

Parchment

Saint Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots Guild

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Squiring of Lady Alice
Scottish Myths and Legends
Love Lost, Lost Love

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Letter from the Editor

Good My Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrew's,

Here we are again at the end of the faire season having had a schedule so light for it to feel as though little has been accomplished... And yet the testimony incorporated herein would suggest otherwise. And, too, there are those items included that would already have us looking at next year and where we can improve our skills and talents, expand our understanding, and so provide the fair producers with an even better "product".

Several of those people who have regularly contributed to the Parchment since I have been editing it, have been asked if their articles might be republished on the web and should be congratulated for their hard work and dedication that will now be recognized by an even greater audience. When they are, in fact, published I will be sure to announce it as it is most assuredly an honor. I would encourage our membership, to look to their own interests in the "ren world" and write something that we all might glean from your personal inspirations, ideas, and interests for it would seem our little publication has turned into a stepping-stone of sorts. Until the next deadline then, I remain

Most humbly,
Jo Graden, Editor

We do extend Our Greetings unto Our goodly people and guests of the realm,

Our heart doth fair stop with the thought that St. Andrew's season of progress shalt be brought to a close in so short a time. The kind town of Anderson wilt bear witness to the final cannon blast of the year. To say this year hast been most unique wilt draw no protests from any, methinks. No matter the bounty of the year, whether plenty or spare, when we do gather together the effort that we do expend must needs be of the same quality and enthusiasm. Of this effort, We do present Our most sincere gramercies.

St. Andrew's doth present as a guild large in breadth; the footprint of the encampment hast now grown unto its capacity. Henceforth, We do call afore Us thy inspiration to increase the depth of the encampment. Depth? We imagine quizzical looks to this request. To elaborate, let us add the layers that may transform us from "camp" to "home". When guests pass by, what is it that pleases the eye and attracts the attention? 'Tis the impression of the comforts and luxuries of an abode. We are the Royal court, we travel as such and thus the encampment needs be OUR home.

We entreat ye, think upon this, what is it that makes ye feel at home? What is it that makes ye feel comfort in another's home? How can ye evoke this sense of sumptuousness and welcome? Wait not for another to answer this question, for it may differ from thine. We do charge ye to be an interlocking piece of the puzzle that creates St. Andrews. We do charge ye to be brave and find thy niche where ye wilt find the passion that wilt cause thy time in the court to be a thing to desire and revel in.

Need ye guidance or assistance, pray bring thy questions afore the court. We shalt be most pleased to grant thee a private audience and do Our best to lend an ear and offer what We can. As We art thy Queen, Our heart's desire is to know ye art fulfilled and satisfied with thy place within the realm.

Fond Regard,

Maree



~ A Missive From the Guild Master ~

Good day, to all Her Majesty's royal subjects,

I do wish to thank all that have shouldered the load of the progress this season. It is fully understandable that at times it seems impossible to go further into Scotland. Given the harsh realities and obstacles presented to the Royal progress this season, it is with strong hearts and determined wills that we will forward on.

As I scribe this missive to paper on the eve of the deadline, I (your Chancellor) am put to wonder what else can impede our fair Queen.? Know you, we are contacting all governments and ruling persons to ensure a pleasant and successful finish of this season's progress. Pray remember the great efforts that are being made on the part of the Queen's privy council and all those people involved in the management of the Affairs of State. My good Lord Bothwell was bragging to us just last week that his trusty horse was able to travel to Castle Dunvegan without any direction on his part.

I do wish at this time to give all my appreciation to everyone that helps Saint Andrews Guild portray our place in history. The news of loved one's passing on, together with the other trials and tribulations of real life, saddens me greatly, as does the closure of some of the gates that were once open to all. Know you then, the guild will camp in a nice meadow near a clean river and wait for the chaos to pass; and even while we make our thoughts known with this writing for the Parchment on this challenging progress, know that we are presently, and simultaneously, setting our course for the next year's progress. We have a grand hall for our winter feast and I am looking forward to greeting each and every subject that does wish to join in the revelry.

Until our travel brings us to Her Majesty's next great encampment.

I do remain indebted to all.

Your chancellor,

Sir Drew Douglas MacQuain

Duke of Dunvegan Castle

Lord Chancellor of Scotland and the Isles

Cardinal Knight of the Knights and Dames of Saint John of Jerusalem

First Knight of the Knights of Saint Andrews



Photograph by Steven Sui

Communiqué From the Chamberlain

Good Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrews,

Well I must say it has been a most unusual time for the guild of St. Andrews. Two events were cancelled due to some people's egos and differences of opinions. Truckee faire had to be cancelled because of health issues for two of the directors along with difficulty with vendors. I do want to wish Lady Jean a speedy recovery. You are missed so very much and we will miss the Truckee Faire also, but your health is most important. These three events are a big chunk out of St Andrews calendar of events. You may be wondering what is being done to compensate for the lost events. Honestly I have no clue. We have been working with Renaissance Productions to see where St. Andrews could fit in at some of the English Faires and we were successful in setting up at Golden Gate. We have been told by Bill Waters that there will be plenty for St. Andrews to do in 2009. He has not given us any idea as yet as to what they are, so we're being hopeful things will come to pass as promised. Therefore, our motto for now is, "Everything will be fine in 09". It's the power of positive thinking.

Speaking of Golden Gate, this was my first time there and I was very impressed. The faire was much bigger than what I expected and I thought it was very well laid out. I was in love with the weather. San Francisco is my hometown and I always love coming home. Especially when the temperature is triple digit in Newman where I'm presently living. If St. Andrews attends again next year, I will be asking that St. Andrews be included in their schedule more than we were, we had to make our own schedule up so our members had something to do. The bonny knees and well-turned ankle contest were well received, thanks to the efforts of Dame Britta. On Sunday, Lady Alice was squired by the First Knight Sir Drew Douglas MacQuain, into the Order of the Royal Thistle. Congratulations Squire Alice Sinclair. If you did not attend the Golden Gate event, you missed a fun faire.

In closing, I remind you again of our motto for next year. Things now have to start turning around. As information becomes available, I promise to keep you all informed as to what is happening. Which reminds me, in talking to several members, I have found several asking how best to get in touch with me. All of my contact information is on our web site. And as I have said before, I want every member to be able to contact me about any problems or with suggestions.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

I do remain your humble servant,

Sir James Hepburn

4th Earl of Bothwell

Lord Royal Great Chamberlain of Scotland



Photograph by Steven Sui

In Service to Her Majesty

My Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrews,

As we near the end of a somewhat shortened season, I'm reminded of our past events:

In Campbell we had a small open pavilion and a light schedule. Her Majesty's repast with the children was enjoyed by all.

Willits was a lovely encampment in the shade. We did miss, though, the services of Lady Livingston who was called away by work. Stepping in to help were Dame Megan, Lady Breanna and Mistress Elena, all of whose help I greatly appreciated. Thank you ladies so very much.

Golden Gate was a lot of fun and very cool, though without our Queen there was not a lot to do except sit, eat, and shop.

In the time period between Willits and Golden Gate the Ladies-in-Waiting Household journeyed to San Francisco where we spent the day at the zoo. Besides all the different animals and birds, we were able to view three recently born tiger cubs. We rode the Carrousel and snacked on what can only be described as faire food. This event was topped off by dinner in a nearby restaurant. Thank you Steven.

I now look forward to Shasta Faire, Winter's Feast, and to additional fond memories.

Anon,
Dame Mary Beaton
Chamberlain of the Ladies-in-Waiting Household



Ruffing It With the Courtiers

Good day my Lords and Ladies,

It seems like yesterday when I last wrote to you. There was one thing that I did neglect to mention in my last correspondence, and which I would like to recount now: At Campbell we did full well roast Sir Drew. As we are all aware, this has been an unusual and challenging year. Through no fault of our grand Guild Master there has been several fairs that have been taken off our schedule. With that in mind, by way of some very moving speeches quite a few of us did roast Sir Drew telling of our feelings on how grand a job he has done and that we realize full well that he and the Privy Council have done everything in their power for the betterment of St. Andrews. At the end he was presented a dragon goblet. A hearty thank you to Lady Jillian for arranging this tribute.

Due to the fact that I was away at costume collage I missed attending the Willits faire. I did hear that everyone had a marvelous time; and also did hear that the Vikings were at it again and kidnapped quite a few of our ladies. They have been full of activity indeed. The Viking must be making a fortune between what our Dear Queen has paid and what they were paid by the scoundrels who arranged our kidnapping at Sonora!

Golden Gate proved a wonderful event with fine Scottish-type weather (although we were in England), being overcast most of both days. Our schedule was light, so we had time to enjoy the fair. I did get a chance to meet William Shakespeare and talk with him about his marvelous plays. We did have fun with the bonnie knees and well turned ankle contest and on Sunday we had the ceremony for the squiring of Lady Alice Sinclair. Congratulations Squire Alice!

I do hope to see you all at Anderson. Until the next we meet, May you and your family stay safe and healthy. Anon for now.

God Save the Queen!

Most humbly your,
Squire Annebell Somerville
Lady Annebell Somerville
Viscountess of Cumbernauld Castle

Her Majesty's Jewels

Hello Dear Ones!

We hope that this missive finds all of our wonderful children back at their studies with joy, and not mourning the passing of summer! What a strange and varied year we have had, and yet it is not over. We still have the shire of Anderson to visit and Winter's Feast!

In the hopes of promoting our knowledge and of having a little more fun, we have a little project for each of you. Can you find and learn a period game that you can teach us all? There are a great many of them out there! So grab a parent and do a little research! (We will be researching as well!) We look forward to playing many new games with all of you!

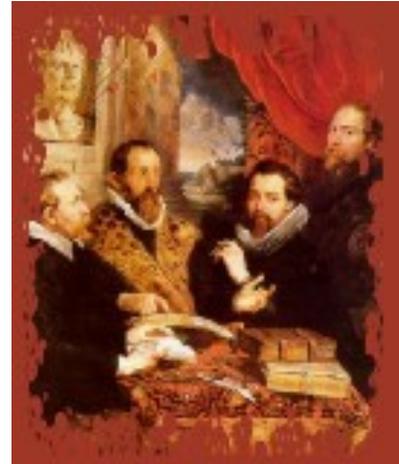
There are many great things to learn about the Renaissance and the culture in Scotland in 1562, so see what you can find! Remember, even as children you can make history come alive for those who visit us at faire!

Looking forward to seeing each of you again very soon!
Gwen & Akira



ANNOUNCING

The 7th Annual Renaissance Symposium and Workshops



To be held at
The Doubletree Inn
Modesto, California

February 6th–8th, 2009

(further information will be made available in future editions
of the Parchment or at <http://www.renysmposium.com>)

Guild Houses

We hope that you are in constant contact with your Guild House Laird or Chatelaine! Please feel free to contact them for help with anything Guild related...costuming, character building,

Antioch Guild House
925-754-6032
Kitlarkin@pacbell.net
Chatelaine—Dame Mariota Arres

Modesto Guild House
209-526-8812
sinclaircastle@juno.com
Chatelaine—Lady Alice Sinclair

Sacramento Guild House
530-305-4355
Mystic_kodiak@yahoo.com
Laird—Lord Logan Gunn

Hayward Guild House
510-886-4762
sjcarl@carl-family.org
Chatelaine—Lady Jillian MacKenzie

The Dogs of War

Good Morrow All,

Since my last writing the guild has participated in two superb faires, namely Willits and Golden Gate. Both have brought us something special. At Golden Gate the squiring ceremony for Lady Alice Sinclair was held and was an inspiring event for all present. Also that weekend the royal guard were able to fight with the Medici court and the St. Maximilian Landsknecht.

At the Willits event we were given a very special gift. All the people in attendance at the faire, together with all St. Andrews members were able to spend some time with our newest member of the guard, Alberto Lara, his wife Martha, and his three children, Theresa, Isabel, and Alberto Jr. As perhaps most of you know Alberto tragically and unexpectedly passed away just before Golden Gate. I'm sure all of you will join with me in extending our best wishes and blessings to his family at this time. We should all feel privileged that he spent part of his precious time with us. His passing at the mere age of 38 causes me to reflect on the precious value of the time Life gives us on Earth. I am proud to know that Alberto felt spending time in and with St. Andrews was as enjoyable to him as it surely is to all of us (or why would we continue?). As Captain of Her Royal Majesty Halberdiers I wish to extend my gratitude and that of the guard to Alberto and his family for sharing their lives and time with us. Although his time with the guard was all too short, he will be missed by one and all.



Squire Cpt. Duncan Somerville

“Flight becomes me not and I myself know that I shall not go from here alive, and what should it profit me though I did?” King Brian Boru” Before the battle of Clontarf - 1014A.D.

Alberto G. Lara

September 30, 1970—August 18, 2008

provided by Capt. Craig Melville

Alberto Lara was the fourth of seven children born to Bernabe and Estela Lara. His brothers and sisters included Bernabe Jr., Luccio, Chona, Sergio, Estela and Cindy. He was born and lived in San Francisco until the age of 17 when his family moved to Concord. His family gave him the nickname “Geuro (pronounced—whetto-)”, which in Spanish means White-boy, because Alberto was more pale than the rest of the children.

Alberto met Martha soon after she graduated High School in 1991. Alberto spent most of his working days as a Tow Truck driver, but he was a Jack-of-all-trades and loved to tinker. During the 17 years that Martha and Alberto were together and married (12 years) Martha and Alberto were blessed with three children, Teresa, 14, Isabel, 11, and Alberto Jr., “Gordo”, 7.

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Our two families met just a few years ago with our children attending the same school. We became very close, finding that our families had a lot in common. I quickly noticed Alberto's devotion to his wife, while raising and teaching his kids was second to none. Family was the most important thing in his life. Fishing was a close second.

Alberto was laid to rest the Friday following his sudden and unexpected passing at Queen of Heaven. Although he never had the chance to be sworn-in, he was buried with a Royal Guard Cross. Maitiu, who was also touched by Alberto's dedication and hard work ethic, presented the family with his own Thor's Hammer to honor Alberto. Several hundred family and friends attended the service. Everyone that knew Alberto always commented on his laid back personality and sense of humor. He was very quick witted and could laugh at himself as well. He always shared whatever he had. Never worrying about life's material possessions, he was more concerned with how much time he could spend with those close to him.

Alberto will be forever missed. We will continue to remember him by helping his family as much as we can. Savings accounts are being set up for the children if anyone would like to donate now or in the future. I will collect any donations and pass them on to the Lara family. Alberto's sword will be brought to faire until I finish a targe that will memorialize him. The Lara family, as well as my own, would like to personally thank each and every member of Saint Andrew's for their prayers and support.

As Sir Drew MacQuain often says at the end of faire (maybe in different words), forget about the trivial things that anger you and take comfort in remember those things that are important to you.



Dear Guild Family,

As you may know, we have a new family in our midst that has suffered a great loss. The Lara family, which joined with us at Sonora and at Willits, has suffered the very sudden loss of their father.

I can't imagine how difficult this must be for them. Directly after this tragedy, the Highlanders began discussing the Lara family and their situation. We have been trying to think of practical ways to offer help, and maybe a little bit of comfort in a difficult situation. The one thing we came up with that we could all do was to start a small fund to help them as they adjust to one income. It may sound a bit sterile to think of money, but Martha is now a single mom, and we all know that money is a reality and necessity of life.

If you would like to donate to this family along with the Highlanders, you can contact me at jerrilynnlevers@pacbell.net for my address and any details I have. We will collect twice: once at the beginning of October, and then again at the end of November to help with the holidays.

I know that I don't know this family well, and Craig would know what their immediate needs are, but as a wife, and as a mom, I just knew I wanted to do something.

Love and Hugs,

Gwen

Saint Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots Winter's Feast

15th of November 2008

**Veterans Memorial Building
522 South L Street
Livermore, CA**

Tickets will be available for purchase as of the 2nd of August

**Ages 16 and older ~ \$30.00
Lads and Lasses to age 15 ~ Gratis**

**Merriment, Food,
Dancing to Culann's Hounds Band
Prepare Your Purse, Finest Gowns and Doublets Without Delay!**

**Advance tickets available by contacting Dame Brittah H`elie at
(209) 862-4147 or BrittahM@yahoo.com
or by mail at 1501 Oak Canyon Drive, Newman, CA 95360**

Checks made payable to St. Andrew's Guild

Tickets also available at the door

LORD ANGUS MORRISON

(Self Imposed)

Monarch of the Isle of Lewis



Like many of the Lords of the Isles, the ancient Canmore Kings of Scotland gave Lord Angus Morrison his position and title, through inheritance. The Morrisons became the traditional Brieves (Judges) of the Isle of Lewis, and then eventually onto the mainland, from the unique legal system in the Hebrides combining the Brehonic Celtic (written) laws, and the Norwegian Deemster (oral) tradition of laws, in about equal parts.

When the Hebrides were ceded to Scotland by the King of Norway as a wedding gift to his daughter and the King of Scotland, this provided a stepping stone to the Morrisons for immense power that ever increased as the years rolled by. Like many of the Lords of the Isles, this “I was here first, so therefore deserve it” power, combined with detachment from the mainland, soon developed into an immense “Holier than Thou” attitude of great arrogance:

“I am (must be) the Monarch of Lewis, and just what is anyone going to do about it?”

“I have been given my position by TWO kings!”

Old Angus really knew the true situation, but dared anyone to do anything about it. Very little if anything was done to curb the power of the Lords of the Isles until the beginning of the 16th century. Lewis received its retribution about 1613, the last of the Isles to be humbled... and humbled they were!

When Lord Angus Morrison was in his prime, what should happen bust a young French girl arrives on the mainland and proclaims herself Queen of all that she surveys on the mainland and the Isles! “Such impertinence... let her prove it, and a GIRL to boot! I feel that she will have little support, or power.”

After due consideration and counsel with his advisors, Lord Angus is convinced to go and see this young girl for himself and enjoy the comforts of her Court as it progresses about the mainland, trying to instill goodwill in her Nobles, and of course, partially at her expense. A semi-paid vacation, if you will...

Like many of the Queen’s Nobles, Lord Angus keeps his distance from this queen, as well as a watchful eye on her, to judge how the future might turn out for him. Lord Angus is not a terrible man or a tyrant, but a good Chief of his clan and defensive of his people to a fault for their situation, security, and future. For all that he may wish to become, he does know that his people must come first, for power ultimately comes from the people.

Not as wealthy as the other Lords of Europe as he would like to become, Lord Angus is nevertheless a prudent and resourceful man who sees the true picture of what wealth really is what should be done with it. The Isle of Lewis has a burgeoning fishing industry, farming industries and ample trade with Scandinavia, and

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Hebridean Mythology and Folklore

The Inner and Outer Hebrides off the western coast of Scotland are made up of a great number of small islands. These isolated and mostly uninhabited islands are the source of a number of myths and legends. It is a part of Scotland which has always relied on the surrounding sea to sustain the small communities which have occupied parts of the islands for centuries, therefore, it is natural that these seas are a source for many of these legends, though there are as many tales of magical peoples and animals inhabiting the peat bogs and mountains of Harris as well. Some of these supernatural beings are Water Spirits [namely Kelpies, Blue Men and Seonaidh (Shonny)], Merpeople, Water Monsters (both Loch Monsters and Sea Monsters), Werewolves, Will-o'-the-wisp, and Fairies.

Of the less familiar life forms:

Kelpies are said to be a supernatural water horse that is believed to haunt the rivers and lochs of Scotland (and Ireland). Its hide was generally supposed to be black (though in some stories it is white), and will appear to be a lost pony, but can be identified by its constantly dripping mane. Its skin is like that of a seal, smooth, but is as cold as death when touched. The horse appearance is strong, powerful, and breathtaking. Water horses are also known to transform into handsome men in order to lure women into their traps. It is understood that the nostril of the horse is what creates the illusion of grandeur. The water horse also creates illusions to keep itself hidden, keeping only its eye above water to scout the surface, much like the illusion of a fish's pupil.



The kelpie is known to lure mortals, especially children into the water to drown and eat them. It performs this act by encouraging children to ride on its back. Once its victim falls into its trap, the Kelpie's skin becomes adhesive and rides into the river, dragging them to the bottom of the water and devouring them — except the heart or liver. A common Scottish tale is the story of nine children lured onto a kelpie's back, while a tenth keeps his distance. The kelpie chases him and tries to catch him, but he escapes. A variation on this is that the tenth child simply strokes the kelpie's nose, but when his finger becomes stuck to it he takes a knife from his pocket and cuts his own finger off. He saves himself, but is unable to help his friends as they are pulled underwater with the kelpie. Commonly known as spirits of the dead, kelpies are not benevolent creatures.

An exception however, is a Scottish tale in which, towards the end of the mystical period of Scotland, a water horse fails to travel with its fellow mystic folk, and instead rises above water, seeking a wife. However after attempting to court a clever girl, who consults the Wiseman about the situation, he is captured and forced to work in order to be taught compassion. After learning his lesson, he is given the choice of departing or drinking a magic potion that will make him a real man. The water horse, now full of love decides to drink the potion which erases the memories of his life as a water horse and gives him the chance to live with the clever girl whom he has fallen in love with.

Blue Men of the Minch (also known as storm kelpies) are said to occupy the stretch of water between Lewis and mainland Scotland, looking for sailors to drown and stricken boats to sink.

Seonaidh (anglicized **Shony** or **Shoney**, and also used for the name "Johnny" in modern Scottish Gaelic) was the name of a water spirit in Lewis and has been defined as "1. augury, sorcery. 2. Druidism". It is said that the inhabitants of Lewis used to appease Seonaidh by a cup of ale in the following manner: They came to the

church of St. Mulway, each carrying his own provisions. Every family gave a pock of malt, and the whole was brewed into ale. One of their number was chosen to wade into the sea up to his waist, carrying in his hand the cup full of ale. When he reached a proper depth, he stood and cried aloud:

“Seonaidh, I give thee this cup of ale, hoping that thou wilt be so good as to send us plenty of seaware for enriching our ground during the coming year.”

He then threw the ale into the sea. This ceremony was performed in the night-time. On his coming to land, they all repaired to church, where there was a candle burning on the alter. There they stood still for a time, when, on a signal given, the candle was put out, and straightaway, they adjourned to the fields where the night was spent mirthfully over the ale. Next morning, they returned to their respective homes, in the belief that they had insured a plentiful crop for the next season.

(It is likely that Seonaidh was originally some kind of god, whose worship had been lightly Christianized by the addition of various church features. However, it is also possible that “Seonaidh”, which is Scottish Gaelic for “Johnny” may also be a reference to one of the St. Johns, and some kind of invocation to him.)

Will-o’-the-wisp refers to the ghostly lights sometimes seen at night or twilight – often over bogs. It looks like a flickering lamp, and is sometimes said to recede if approached. The term will-o’-the-wisp comes from *wisp*, a bundle of sticks or paper sometimes used as a torch, and will-o’ (“Will of”). The folklore phenomenon will-o’-the-wisp is sometimes referred to as Jack o’ lantern (Jack of the lantern), and indeed the two terms were originally synonymous. In fact, the names “Jacky Lantern” and “Jack the Lantern” are still present in the oral traditions of the region and of Newfoundland. These lights are also sometimes referred to as “corpse candles”, “spook lights” or “ghost lights” and is often classified as a ghost, fairy or other elemental.



One version of the will-o’-the-wisp tale recounts how a wicked blacksmith is given a second chance by Saint Peter at the gates to Heaven, but leads such a bad life that he ends up being doomed to wander the Earth. The Devil provides him with a single burning coal with which to warm himself, which he then used to lure foolish travelers into the marshes.



Another version of the tale has a ne’er-do-well named Drunk Jack who makes a deal with the Devil, offering up his soul in exchange for payment of his pub tab. When the Devil comes to collect his due, Jack tricks him by making him climb a tree and then carrying a cross underneath, preventing him from climbing down. In exchange for removing the cross, the Devil forgives “Jack’s debt. However, because no one as bad as Jack would ever be allowed into Heaven, Jack is forced upon his death to travel to Hell and ask for a place there. The Devil denies him entrance in revenge, but, as a boon, grants Jack an ember from the fires of Hell to light his way through the twilight world to which lost souls are forever condemned. Jack places it in a carved turnip to serve as a lantern.

Scottish Folk and Fairy Tales

Editor's Note: The following might well be employed for the reading or the telling at a Halloween party, or beside a campfire, as well as for the practice of dialect and learning of some of the Gaelic language to be used in character at faire.

gloaming': twilight
bucht, buchtin': fold, folding
yowes: ewes
hizzies: housewives/frivolous woman or servant girl
daffin': having fun
gabbin': romping
Greet: whimper
flake: movable gate of the fold
hemp: unruly girl

birses of a hurcheon: bristles of a hedgehog
taigilt: lingered
tint: lost
brose: oatmeal or pease—meal (in this case made with sheep's milk)
callant: youthful fellow
burnside: the shoreline of a brook or stream
seggs: sedge, a tall grasslike plant

The Gloaming Bucht*

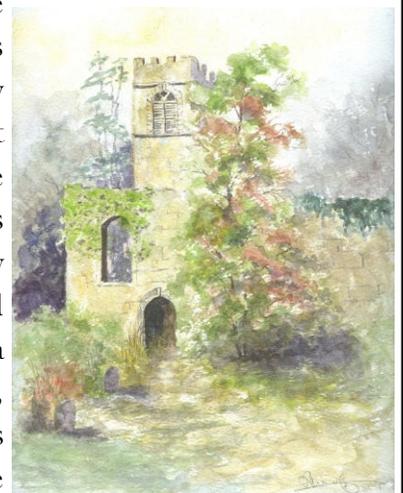
'Speakin' o' fairies, quoth Robbie Oliver (an old shepherd who lived in Jedwater), 'I can tell ye about the vera last fairy that was seen hereaway. When my faither, Peter Oliver, was a young man, he lived at Hyndlee. Weel, it was the custom to milk the yowes in thae days, an' my faither was buchtin' the yowes to twae young, lish, clever hizzies ae nicht i' the gloamin'. Nae little daffin' an' gabbin' gaed on amang the threesome, I'se warrant ye, till at last, just as it chanced to get darkish, my faither chancit to luik along the lea at the head o' the bucht, an' what did he see but a wee little creaturie a' clad i' green, an' wi' lang hair, yellow as gowd, hingin' round its shoulders, comin' straight for him, whiles gi'en a whink o' a greet, an' aye atween its hands raisin' a queer, unyirthly cry, "Hae ye seen Hewie Milburn? Oh! Hae ye seen Hewie Milburn?" Instead of answering the creature, my faither sprang owre the bucht flake, to be near the lasses, saying, "Bliss us a' - what's that?" "Ha, ha! Patie lad," quo' Bessie Elliot, a free-spoken hemp; theer a wife com'd for ye the nicht, Patie lad." "A wife!" said my faither; "may the Lord keep me frae sic a wife as that," an' he confessed till his deein' day, he was in sic a fear that the hairs o' his heed stuid up like the birses of a hurcheon. The creature was nae bigger than a three-year-auld lassie, but feat an' tight, lith o' limb, as ony grown woman, an' its face was the downright perfection o' beauty, only there was something wild an' unyirthly in its e'en tht couldna be lookit at, faur less describit: it didna molest them, but aye taigilt on about the bucht, now an' then repeatin' its cry, "Hae ye seen Hewie Milburn?" Sae they cam' to nae ither conclusion than that it had tint its companion. When my faither an' the lasses left the bucht, it followed them hame to the Hyndlee kitchen, wehre they offered it yowe brose, but it wad n tak' onything, till at last a neer-do-weel callant made as if he wad grip it wi' a pair o' reed-het tangs, an' it appeared to be offendit, an' gaed awa' doon the burnside, crying' its auld cry eerier an' waesomer than ever, and disappeared in a bush o' seggs'.



- *Old Friends and New Faces.* Field & Tuer.

The Doomed Rider*

‘The Conan is as bonny a river as we hae in a’ the north country. There’s mony a sweet sunny spot on its banks, an’ ‘mony a time an’ aft hae I waded through its shallows, whan a boy, to set my little scouting-line for the trouts an’ the eels, or to gather the big pearl-mussels that lie sae thick in the fords. But its bonny wooded banks are places for enjoying the day – no for passing the nicht. I kenna how it is; it’s nane o’ your wild streams that wander desolate through a desert country, like the Aven, or that come rushing down in foam and thunder, ower broken rocks, like the Foyers, or that wallow in darkness, deep, deep in the bowels o’ the earth, like the fearful’ Auldgraunt; an’ yet no ane o’ these rivers has mair or frightfuller stories connected wi’ it than the Conan. Ane can hardly saunter ower half-a-mile in its course, frae where it leaves Contin till where it enters the sea, without pasing ower the scene o’ some frightful auld legend o’ the kelpy or the waterwraith. And ane o’ the most frightful looking o’ these places is to be found among the woods of Conan House. Ye enter a swampy meadow that waves wi’ flags an’ rushes like a cornfield in harvest, an’ see a hillock covered wi’ willows rising like an island in the midst. There are thick mirk-woods on ilka side; the river, dark an’ awesome, an’ whirling round an’ round in mossy eddies, sweeps away behind it; an’ there is an auld burying-ground, wi’ the broken ruins o’ an auld Papist kirk, on the tap. Ane can see amang the rougher stanes the rose-wrought mullions of an arched window, an’ the trough that ance held the holy water. About twa hundred years ago—a wee mair maybe, or a wee less, for ane canna be very sure o’ the date o’ thae old stories – the building was entire; an’ a spot near it, whar the wood now grows thickest, was laid out in a corn-field. The marks o’ the furrows may still be seen among the trees.



‘A party o’ Hielunders were busily engaged, ae day in harvest, in cutting down the corn o’ that field; an’ just about noon, when the sun shone brightest an’ they were busiest in the work, they heard a voice frae the river exclaim, “The hour but not the man has come.” Sure enough, on looking round, there was the kelpy stan’in’ in what they ca’ a fause ford, just fornent the auld kirk. There is a deep black pool both aboon an’ below, but i’ the ford there’s a bonny ripple, that shows, as ane might think, but little depth o’ water; an’ just i’ the middle o’ that, in a place where a horse might swim, stood the kelpy. An’ it again repeated its words, “The hour but not the man has come,” an’ then flashing through the water like a drake, it disappeared in the lower pool. When the folk stood wondering what the creature might mean, they saw a man on horseback come spurring down the hill in hot haste, making straight for the fause ford. They could then understand her words at ance; an’ four o’ the stoutest o’ them sprang oot frae among the corn to warn him o’ the danger, an’ keep him back. An’ sae they tauld him what they had seen an’ heard, an’ urged him either to turn back an’ tak’ anither road, or stay for an hour or sae where he was. But he just wadna hear them, for he was baith unbelieving an’ in haste, an’ wauld hae taen the ford for a’ they could say, hadna the Hielunders, determined on saving him whether he would or no, gathered round him an’ pulled him frae his horse, an’ then, to mak’ sure of him, locked him up in the auld kirk.

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Weel, when the hour had gone by – the fatal hour o’ the kelpy – they flung open the door, an’ cried to him that he might noo gang on his journey. Ah! But there was nae answer, though; an’ sae they cried a second time, an’ there was nae answer still; and then they went in, an’ found him lying stiff an’ cauld on the floor, wi’ his face buried in the water o’ the very stone trough that we may still see among the ruins. His hour had come, an’ he had fallen in a fit, as ‘twould seem, head-foremost among the water o the trough, where he had been smothered – an’ sae ye see, the prophecy o’ the kelpy availed naething.

* *Folk-Lore and Legends, Scotland.* W. W. Gibbings.

The Tormented Heart Of Dame Brittah Sutherland H`elie

My Dearest Sister Morna,

I do hope this missive doth find thee well and my dear niece Augusta thriving. I admit that for myself my heart is heavy with the trials and tribulations of my romantic life. My few moments of bliss are few and far between. It seems like so many years ago that Kael MacGregor and I did stand before Her Majesty while on Progress through the shire of Pittsburg and were Handfasted. That was such a blessed and blissful day with true love in our hearts and surrounded by our dear friends and you, sweet Sister. But it seemed as if such bliss was not to last, as within a year we again stood before Her Majesty explaining that our union was not as blessed as we had thought and asking Her Majesty’s permission to go our separate ways. With heavy heart Her Majesty did grant such permission and with it permission for me to resume using my given name of Sutherland. Despite our proclamation to Her Majesty we did continue to pine for each other and Her Majesty did oft comment that Kael and I still seemed to enjoy each other’s company. Alas, within a mere month, as my beloved Kael sat in Court, with Dame Raven and Lady Kyra hovering about his side table, he took drink from his goblet only to fall at Her Majesty’s feet. Kael lay stricken and apparently poisoned; I was horrified as dear Kael did succumb there in Court before all to see kicking, gurgling, frothing about the mouth. Certainly ye do well remember this horrific event. In a desperate attempt to protect his holdings I did swiftly remove the keys to his manor from his belt and flee Court, grief stricken of course, while Dame Raven and Lady Kyra remained in Court, professing their innocence at any responsibility for Kael’s poisoning. Captain Craig Melville and other loyal members of the Royal Guard did remove Kael’s lifeless body from Court.

The following day James Hepburn, the Fourth Earl of Bothwell did arrive in Court and I did plead with him as the Sheriff of Edinburgh to bring to justice the culprit who was responsible for dear Kael’s demise. Bothwell’s efforts to solve this heinous crime have fallen short, and between you and I dear sister, I question his dedication to bringing the murderous cur to justice.

With such turmoil and tragedy weighing heavy on my heart, I left the Wicked Aye Tavern in the care of my indentured servants, Heber MacPherson and his wee wife Fionnoula while I traveled to France over the winter in an effort to ease my heart and soul as well as expand my business interests. Who was to know that I would meet a Frenchman, of all men, to ease my grief and soften my hardened heart? But ‘tis true I did meet François H`elie, an aging, ailing, wealthy gentleman. He and his brother Michel continue to have a thriving dragon of men, mercenaries if you will. Much to my surprise François won my heart and we wed before the first blossom. I returned to the hielunds of Scotland to tend to the tavern, with François quickly to follow as soon as he settled some business dealings and made arrangements with his brother Michel. Upon returning to the tavern I found that Heber and Fionnoula had managed the Tavern quite well and that my heart was no longer with the Wicked Aye. (Too many memories I say). Heber and Fionnoula’s good work at the Tavern did more than compensate for their indenture; in addition to their own coin I did sell the Wicked Aye to the MacPhersons. I left the Tavern and spent my days in the company of Her Majesty’s Court, making every effort to expand and aid François’s interests with Her Majesty. Certainly Her Majesty well has need now, or will in the future, of additional men to protect and expand Her Majesty’s interests. But, alas François has never joined me. I hear rumor after rumor, receive message after message that he has indeed traveled to Scotland in an effort to join me. He has wandered the hielunds, ill and it has e`en been reported to me that he did indeed wander into the Wicked Aye, alas after it was long sold to Heber and Fionnoula. He was with fever and Fionnoula did tend to him. Heber did report to me that François seemed quite

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added and insisted in traveling forth although neither Heber or Fionnoula thought he was well enough and should still be confined to his sick bed.

'Twas but a year ago at the shire of Campbell that Sir William Maitland did visit Her Majesty's Court and with the assistance of Lord Cullen Elliott did report to Her Majesty that in Maitland's recent travel to France he had indeed met François there. I felt ill myself and swooned on more than one occasion with the telling as they further reported that François was gravely ill with the bloody flux. I was heartened to learn that François had recovered enough to go riding. But alas, I became faint again when Lord Cullen and Sir William explained that François had fallen from his horse and his arm was broken. I was reassured that he was slowly on the mend. My heart did sing when Sir William did present me with a wee gift from François, a ring in the shape of a fleur de lis. While François and my plan to be together in Scotland have not come to fruition, I was pleased to know he was safe in his home and that his investments in France were doing well.

I have always carried a locket holding a portrait of François. Time and time again I have shared the portrait with all who I meet in hopes they have seen my dearest love and might aid me in finding my husband. One wee lass did tell me she had indeed seen him that very day, but alas despite my search I was unable to find him that day. So much time as passed since I have seen my husband, I venture to guess the portrait is now an inaccurate image of dear François. Just the same, as I follow along and participate in Her Majesty's Progress from shire to shire, I am mindful to share my locket with all who will look in hopes someone has seen François and can help me find him. In my travels as I visit other shires, both in England and in Scotland I continue my search, I am afraid without success.

Dear Sister, there is still more to the story, for earlier this year a gentleman joined Her Majesty's Court who bears an uncanny resemblance to François, although he claims to be from the Isle of Lewis and adamantly denies he is François. My heart breaks every time I see him and for a moment have the fleeting thought that he is indeed my husband.

I had great hopes still another time this year when I joined Her Majesty's Court again in the shire of Campbell for an ancient Gathering of the Clans and Highland Games. I held great hopes as the town crier did make several announcements, heard by all at the Gathering and Games that I was searching for François and that he had been seen at the Gathering. I quickly scurried throughout the Gathering, calling out in vain for my dear François, again sharing the portrait in my locket with all who would take the time to look. Some told me sadly that they had not seen François; while others told me they had just seen François and pointed in the direction in which he wandered. Later that day the town crier did again announce to all at the Gathering that a carriage and horses were left unattended and were badly in need of attention, and called out for François to respond and tend to the needs of his horses. With great hope I ran, as quickly as I could in corset and hoop, to the field where carriages were lined up, but once again my hopes were dashed, as I was unable to locate either carriage or François himself. I have even heard from our own Ambassador Nikoli that François as been seen on the steps Mother Russia.



With heavy heart I then traveled to a lake in the South of Tahoe and approached several men who bore a strong resemblance to François showing them the wee portrait as evidence. All denied that they were François, with the exception of one cruel imposter. With a hearty laugh he finally admitted he was a charlatan. Damn his eyes. Recently I traveled to the bay of St. Francis, where there were more constables in that shire than I have every seen in any one village so I did press each and every constable into service in search of my François. But sadly, 'twas all in vain.

I continue to present a brave face, for the sake of Her Majesty and Her Court. Alas, a new twist as made my heart heavy once again. Certainly you saw my pain and confusion while in the shire of Willits but a few weeks ago when Maitiu's lovely daughter, Mary delivered a wee missive to me. Mary explained the note was from a tall man in a red kilt. Perplexed, I opened the sealed dispatch. Dearest Sister, the writer professed his undying love for me despite my marriage to François. Puzzled I continued to read, the missive was signed.....Kael MacGregor. How can this be? I presented the letter to Her Majesty in hopes She would provide assistance in solving the mystery or find the culprit of this cruel joke. A hoax from an unscrupulous prankster or a true mystery? We all saw Kael die at Her Majesty's feet, did we not? Captain Melville and his men removed his body from Court. If Kael lives, how can this be? And how do I choose between Kael and François? My heart aches, dear sister. Whatever shall I do, wherever shall I go? Certainly as the world turns this is a quandary of epic proportions. I am blessed that Her Majesty has pressed Bothwell into service to solve this mystery and do hope that he will bring this issue to a resolution with great haste. With tormented heart, I remain

Your Loving Sister,
Brittiah Sutherland H'elie.....

While Searching Out François H'elie

By Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoite

One recent night mi travelin' companion, Squire Maltworm, an' miself were sittin' by tha fyre in tha Wycked Aye Tavern, marvelin' a' Dame Brittah's recent frenzies ta fynd François in Campbell an' Golden Gate shires. As tha crowd gathered around (an' after a goodly few ales), Maitiu' was enticed ta tell tha tale o' our own search fertha man. In Maitiu's own words:

Dame Brittah Sutherland had been desperately searching for her lover, François, for some time. It had become the topic of conversation for those people who have nothing more important to occupy their time. Idle gossip seemed an ill use of time and energy to Maitiu'. It is said a person dislikes only what he or she sees in themselves. In the past, engaging in idle gossip caused him only grief and difficulty. Phillip, on the other hand, thoroughly enjoyed listening to such chatter although Maitiu' noticed that his friend just listened and rarely passed on what he had heard- — except to Maitiu'. □ □

"Do you remember Brittah's first husband, Kael MacGregor, and how he dropped dead in Court? It was rumored that he was somehow poisoned by your old friend Dame Raven Sinclair." □ □

"Don't say that name, man! It gives me a sour stomach." □ □

"They say the Gunns and Sinclairs have been feuding with the Sutherlands for generations and this poisoning was born of that feud. Now Brittah's new lover, this mysterious Frenchman named □ François, has gone missing." □ □

"Another victim of the lovely Raven?" □ □

"No, he has been seen periodically here and there, so it is presumed □ that he is still alive. I heard he was last seen in Caithness, way up north."

"So he is wandering around the viper's den is he? I would never go up □ there, even for all the ale in Christendom. There are Sinclairs up there, and Gunns. Do you remember when Keegan Gunn nearly cut my head off with me own ax?" □

"I recall you were caught reiving Her Majesty's cattle." □ □

"I didn't know they were Hers! Anyway, he and Argyle had bet against me during the athletic contests." □ □

"Yes, I recall you beat their man Duncan Somerville." □

"I'll admit I was most fortunate to defeat Somerville. I have not □ hurled a spear so well since. And I heard the man had a bad knee. □ But getting back to the point, Gunn wanted my head, not for the □ reiving, but for losing that bet." □ □

"I am not so sure Maitiu'." □ □

"Did not Her Majesty pardon me?" □ □

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"She did, but out of a favor to your Earl Desmond, her fellow Catholic." □ □

"If that François is up in Caithness he would be better off back in France, where it would be safer by comparison." □ □

Maitiu was referring to the recent troubles in the south and central portion of France where French Calvinists lived in vast numbers. □ Some four decades earlier the seeds of the Protestant Reformation had been planted in France by the Lutherans and further nurtured by Jacques Lefevre and John Calvin, AKA Jean Cauvin. By 1562 it was □ estimated that one million Huguenots, French Calvinists, lived in □ France. To add more coal to the fire the House of Bourbon supported □ the Huguenots, and the Guises the Catholic Church. On March 1, □ 1562, the French Wars of Religion began with a massacre at Vassy France. It was said hundreds of Huguenots were killed. France has become an `interesting' place to dwell. □ □

A few days after the conversation with Maitiu', Philip received a missive from none other than Dame Brittah Sutherland herself. Dame □ Brittah had been a patron of Philip's in the past, as he roamed throughout Scotland reciting his poetry. In her missive she summoned Philip to Court to speak to him concerning `an urgent matter'. Philip was delighted. "An urgent matter", he said to □ himself. What could it be? There was no doubt some intrigue involved. It was best he not share this with his wife or his friend, the timid Irish bog mouse. □ □

At his appearance in Court to Dame Brittah Sutherland, Philip MacAlisdair, the warrior-poet of Kintyre, bowed deeply and graciously. "How may I be of service, my Lady?" □ □

"Lord MacAlisdair, as you have undoubtedly heard, my lover François is missing. It has reached my ears he has been spotted in Caithness. I would go up there immediately, but it would be, as you might say, `a bit inconvenient'. If I send one of my factors up there he might be captured or killed and the political turmoil that event might cause would no doubt disturb the peace of the Court and Her Majesty. But if a well known poet were to go up there and recite and while reciting, `look around', no one would be suspicious. I have gold coin to pay you for this service, half now and half on completion." □ □

Philip agreed. He agreed, not for the money, as by his measure he was rich in friends and pleasure, but for adventure. He gathered Katie and Maitiu' and told them the request. When they both said at the same time, "Are you daft, man," Philip laughed. □ □

Maitiu' spoke first, "I told you I would never go to Caithness. If that witch, Raven Sinclair, caught me up there, she would have my head – but only if Keegan Gunn did not take it first!" □ □

"Fine, I will seek another companion." □ □

Philip left abruptly and in a sulk. It was then Katie turned to Maitiu' and said, "I will give Scottish cut clothing to you and I will have Maureen light a candle for you at Church. No matter what happens I will take care of your Mary. Now, take care of my husband." □ □

Maitiu', his mouth half opened, nodded his consent and hoped that Maureen would light two candles for him. □ □ Meanwhile, Philip ran into Maitiu's old athletic rival, Duncan Somerville, down by

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dockside pub. Duncan was on a furlough from Her Majesty's Guard, supposedly recovering from a knee injury that had plagued him for years. Normally at odds with each other, they had such a good jovial conversation over some Irish ale that Philip thought, perhaps, Somerville could be his companion on this next adventure. When the sum was discussed Duncan easily agreed.[] []

"MacAlisdair, how are we to travel up to Caithness?"[] []

"By ship, of course."[] []

"Ships cost money. You are paying the passage, correct?"[] []

"Yes, I know a ship's captain who will take us up and back for a small fee."[] []

That ship's captain was one William Blackadder, the Earl of Bothwell's most skilled, trusted, and reliable man at sea. "I will take you up there, mate, but you are on your own getting back. I am making a run up to Norway on the Earl's private business. I will drop you off in Aberdeen."[] []

Philip pondered aloud, "How will we return?"[] []

Blackadder volunteered this advice, "Bring your own mounts on board. I've the room. I will arrange the details, no charge. [] Tide goes out at eight bells in the morning. We sail then."[] []

Philip and Duncan arrived at Blackadder's ship at eight bells. [] Blackadder greeted them heartily but with a mischievous grin on his face. "Your mounts are on board and the owner insists that they be [] accompanied by a horseboy. Will that be a problem?"[] []

"No Captain. Let's see the mounts." Down in the ships hold strode the three men. Philip, when he saw the horses, was gob-smacked. [] It was Maureen's horse, Olav, and two Irish ponies. Turning to Blackadder he said, "I know these beasts. Where is the horseboy?"[] []

It was then Duncan spoke with a sneer on his face. "I know the horseboy. You can dress him in proper clothing but you cannot disguise the smell of a Mick bastard."[] []

Philip was further astonished. "Maitiu', you said you would never come!"[] []

"I am not here for your sake but for the horses. Maureen insisted. I don't care much for the company you keep, boyo." [] Maitiu' glared at his old adversary, Duncan Somerville.[] []

Blackadder chuckled and said, "Lads, let's all get along now for we are off to Aberdeen."[] []

The trip was a routine run, short and uneventful. When Blackadder said farewell he had that familiar gleam in his eye. He and his first mate had a bet about how long it would be before Somerville killed the Irishman.[] []

Aberdeen was a dangerous place for those who knew not their place. [] Alister Gunn, son of John Robson, chief of Clan Gunn, had just been executed in Inverness for insulting James Stewart, Earl of

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Moray, the half-brother of the Queen. Hearing this made Maitiu' decide to grow his beard and change his appearance all the more, and to be extremely polite to everyone he passed. If Sir Keegan or Dame Raven recognized him, that, in and of itself, would be perceived by them as an insult and he would be riding with Alistair Gunn on the Death Coach to the Judgment.

Philip toured the North Country in his usual fashion. At each stop he made what he thought were discreet inquiries about a French Noble named François. His 'discreet' inquiries brought grave suspicion upon himself and his small retinue.

In Lochbroom Philip was brought into the presence of the dignitaries of Clan Sinclair and Clan Gunn, who had gathered on the occasion of celebrating a marriage between two minor members of each respective clan. When Philip saw who was seated at the head table in the wedding hall he said to himself, "If Maitiu' saw this he would soil his breeches." There sat two old friends, Raven Sinclair and Keegan Gunn. They both gave Philip a sarcastic smile, then turning to John Robson Keegan explained, "This is the fellow who insulted us in the Wicked Aye tavern a while back."

John Robson nodded and reminded Keegan that on this festive occasion Philip was an honored guest and the ancient laws of hospitality forbade any harm come to him. "Besides, Keegan my lad, he is a delightful poet."

Seething, Keegan interjected, "My Lord, he is a spy! He has been inquiring about Brittain Sutherland's lover, François the Huguenot."

John Robson calmly said, "We do not know if this François is a Huguenot. Besides, what spy acts so indiscreetly and brings a retinue with him?"

Raven Sinclair said then, "My Lord, have MacAlisdair bring in his 'retinue,' for they may be the spies we seek."

John Robson had them brought, and there, before the wedding party, stood Duncan Somerville and a bearded stock keeper in MacLeod treads and jacket.

Keegan exclaimed, "There's my man Duncan Somerville. God's teeth, man, you are employed by this rogue?"

Duncan replied, "He pays well, General."

Raven, ever suspicious, said, "How can a poet from Kintyre pay well? And who is this little man? Speak up!" Turning to John Robson she continued, "Some scum from Skye, no doubt. Look at his clothes." Duncan, long seeking revenge for losing at athletics, said, "That is a bogtrotter from Munst can't you smell him?"

Raven pointed impolitely at Maitiu' and laughed wickedly, "My Lord, that is Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoite. He has tried to conceal his identity with his clothes and shabby beard. That proves he is a spy! This man has insulted me and I want his head."

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Keegan, reaching for his sword said, "I will gladly hand it to you, Dame Raven." □ □

Again, John Robson held up his hand to calm everyone. "MacRoibeard de Faoite from Munster? Are you the son of the grey merchant from Waterford?" □ □

With all apparently lost, Maitiu' stood up and proudly proclaimed, "I am; my father was a great man." □ □

John Robson was now beside himself. "Indeed he was, indeed he was! He and I brought 5000 head of sheep up here and evaded revenuers from both London and Edinburgh. These sheep and their offspring have put meat in our bellies and clothes on our backs for these many years. So you are wee Maitiu'. Your father spoke fondly of you. Welcome MacRoibeard to Lochbroom. Would you like to sample our ale? I would appreciate your opinion on the quality of our local brew." □ □

It was Maitiu's turn to smirk at Somerville, Raven, and Keegan. □ Looking respectfully and with great gratitude toward John Robson, chief of Clan Gunn, he couldn't resist a final barb at his adversaries. "My Lord, you should ask Philip to recite his Argyle satire. It is most humorous." □ □

Philip's retinue returned home overland in a nearly uneventful fashion. Maitiu' had concerns about Duncan but these were alleviated when Maureen's horse, Olav, `accidentally' kicked Duncan's sore knee. As Duncan was writhing in wretched pain, Maitiu' was able to help him using some of the healing skills he had learned from □ his grandmother, his aunt, and Sara MacBride. As they came to know each other better they found they had more in common than not, and they became friends. □ □

Reporting to Dame Brittah, Philip said he had no luck finding François and that he should not take the remaining coin. Upon hearing the tale Brittah said the story itself was worth the remaining coin. She especially enjoyed hearing how vexed Raven and Keegan had become. Philip took the coin and presented it to the orphans of the Corryvreckan incident. □ □

It was early — early on the next Sunday morning that Maitiu' and Maureen, as was their custom, went to Mass. It was still dark as the sun had not yet come up. The Church was dimly lit by candles, including the two candles Maureen had lit weeks earlier. With Maureen there beside him, Maitiu' put his head in his hands as he knelt before the altar and thought of his Da. To himself he prayed, "Thanks Da, you have saved me again." Not sure if it came from outside or from within his own mind he heard his Da's voice. "Your Mother's and my love transcend the grave, boyo. □ We'll be together soon." □ □

Maitiu' whispered, "Go raibhmaithagat, Athair, ta' gra' agamduit." □

View of Lochbroom, Scotland



ST. ANDREW'S BBQ & SOCIAL

October 25, 2008

Please bring your family
for our end of the year BBQ & Social on October 25, 2008

at Buchanan Park, Pittsburg

~Our usual grove of trees at the corner of Harbor St and Yosemite Dr~

~Attire~ Modern Comfortable Clothing

Please bring a dish to share with ten others

If your 21st century last name begins with:

N-Z please bring a side dish, or salad

A-M please bring a dessert, fruit, munchies

BYOCBBBQI ~

Bring Your Own Chair, Beverage, BBQ Item

Water and table service will be provided

11:00 AM - Meet and Greet

Noon - Time to Eat-BBQs Available

2PM - 4PM - Your positive ideas for 2008, Discussion of Props Repair,
Replacement, Purchases; Training; '08 Schedule; & Budget Report

~ what will 2009 bring?

Your input is essential in determining our 2009 schedule~

Following lunch and before the meeting,

there will be a piñata for the children and a "game" for adults too.

The Squiring of Lady Alice Sinclair



“I was very happy that so many friends from the Saint Andrew’s family, as well as others, were in attendance at the Golden Gate Faire in San Francisco and present for this very happy and exciting day in my life. It was especially wonderful, indeed, that my cousins Lady Fyonna and her sister Ann could also be in attendance. I am grateful, too, that my friend Joan (from Modesto) was there in support. Blessings upon Steve (aka Lord Angus Morrison) who took a whole roll of photos for me to remember the event. Gramercy as well to Sir Drew MacQuain, Sir Keegan Gunn, and Dame Brittah for making this special tribute come true for me. “ – Squire Alice Sinclair

Doctors, Medicine and Health in the Renaissance

by Sir Guy Maxwell

I wish to speak a little bit regarding medicine, health and the role of healers in the Renaissance world. In the 1500's disease was believed to have supernatural as well as natural causes. Epidemics were wide spread and regarded as God's punishment for man's sins. Prayers as often as not were part of the cure. Medicine took the form of plants, herbs, roots, magical stones and healing waters. Healers were anyone from a doctor with some training to a family member or friend. Every household had its own home remedies, which were passed down within the family, usually from mother to daughter and were the first choice in treating illness.

No one linked illness to malnutrition, lack of sanitation or hygiene. Food preservation consisted of salting, smoking, or pickling, with meat often left out in the open for days to dry first. Water was taken directly from the river, stream, lake, well or cistern without regard for contaminants. Bathing facilities were limited and baths were infrequently taken (as little as once a year). In that instance the whole family shared the same water, starting with the head of the family and progressing down to the servants. A layer of dirt and grime was considered good protection against illness. Hands and clothes were rarely washed. Castles, and homes alike had floors covered in straw which was added to throughout the year and only removed in the spring. Sanitation was primitive and while the wealthy might have a privy (an early form of restroom) most dwellings used chamber pots placed in convenient locations. This though didn't stop many gentlemen from continuing to use the fireplace or a nearby corner as a urinal. Toilet paper had not yet been invented and a sponge tied to a stick and dumped into a bucket of water was used instead. Needless to say these chamber pots and buckets needed frequent dumping and it was not uncommon to just throw the waste out a window or door into the street or yard. Garbage and refuse likewise was tossed outside. While rural life was bad, the towns, villages and cities had to also contend with narrow streets, overcrowding and air pollution in the form of coal and wood smoke.

As a result epidemics, diseases, and illness were wide spread. The medical profession was in its infancy and just about anyone could say they were a doctor. The Physicians Act of 1543 (also called the Quacks Charter) was the first attempt to regulate and defend the right of a person to treat illness and diseases with herbs, roots, drugs, stones, healing waters or whatever. The medical profession took on many forms.

At the top were the doctors, trained in colleges on texts drawn from the classical Greek and Roman physicians-philosophers Galen, Celsus and Hippocrates. These were more scholars than doctors. They relied heavily on the diagnosis of a patient's humors (of which there were four 1. Sanguine 2. Melancholic 3. Phlegmatic 4. Choleric). They believed in Uroscopy or the examination of a patient's urine to identify illness. Charts called Uroscopy Wheels were an important part of any Doctors diagnostic equipment. They would use the color, opacity, odor, and even the taste of the urine to determine their patient's illness. As a result of this the early symbol for a doctor was the urine flask. Doctors were found in the larger cities and available to only the wealthy.

Next came the Apothecaries (druggists as they are known today). These self-taught men dispensed pills, comfits (sweet candy), pastilles (medicated lozenges), suppositories and poultices. These were made from herbs, roots and plants which were dried, powered and then mixed with honey to make a paste. It was then rolled into a long form, much like bread dough and pinched off in the prescribed amount as needed. Also used to ward off illness were healing waters such as rosewater, vinegar, olive oil and magical stones

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such as ebony, coral and amethyst. Apothecaries were affiliated with the Grocers Guild as they both dealt in plants and herbs.

Third were the Barber-Surgeons and they were the first to be recognized as a Medical Guild in 1540. Their Charter allowed them to besides giving a shave and a haircut to a person to also let blood, engage in surgery, and pull teeth. Letting blood took one of three forms:

1. Using leeches to suck the blood out of a patient,
2. Cupping in which a glass cup was placed on the skin, heated to form a vacuum and thereby drawing the blood to the surface of the skin, and
3. cutting open a vein and draining the blood into a bowl.

Surgery could take the form of sewing up a wound, cauterizing a wound with a hot iron placed on it, or amputating a arm or leg. In severe cases it could take the form of trephining or the boring a hole in the skull so that the evil spirits could escape. Remember that all of this was done without anesthesia excepting maybe some wine or strong drink being given to the patient. Because of the nature of their service they were often found serving with the armies of the era and were known by the striped red and white pole outside their tent.

Last were the Midwives, Nurses, and Ancient Matrons. Midwives were and are today women who assist in natural child birth, however in Renaissance times midwives assisted in natural births only as any complications or the need for a C-Section was beyond them and the woman most always died. Nurses (called Sisters) were women who were hired by the family to care for a sick or ill person. In addition to routine nursing they were also required to do laundry, clean and cook. Ancient Matrons, as doctors only treated the living, these often elderly women were called in to examine any dead person and determine the cause of death. Untrained, these women's conclusions were usually based on a few questions asked of the family, friends, or acquaintances.

Hospitals at this time were any building that offered shelter or refuge. For example in London at this time there were seven hospitals in existence:

1. Bridewell----- sheltered vagabonds and beggars
2. Christ's Hospital----was a home for orphans
3. Newgate----- was a prison
4. The Savoy-----was a sanctuary for the poor
5. Bethelhem (Bedlam)---- was a home for distracted people (lunatics)
6. St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew----- both cared for the sick

This brings us to illnesses. At the top of the list were the plagues, the most famous of which was the Bubonic Plague. Transmitted to humans by fleas from infected rats, this plague had a fatality rate of 60-85%. Called the "Black Death" because of the spots of blood that turn black directly under the skin, it destroyed a fourth of the population of Europe in the 13th century. Outbreaks of the plague started in early summer and were usually over by November. Though there was no known cure, doctors often prescribed a large onion, hollowed out and filled with a fig and herb paste to be left out for ten days in the effected house to absorb the infection in the air. They also required those infected to wear a bag of arsenic next to their skin and to drink a 10 ounce glass of wine mixed with dried and powered deadman's flesh. As you can guess none of these had any curing effect. Other epidemics which we today take for granted that there were no cures for at this time were Smallpox, Typhus, Measles, Diphtheria, and Whooping Cough. All for which the fatality rate could be as high as 50% or more.

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Some other illnesses and their treatments were:

1. Apoplexy--- treated by blowing pepper and white hellchore into the patient's nostrils.
2. Asthma---treated by drinking wine in which woodlice have been boiled.
3. Malaria---drinking opium poppy juice mixed with a spider's web.
4. Tuberculosis---drinking a mixture of the juices (gravy) of lamb, veal, and chicken with that of oranges.
5. Diabetes----treated by forcing the patient to drink cold water till they vomited. Also recommended was 4 eggs with powered red nettles and sugar sprinkled on.
6. Insomnia--- A poultice of 1 oz. of oil of violets, 1/2 oz. of opium, mixed with breast milk and placed on the temples.
7. Toothache--- believed to be caused by worms, treated by chewing horehound root.
8. Gas---treated by taking one hour before eating a drink consisting of sugar, coriander, galanza root, aniseed, and cinnamon.
9. Bad Bruise or Swelling--- the application of fried horse dung.

So as you can see, living to a ripe old age in the Renaissance period was as much a matter of luck as anything else. If the illness didn't kill you, the cure often did. Which brings me to believe that today is a wonderful time in which to live. But what about four hundred years from now, will today's medicine seem as primitive as we see the Renaissance period to be? We can only wait and see.

2008 Guild Committees

(Committee Heads were undetermined at time of publication)

Character:

Isla Scott
Janet Hepburn
Jillian MacKenzie
Maitu' de Faoite
Cullen Elliot
James Mosman

Gig:

Elena MacPhearson
Mariota Arres
Philip Alexander

Event:

OP/WF:

Brittiah Hélie
Sara MacBride
Morna MacGregor
Mary Katherine

Costuming:

Isla Scott
Janet Hepburn
Gwendolyn Elliot
Morna MacGregor

Picnic:

Alice Sinclair
Brittiah Hélie
Elena MacPhearson

Nobles Honored by Her Royal Majesty (August)

Submitted by Dame Mariota Arres

On the 2nd and 3rd of Aug. 1562, Her Royal Majesty, honored the following nobles for their diligent work within the Court:

- * Dame Mary Alexandria Beaton, Royal Countess of Glenrothes was raised to Marchioness of Ethie.
- * Sir Guy Maxwell, Lord Herries, was raised to Marquis of Langholm
- * Squire Duncan Sommerville, Viscount of Couthalley was raised up to Count of Couthalley
- * Squire Annabelle Sommerville, Viscountess of Drum was raised to Countess of Drum
- * Lord Cullin Elliot, Baronet of Elliot Waters was raised to Baron of Elliot Waters
- * Lady Gwendolyn Elliot, Baronet of Eliot Waters was raised to Baroness of Elliot Waters
- * Lady Sara McBride, was raised to Baronet of Loch Broom
- * Lady Jessica MacGregor, Viscountess of Edinample was raised to Countess of Edinample.

Castle Backgrounds

Edinample Castle

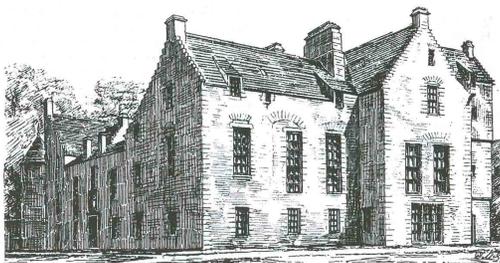


Edinample castle is located one mile southeast of Lochearnhead, just south of Loch Earn and north of the Falls of Edinample. It is an altered 16th century Z plan tower house, although it may incorporate an earlier tower. It consists of a main block with round towers at opposite corners. It was remodeled in the 18th century and was at that time extended by a four-storey range. The basement is vaulted and contains the kitchen and wine cellar with stairs to the hall above. The main stair to the first floor is in one of the round towers where there is a dungeon in the thickness of the walls and reached from a guardroom above.

The property originally belonged to the Macgregor's but was acquired by the Campbell's while the MacGreggor were a proscribed clan. The current castle is said to have been built by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy --Black Duncan Campbell of the Castle-- around 1584. By the early 1970s the castle had been abandoned and was derelict but since has been restored.

St. Blane, a 6th century saint, reportedly cursed the place that the owners would neither be rich nor long lasting. The building is said to be haunted. Black Duncan of the Castles ordered that the castle should have a parapet walk around it. The builder forgot to add this feature so tried to show that it was possible to walk the roof as it stood. Black Duncan pushed him from the roof thus saving the fee. So, 'tis said that at certain times the ghost of the builder can be seen clambering about the roof.

Ethie Castle



Ethie Castle is located in Dundee about 5 miles northeast of Arbroath, on minor roads two miles east of the A92 and about 0.75 miles west of the sea.

Once a fortress of some strength, Ethie Castle consists of a large altered 15th century keep which may incorporate older work. It was enlarged in the mid 16th century to an L-plan tower of four stories and extended again in the late 16th and 17th centuries to form a large complex with both inner and outer courtyards. A courtyard and moat surrounded the original castle with flanking towers of which a round tower with gun loops is incorporated into the later work. The present main entrance, which was formerly a gateway into the courtyard, now leads into the house. The basement of the old tower was vaulted and contained the kitchen and cellars. One of the cellars, probably the wine cellar, has a small stair, in the thickness of the walls,

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leading to the hall on the first floor. A new kitchen was added in one of the later ranges and has a wide arched fireplace and a well.

Ethie was the property of the Beaton's and was used by Cardinal Beaton when he was Abbot of Arbroath in the 1530s and Archbishop of St. Andrew's until his murder in 1546. It passed to the Carnagies in 1549 who were made Earls of Ethie in 1647, but exchanged this title for Earls of Northesk in 1662. The 7th Earl was a distinguished admiral and third in command at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. The castle passed from the family in the 20th century and is now owned by the Forsyth's. It is in good condition and still occupied.

The ghost of the murdered Cardinal Beaton is said to haunt the house and the sound of his ghostly footsteps climbing a stair have reportedly been heard. Another ghost, one of a child, haunted one of the rooms where a skeleton of a child was found. Once the bones were buried the haunting stopped. Another apparition is reportedly a Green Lady.

Couthalley Castle

Couthalley (Cowrthalley) Castle is located in Lanarkshire about 1.5 miles northwest of Carnwarth, east of the B7016, just south of Woodend and west of the main Edinburgh-Carstairs railway lane. Little remains of Couthalley Castle, a 16th century L-plan tower house with a courtyard, further towers and a gatehouse. It incorporates a 14th century castle and had a series of shallow ditches so that access was only by a drawbridge. There were significant remains in 1815.

It was the chief stronghold of the Sommervilles from the mid-12th century. Burned by the English in 1320 and soon rebuilt. The family became Barons Sommerville in 1430 before they moved to Drum, in Midlothian, in 1583. The castle had been besieged in 1557 but was rebuilt and remodeled in 1586. James V visited on at least one occasion, as did Mary Queen of Scots (in 1563), and James VI. James Sommerville, 13th Lord, was a Hanoverian and an aide-de-camp to Cope at Prestonpans and Hawley at Falkirk during the 1745 Jacobite Rising. The branch of the family died out in 1870.

Drum House

Drum House is located in Lothian about 4.5 miles southeast of Edinburgh Castle on minor roads west of the A68 or east of A7 and east of Gilmerton. Little remains of the 18th century tower house of the Sommervilles', replaced by an Adam mansion in 1726, which has some fine plasterwork. James Sommerville of Drum was killed after a duel with Thomas Learmonth in 1628. Drum later passed to the Nisbets' of Cairnhill.

Langholm Tower

Langholm Tower is in Dumfriesshire, just north of Langholm, on minor road west of the A7, just north of the meeting of Ewes Water and the River Esk. Not much remains of a 16th century tower house apart from the remains of one gable.

It may have been built by the Armstrong's but passed to the Maxwell's. The tower was betrayed to the English in 1544 but recaptured by the Scots in 1547. It was later sold to Douglas of Drumlanrig and abandoned by 1725. There was another tower in the town of Langholm, the vaulted basement of which is built into one wing of the former Buccleuch Arms Hotel.

The Battle of Arkinholm was fought nearby, where the Black Douglasses were defeated by the forces of James II in 1455.

If you should be going to Scotland or simply want to know where your property is located, contact Dame Mariota Arres and she will be glad to give you the directions to your property. Where the property is located and directions to reach it are part of the details that she records, along with its history.

Costume College

Good day my Lords and Ladies,

As most of you are aware there were a few of us not in attendance at the Willits faire because we had traveled south to Costume College. This was my second year in going and it was a fantastic experience. I went with Sir Ryk and Dame Bonnie and there we did meet up with Collin and Gwen. We had a grand time together.

For those of you who, like me 2 years ago, know nothing about Costume College, I will try and let you in on what it is all about. Costume College is a four day event put on by the Costumer's Guild West. They are a non-profit organization who is based in southern California. They deal in costume from all eras, from ancient times through and into the future. Although they put on events all year down south, Costume College is the best. Each year they have a different theme for what some of the classes are geared toward. And they host a gala ball where the theme may be different than that of the classes (or may be the same) BUT you can dress how ever you want as long as it's either formal attire or something that you had made. The event takes up the entire hotel.



The schedule generally is something like this:

- • Thursday we arrive and check in,
- • Friday (after a complimentary breakfast), you can sign up and go on one the tours or you can attend a class or two or three, (they have several classes Friday, Saturday and Sunday going all day long starting 9:00am and ending somewhere around 5:00pm).

There are 2 types of classes limited and unlimited. Limited classes are usually more like workshops, there is a fee for these classes but that is for the materials that you will need for the class. In these classes you will learn to make everything from a corset to a light saber. You are allowed to take up to 4 limited classes and you must sign up for them in advance. (A couple of months before the event you are sent a list of the classes they will be having that year. At that time you must choose what limited classes you want and number them 1-4 with 1 being what you really want, 2 - second choice, and so on. Depending on how many people want that class as number 1 you may or may not get the class. Last year I was given two of my choices and this year I ended up with three. So choose carefully.

The Unlimited classes are classes you do not need to sign up for. There may be a cost of \$1.00 to cover the cost for handouts.

- On Friday night they open the Market Place.

The Market Place is where you can find that last minute item for your costume or a new pattern or whatever. They also have the Panic Room, for those of us who may have not yet completed our outfits and would like help or just company. They won't do the work but they will help you with it.

- Every night they have the hospitality suite, they have food and drinks and welcome you to meet new people.
- On Saturday you can't miss the Gala Ball, the dinner is nice but the costumes are fantastic!

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- On Monday there are some more tours.

One of these tours is to the garment district. If you have never been the garment district I warn you now, watch out – it will blow your socks off. Talk about sensory overload, they have just about everything there. And you can't beat the prices. It seemed like every time we turned around they were lowering the prices. I've spent over five hours both times I've gone and I still haven't seen it all! There's just that much to see. One of my favorite places is the Loft because they have remnants. However, a "remnant" might be anything from a ¼ yard to 10 yards and it's only \$2.00 a pound! (That's right a pound not a yard). In my humble opinion, it is a must do if you attend the costume college event.

This year the theme was the Regency era, and so many of the classes were geared toward understanding the points of fashion from this time including corset-making, shoes, styling your wigs, etc., with many other classes as well. For my limited classes I took advantage of taking makeup, using fun foam and mask-making. In the mask-making the instructors had us make a mask using very light weight wire and material, so the next time we have a masked ball I can help you make a nice mask if you so desire.

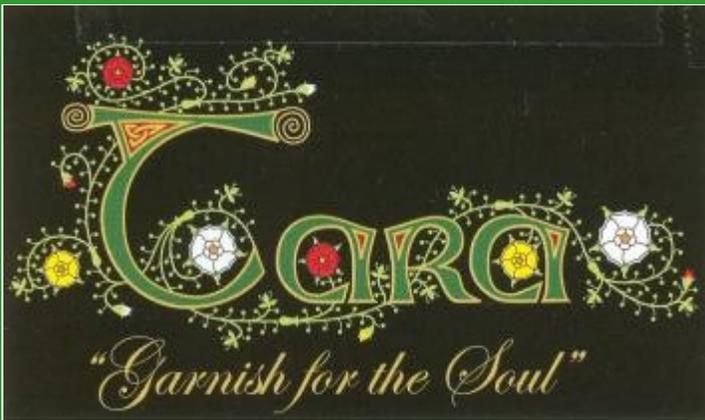


The other two classes that I took part in was to better my Halloween costumes and decorations. The makeup artist was a former makeup artist for the movies and TV shows though she is now a co-producer. She provided us with a lot of good tips and information. The other class was on using different types of foam you can use on costumes or making decorations. Sir Ryk Tucker taught a class on making frogs and I was able to help him out in that endeavor. By "making frogs" I don't mean the type for your sword or the type in the lake, but the one used as closures on gowns or jackets. (Sir Ryk made one for my Spencer jacket, and then named the frog after me). Sir Ryk also provided lectures on "frogs" and one on the inside of a hat boxes. All three classes were very informative. (Thank you Sir Ryk).

There were classes covering anything and everything a person might be interested in including a class for making a light saber. I highly recommend going at least once. However, you must plan in advance if you want to attend. This year the promoters are having a lottery (because they can only have so many people attend) and last year they filled that number by Saturday night. This year they are having members apply first, then new members can apply. For more information please visit their website at www.costumecollege.org. or for more information on costumers guild west

visit their website at www.costumersguildwest.org.

Happy costuming!!
Squire Annebell Somerville



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Contact: Jo Graden

jgraden@sbcglobal.net or (530) 577-0327

Thor's Hammer Royal Honorees

At the beginning of all of the faires where we perform, the Star Chamber is asked to take most particular note of outstanding efforts during the event. At the end of the weekend, a vote is cast amongst them, and a Thor's Hammer is awarded during the Hug Circle to that person whom the majority agree made the greatest individual contribution to our success. This is a once in a lifetime award, a singular honor, and is worn proudly by each recipient, for all who look thereupon shall honor them as they well deserve, as one of the most valued supporters of our Guild.

Our Apologies! If you find that you were inadvertently left off of the complete list of Thor's Hammer or Children's Thor Hammer Recipients, please let Lord James Hepburn (<mailto:earlofbothwell1562@yahoo.com>) know so we can add you to it. Grammercy!!

Christopher Alexander	Brittiah MacGregor	Craig Melville
Philip Alexander	Jessica MacGregor	Mary Seton
Mariota Arres	Kael MacGregor	Alice Sinclair
Mary Beaton	Morna MacGregor	Raven Sinclair
Charlotte Carmichael	Katie MacLeod	Brianna de St. Joer
Maitiu'de Faoite	Maureen MacLeod	John Stewart
Cullen Elliot	Jillian MacKenzie	Sara Stewart
Gwendolyn Elliot	Fionnoola MacPhearson	Annebell Somerville
Bonnie Gunn	Heber MacPhearson	Duncan Somerville
Keegan Gunn	Drew MacQuain	Ryk Tucker
Shaila Gunn	Megan MacQuain	Johan von Pluym
Andrew Hepburn	Robert McCutchen	
Mary Livingstone	Guy Maxwell	
Innes MacAlister	Hannah Maxwell	
Sara MacBride	Bronwynne Melville	