CE



Glass phalera w/ imperial portraits
Early 1ST century CE



Glass phalera
1ST century CE



Composed of nine circular and one crescent shaped piece, all were beautifully worked in high relief with the heads of gods and animals. The significance of the different types is not clear, and it would appear that the variations do not coincide with the differences in rank of the recipients. The monuments show that Cn. Marius (eques) received highly decorated discs, while Cn. Musius (aquilifer), M. Petronius Classicus and Vibius Macer (both centurions) received relatively plain decorations.

It is likely that awards were handed out at the end of a military campaign. The general would gather the troops for a parade and then address the assembled soldiers. Those who had done noteworthy deeds were called out and applauded by the general, who praised the heroism that had earned them the reward. An example of what might earn such praise is recorded by Dionysius of Halicarnassus when he recites the awards earned by a warrior named Lucius Siccius Dentatus for saving the lives of Roman citizens and for being the first over the wall of an enemy city. Once the award was given, the soldier was able to bask in the admiration of his peers while displaying a permanent reminder of that moment. Regular soldiers likely only wore their decorations on parade, however, centurions probably wore them on a regular basis including as part of their battle dress. During parades, a highly decorated Roman Legionary (called a phaleratus) would exhibit his phalerae on a leather chest harness worn over his armor. Honored veterans who had amassed enough medals for a full harness would have of course been highly respected (Image 04).



Resources for Reenactors....



An eclectic collection of web sites, books, articles, videos, films and all other Miscellanea that might prove useful to the reenactment, LARP and gaming community. We point the way...you do the research.



<https://www.armillum.com/en/>

If your interest is Roman period recreation, Armillum has most everything you will need to get your impression up to snuff. Clothing, armor, weapons, shoes and even camp and houseware can be found here, none of which are uncommon at other merchants, but Armillum also has games, religious icons and various other small but important items that go a long way toward perfecting your persona, your camp and your general presentation.



<https://www.der-roemer-shop.de/Home>

Another place to shop for your Roman period persona Der Roemer Shop (the web page is in English) covers not only the presentation of your persona but also has many items that are perfect for teaching about the period and for doing public demos where hands on learning aids are essential. Half historic Recreation and half teaching aids, Der Roemer Shop is 100% useful to the Roman period recreationist.





ELUCIDATIONS FOR ARTISANS - ROMAN SANDALS -

Last issue we brought you the basic pattern for a T-Tunic, most everyone's first and essential piece of garb. This time we will be making some period footwear, which, unsurprisingly, is probably the one item of garb that the majority of folks never add to their kit. Fortunately, as an avid reader of the Cascadian you will be one step ahead of them (pardon the pun) as these Roman Sandals are easy to make, do not require much in the way of tools and supplies and can be matched with a large number of cultures and time periods.

This particular design of sandal was used by the Romans and the various barbarian tribes of central and western Europe over a long period of time. Examples can be found in the London museum (Image 01), in many bog burials and even among the later Highland clans of Scotland, where an example of almost the same pattern can be found in the Edinburgh museum. Called *carbatinae*, they are a sort of moccasin-like sandal made from a single piece of cattle hide with a seam up the back, cut into loops and laced over the foot. While simple in design, *carbatinae* were often decorated with openwork heels and elaborate arrangements of loops.

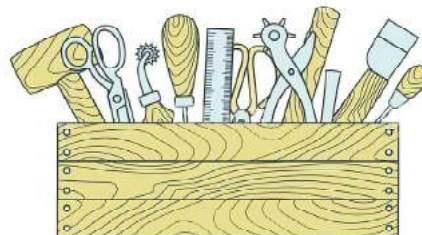
You will find that these sandals are comfortable and will stay on without flapping about or chafing your toes. They are also ideal for camp use, especially in the early morning when dew is on the grass and shoes and stockings can easily become wet, forcing you to go about with damp feet all morning. While these sandals will get wet, they will also quickly dry.

Image 01



What you will need:

- Roman sandal template
- Pen or tailors' chalk
- 2 square feet (roughly) of 4/5 oz vegetable-tanned leather
- X-acto knife or sharp scissors
- A large needle
- An awl or hole punch
- Spool of 2mm waxed cotton thread
- Leather cord for the laces

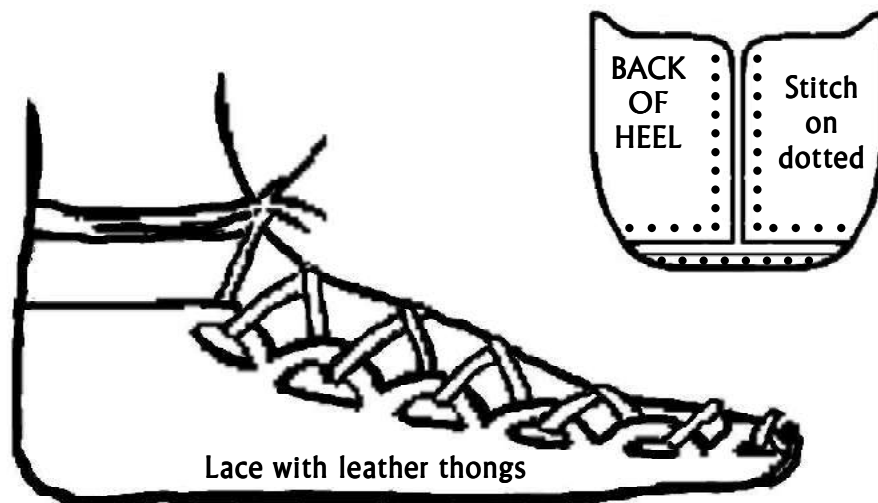
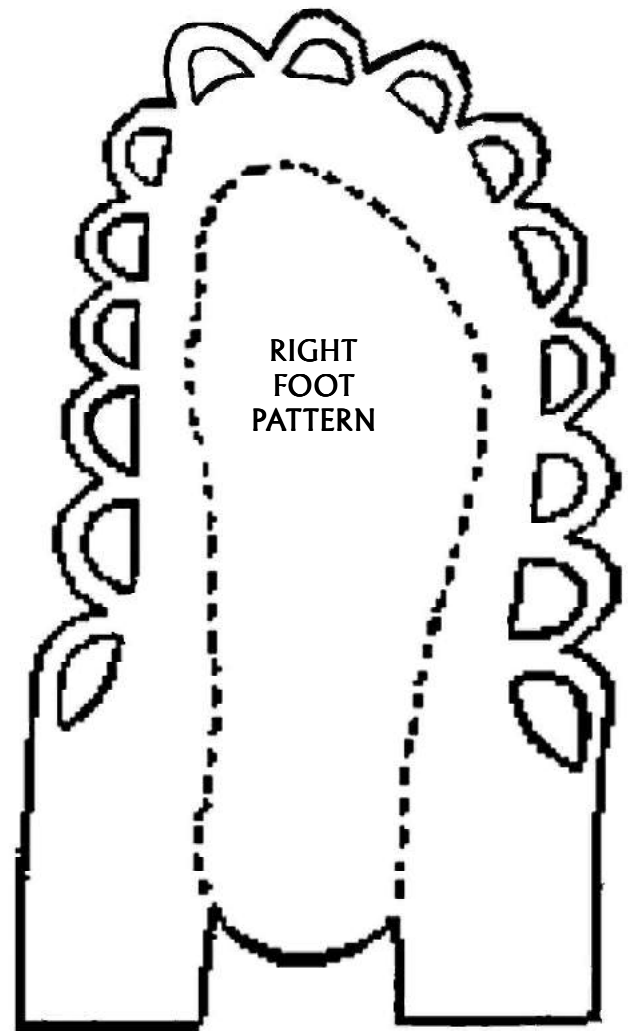
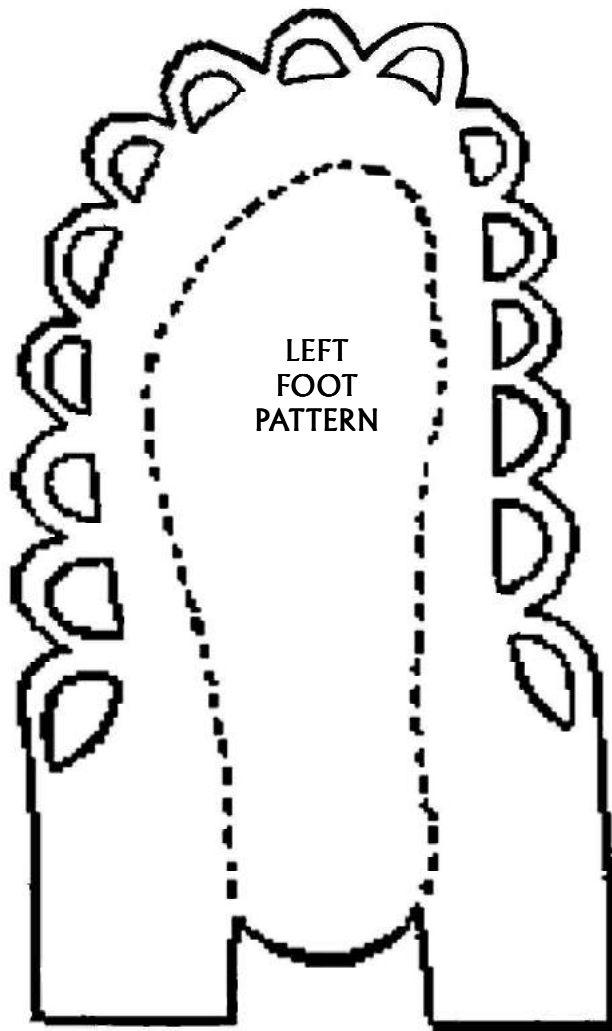


What You Will Do:

- 01) Print the left and right foot patterns, enlarging or decreasing them in size until your foot fits inside the central dotted line leaving roughly 1/4 of an inch all around between your foot and the line.
- 02) Once the pattern is the correct size cut it out from the paper along the dark, solid outer line. Also, cut out all the openings for the lacings.
- 03) Trace around the templates onto the leather and cut them out including the holes for the lacings. Remember to trace onto the top/inside (rough) facing of the leather. The smooth surface is the outside/bottom face of the sandal.
- 04) Punch holes as illustrated for the back of the heels and then using your needle and waxed thread stitch them together.
- 05) Rung leather thongs between the lacing holes as illustrated and then tie the sandals onto your feet.
- 06) Wear your new shoes with pride.

Additional Thoughts: As the soles of these sandals will be relatively thin, you could use padded insoles for added comfort. Additionally, to add to their longevity it would be relatively simple to stitch a thicker leather bottom onto each sandal by just cutting two thick soles using the dotted line as a template and then stitching them onto the bottom of each sandal using the waxed thread. It would also be historically accurate to decorate them as decorated shoes were known in most periods. Finally, these sandals can also be worn with socks or hose for warmth.





Light Combat



WHY THE SCA NEEDS IT

The SCA is noted for the vast number of activities and skills its members participate in and practice but the one activity that often gets the most note is the heavy combat. In the SCA, full contact armored combat using safe "weapons" in place of steel has been in practice since the origination of the Society. Certainly the rules and requirements of heavy combat have evolved and changed over the years to allow for more safe play and a wider variety of combative styles and, at the same time, the overall skill set as well as level of ability among the combatants has also increased.

Ubiquitous at most demo's and events, heavy combat is often cited as the most successful recruitment tool the Society has. This arguably may be true, yet the actual act of participating in heavy combat is not particularly an easy one.

First, heavy combat is highly regulated because of the need for safety. These regulations pertain to both the comportment of the combatants and the equipment, both armor and weapons, that they use. While the rules and guidelines of play are easy enough to learn, the skills and requisite physical ability to do well in heavy combat are not so easily garnered. Add to this the overall cost of a full set of legal safety equipment (armor) which, even if purchased used, runs into the hundreds of dollars, means that heavy combat is one of the more expensive and difficult activities to participate in in the SCA.

Of course, there is loaner gear that can be borrowed, but the welcome to dilettantes who wish to dabble and will never have their own gear (regardless of reason) tends to end much more quickly than at the archery or thrown weapon ranges where loaner gear is almost always universally available whether it is your first or 100th time attending.

Yet heavy combat continues to be a large draw with an almost cult-like adherence to those who can afford to play. A lot of this

being due to the fact that heavy combat community is always welcoming and ready to assist those individuals who commit themselves into getting suited up and participating.

For many years, the SCA was the only real game in town when it came to this hobby. Yes, there were other organizations, but none reached the size and scope of the SCA and many of the others basically followed the rules of the SCA for the most part. This meant that if you were interested in recreating combat along with other things medieval you were likely going to be steered into SCA heavy combat, with its associated costs and commitments.

Over the past few decades however, things have begun to change. Many new "battle game" and LARP organizations of sprung up and quickly recruited large participant bases around the world. Some of these organizations differed significantly from the SCA, focusing on "Role Playing" and including things like character classes and magic as part of their combat systems. Others differ little from the SCA, focusing on combat, arts and sciences, camping and other events etc. All however do differ from the SCA in one important way: Combat. TheLARPS and Battle Games use a style of combat that I will hence forth refer to as Light Combat (as opposed to the SCA Heavy Combat). This light combat system uses foam / padded weapons and, because of this, does not require all of the safety equipment (armor) that heavy combat requires. By eliminating this added expense, light combat becomes open to almost everyone.

Yes, each organization has a rule set to regulate the safety of the light combat, but as the possibility of physical damage from the foam weapons is minimal at worst, the rules and safety requirements are little if any deterrent to participation. Because of this, combat is undertaken by nearly every participant in these organizations. Certainly there are individuals who do not fight, but they are a very small percentage of the overall participants. And, as there is not a large investment up front in order to participate in light combat, anyone, even a first time participant, can walk up and join in the fighting (ilagine if you would, an SCA event where 90 to 95% of those attending spend at least part of the day fighting before moving on to other activities). In addition, statistically, these LARP and battle game organizations are drawing in the younger participants while the aggregate age of those participating in the SCA keeps increasing.

I would suggest, and truly believe, that what the SCA needs is to introduce and include a light combat component into our events and activities. This will allow any individuals, with a minimum of expense and a basic instruction in safety, to participate in a combat activity. To help promote this idea, we will be runing a series of articles in the Cascadian providing instruction and guidelines for a system of light combat. Watch the coming issues for information on suggested rules and equipment construction.





The Shire Needs You!

We Have...

Officer Positions

Deputy Positions

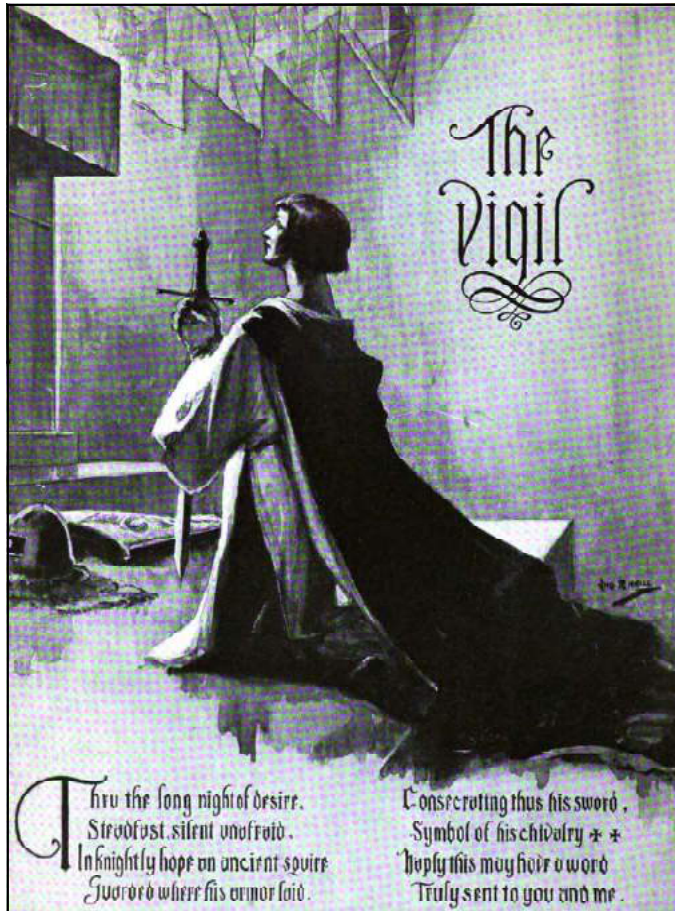
Event Stewardships

& Marshalates

Available to be filled.

**Together We Can
Make The Shire Great Again**



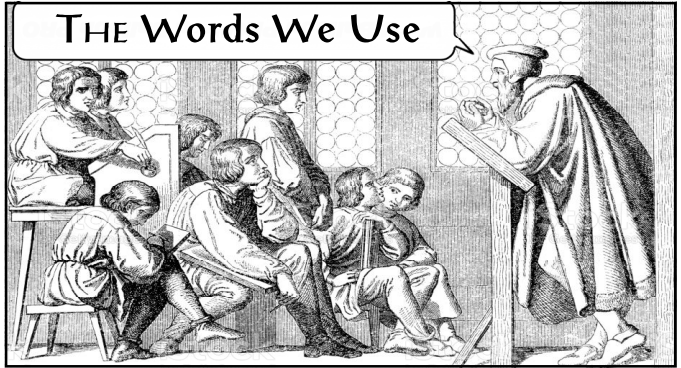


A vigil, from the Latin *vigilia* meaning wakefulness, is a period of purposeful sleeplessness, an occasion for devotional watching, or an observance. During the Middle Ages, a squire on the night before his knighting ceremony was expected to take a cleansing bath, fast, make confession, and then hold an all-night vigil of prayer in the chapel, preparing himself in this manner for life as a knight. For the knighting ceremony, he dressed in white as a symbol for purity and over that was placed a red robe to show his readiness to be wounded, over which a black robe was placed as a symbol of his willingness to die for his king.

In the SCA the vigil is an optional preparation for elevation to a peerage (any peerage, not just the Knighthood). In the East Kingdom, the peerage ceremony is typically divided into two parts: sending the candidate to vigil, and investing the candidate with their new rank. Not every candidate sits vigil, but it is nearly universal among the Chivalry, and has become more common among the other orders in recent years.

The vigil is usually a time for Peers to talk to a proto-Peer about their life and future, to offer what good advice they may have and perhaps get to meet and become better acquainted with a future member of their order. In addition, the vigil may also be a party celebrating the vigilee.

THE Words We Use



The hobby of historic recreation, or even LARPing, will often have us using terms that have ancient and interesting origins. For example, why are there so many terms for servants?

Lackey: came into English in 1529 meaning a footman, running footman or valet.

Varlet: is from 1456 meaning a servant or an attendant of a knight.

Valet: dates from 1567 meaning a man servant.

Servant: c. 1225 was a person of either sex who attended to and waited upon another.

Knave: is of Old English origin and referred to a boy, youth or a servant. The sense of the word as a rogue or rascal is first recorded around 1205.

Menial: dates from 1387 with the sense of a person who was part of a mesnie or household. It didn't take on the modern sense of lowly, humble or servile until 1627.

Butler: comes from the Old French *buteillier* and by 1171 meant the upper servant who had charge of the wine bottles.

The Gathering of the Knitters

Please come and join us at our monthly gathering of knitters! Feel free to bring any knitting project you are working on!

If you are new to knitting, we would be happy to help you learn more! All are welcome!



COME ENJOY AN AFTERNOON OF KNITTING COMPANIONSHIP. AND LEARNING! PERIOD KNITTING...ANY KNITTING...WE LOVE KNITTING!

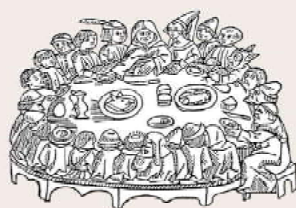
For information about our scheduled meetings, directions or if you have any other questions, please email me at:

redlioncanoe77@gmail.com

I wish everyone near and far happy knitting!

Lady Arnleif the Red





EPICURIA

Rustic Medieval French Brunch



Epicuria presents modern, easy to prepare adaptations of historic recipes and analogues recipes using culturally and historic correct ingredients

In this edition we present all the recipes needed to have a "Roman" style BBQ/Picnic

FRENCH COUNTRY SAUSAGE (SAUCISSE A CUIRE)

Ingredients

1 pound fresh pork
1 pound fresh veal (stew meat)
½ pound slab bacon
1 tbs of salt and pepper
1 tsp each of thyme, sage, marjoram, parsley
1 tsp each of nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves
¼ cup dry white wine
2 to 4 tablespoons flour
Vegetable oil, as needed

Directions

01) Chop meat, and slab of bacon into coarse pieces and partially freeze.
02) Place these very cold meat chunks (excluding bacon) into a meat grinder on a medium coarse setting and grind them all together.
03) Finely dice the cold bacon pieces by hand, and add to ground meat mixture.
04) Mix in the salt, finely chopped herbs and spices; then pour in white wine. Blend well with fingers. Cover, refrigerate and allow to rest overnight.
05) Shape the sausage mixture into round patties about ¾" thick and 2" wide.
06) Lightly dust with flour then brown patties 5 to 8 minutes on each side in a greased pan over medium heat. Press out excess fat as they cook.
07) Drain on paper towels and serve hot.

TOSTEES DOREES

Ingredients

White bread (thick and crusty)
4 egg yolks
Bacon fat
Sugar for sprinkling

Directions

01) Slice hard white bread into squares for toast, and roast them lightly on the grill
02) Coat the bread completely with beaten egg yolks
03) Pre-heat your pan and add the bacon fat.
04) Cook your bread over medium heat for a couple minutes on each side or until it looks nice and glazed and cooked all the way through.
05) Plate your glazed toast and sprinkle sugar on top. Serve Hot

ORANGE OMELETTE FOR HARLOTS AND RUFFIANS

Ingredients

6 eggs
2 oranges & 1 lemon
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons olive oil
salt

Directions

01) Juice the oranges and the lemon.
02) Beat the eggs, add the juice, the sugar, and salt to taste.
03) Cook the omelette in olive oil and Serve warm.

SUMMERTIME CERULEAN BLUE SAUCE

Ingredients

1 quart blackberries
1/3 cup unblanched almonds
2/3 cup verjuice.
1/4-inch slice ginger, peeled
Salt

Directions

01) Puree the blackberries, and strain the juice, pressing to extract as much liquid as possible.
02) Grind the almonds and ginger, then mix with the blackberry juice.
03) Add the verjuice and strain once more. (You can use a mixture of two parts cider vinegar to one part water)
04) Season with salt to taste.





Ask Not What Your Shire Can Do For You... But What Can You Do For Your Shire!



Earn the Pillars of Community Recognition by
actively participating and contributing to the Shire

The First Pillar, for Service, is the Heart of the Community

The Second Pillar, for A&S, is the Spirit of the Community

The Third Pillar, for Martial, is the Hand of the Community

The Pillars of the Community is a recognition that is earned directly by ones actions. There is no arbitrary judging component that is above and beyond the individuals control. Instead, the individual who chooses to undertake actions and activities over the course of a year that benefits the Glenn Linn community as a whole will earn the recognition once they have completed a specific number of such activities.

There are three areas of activities that a person must meet requirements in over the course of a calendar, meeting the requirement in ALL three in order to be recognized. The action and activities that can count in each area are as follows:

The First Pillar: Service (The Heart of the Community)

Complete any Three:

Serve as an Officer or Deputy

Autocrat a Shire event

Feastocrat a Shire event

Run troll at a Shire event

Assist in the setup/breakdown of a Shire event in a notable way

Assist in the kitchen at a Shire event in a notable way

Oversee ("MoL") a tournament or run a competition of any type

Host a Practice or Workshop

The Second Pillar: Arts & Science (The Soul Community)

Complete any Three

Produce a garment

Make a piece of decoration or regalia (personal or Shire)

Make a consumable item (brew, cook, bake, etc.)

Produce another item (i.e. a pottery bowl, jewelry, etc.)

Teach a class

Entertain / Perform at a Shire event

Enter any A&S - related competition or display

The Third Pillar: Martial (The Hand of the Community)

Complete any Three

Participate in a martial competition at a Glenn Linn event

Rattan Authorization (any)

Rapier Authorization (any)

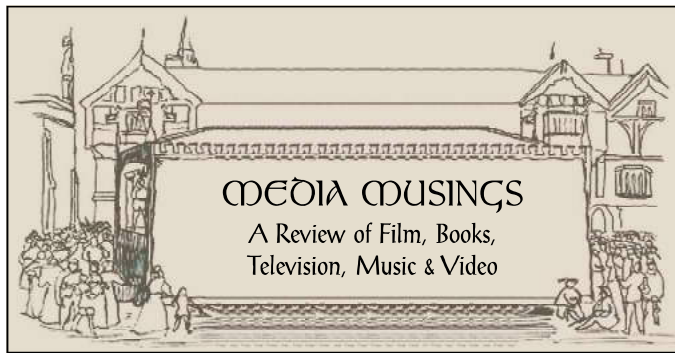
Have a Published Archery Royal Round Average

Have a Published Thrown Weapon Royal Round Average

Marshal an activity at a Glenn Linn event (any)

Run a martial practice (any)





THE WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS (1984) [R]

Action/Fantasy - 1h 21m

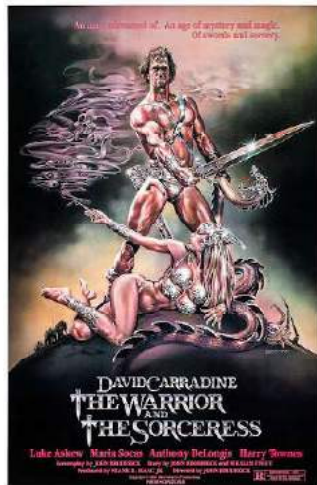
What does Dashiell Hammett, Akira Kurosawa, Sergio Leone, Roger Corman and Walter Hill all have in common? If you guessed Hammett's book *Red Harvest*, or at least its basic plot, you would be correct. The basic story involves a stranger who comes to town to save it from the various gangs of no-good-nicks who are fighting each other and keeping the citizens down. Kurosawa used the story for his 1942 film *Yojimbo*. Leone set the story in the old west for his film 1965 *A Fistful of Dollars*. Hill directed Bruce Willis in the 1996 film *Last Man Standing*, which was the only film set in approximately the same time period as the original book. And last, but not least, we come to the subject of this editions review, Corman's 1984 offering, *The Warrior and the Sorceress*.

Back in the 1980s Roger Corman produced several cheaply made fantasy films in Argentina under the banner of his most recent company, New Horizons. The second film was *The Warrior and the Sorceress*, an unlicensed take on Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* starring David Carradine of *Kung Fu* and *Kill Bill* fame as the titular warrior Kain who attempts to set two rival warlords, Zeg (Luke Askew) and Balcaz (Guillermo Marin), against one another. The basic story is set on a desert planet known as Ura, whose central government has collapsed leaving a lawless, twin sun scorched landscape where Zeg and Bal Caz have amassed enough resources and followers to set up opposing camps and fight for control of a towns well (water being scarce) causing much harm to the local townsfolk. Fortunately, the town Prelate Bugde (Harry Townes) somehow sent word to Kain requesting help. Once he arrives in the village, Kain begins to disrupt the uneasy peace between Zeg and Bal Caz by getting hired by each to be their new top sword, undercutting their plans and suggesting that

the other was to blame when things go south. Soon, the plot thickens as Kain encounters a scantily clad sorceress named Naja (María Socas), who reminds him of his vow to protect the people of the village, and we learn that lizard-man called Burgo (Armando Capo) will soon be returning to the village with a new army to retaliate for the poisoning of some of his men, putting the pressure on Kain to finish up his job before this new threat arrives.

Directed by John Broderick, this film, if not taken too seriously (or really at all) is a fun fantasy take on the story of *Yojimbo*. Be warned however that this is a Corman film and as such, most of the female cast will be topless, at the very least, when ever on screen. Understandably, this is a hot, desert planet so wearing less clothing is not a bad idea, yet most of the men are draped in heavy cloth. Do not despair though as Carradine, whenever fighting, displays a disturbing amount of sweaty man thigh while keeping his upper body swathed in black cloth and leather. The acting throughout the film runs from the inspired to the silly. Askew gives Zeg a no-nonsense sensibility that plays well against Marin's delightfully decadent Bal Caz. Both Carradine and Socas perform well even when the lines they present are silly and the actions they take hard to understand or meaningless. Little can be said for the rest of the cast whose poor over acting must and can only reflect the directions given by Broderick: Act like stammering fools, dance naked in the water for no reason etc.

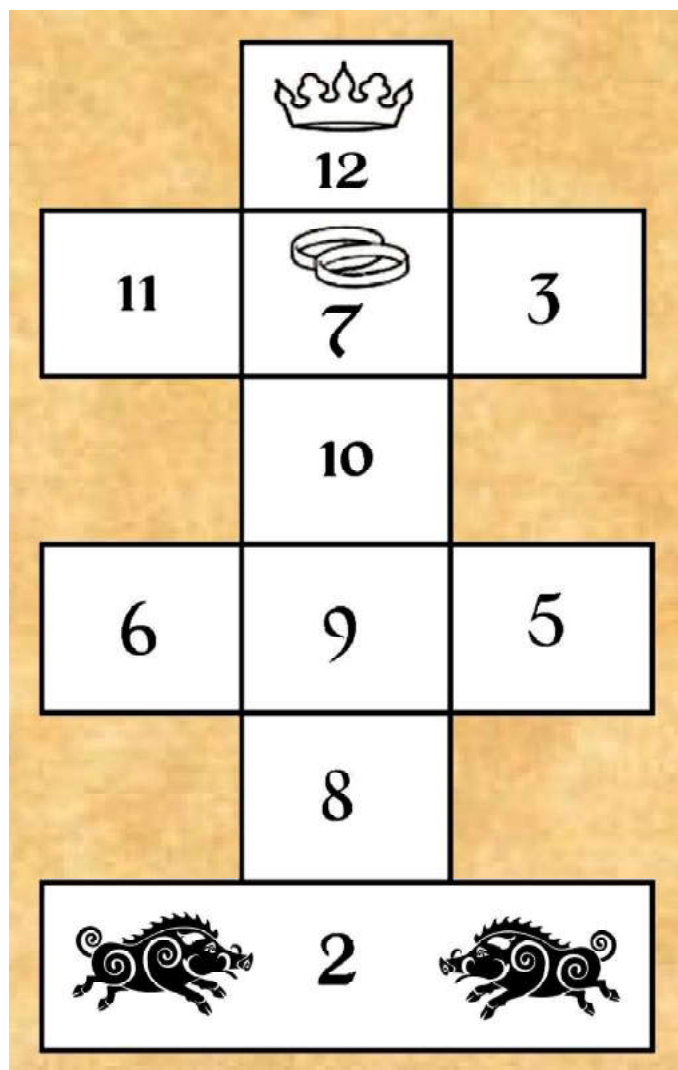
By now it should be obvious that fantasy is a hard genre to pull off on a limited budget and despite an earnest attempt to create compelling stories, filmmakers often miss the mark. Some times such movies are simply mediocre, but once in a while they can be entertaining in spite of their flaws. This is such a movie. Yes, you will laugh at scenes that were not meant to be funny and may scratch your head at the rational that motivates many of the actions that take place, put the kernel of a story that was lifted from *Yojimbo* is always there to help guide you through this nostalgic bit of 80s fantasy cinema...and honestly, it is enough to make the film enjoyable as much as you might want to not enjoy it. I give the film 2.5 out of 5 Caesars.





Glückshaus

Glückshaus (House of Fortune or Lucky Pig) is a simple medieval gambling dice game for multiple players that was popular in the 15th-16th century among mercenaries and those who liked to gamble. Glückshaus originated in Germany in the late 15th century as relatively modern version of the larger family of older "Games of Seven" that were played with two six-sided dice and a stake board



with fields usually numbered 2-12, often with an emphasized 7. The game, in various forms, quickly spread across Europe, becoming known as House of Fortune or Lucky Pig in Britain. It is one of the first stake board games, which eventually resulted in the foundation of casino games in the 19th century. As such this is nothing more or less than a gambling game where coins (tokens, sweets and so on) are placed on a board that shows the numbers from 2-12 (excepting 4) and are won or lost as players take turns throwing two dice. Three or more can play and anyone can drop in or out of a game at any time.



Rules

The board can take any form but must be divided in fields numbered from 2 to 12 (with 4 left out). This often takes the form of the rooms of a house.

- Determine who will go first. That player will roll two dice and take the action indicated by the roll. The dice are then passed to the next player on the left who follows the same procedure.
- On a roll of 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 or 11, the player places a coin on the board if that room is empty (has no coin), or takes the coin if it is occupied.
- If the player rolls snake eyes, he has rolled a "Lucky Pig" and collects all the coins on the board, except for what lies in room seven.
- If the player rolls a 12, he is "king" (König) and wins all the coins on the board.
- If the player rolls a 7, there is a "wedding" (Hochzeit) going on in the room, and must put a coin in the room (a dowry). This builds up a jackpot until the "king" (12) is rolled.
- If the player rolls a 4 they may take a coin out of any room that is NOT the number 7 (the Wedding) and give it to the player of their choice.
- The game ends when a player rolls 12 and becomes the king.





Ye Old BOOK OF SONG

Calen o Custure me was a popular 16th century love song, published in a printed anthology two years after it was registered as a broadside, arranged multiple times for a range of instruments, and referenced by William Shakespeare in his play, Henry V. The song is something of a mystery: what does its repeated refrain mean, and what language is it?

Calin o Custure Me

- for Guitar -

Arr. by Andrey Bondarev

Anonymus

Allegro ♩ = 120-138

Guitar

5

9

13

17

21





'IN TABERNA QUANDO SUMUS' – CB196

When we're in the tavern there,
that we're dust, we cease to care,
to the dice we swiftly get,
that forever make us sweat.
What goes on inside the inn,
where money is the host within,
here's the answer to that question,
so to what I say, now listen.

Some are gambling, some are drinking,
some to indiscretion sinking.
But some of those who simply game,
end stripped naked all the same;
some emerge newly-dressed
others wearing sacks at best.
Here no one's afraid of death,
Bacchus' name is on their breath.

First to those who pay for wine;
the libertines drink every time.
next they drink for those in prison,
thirdly all those still in action,
fourthly to the Christian crew,
fifthly to the dead and true,
sixthly to our frail sisters,
next the greenwood enlists.

Eighth then to the errant friars,
ninth the monks chased from their choirs,
tenth to all upon the ocean,
eleventh those who cause commotion,
twelfth to every penitent,
thirteenth those on journeys bent,
to the Pope and to the King,
unrestrained the tankards ring.

Drinks the master, drinks the mistress,
drinks the soldier, drinks the priestess,
drinks the woman, drinks the man,
drinks the maid and serving-hand,
drinks the hare, and drinks the snail,
drinks the dark, and drinks the pale,
drinks the settled, drinks the restless,
drinks the wise man, drinks the senseless.

Drinks the pauper and the sufferer,
drinks the exile and the stranger,
drinks the young 'un, and the old 'un,
drinks the bishop and the deacon,
drinks the sister, drinks the brother,
drinks the old girl, drinks the mother,
drink for this man, drink for that man,
drink a hundred, drink a thousand.

Six hundred pence might barely
last, when so immoderately
all are drinking without measure,
yet whate'er they drink for pleasure,
we're the ones that all men blame,
with not a penny to our name.
May they be cursed, all who blame us,
and set them not among the righteous.

'In taberna quando sumus' – CB196 (When we're in the tavern there) comes from the Carmina Burana, a text of secular medieval Latin poems and songs that was discovered in Bavarian monastery of Benediktbeuern in 1803

THE POETRY PAGE
A SELECTION OF ANCIENT POEMS
[TRANSLATED TO ENGLISH]





THE TALE END

By John R. Neill

From: The Boy Scouts Year Book 1920

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

- A Christmas Story -

IT was Christmas Eve in the year of Our Lord 960. A quick twilight had spent itself, and a soft flurry of the snow that had been falling all day still blew among the trees, banking itself around the roots and falling from the upper branches as they swayed in the growing gale. Trudging through the snow was the bent figure of an old man, his hood and mantle covered with snow.

Falteringly he kept on until he reached a small house with a few outbuildings enveloped, like himself, in a garb of somber white. He found the snow so banked against the door that it was not without some labor that he cleared the entrance.

Inside all was warmth and cheer; holly and evergreens draped the corners and mistletoe hung in bunches from the low rafters, rough hewn and seemingly new.

He bowed low as he put his cloak aside, trying to conceal a scroll fastened to the pouch that hung from his girdle.

"My humble respects to your gracious ladyship," he said, turning to a matron of imposing dignity who sat a little back from the hearth arranging a frame for needlework. And as he turned, his eyes lit up his face and snowwhite beard.

Though seared with years, fire still lurked there, fire fed by habits of thoughtfulness.

He was about to continue when from a passage a boy of eighteen came lightly forward and slipping his hand into the old man's said gaily, "What have you here, my precious oracle? Soothsayers are rare and, by the poker, it would seem that our ancient truth is failing. Come, now, tell me the tale, for all the night long on yesternight I spent in vigil at St. Benedict's shrine, to purge my honor and my sword as Sir Hector bade me. All these labors are as nought should I not gain my spurs at last. Please, Matholch, come and tell me what it portends." And he held the parchment to the light.

HIC JACET ARTHURUS, REX QUONDAM, REXQUE FUTURUS

Laughing he read aloud. 'As you love me, tell me of this mystery.'

HERE LIES ARTHUR WHO ONCE WAS KING AND A KING TO BE

Solemnly explained the old man. "It is a somber token; its spell is potent from All Hallow E'en till Candlemas, and, I beseech thee, do not treat too lightly of these mysteries. My gracious Lady Mortinac," he added, turning to the mistress of the house, "your Guilford has a spell of cheerfulness that from my dry bones has long departed. His heart is like the rabbit's ears, alert to hear."

Sadly the lady questioned: "But could they hear as surely as the hare's where danger lurks?"

The seer bowed his head.



"Woe, woe, woe is me," he wailed.

This might have continued had not Guilford, seeing how the old man's mind was bent, tried to console him and lead his humor to more cheerful themes.

"Then do tell me a tale from your vast store for, as I have said, all last night I spent at the altar."

Slowly, as he ate and drank, the old man smiled, trying to find a thread upon which to weave a tale; then he began:

"This story is spun of the filo-floss of fancy of dim years, of Mimi Bois and her fair sister, Guenevere, both radiant as the morn, with hair of silver and of night, who grew from the roots of the trees and there remained, set apart, but spent the time in sending messages by passing pilgrims to swains both far and wide, until their fame was noised so wide throughout all Christendom a quest was—"

"But wait! What may that be?" exclaimed Lady Mortinac, hurrying to the door, "I hear voices."

With a hurried knock a lady clad in snow-covered hood and cape rushed in and threw herself, disheveled, at the lady's feet. Her words were choked with sobs and she shuddered with terror as she spoke.

Guilford Mortinac stepped back as his mother soothed the terrified girl.

"Why, it is Mistress Enid St. Marys! My sweet young, friend, pray be calm! What brings you here this boisterous night? How say you?"

"To you, my dear, dear friend, my mother's friend, you ask aright what brings me here! Since the false usurper, Guy Howlett, in league with the Abbot of Monmouth whom he has tricked into submission, has broken into my castle by force of arms and overrun my heritage like frenzied fleas."

Still weeping, the maiden told of the assault of the castle Avedon, her home, by a band of robbers led by Howlett, a cordwainer from the north. Knowing of this retreat in the greenwood, here she had sought solace, after sending a report of her evil fortune to the Bishop of Hereford.

By wiles and petting, the Lady Morganne Mortinac soothed the distracted maiden with hope of assistance that would come to rid them all of this boor, when into the room, clad in full armor came Guilford. He stepped to his mother and, still smiling through his visor, said:

"Behold the rabbit's ears! From you, fair Mistress Enid, by the grace and favor of your mother's memory, I crave the acceptance of my sword in your defense."

The words had a hollow sound, cased as they were in a helmet of steel.

It was with a cumbrous stride that Guilford passed out the door. No sooner had he left than old Matholch, the hermit, fell into a trance, uttering incantations weird in the dim room whose silence was "broken only by the sobbing of the girl and the sighing without.

Soberly Guilford went through the snow to where a score or more of faithful men at arms stood with downcast heads.

There, towering among the others, he saw Tud Gildas, who had been esquire to his father, Sir Modred Mortinac. Tud had always been a squire, for knighthood 'required for its maintenance funds that poor Tud lacked, though of hardihood and valor he had plenty, and under the standard of Sir Modred he had fared much better than he would have under his own.

No one spoke; all stood mute and tense.

"A sorry night methinks," said Guilford at last.

"Aye, sire," said Tud, "but Gwidd and Lucan, Caw Lawyen and Lagafuerys, and all of us here, would we were not here but back at Avedon to cut a reeking path, by heaven's grace, through Guy Howlett's "churls into his black heart."

"Rightly said, and by my conscience, my pathway beckons too in that direction," returned the lad.

"At the onset," Lagafuerys explained, "our Mistress commanded us to bring her to your mother here; the time was short and our forces, many of them gone to Hereford to hold high carnival with Galwin's men, had left us to escape the havoc of the siege by secret passages, once we cut our way through the cordon of Howlett's burly varlets, our journey was without mishap, and here we are, full twentyseven men and armed."

"Come, come," said Guilford, "you are unseemly sad! By ruth, we shall assail their ruthlessness. Bid the mex prepare, they'll find me eager as any of them to return."



With the treachery that resulted in the death of Guilford's father and the pillage of his estate, and that was followed by ignoble ravages and the spoliation of the district around, and had put the country well nigh to Hereford in terror of Howlett and his band, none had suffered more than Guilford and his mother, who had been forced into exile to eke out bare existence in the greenwood.

From position and power his family had fallen until now it seemed Howlett would soon break the boy's spirit by persecution, for the king was in France and Enid's father, the Earl of Narberth, was with him, fighting the wars of his country overseas.

But time was not lost, since the issue of the night pressed hard on the young squire's patience, and shortly the cavalcade was on its way, galloping into the highway that led to Avedon, four and twenty miles beyond.

Not a word was spoken, so absorbed were they all as they: rode through the silent snow until nigh to eleven miles had been covered. Then suddenly they perceived, though the night was blacker than "an ugly dream, that they were not alone. Some one was leading them.

Hard upon this discovery, some two hundred rods ahead the clatter of arms and thunder of horses' hoofs gave them warning.

They knew Howlett must be sending a detachment in pursuit along the trail left in the snow.

Quickly they prepared their formation, Guilford and Tud Gildas ahead, Gaw Norbert, Balmont and Caw Lawyen abreast, all lowering their spears as they plunged into the assault in rows of three.

Into the chaos of blackness they swept and Guilford, elated by the frenzied action, met the crash, again and again.

Straight on, past curses and surly groans mingled with breaking gear and harness and underbrush as men and horses were hurled aside, they swept; nor did they stop to see what damage had been done till, "a mile ahead young Guilford brought his followers to a halt and found little need to tarry for, beyond slight wounds, the band had stood intact and in good form.

Their opponents seemed to have been unprepared, their rout was complete and the next day showed the toll they had paid in men and horses.

Elated by their first encounter Guilford and his followers rode on, compact and resolute, taking their stand with determination on the side of truth and valor.

Ahead of them the stranger still rode lightly, giving, they felt rather than knew, courage to all.

Reckless they seemed, perhaps, a mere handful and vastly outnumbered, assailing a force that was powerful and drunk with success, successes of treachery and loot, defying even the King himself, that grew from weeks into months of lawlessness and terrorizing. These reflections crowded through Guilford's mind, but instead of fear, he felt his spirit nettled into action.

On they went, trees glided past, the lodges of freemen and hamlets of serfs and villains, all sleeping under the mantle of snow, until a full hour's riding brought them to a hill from which they could see "through the trees the grim towers of Avedon. And in the van still rode this stranger.

Approaching, they saw that the portcullis was drawn up and the bridge was down. The entrance gave the castle the appearance of a yawning monster with its mouth open, ready to swallow any one within its reach.

While yet somewhat off they stopped to rest and give themselves time to arrange their plan of battle. From the tallest tower they could see dimly the bodies of the former defenders of the castle strung on gibbets, swaying and turning in the wind and snow. Perhaps they had been heard from the castle, or seen, for a harsh grating sound began, and slowly, with creaking and clanking of chains, the great drawbridge began to move.

They were now on foot and, with one impulse, they went forward to find the drawbridge rising, inch by inch, until it was breast high.

Tud Gildas and Guilford cleared it and Balmont with two others followed rushing forward in a body to the passage that led to the court yard as the varlets inside ran to give the alarm.

During this short lapse the defenders turned on their assailants but it gave the attackers time to release the windlass and let the drawbridge down while the whole band crossed.

From inside the castle men sprang up everywhere and rushed into the *mélée*.

Always in advance their stranger seemed to lead and Guilford for one short moment plainly saw him, a



giant in stature and of kingly bearing. It was for one moment only, for they were beset on every side by Howlett's knaves, bands of thieves, surly varlets, all the rips of discord from the isles, led by Guy Howlett's son Big Gwilim, as precious a cutthroat as could be found in many leagues. Him it was young Guilford most wished to engage and each turn was bringing him nearer to his goal.

Thrice he was rushed by a dozen men, but he held his ground with his back to the wall till men in mounds lay on the flagging before him. Sword blades and maces rained on his helmet, and every blow was returned with a zeal that told well of old Sir Hector's training.

Each wave of battle was met and parried as, one by one, the enemy's forces broke. It seemed more like a prearranged show than the vital combat that it really was. So unerring was the plan of the attackers that the courtyard, which hardly a half hour since teemed with cutthroats in armor and yeomen, seemed, in the dimlight of the torches, to be deserted save for a few scattered groups that held the entrances to the castle doors.

A little to the right, on a semicircular porch, was the portal leading to the tower; there at last Guilford saw Gwilim stand. He was clad in the armor of Guilford's father, Sir Modred, taken after he had been set upon and murdered by Gwilim at the command of Guy.

Tud Gildas at his side, Guilford with a tense heart, pressed forward and with his broad-sword parried at Gwilim's throat, gave him the challenge, though he was full two hands less in height.

Knowing that one of Guilford's rank need not engage with one of Gwilim's, Gwiffert and Caw would have rushed to his defense but Tud held them back.

The two youths stood a moment, their eyes upon one another, then they closed in a battle to death.

The villainy of Gwilim betrayed itself in foul strokes and passes which, as the combat grew, indicated a weakening on which Guilford was not long in playing.

Then, quick as an adder, he dropped his sword, drew his dagger and grappled with his adversary. Thrusting it at his throat he cut the laces that held the meshes of Gwilim's haubert, leaving his neck and shoulders exposed.

As quickly again he stepped back to regain his sword; in his haste he would have fallen with Gwilim's great weight crushing upon him, but balancing himself immediately he sprang to one side and was again on guard.

From the start Guilford had had in his mind this coup de grace and, with a lightning stroke, he broke down the robber's guard and his sword, whistling back in a counter stroke, embedded itself in the foul traitor's neck, his knees gave way and he fell in a heap on the stone steps, dead.

Then without came the clear call of the mysterious stranger, "En avant," ringing through the castle. With one blow of his mace he shattered the grating in the door before him and led them up the steps in—to the main tower, into which Guy had retreated.

The stone stairway was spiral and dark as pitch, the steps were damp and slippery, covered with a ruck of twigs that had fallen from the narrow windows where the ravens had built their nests. The ascent was slow and labored. Half way up they stumbled over the cowering figure of the Abbot of Monmouth, blanched with fear as he held his beads before his bloodshot eyes. Dragging him up they forced the yak door that led to a balcony battlemented and carved in fantastic forms. All around were strewn pieces of armor and shields dropped by the fleeing knaves, and the attackers were saddened by the sight of many of their companions and friends that had died in the first sorry defense.

With reverence they laid them in a row in a low niche that was protected from the snow. Then Guilford, turning his attention to Guy, who was now crowding with his men the turret of the smaller and loftiest tower, commanded him to surrender.

A torrent of arrows was the only reply.

"Come down, or by the torment I will drag you hence and fit your punishment to the lying of your cloven tongue—or yet, better than sully an honest sword in any of your foul carcasses, you may stay where you are and feed the hungry vultures, your friends and brothers."

The vain efforts of the archers soon eased, for they now realized with terror their plight, locked as they were in a tower without food or shelter from the cold, with the grim monster of hunger threatening them above and a shining array of trusty broadswords menacing them below.



Turning to address his respects to the unknown stranger Guilford saw him nowhere. He sent messengers to find him but they all returned from an unavailing search,

Removing his heavier armor, for with chain shirt only he could move more quickly, he himself began to look, hastening down the stairs.

He had scarcely disappeared when a shriek came from above through the darkness and an object fell, striking the battlement and gancing out into the abyss below, and the archers in the tower began to call for mercy. But the soldiers on the balcony below gave them no heed.

Meanwhile, not high or low could the stranger be found, and Guilford was perplexed.

Every corridor and niche, secret passage hall and gallery was searched for him whose leadership had brought them victory, but no trace was found. So he sent for his men to clear the courtyard below and, coming himself to the stone steps, he saw there, beside the prone remains of Gwilim, the body of his father, Guy, motionless in the snow. He had been hurled by his own men from the tower above.

And as they stood in the flickering light, silent but for the clanking armor of the men coming down the stairway, a trumpet blare sounded, a troupe of mounted soldiers poured through the portal from outside, and, with a cry, they distinguished the standard of the Bishop of Hereford, with old Galwin at their head.

His red beard bristled as he roared challenges to Guy to meet him, he was led to where the traitor lay.

And after he had heard the events of the night still he roared, in amazement mixed a little with a bluff soldier's spleen at not having been a part of it all; then, as he turned away, he burst forth in a carol that must have been running in his head:

Nowell! Nowell! in this haile "Make merry, I pray you alle!" "On that chylde may wee calle" "Night of sadness," "Morn of gladness" "Ever, Ever Evermore,

After many troubles sare" "Sing out with élisse" "His name is this," "Emanuel! as was foretolde" "In days of olde," "By Gab-ri-ei!"

He seemed to take great satisfaction in the last line, from the lingering way he dwelt on it, and as Guilford prepared to depart he could still hear him singing.

Now, since his work was finished, Guilford left old Galwin in command and began a dreary journey back to the shelter in the green wood where his mother waited.

And as he rode his thoughts were busy over the crowded events of the night, and especially he puzzled over the strange and valiant knight; the more he thought, the more his fancy played about the unknown.

Stealing up in the east were flecks of faint color that baldly grew and when he met his mother at the door it was daylight.

Never had a morning seemed so bright; though he had not slept he was not tired, but made preparations in all haste to return with the women to Avedon there to make their Christmas a festal day that would be remembered as long as they lived by all who should partake.

In the confusion he had not at first migsed old Matholch; then he called his name again and again without receiving any reply, and his mother told him that shortly before Guilford returned she had seen Matholch stand in the road until a horseman came up when both disappeared.

Like a flash came back to Guilford the words of the old man of King Arthur, who once was king and a king to be, whose spell was strong from All Hallow E'en till Candlemas.

"Perhaps," he mused as he went about the Christmas preparations, "perhaps, last night our strange comrade was the spirit of the King.

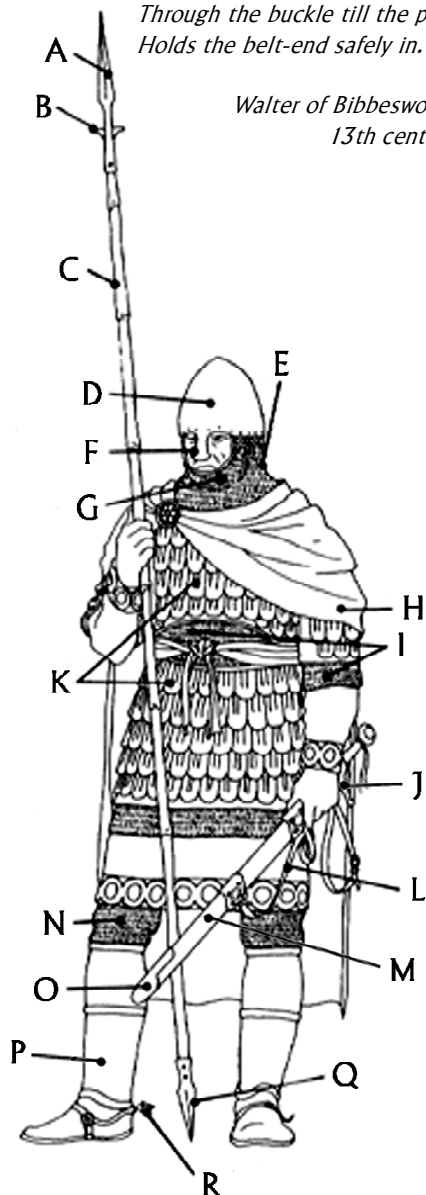


Funny For Fun



*Put your clothes on; don't refuse
Breeches, gloves, and also shoes;
Hat on head for ran or sun;
Buttons – do up every one.
Put your belt around your waist,
Then make sure the end is placed
Through the buckle till the pin
Holds the belt-end safely in.*

*Walter of Bibbesworth
13th century*



Grab your stuff, we have to go..

Relax, there is no war this year.

Why? What happened?

I Guess they called an Armistice

THE LAST VOYAGE...

Label The Warriors Kit

A: _____	G: _____	M: _____
B: _____	H: _____	N: _____
C: _____	I: _____	O: _____
D: _____	J: _____	P: _____
E: _____	K: _____	Q: _____
F: _____	L: _____	R: _____

Baldric
Blade
Chap
Chausses
Cloak
Coif

Foot
Greave
Haft
Hauberk
Helmet
Lorikon

Lugs
Nasal
Prick
Quillons
Scabbard
Ventail



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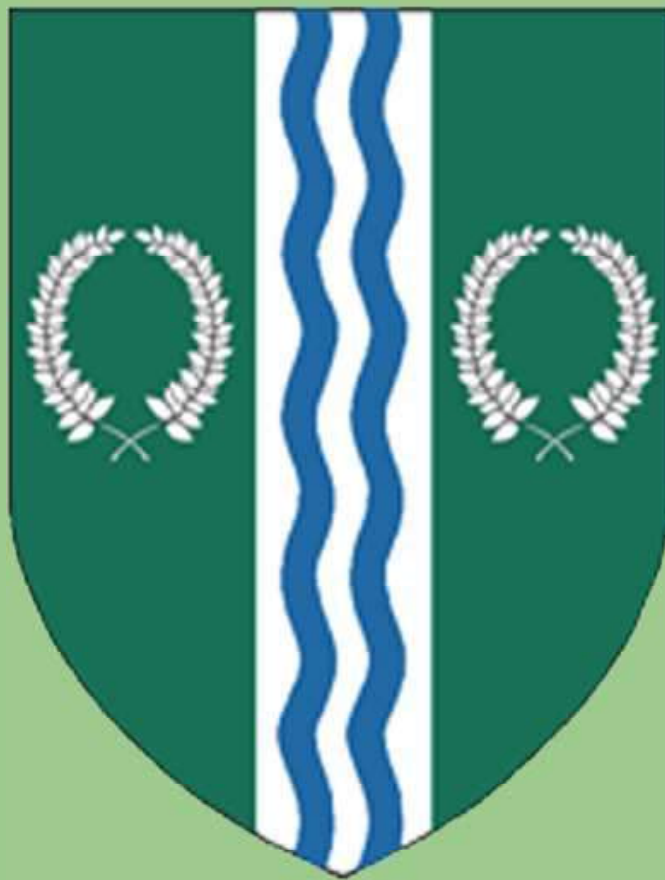
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