

Winter 2009

Saint Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots

Parchment

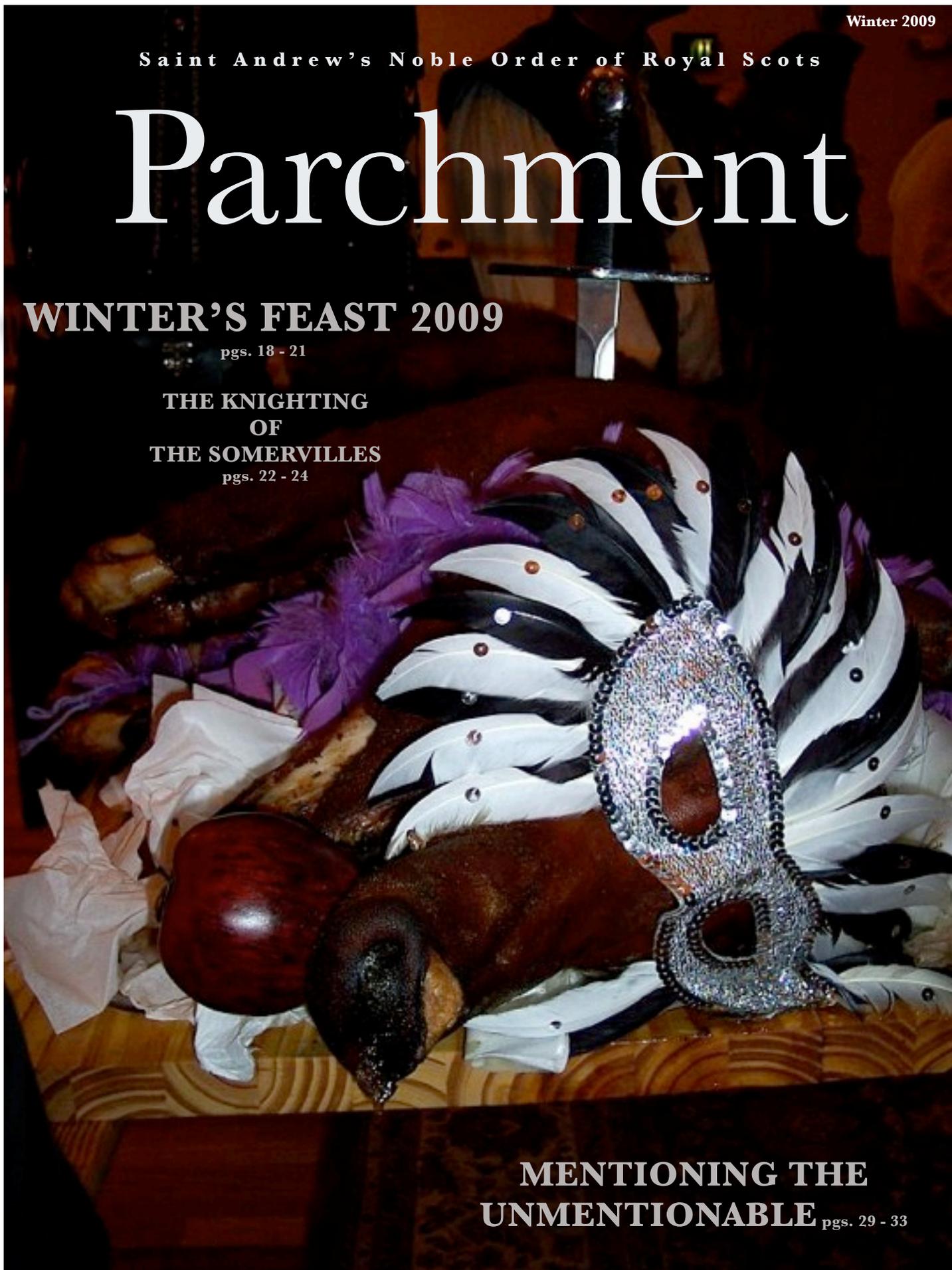
WINTER'S FEAST 2009

pgs. 18 - 21

**THE KNIGHTING
OF
THE SOMERVILLES**

pgs. 22 - 24

**MENTIONING THE
UNMENTIONABLE** pgs. 29 - 33



SAINT ANDREW'S NOBLE ORDER OF ROYAL SCOTS

Parchment

February 2009

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Letter from the Editor

Good Morrow and Glad Tidings,

Well, here we are at the end of another faire year: a year of great change and transition, and having gotten through we can all now say to ourselves, "alright then, I think I can manage whatever comes next" and be positive about the myriad of possibilities that are sure to present themselves.

During the course of this year, in my 21st century life, I was personally presented with any number of life opportunities and challenges that seemingly always fell when a faire was scheduled, so that I could not attend as I would have liked. However, the treasure at the heart of this fact is that in creating this newsletter/magazine I am made all the more aware of the necessity of creating something that intrigues and captivates the interest of the person reading it (who may be considering joining our troupe or the one who may have drifted away and needs a reason to recommit). With this in mind I hope that you will find in these pages the joy and fellowship that is the heart of Saint Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots.

I would like to add my gratitude and best wishes along with the many others who have written their farewells to both Laurie and Steven. As Her Royal Majesty, Laurie provided me personally with many an opportunity to realize my own merits as an improvisational actress and to acknowledge the many gifts I am given, as well as those I have to give away. As the unofficial Court Photographer, I could not begin to create the kind of eye-catching publications that is my vision for both the Scroll and the Parchment without Steven's dedication to capturing all the subtleties of faire. I thank you both and wish you only the best in life.

The guild will surely embrace those lovely ladies who now begin the study and transformation to act as our leading lady. I know they will have the support and guidance of a good many to lead them and I trust they will enjoy the experience to the utmost. The Parchment, on the other hand, is left needy of someone to step in where hereto Steven's talents have served us all. Hopefully those of you with an interest in photography will consider serving the guild in his stead.

I wish you all a happy holiday season and a prosperous and adventuresome new year! Until we meet again I bid you



Fare Thee Well,
Jo Graden, Publisher
Parchment/Scroll

Greetings unto One and All,

This year of progress hath come to a close with the annual festivities of our Winter's Feast. We feasted upon fowl, boar and haggis alike, and more. Two squires, Duncan Somerville and Annebell Somerville, were knighted into Saint Andrew's order in an unusual double ceremony. The honors were long over due and well deserved by these two giving members.

When Parliament opens next year ye shalt notice a slight change in Our royal appearance. 'Tis but the clear highland air that hath wrought such changes. In addition, We hath sent for Our beloved cousin Dame Jacqueline d'Amboise, Duchess of Touraine, to journey to Scotland by way of England. She shalt be most recognizable in that she doth bear an uncanny resemblance to Us. Pray keep thine eyes alert for this lady as she may bear missives bound for Scotland.

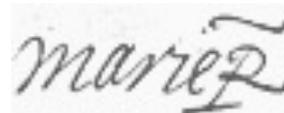
Whilst celebrating during Winter's Feast, We had inquired of the musicians if they wouldst play a certain song, for We did wish to dedicate it unto ye all. Such was Our misfortune that they knew not this song. We shalt take Our leave by presenting ye with the words that do move Us so.

"Caledonia"

I don't know if you can see
The changes that have come over me
In these last few days I've been afraid
That I might drift away
I've been telling old stories, singing songs
That make me think about where I've come from
That's the reason why I seem
So far away today

Let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time
Caledonia, you're calling me, now I'm going home
But if I should become a stranger
Know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

With Loving regard
and Fond Farewells,



The Guild Master's Message



Well it is the end of the first year of my being Guild Master of Saint Andrews. It has been quite the experience to say the least. I think back to those that were Guild Master before me, and wonder how they ran this organization for as many years without losing their mind, and figured out that it is the people of Saint Andrews who hold this organization together and make it what it is today. It is a family, which has grown, and evolved into a close family of friends and loved ones who want to educate the public on how it was during the renaissance.

We endured many changes this year with the loss of events such as Anderson, Campbell Games, and Truckee again this year. I have applied to faires that are out there, but most of them are English faires and we have to attend as traveling Scots instead of as the Royal Court, which bring up the question ...Do we go as wandering Scots or not. It is my belief that whether it is Scottish or English, it is an event we can go to and interact with the public. And have some fun. It is my hope that events like Campbell, Truckee, and Anderson will return this next year.

This year also marked the loss of our Leading Lady Laurie Ratfill, who has portrayed Mary Queen of Scots for the last seven years. This gracious lady has put so much into this part to bring it alive, and show the public what it was like to be a real Queen. She has decided that after seven years, it is time to move on and explore new adventures. Thank you Laurie for all the hard work you have put into Saint Andrews. You will be missed. However, I am sure we will see your French cousin during the year.

To replace Laurie, I announced at Winter Feast, during Hug Circle, that Gwendolyn Elliot (here after known as Her Most Royal Majesty) would be Queen of Saint Andrews Noble Order of Royal Scots. **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!!!** A lot of work has to be done before O of P and the new season and I am confident Her Majesty is up to the task. I also announced that Lady Mary Beaton (Kirsten Lanishan) will be the understudy for the part of HRM and she has assured me she is ready to begin training for the part.

In closing, I want to bring up again communication. The guild web site has all of the information on how to contact me if you have any questions or ideas on how to improve what Saint Andrews does at faire. It is you the members of St. A's that make it what it is. Guild Master is just my title, I am a member just like you and I'm always open for new ideas and suggestions.



May blessings be with you,

Sir James Hepburn
4th Earl of Bothwell
Duke of Orkney
Chancellor of Scotland and the Isles

A Missive from the Chamberlain



Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrew's,

During hug circle after this year's Winter's Feast, I mentioned that the St. Andrews Noble Order of Royal Scots was both an acting guild and a business. Every member joins the guild to take advantage of the opportunities for acting in renaissance fairs. I can easily say that every person does a superb job of acting the part of a mid-16th century noble person. At the same time, St. Andrews is a small business with all of the normal issues and opportunities of a small business.

Essentially, St. Andrews has 85 "employees" and a product that consists of the delivery of education and entertainment. The organization has to finance it's operations, protect it's operations, find and contract places to deliver it's products, and provide an on-going program to attract more workers.

As with all small businesses, these functions require a management group. But, at that point, the St. Andrews business differs from almost all small businesses of this size because every member of it's management group does so with no pay of any kind.

I mention all this in recognition of those who do so much more for the guild than required. Everyone knows the various titles for those who accept responsibility for the operation of the guild: Guild Master, Head of Household, Privy Council, etc. But, many don't recognize that the first thing that sets these people apart from the rest of the members is that they work for the benefit of the guild outside of a fair weekend. Basically, they work Monday through Thursday to make it possible for everyone to enjoy the Friday through Sunday activities. While so many members are comfortable at home, enjoying themselves; a very small group is driving to meetings, making telephone calls, answering emails, etc. simply because they want to make St. Andrews the best it can be for the other members and the fair patrons.

The important actions that happen between fairs are what make St. Andrews so believable and realistic. It is all thanks to the people who organize the households, provide the training, maintain the props and their transportation, provide communications, and many more actions.

At the end of the year, I want to mention those people who put so much more of themselves into the business than is expected. I'm going to use real names here, because it's the "real" person providing the extra effort. Gene Anderson (Sir James Hepburn) thought he was going to retire and enjoy the simple life. Instead he is now the CEO of a corporation. He spends a great number of hours each day dealing with fair boards, finances, logistics, and (the most difficult part of all) dealing with the members of a relatively large and diverse group of people. He deserves respect and appreciation for much more than being simply the "Guild Master".

Noble Encouragements

Greetings and Exit-tations

Well the faire season for 2009 is in the bag, as were some of us at times. Winters Feast is just a few days away and will be finished before you receive this missive. It was a trying year at times with a diminishing economy, difficulty with canceling and or re-scheduling faires, and unearthly heat. The bright side would be that this is all behind us as we move forward into the 2010 season. I am sure we will have some challenges similar to this year, and new ones to address next year. In Saint Andrews fashion we shall rise and meet these challenges head on. A wise person once stated, "What does not kill you only makes you stronger". We gain strength in every faire complete, every lesson learned from our mistakes and our ability to adapt with the circumstances. Veni Vidi Vici...Latin for "We came We saw We conquered", and we have conquered!

It has been my pleasure to serve Her Most Royal Majesty, Mary, Queen of Scots this year as Herald and Great Steward. Laurie and Steven will be missed very much by me and I am sure most of you. I could always count on them for their friendship at faire, and I'll continue to consider them my "best friends" in the 21st century.

There seems to be so much more to say, however when I put the thoughts to words, it all seems so counter-productive, so I shall leave you with this. Be safe over the holiday season, watch out for and continue to keep in touch with each other. See you at Opening of Parliament.

In her Majesty's Service,

Lord Robert



Without going into the details of their contributions, I want to acknowledge the support of Tina White (Dame Raven), Tami Huffer (Dame Annebell), Robert McCutchen (Lord Robert), Tina Anderson (Dame Brittah), Jo Graden (Lady Janet), Sharon Mossman (Dame Mariota), Lisa Cortes (Lady Isla), Cary McCutchen (Lady Livingstone), Karrie Richard (Lady Bonnie), Mark Pittsenbarger (Lord Heber), Noel Seaton (Lady Cailin), Clark Huffer (Sir Duncan), and Andrew Mitchell (Lord James). I am very proud to add my name to this distinguished list. Working with this group for the betterment of our company and it's product has been an honor for me for over 12 years.

Winter's Feast and the renaissance fair program for 2009 are done. It is time to look toward our next year. The guild and business of St. Andrews have always prided themselves on their ability to "Adapt and Change". Expect the same to happen in the next year. This is also everyone's chance to change their own commitment and participation in the guild. Consider the additional pleasure you will give yourself through your increased participation.

I wish you all a safe and very happy holiday season.

Grammercy,

Sir James Mosman
Marquis of Traquair,
Earl of Lanark,
Bishop of Glasgow
Chamberlain of
Scotland



Good My Lords and Ladies,

It is amazing how a year of progress goes by so very quickly. This past year, St. Andrews has been through many ups and downs. Due to economic uncertainties and conflicts with other events at shires we were to attend, Her Majesty's schedule was changed several times. Visits to shires were cancelled and others added, with hopes that all who were waiting to have a brief moment with our Most Gracious Queen where given the opportunity to do so. Our schedule also afforded us opportunities to promote good will as Scots. We traveled across the boarder to build relationships with the dignitaries of Her Royal Majesty's cousin Elizabeth. Camaraderie with our neighbors and negotiations for future trades between our lands were re-established. We have missed those who could not join us and enjoyed the company of others who were able to participate along this journey.

As most of you know, St. Andrews Royal Order of Noble Scots will be progressing next year without our very own Laurie Ratliff and Steven Sui, Her Royal Majesty Mary Queen of Scots and her fabulous Flemish Painter. Over the last few years, my husband Bob and I have found two generous and caring people to call not only friends but family as well. It will be a challenge to progress forward not having them to share the experience with.

We understand the decision they have made to move in a different direction within the ren world, and want them to know we will always be here with love and support. I've been told that we could expect an occasional visit from her cousin the silly French woman, Dame Jacqueline d'Amboise. I have had the pleasure of meeting this most delightful and refined French lady and look forward to spending time with her as we progress next year.

As the Head of Household for the Ladies-in-Waiting, I wanted to give HRM's ladies a chance to

express their thoughts, regarding the time spent with Laurie, our Most Gracious Queen....

From Lady Mary Livingston (Lusty): I cannot express enough, the gratitude I have for Our Queen (aka: Laurie Ratliff). It is her poise and grace that made working with her such a pleasure. She is one of the most thoughtful and kind-hearted people I have come to know and love as a friend. I will cherish the time I had serving her as Queen, and want her to know she will always be Mary Queen of Scots to me. She has touched each and every one of us in a special way. Fond memories of the great times, and gratitude for making it through those situations we thought couldn't be overcome. Looking forward to spending time with Dame Jacqueline at faire in the coming year. There's much mischief to be had !!!

A sentiment from Lady Mary Beaton: As a lady in waiting to her Majesty the Queen, we all worked closely to cater to all

her Majesty's wants and need's. I truly feel blessed to be in her Majesty's presence and cherish every moment as being a part of her royal household, and will always fondly remember all the laughs we have shared together. God Save The Queen!



From Lady Mary Seton: I have enjoyed being in the Ladies in Waiting Household for the

past 2 years and have felt more at home here than anywhere else in the guild. It has been a pleasure getting to know Her Majesty and am proud to consider Laurie a friend as well as to have served her as Queen Mary. I wish her all the best and will sorely miss her.

Lady Mary Fleming writes: Although, I have not served as Lady-in-Waiting in St. Andrew's for long, it has been a true joy caring for Our Queen. She is truly gracious and noble and has a wondrous and gentle spirit. I truly appreciate Her Majesty's wit and humor and I am honored to call her "friend". I also appreciate all the knowledge I have gained from speaking and

being around her. Her Majesty makes being a Lady-in-Waiting a very fun and easy job. It has been a pleasure to see Her Majesty interact with Her people and to see how loved she is. She will be most truly missed.

From Renee Rallay, HRM's chamberwoman "alias Mademoiselle de Beauregard": Though many in the guild will find it hard to believe, when it comes to expressing my thoughts and feelings toward our Laurie, HRM, I find myself searching for the right words. In my first year as a Lady in Waiting she has been kind, gracious and generous. Laurie glows with a quiet calm and radiance, though once you get to know her, you find there is an incredibly wicked sense of humor and fun behind the regal facade. It has been a high point in my 4 years with Saint Andrew's to have become a friend of Laurie's and know the extraordinary Queen and woman that she is. God Save the Queen and God Save Laurie.

Her Scottish Maid of Honour and younger sister to Mary Beaton, Lucrece Beaton: HRM is going to be missed. She is the most kindest person who I ever met on playing the Queen. She is a lot of fun and has a wicked sense of humor with our little tricks we played. I really enjoyed being one of her Ladies in Waiting.

And for HRM's other Scottish Maid of Honour and younger sister to Mary Livingston, Magdalene Livingston (Maggie): Unfortunately, matters of state have kept our dear Maggie busy and away from Her Majesty's court. I'm certain Maggie would like Her Majesty to know she too will miss her.

The economy has forced all of us to really look at ourselves and decide what is most important to keep us, our families and households going. It is understood that sometimes the difficult decisions must be made to ensure we are able to hold it all together. Regardless of your circumstances faced with this past year, one must be thankful to have made it through, all while looking forward in hopes for a prosperous new year ahead. Like a marriage, if we stick together through better or for worse, we will find that all we've been faced with, will only make us much stronger people and a successful guild going forward. Now that Winter's Feast is over, Opening of Parliament will be just around the corner. As we approach the very busy holiday season, please tell your friends and family how much you care about them. It's knowing there's someone out there thinking of you, to make every day that much brighter. Happy Holidays, and here's to the best New Year yet !!!

Humbly in Service to Her Majesty,
Lady Mary Livingston,
Head of Household for the Ladies-in-Waiting

Good day my Lord and Ladies,

It doth spin my head that we are coming to the end of the year. Where did the year go? It seems just yesterday we had started our progress. And the next we had a grand Winters feast. The events committee did a fantastic job. Thank you.

It was a very eventful progress this year, with the Knighting of Dame Alice, Sir Duncan and myself. Congratulations again Dame Alice well deserved. And to my goodly husband congratulations. He is recovering nicely from his stroke and we are hopefully that he will be returning to work the beginning of next year.

We added a couple of new stops in our progress and the sad news. It saddens my heart that we are losing Laurie as our Queen. She has been my Queen from the very beginning and always will be Queen to me. She took the role and made it her own, she has delighted the children with her games and charmed the shyest out of their shell. There is just so much you can say about her that it would fill up a book but I will keep it short, We love you Laurie and will miss you. We hope to see you as the Duchess at some of the fairs. I also hope to keep our friendship going for many more years to come.

Although it will be vary big shoes to fill but I heard that Lady Gwen will be taking up the role as Queen and Kirsten as the back up Queen. I know they both will do a grand job. Welcome Your Majesty, We of the Courtiers and ambassador household stand behind you and will do whatever it takes to make next years progress a smooth and fun year for you.

I do hope you all enjoy the Holidays and look forward to seeing you all this next progress.

In service to Her Majesty,
God Save The Queen!
Dame Annebell Somerville
Countess of Drum
Chatelaine of Cumbernauld Castle
Bareness of Dee Waters

Good Morrow all,

First I would like to congratulate Dame Alice and Dame Annebell on their Knightings. The Order will be enhanced by the addition of each of their presence. I would like to thank my champion Sir James, as well as Dame Mariota, Dame Raven, and all the other Knights who had a hand in Dame Annebell's and my Knightings. Thank you also to the Ladies of the Event Committee for the most wondrous Winter feast. For those of you who missed it, it was spectacular.

Most of you by know may know that Captain Craig was hit by a half blind monk with a cart full of whiskey barrels. He is back safely to his keep healing from his wounds and will be standing with us proudly very soon.

Of the guard, I can't express how proud I am of you not only how you carried on all year, but also how sharp you were at Winter Feast, pipes and all. I would like to thank Teage and all of the guard for the the most wondrous ox blood sword, may I be worthy of it's beauty. With the new year I look forward to gaining more strength, find ever greater adventure, and settling affairs with Annebell's uncles, proxies.

With each new year comes change: this year it is the passing of a torch, from one great lady to another. The guard as always stand at the ready to protect the Queen with life and limb forever.



Sir Captain Duncan Somerville

*In return for mead in the hall and drink of wine
He hurled his spear between two armies.
Aneurin, The Gododdin (c600)*

Words from the Wicked Eye,

As yer Chieftain once again doth place a heavy burden on his most trusted scribe to put words to parchment. We hath traveled to distant shires and have seen many people.

We didst travel
to the shire of
Livermore
where the
weather most
unlike
Scotland was
quite hot
although
those who did
attend did
forth on with
putting on a show for the patrons.



Our travels did take us to the shire of Willits, this being a small but fun faire well attended by our owne members. Our space was small however we did manage to put on our shows. The bar brawl moved from the encampment out into the shire where a grand fight was shown to the patrons. Many koghairs to the participants especially the younger lads Cameron and Faolin who put on quite a fight before being taken to task by Katie and Morna. Those of us who didst camp at the KOA did have a fun and exciting ceilidh on Saturday night with much good food and drink and good times.

In the shire of Ardenwood, we did have a small group, but did manage to entertain the patrons with many a rousing game of towers, both being judged by us and participated in with us. Master Philip and his now seemingly constant companion Lambie were in attendance on Saturday and did wander the shire to the delight of the public. On Sunday Maitiu was arrested by some of Queen Elizabeths ruffians on the charge of murder. It was later discovered that the murdered one was still with us in the land of the living and Maitiu was released. So all in all a quite exciting day. As my owne self was un-able to attend the shire of Santa Cruz I must rely on the words of others some of myne owne most trusted people were in attendance. Master Philip and Lamie were a hit.

Winters Feast was a most wondrous time for all in attendance. The food was well met, the music was fun and lively especially when our owne members didst get

up and sing with the band. Koghair to Maitiu, Oliver and his lovely wife Fiona. At hug circle we were given the news that our owne Gwen was to be Her Royal Majesty for the next year.

As we do bring the season of 2009 to a close I would like to share not only a wondrous story by Maitiu, but an excellent example of how to convert a modern experience into a faire themed event. Something that we should all aspire to during a faire day. Since we must at all times remember when at faire we are in 1562 not modern times. So do read the story (of myne owne repairs) and think of ways to share modern things with your friends in a period way.

Grammercy to all of the Highlands and St. Andrews for a great year.

Chieftain Heber MacPhearson
Count of Main of Mulben In Her Service
Chieftain Heber MacPhearson.
VisCount of Mulben



The Big Man was in agony. His old war wound had always haunted him but recently it began to hurt as bad as when it was fresh. And it was not the only wound from which he suffered.

Years ago, as a young lad, he answered the call of Scotland and joined to fight in a border war with the English. It was a dirty war, a war without honor. The tactics were hit and run. Houses and crops were burned, animals were ruthlessly slaughtered, as were non-combatants in the wrong place at the wrong time. The Big Man was haunted by all that he had seen and done in those dark old days gone by. In his mind he reasoned his sore hip was restitution for his sins. With the recent increase in symptoms, however, he began to question the Almighty. "How much more should I pay?"

The Big Man was looking for a sympathetic ear. Fionnula had sailed to the west of Ireland to deliver a message from Maitiu' to Grace O'Malley and had not returned. It was rumored she had joined the pirate and was one of her crew. Since he could not lean on her for sympathy he sought out Maitiu' for solace. That, on the surface and initially, seemed a mistake.

"So remind me, husband of my cousin, how it was you came to be wounded?"

Heber began, "We were retreating from a failed cattle raid...", but before he could finish Maitiu' interrupted, knowing the story already from many previous recitals, "and you were shot in the arse by an English archer, right? He put an arrow right into your MacPhearsonship as you were running away. While that is a traditional wound for a Borderer I'm sure that it didn't go over well when you returned to Badenoch on Spey."

Heber continued, "I was indeed embarrassed. We left the arrow in there. It was deemed too deep to extract. Thankfully it healed without festering but there was always pain. Now the pain is worse and I need it out!"

Maitiu' smirked, "Don't look as me! I can't cut it out!"

In return Heber chuckled, "I wouldn't let you near me with any sharp object anyway. Do you know any barber-surgeons who would be willing to do the deed?"

"Let me ask around. I'm going down to the dockside this afternoon. I will let you know."

That evening Maitiu' walked into the Aye. He looked longingly at the bar and after a long pause turned abruptly and headed back to the Chieftain's table where Heber was sitting.

"I found someone you might be interested in. He is a barber-surgeon from Wittenburg, I think. He

calls himself Saxman. He claims to specialize in this type of surgery. Apparently Lutherans get shot in the arse as often as Borderers.

The meeting was arranged and Herr Doktor Saxman was hired. He insisted on two conditions. One, on the day of the surgery he wanted the strongest whiskey, both for consumption and to dip his instruments in. He claimed it reduced gangrene. Two, he wanted his patient to make sure his hip was as flexible and strong as could be before he cut.

Maitiu" said to Heber, "I'll get the finest whiskey for you from home and let Doktor Heretic drink the local hooch and soak his tools in that."

Shaking his head in resignation Heber said, "When it comes to whiskey you Irish are arrogant."

Maitiu' continued, "I know how to build up strength and flexibility in hips. I've seen my Da and Gwen work with horses. How different could a Highlander be?"

With false anger Heber tried to jump up playfully and swat his pertinent Irish in-law but the sudden movement made him twinge with pain.

In the weeks leading up to the surgery date Maitiu' was a hard task master for the Chieftain. He stretched the Big Man's hip and gave him exercises to build up his strength. Maitiu' showed no sympathy. In protest Heber would often say, "You are a ruthless bastard, de Faosite."

"I am only that way to my family and my enemies."

On the week before his surgery Maitiu' and Maureen has a Mass said for Heber's intentions. Candles were lit. Philip wandered among his oak grove and prayed in the ancient fashion for the Big Man as well.

Maitiu' assured Heber that all his bases were covered. "Would you like Father Desmond to anoint you?"

"No thank you, Maitiu'. No Last Rights for me. You, Maureen and Philip are enough. My second cousin, Meg, is coming down from Badenoch and she will help nurse me back to health. She'll surely be much kinder than you."

Heber was wrong. Meg listened to Maitiu' and Herr Doktor Saxman and said to Heber, "The Irishman is right. You need to continue to stretch and build yourself. You must do all you can to support that German sawbones."

Meg was as much a torment as Maitiu' to Heber. Her regimen kept Heber's mind off his deep seated fear that all might not go right.

Early on the morning of the surgery day he confided this fear reluctantly to Maitiu'. Before Maitiu' could say anything, Heber, anticipating his answer, said, "I suppose you'll at least pray for me."

Maitiu' was himself in a worried state for Heber. This comment, however got his Irish up. "Pray for you?! Of course I will. I have also secured the whiskey for yourself and Herr Doktor. Maureen has boiled horse hair for the sewing of the wound and Sara MacBride will be standing by to assist the barber-surgeon with herbs and a poultice. Just pray?! The Apostle James wrote in the Bible, "What will it profit if a man says he has faith but does not have works? Can faith alone save him? And if a brother or a sister be naked and in want of daily food and one of you say to him, 'Go in peace, be warmed and filled', yet you do not give them what is necessary for the body, what does it profit? So faith too, unless it has works, is dead in itself. Faith without works is useless. Faith without works is dead." I have done more than just pray!"

Heber paused considering the source of this outburst and said to his worried in-law, "Save that

cant for the Lutherans and Calvinists. I appreciate what you have done for me. I am sorry I haven't said that sooner. Just, please, don't preach to me."

"Ta' go maith, a chara. I won't preach. I am there for you in both my prayers and deeds."

Having never seen a surgery Maitiu' was unsure what to expect. The barber-surgeon came in with the tools of his trade in small buckets. Standing by were Meg, Maureen, with her boiled horse hairs, and Sara, with her her herbs. Saxman summoned Maitiu' to pour the whiskey. Being nervous Maitiu' brought only the good stuff. He poured what he had into the buckets and down his in-law's throat.

Sara had made a poultice for Heber to smell that, combined with the whiskey, made the Big Man drowsy.

The barber-surgeon said, "Tie him down."

Heber was bent over a table, in the prone position. His chest rested on the table top and his knees were on the ground. His buttocks was well exposed.

Heber then said, "I won't need that to be done, Mein Herrn, I won't flinch."

The surgeon began to protest when Maitiu', looking directly into the surgeon's eyes said, "If he says he won't flinch, he won't!"

With the reply of "Very well", the surgeon took a shot of uisce bheatha for himself and splashed Heber's bare arse with another.

Maitiu' cringed, "Don't pour the good stuff on his arse!"

Sara and Maureen snickered and Heber growled, "Bogtrotter!"

The barber-surgeon laid open the skin and blood poured. Sara began patting the incision to clear the

blood. The surgeon began to part the muscles skillfully, probing for the arrowhead. At this point Maitiu' began to get nauseous and weak at the knees. "Better sit down boyo", said Maureen as both she and Sara began chuckling again.

Through the blood, fat, and gristle the surgeon found the offending arrow head.

"Hier ist es!" With a few slices and quick tug he pulled it out. Then he poured another shot on the gaping wound and another down his own throat and commenced sewing the wound with the horse hairs. Once the sewing was completed Sara applied another poultice. All that time MacPhearson did not flinch. At last color returned to Maitiu's face and he, Maureen, Sara, and the surgeon transferred the Big Man to a nearby bed.

Six weeks later Heber was slowly ambling around the Aye. He could not resist chiding his Irish in-law about the day of the surgery. "Sara and Maureen said you became very pale. Hard to believe your pasty face could get paler."

I reply Maitiu' countered, "Remember, its my ponies' hairs that are holding your arse together, Your MacPhearsonship."

Meg, overhearing this exchange couldn't resist joining in. "At last, we all know for sure Heber has a little Irish in him after all."



Fall Campout and Games A View from the Hei'lunds

What do you do in Columbia on a fine Fall weekend? Well, one could attend the 26th annual Poison Oak Festival. Not exciting enough? Have you ever tried poison oak salad? Well, how about the Saint Andrews' Campout and Games!



Lots of smiles were in evidence, as 20+ people stayed the weekend, and many more day-tripped up on Saturday. The guild reserved all 9 tent sites, and 8 were occupied. We used the ninth for the big grill provided by the park for our Saturday night BBQ. We also had 4 or more RV families close by. Both of the Saturday potlucks (lunch/dinner) were gut-bustin' good feasts!

While it was unseasonably warm, the general consensus seemed to be that 15-20 degrees cooler than Brennan Island (the Guild's previous 113 degree campout) made a big difference!!! Oh yeah, it cooled off so that we could sleep at night.

The good Mistress Katie (opps – Lady Mary Kathryn) and mi own 'umble self didst arrive with the sun barely o'er the yardarm, only to find the Lords Bothwell, Black Adder, and their wimen, already in attendance. 'Twas nae worry over "check-in," as Dame Brittah didst hand mi self the tent camper's passes and said, "deal with it."

And so, we set about establishing an encampment for those of less than Royal birth. We were quickly joined by Captain Somerville and his good lady, Lord Cullen and his goodly family, and many others of the travelin' persuasion.

Camp was set, and all had a space. Let the frivolity begin!

Friday night was mellow, as what band of Scots does not set about defining their own territory?

Saturday morning broke to crystal blue skies, and a few "bah – humbugs" from those so inclined. No breakfast in bed, to

the games do we head.

Unofficially, it appeared that the Lords Cullen and Magnus may have been the top games contenders on the men's side. The only bit of the women's competition which I saw was Katie/Mary Katherine throwing the spear. As her throws stuck in the center of the bale several times running, she may now take my place in the Johnston Cattle Raid - let the guard beware, she's deadly. And lest ye forget, this was indeed the second games o' the year – points are cumulative over both events.

And we all didst indeed survive to Saturday night. A fire was lit – many a beast was well roasted. We gave it our all, even Dame Raven





as hostess.

We drew all together, and laughed with our friends,
Competed most well, and then made amends.

We tore down together,
And , oh, what a site,
A pop-up to tether,
It gave many a fright.

My heartfelt thanks to all who worked to put this event on for us, and to all who came to play! For those who couldn't make it - see ya next year.

Master P.



Santa Cruz Games and Celtic Festival

The weekend of October 3rd began with St Andrew's members conducting themselves in their usual stellar manner. While His Grace and Dame Brittah sat many miles away on the side of the road, avoiding Highwaymen and waiting for assistance, Lord Cullen and Lady Gwendoyne arrived at the event site with the truck loaded with props and pavilions. The Elliots, Master Phillip and Lady Mary Katherine coordinated our encampment setup with event organizers, assured a handicapped privy was set near our encampment and the four of them alone went to the business of setting up the Court and Highlander canopy. Lady Renee Rallay later joined them with their endeavors, followed by Captain Blackadder and Mistress Mary Caroline. His Grace arrived on site to a beautiful encampment, tired but happy Lords and Ladies, and to top it all off, happy and grateful event organizers as our folk had assisted with event site set up as well.

So began a wonderful weekend! This one day event was set in a park in downtown Santa Cruz tucked behind the County Administration Building. We began the day with Meet and Greet both at the Gate and on the street. Lady Annebell, Lord James Stewart, Lord Cullen Elliott, and Captain Blackadder created such a diversion that passing wagons and carriages nearly collided with each other; with such dangers realized the 35 miles per hour Meet and Greet was ended a bit earlier than planned. Later in the day several patrons mentioned they were driving by, saw the event and decided to stop. While previous locations in the Santa Cruz mountains are very scenic, the event seemed to benefit from the passing public. Our encampment was set near a falconer and near the competitive Scottish games; both were attractions that helped to bring patrons to our Court. The event had something for everyone, historical re-enactment (that would be St Andrews





and St Andrews alone), competitive Scottish games, pipe bands, Clans, Scottish dancers, vendors, bands such as Molly's Revenge and Tempest. At the conclusion of the competitive Scottish games there was a rousing round of Beer Keg Tossing by the athletes.

Meanwhile, back in the 16th century Her Majesty held an excellent picnic with patron and guild children; two dozen children did hold repast with Her Majesty. Each child was given a goblet to take refreshment from and crown to wear during the picnic, and to keep as a remembrance of their time with Her Majesty. The crowns were a bit cumbersome, but the goblets were most well received. Sir Teague, Lady Cailin, and Captain Duncan conducted a duel and weapons demonstrations to a large crowd. Many a poor soul was placed in the stocks and Captain

Blackadder was kept busy with challengers in the game of Towers. Court dancing with Lady Annebell and our two Open Court opportunities were well attended as well. The Bonnie Knees and Well Turned Ankle contests were well attended with the men always more willing than the lasses to be inspected and judged. It was good to see old friends such as Lord Rowan, and meet new friends Lady Brittaney and Clan Tague. Lord Oliver Ross joined us, new to the ranks of the Royal Guard and Mistress Fionna Ross newly employed at the Wicked Eye Tavern. Welcome!

The weather was mild both Friday and Saturday. The wind picked up in the late afternoon, in time to speed our teardown.

This was a wonderful event, well attended by both our own members and the public. The event organizers were very happy to have us join their event. We look forward to next year and the growth of this event.



*Give your loved one a gift that will
keep on giving throughout the year!*

*Give them the gift of a fully paid
membership in
St. Andrews Noble Order of Royal Scots,*

*Membership forms are available for
download at [http://
www.saintandrewsguild.com/
members.html](http://www.saintandrewsguild.com/members.html).*

*They will think of you each time they
attend a fair or event.*



Ventures to England



Ardenwood Faire - September 12th and 13th

Vallahalla Renaissance Faire - June (2nd weekend)



Winter's Feast 2009



The annual end of the year party for St. Andrews, known throughout time as Winter's Feast, was held on the seventh of November in the great shire of Livermore. This year's theme and decorations were "A Masked Ball". Although the festivities got started a bit late, much to Dame Brittah's chagrin, the evening went very well, with fun and merriment for all.

As folks, dressed in their finest garb, entered the castle, they were greeted by two stalwarts who collected money and tickets and gave out wristbands to make sure we were all legal to enter the great hall.

Dame Alice (with appreciated help from Patrick), set out a small shop where all were able to purchase throughout the evening, and many found bargains at ½ price. The hall was decorated most magnificently with huge banners hanging from the rafters. Many wondrous masks had been created by loving hands to decorate the tables, making it most obvious that the event committee had worked long hours in preparation for this night.

Surprise visits from old friends highlighted the evening: Sir Drew and Dame Megan (dressed as Cameron of the guard), Sir Guy, Sir Keegan Gunn and Dame Shaila with their two wee ones as well as Squire Duncan and Squire Annebell's daughter and grandson.

Our lovely Queen Laurie entered the great hall for the last time as Queen, opened the ceremonies, and it was soon time for the knighting ceremony. Captain Duncan Somerville and Squire Annebell Somerville were knighted together, each saying their vows in turn. Many spoke for each, vouching for their character, compassion and many gifts to the guild of time and talents. Of note was a letter written by Sir Craig Melville who was unable to attend having been in a serious motorcycle accident just two days prior.

Lady Mary Catherine MacLeod was awarded the Guild's Thor's Hammer, Athletic Champions for the year were Lord Magnus and once again Dame Annebell. His Grace presented the Guild Master's Favor to Her Majesty.



The Wassail Parade began with the Bangers of York, tasted by young Malcolm, who died a good death and had to be carried off by guards. A huge pig was carried in by four hearty men, followed by the Barron of Beef, Lorelei Lamb, Candied Capon (turkey), Haggis, Flaming Pudding, the new wine, and a beautiful yule log ready for the hearth. These traditional foods joined the rest of the menu on the long tables and as soon as the queen's table

had taken their share, all others were invited to partake. There was much merriment while food and drink were consumed.

The band, Avalon Rising, got set up and enjoyed the feast as well, then began to play for dancing. Many danced the night away with both traditional ball dances and free spirit flings. When the band took a wee break, the battle of the masks took place. There were two prizes, one for masked visitors not guild members, and a second contest for guild members. Although her majesty did have a difficult time judging, as the masks were magnificent and creative, she was able to choose a winner in each group. Each winner was presented with a large basket of goodies.



At this point the Queen and her Ladies in Waiting left the hall while dancing continued. Then the hall was breached by a group of men, unknown to us, yet looking strangely familiar. AH HA! It was the Queen and her ladies who had changed their garb and performed tomfoolery upon the court. Many good laughs were had, especially when the Queen draped her manly form upon the throne.

Lord Magnus and Lord Scott were especially popular for their long arms as folks purchased 50-50 tickets based on an arm's length. The winner was Dame Alice (yippee) who declared that her winnings would be used to help pay for memberships for people who could be needing financial assistance in order to join the guild for 2010.



The band was most willing to play some jolly sing along tunes and our own Matiu took the stage and a microphone to entertain us with the band as his back up. Fantastic !....more...more !

As the evening drew to a close, we became Cinderellas and our lovely clothes were exchanged for working garb. Many hands stayed to clean the hall, load the truck and participate in the hug circle. At the hug circle, it was announced that our new Queen will be our own Gwendolyn (Jerri), and all went down on their knees before her. She will be lovely, gracious, and will make us proud. Congratulations and thank you dear Gwen for being our queen, Mary Queen of Scots.

An Open Letter to the Membership

I didn't go to WF 2008. Mentally I was not in a very good place last year. The "place" is one I have frequently visited in recent years to avoid sharing my misery. I was heading there again this year but somethings happened to divert me. I had a poem written for me by a friend that banished the metaphorical buzzard that perches on my shoulder and reminds me of all my many shortcomings and imperfections. A wise man reminded me that while pain in this life is unavoidable, suffering is optional. Then I read a wise saying, "It is not about surviving the storms of life it's about learning to dance in the rain."

So WF 2009 was my chance to "dance in the rain." I had so much fun. The band was great, the food was excellent, the whisky and beer superb, and the company was "go hiontach maith."

If I tried to put it all down I would be writing pages so instead I will hit what for me were the highlights. To see Duncan and Annabelle join the ranks of the knighted was a privilege. To see the St. Andrew's alumni like Sir Drew, Sir Guy, Sir Keegan, Fionnula, Conor, and Sir Ryk was delightful. To see my Chieftain Heber walk without a cane and not limp was uplifting. To him I say, "Is thu' mo Thaoiseacht thu' araimh." I have never laughed so hard in so long as I did sitting next to my cousin Gwen de Faoite Elliott.

The morning after WF 2009, as I was reflecting on the event and composing this missive I couldn't believe I climbed Blackadder's scaffold not once but twice to hang and remove the banners! Was I "fooking" nuts or what? Well, I wanted to give back to the Guild, in this small, inadequate way, for all that you have given me this year and all the years past. Go raibh maith agaibh.

Submitted respectfully,

Maitiu' MacRoibeard de
Faoite
Squire Maltworm, the
Bogtrotter



The Knighting of The Somervilles



We Change in Order to Stay the Same!

The Knight's of St. Andrews (Order of the Royal Thistle) have now completed five years since they were first established as a priory by Sir Ian MacLain. With all the work needed to establish by-laws, select the first set of knights, establish ceremonies, and create our first squires; every year has been very busy. In 2008, I (for one) thought 2009 would be more of an opportunity to advance the Order in it's shows and presence on the fair circuit. Of course, this is often not the situation for most things having to do with the St. Andrews Guild.

The unexpected departure of Sir Drew MacQuain (our First Knight), along with Dame Megan, Sir Guy, Dame Mary Beaton, Sir Keegan, and Dame Shaila, was a huge surprise and somewhat of a setback for the Order. But, the Knight's and the Knight's Council had already established a robust set of by-laws and most of the procedures to overcome this setback were already in place.

With some problems (hopefully, understandable), we made some temporary assignments and were able to proceed with the important business of the Order. Toward the middle of the year, we had a wonderful ceremony knighting Dame Alice Sinclair. This was followed quickly with a Knight's Convocation.

The Knight's of St. Andrews is run as a democratic organization. We abide by the rule of "One Knight, One Vote". Although I am the Grand Master of the Order, I have limited authority beyond that of any knight. Every one has the right, and is expected, to participate in the functions and activities of the Order. This year we held our second Knight's Convocation since the Order was established. We met and discussed many issues pertaining to the Order and it's future. One item we did establish is that we will be putting a Knight's Convocation on the official St. Andrews calendar for each year.



One of the topics for this year's Knight's Convocation was plans and procedures for an election to permanently fill the vacant positions on the Knight's Council. The Knight's Council manages the everyday administration of the Order, developing changes to the by-laws, performing initial work on selecting squires, establishing the calendar for the year, and managing the process, events, gigs, and dates for a future knighting. This too is a responsibility accepted by a small

group of members that is performed outside the commitment they make to a normal fair weekend. The members of the Knight's Council are now: Dame Raven Sinclair, Dame Brittah Helie, Dame Mariota Arres, Sir Craig Melville, and myself. I thank each of these knights for their commitment and support and every member of the Order for their support in the selection.

One of the presumptions of the Order is that each knight must be individually qualified for knighthood. In the past, there were situations where members were knighted simply because their spouse had been knighted. This is no longer done. There are specific by-laws preventing this from happening. We want each knight's ceremony to be focused on that person and their qualifications. At the same time, we are members of the guild of St. Andrews and are very good at adaptation.

Early in the year, changes in the character that sets on the throne caused our two remaining squires to ask that they be allowed to be knighted at the same time. This caused Dame Mariota to re-write the knighting ceremony with the intent of providing two simultaneous ceremonies while trying to make it understood that, though the two squires were being knighted at the same time, they were each deserving in their own right.

The Guild Master and Event's Committee were kind enough to allow the ceremony to be performed at Winter's Feast where it was both indoors (no wind or dust) and quiet (Praise the Lord!). The ceremony was also graced by the presence of Dame Megan MacQuain, Sir Guy Maxwell, and (a strangely dressed) Sir Keegan Gunn. As a show of respect and honor for the squires, Sir Drew MacQuain (the First Knight of the Order) did the honors of tapping the knighting spurs to the heels of each squire.



The Wassail Parade also had a surprise entry by Dame Mariota Arres in the form of a large cake honoring the Knight's of St. Andrews. The cake was made to resemble Inverary Castle (home of the Duke of Argyll, an ancestor to Dame Mariota). Around the top of the ground floor, miniature copies of the Coat of Arms of the various Knight's of St. Andrews were displayed. The cake was well received, both visually and gastronomically. By the end of the evening, the entire top floor and almost half of the ground floor had been destroyed to an extent (thankfully) never seen by the real castle. The remainder of the cake and all the left over viands from Winter's Feast were delivered the next day to a church (in the name of the St. Andrews Noble Order of Royal Scots) to be used to feed the homeless.

One of the oaths spoken by each new knight is to "take care of those who can not take care of themselves!". The act of feeding the homeless seems to help fulfill this oath.

The first meeting of the new Knight's Council will soon be held. We have many ideas and changes to be made that came from the Knight's Convocation and suggestions from the knight's. This sixth year of our existence will hopefully see growth in membership, our processes, our ceremonies, and (most importantly) our visibility and acceptance both in the guild of St. Andrews and the fair world.

God Save the Knight's of St. Andrews!



Sir James Mosman,
Grand Master





God Save the new Dame!

At Winter's Feast, Squire Annebell Somerville became Dame Annebell Somerville. Being that her knighting was to take place earlier in the year but had to be postponed, she was able to craft a gown special for the occasion, with the loving

attention of Dame Bonnie and Sir Ryk. This was done in addition to all the other responsibilities of her life.

Life tested her full well this year in many ways and I shall not speak upon the tests I, as her Champion, did ask her to complete as these were of a private nature. Needless to say, in the midst of her demanding life she did make time to put forth a knight worthy effort.

Dame Annebell had the unique opportunity to be knighted in a dual ceremony with her husband Duncan Somerville. As her (third) Champion, I was happy to speak on her many qualities, deeds and merits. Many others did step forward quickly to also speak of their love and admiration. A tearful Dame Raven did near prostrate herself in front of both squires to show the depths of her respect. This knighting was also attended by several former Saint Andrew's members, thus being a testament of how many people her spirit has touched. The canopy of honor was long and full of celebratory cheers for both Dame Annebell and Sir Duncan. All of it much deserved from the heart.

God Save the new Knight!
God Save Dame Annebell
Somerville!



Fair lady,
O ye of loving heart
And gentle spirit,
We gather tonight
To honor you
As you enter the ranks
Of noble knighthood.
This day,
You join the brotherhood
Of them who are sworn
To serve and to advise
Her Royal Majesty
And to protect her humble subjects.
This is a noble burden,
Borne with honor
And with grace;
Yet, to my lowly eye
And in my fond heart,
Dear Annebell,
Nothing has changed.
You have always put
The interest of the folk
Of St. Andrew's
Above your own.
It seems always in your mind
That the comfort and the benefit of
Those around you
Come before your own.
You have always come
To the aid and the defense
Of those around you;
With the heart of a dragon
And the soul of a dove,
Fierce and wise and gentle –
Often in the same breath –
You stand stalwart
In the face of all adversity
Without a thought of
Any consequence to yourself.

Tonight, dear lady,
We return the favor.
Noble and lovely,
Selfless and true,
We lift you high
And call you by your rightful
name:

Hail, Dame Annebell Somerville!

He stands before us,
This honored one,
With gentle smile
And humble mien.
Most would look upon him
And think, oh,
He's just a common man,
Nothing special.

And they would be wrong.

Before us stands a giant,
A being most extraordinary:
A man of courage
A man of honor
A man whose noble heart
Conquers the greatest adversity
With an honest smile
And a cheerful demeanor.

He is a man of might,
Our Duncan:
Strong of arm,
Stout in heart,
With a spirit greater than either.
Yet with that strength
Comes a soul
Made of sweetness
And deep compassion.

It seems fitting
That he bear the title
Which he is given today,
And with it comes
The completion of a circle –
Because, to me, he has always
been
The embodiment of chivalry.

So, good gentles,
Raise with me your voices
And hail
Sir Duncan Somerville!

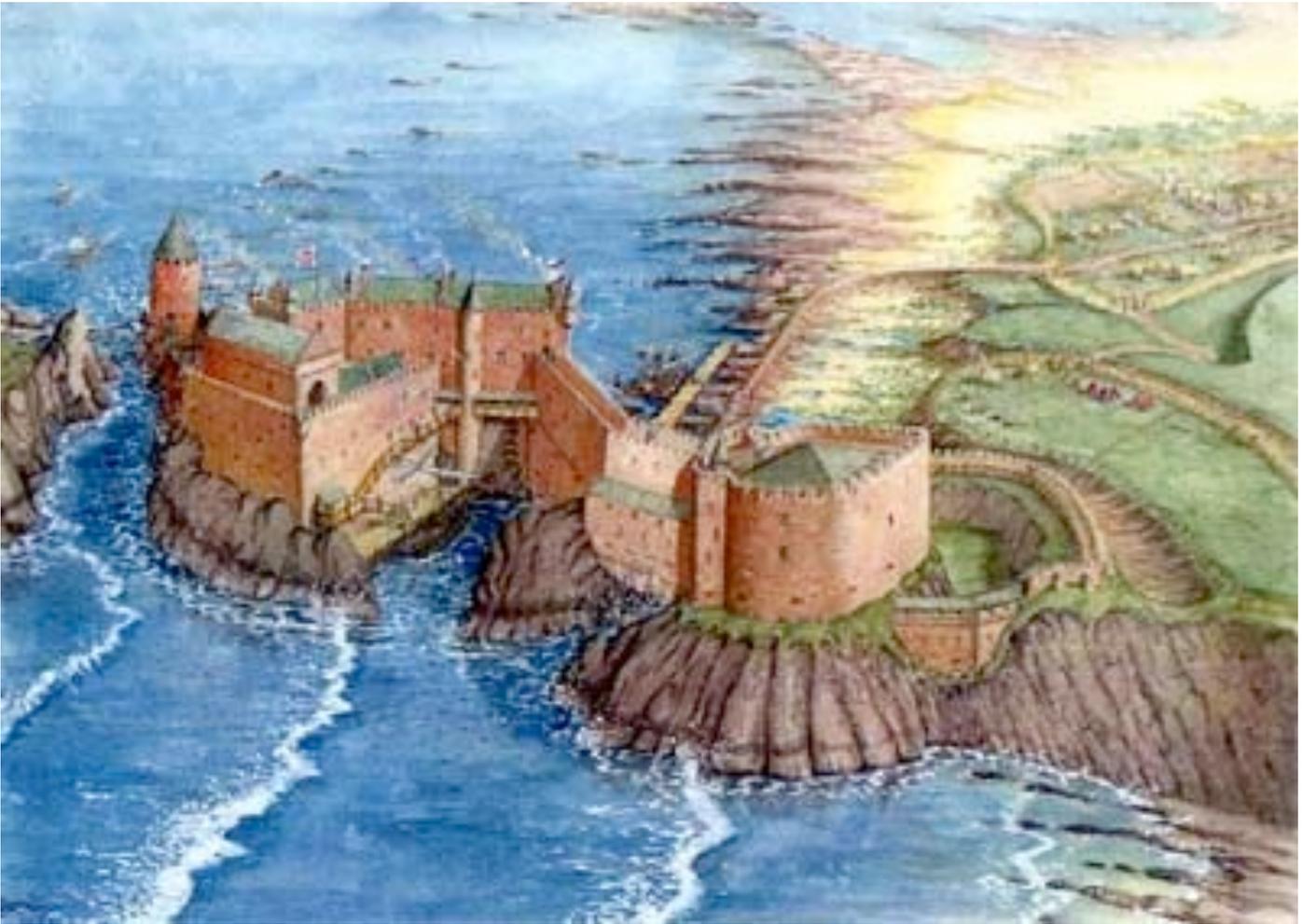
Behold
A handsome lady
Veiled in white
And robed in dignity,
Sharp of eye
And possessed of agile
wit.
She sits in regal state
Before us:
Above us,
Yet among us.
Upon her throne
She sits in gentle
majesty,
Welcoming all who
come before her
With equal grace:
A shining example
Of humanity and
compassion,
Endlessly patient,
Tirelessly warm.
She rises above her own
fatigue
To ensure that the
lowliest soul
Who comes before her
Is granted the same care
and attention
As those of higher birth.

Strong as stone, yet soft
of voice,
She has not forgotten
That all people are kin,
And treats them as such.
Kind words and
reprimands
Are delivered with
equal care.
And although those of
royal blood
Are considered divine
beings,
She never forgets
That royal blood
Is also human blood,
Nor that the while world
Is kin.

So, raise your eyes.
Behold her.
Regard her.
Revere her.
Adore her,
And raise your voices
In a jubilant cry:

For she is our sovereign,
Regina en eterna,
Mary, Queen of Scots.





Dunbar Castle

by Dame Mariota Arres

The coast of Haddingtonshire has been doubly attacked—by the North Sea on one side, and by the rapid stream of the Forth on the other—so that it presents the appearance of an irregular triangle. About midway on the shore-line stands Dunbar Castle, upon a rocky promontory around which the stormy North Sea breaks in foam. The resistless surge of the North Sea, dashing for centuries upon the slenderly-protected east coast has caverned and honeycombed the rock upon which Dunbar is raised, leaving many chasms and tunnels in the cliff, regarding which a thousand wild legends are told.

Once one of the most important and mightiest castles in Scotland little remains of Dunbar Castle. The tourist who visits Dunbar expecting to find there the romantic ruins of some palatial structure will be grievously disappointed finding nothing except foundations of a very ruined keep and courtyard

overlooking Dunbar Harbor. The relics of its former greatness betray the fact that it has been constructed with an eye rather to strength than beauty; and its position upon a rocky eminence, exposed to the fury of the wintry blast; and "many-sounding sea," being ravaged by both the North Sea and the Forth, whose billows lash its foundations, seem to imply that its builders thought more of the preservation of their lives than the cultivation of the elegant arts.

Dunbar castle having a totally unique design being built on these rocky outcrops raising out of the sea, called stacks, a tower on each outcrop linked by narrow bridges with covered passages. The third of these was over a wide enough gap as to allow access below for vessels to the quite large harbor of the adjoining town – which access could be blocked by simply lowering an oversized portcullis, this enabling the lord of the castle to demand a tithe of all fish caught by the many fishing craft using the harbor, an

extraordinary sort of baronial toll. The gatehouse tower of this particular fortalice was the only part actually based on the mainland, and the first of the bridges spanning the gap beyond was a drawbridge, which could be raised, thus cutting off the remaining towers from approach by land. This land approach was over several dry moles. The second of the island towers was the main keep.

The situation of Edinburgh at but a short distance from the Firth of Forth; thereby, liable to invasion from the sea, caused the whole length of the east coast of Scotland, from Berwick around to Leith, to be studded with Castle-towers and Keeps, at once the residences of the Court and the defense of the capital. While the Castles on the line of the Border were intended to check the invasions of the English by land, the strong towers of Berwick, Fast, Dunbar, and Tantallon formed a chain of defense on the seaboard which might well discourage invasion from that quarter. The magnitude as well as the strength of these Keeps enabled their possessors to garrison an army of very respectable dimensions, and their proximity to one another rendered a junction of their forces comparatively easy.

In many cases the territorial defenses proved efficient, and the sacredness of the capital was preserved. To the Castle of Dunbar some prominence must be given, as the one post in the country which effectually repelled the English invader. Besides exhibiting the force of the Scottish arms against the chosen warriors of England, it has also a history intimately associated with the internecine turmoils in Scotland.

The strength of the Castle, which rendered it almost impregnable, and the extent of the accommodation which it afforded, ever made it a coveted point in protracted warfare; and its possessor might easily sway the balance of fortune and decide the fate of either Kingdom, Scotland or England. It was, therefore, important for the welfare of Scotland that the Castle of Dunbar should be in the hands of a true patriot. Unfortunately this was not always the case, and the history of the Castle alternates between treason and fidelity to the Scottish cause.

The original defenses were built on the rocky outcrops by the Votanidi tribe during the Romans' excursions into Scotland and it was a Northumbrian stronghold in 650AD. It was later a Pictish fortress until captured by the Scots under Kenneth MacAlpin, Kenneth I King of Scots of Dalriada and Pictland, in 849AD. Though the exact date of the Castle is not

known, it must occupy the site of a much earlier Peel which would be in existence early in the 11th century. The first traces of this early structure are found in the records relating to William the Conqueror.

In 1067, that monarch conferred the Earldom of Northumberland upon Robert Comyn, but he was so unpopular with his vassals that he and all his retainers were put to death in 1068 by the inhabitants of the district. Then Cospatrick (sometimes called "Gospatrick") grandson of Malcolm II, King of Scotland, claimed the Earldom through his mother, who was a daughter of Uchtred, the Saxon Earl of Northumberland, but had ultimately to pay "a great sum of money" for it in 1067 to William the Conqueror. Soon afterwards Cospatrick quarrelled with William, and fled into Scotland with other northern leaders, finding refuge in 1072 with Malcolm III, (Ceanmor), whose wife, St Margaret, was a Saxon Princess. Malcolm conferred upon him "Dunbar with the adjacent lands in Lothian," and he thus became the first Earl of Dunbar. His death took place about 1089, and he was succeeded by his son, Cospatrick, second Earl of Dunbar, who was a benefactor to the Abbey of Kelso. Before his death in 1139, he had probably begun the erection of Dunbar Castle, as the oldest part of the ruins belong to about that period. The Cospatrick Earls of Dunbar held the castle in the 13th century but it was captured by the English in 1297.

Unfortunately for Scotland's welfare some of the earls were not always faithful to Scotland. Patrick, eighth Earl, who liberated Alexander III by surprising Edinburgh Castle, when held by the Comyns, became one of the Regents of Scotland after Alexander's death. His son, Patrick, ninth Earl, surnamed "Black Beard," was the first to be styled "Earl of March." Unlike his father he swore fealty to Edward I, and was a faithful adherent of the English interest. His wife, Marjory Comyn, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, took up the cause of the other party, and held the Castle of Dunbar for King John Balliol until forced to surrender it to Edward I in 1296, who made the Earl two years afterwards, "King's Lieutenant in Scotland." Both he and his heir were present at the Battle of Caerlaverock in 1300, when Edward's party won the Castle. The tenth Earl of Dunbar and March, Patrick, like his father, was devoted to the King of England, and when Edward II was escaping after losing the Battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, he sheltered the fugitive at Dunbar Castle, and procured a fishing-boat to take him to England.

For a considerable period the Castle changed hands frequently, as one or other of the Border Clans gained

supremacy in the neighborhood; but its power of menacing the Capital was never forgotten. As a coveted stand-point for any ambitious Lord or successful Laird its history was a stormy one, though but imperfectly learned from authentic records. Many strange scenes were enacted beneath the roof-tree of Dunbar, and many a deed of nameless violence, of clamant wrong, did the now dilapidated chambers witness.

"Beneath those battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amid her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws; conquerors should

have

But History's purchased page to call them
great?

A wider space, an ornamented grave?

Their hopes were not less warm; their works
were full as brave."

The most interesting episodes in the history of Dunbar Castle are those which relate to the connection of Mary, Queen of Scots, with this desolate ruin. After the ruthless murderers had perpetrated the outrage which they had long meditated, the very success of their plot found them unprepared for the results which followed. The suspicion of the weak and vacillating Darnley on the one hand, and their well-grounded doubt of the faithfulness Moray, perplexed the leaders of the assassination. The high-spirited manner in which the Queen denounced their brutality led some of them to think that the safest way for them would be to fulfil the threat with which Ruthven quieted her, and "cut her into collops and throw her over the wall"; the difficulty in which they were placed was a serious one. With Darnley at their head, and in the presence of the Queen, they had committed "murder most foul and most unnatural" by the assassination of Rizzio; and the question arose as to what should be done with the Sovereign who was now in their hands.

The escape of the Queen with Darnley from Holyrood has been often narrated. The fugitives directed their way to Dunbar Castle. Her residence there, though short, was sufficient to strike terror into the hearth of the conspirators against the Throne; and when she returned a few days afterwards to Musselburgh, it was to resume the power of which she had been so nearly deprived. Very different was her next visit to this sea-beaten tower.

However unworthy an object Darnley may have been, it is absolutely certain that Queen Mary loved

him faithfully. The few days they spent at Dunbar Castle formed a brief but pleasant interlude in her chequered life. But soon afterwards the murder of Darnley changed the prospect of her whole future career, and all the years she had yet to survive were shrouded in darkness and despair.

A new actor now appears on the scene. The Earl of Bothwell, Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff of Haddington, and Captain of Dunbar Castle, had made himself extremely busy in political affairs. His bold appearance and invincible conduct quailed all his opponents, and carried terror to the hearts of the conspirators.

Queen Mary had visited her infant son at Stirling Castle, and on the morning of 24th April 1567 she left Linlithgow Palace for Holyrood, with a small retinue; and Bothwell, as High Sheriff of East Lothian, had put himself at the head of a thousand armed followers, and intercepted the Queen at Foulbriggs (now Fountainbridge), and carried her off to his Castle of Dunbar. The two later returned to the castle after their marriage on 15 May.

Queen Mary's association with this stronghold has been fully explained. It only now remains to say that it was at Dunbar where Bothwell devised the Battle of Carberry Hill which proved so fatal to the hapless Queen. The Regent's troops overcame Bothwell's scanty force, and Mary was captured, conveyed a prisoner to Edinburgh, and thence to incarceration in Loch Leven Castle. The Regent Moray, in December 1567, obtained an Act of Parliament directing the demolition of Dunbar Castle and the Fort on Inchkeith.

And now the site of this ancient fortress is left desolate and unlovely. The few stones which mark the spot where once it reared its head proudly are moss-covered and time-worn, and but for the interest that clings about them because of their eventful history, they might readily be passed unnoticed by the traveller. Yet memory and imagination alike conspire to recall and vivify the departed forms which once lived in joy and sorrow, in hope and despair, within these ruined walls.

The ruins of Dunbar Castle belong by heritage to the Earl of Home, as representing the Douglas family, to whom the structure belonged in early days.

The final indignity for Dunbar Castle came with the construction of the Victoria Harbor in 1844. A new entrance for Dunbar's harbors was blasted through the end of the rock on which the castle ruins stood: indeed, the process of firing explosives by electricity was invented especially for the job.

Foundation of Costume

or

The Importance of Underpinnings

by Jo Graden

When I was first approached to join a historical re-enactment troupe I instantly realized I would have to give up the filmy, revealing faire garb I had been parading about in since first discovering the renaissance faire scene. For regardless of how much personal pleasure and attention, or how sexually and physically attractive I might have garnered from its wearing, the group I hoped to be a part of had a mission to try to recreate and bring a specific bit of history to life and so it would be absolutely necessary to shed the fantasy, research what was actually worn, and learn to be comfortable (both physically and mentally) in what appeared to be much more austere, cumbersome, hot and heavy.

Setting out to pull together a “noble wardrobe” I invested in a variety of costly (or at least expensive-looking) fabrics and an ungodly amount of trim and jewelry as well as other accessories that at the early start in my fashion/costuming “education” I thought would help me to look the part. Of course I “knew” I would have to wear a farthingale to produce the conical shape of the skirts but being still stuck in the egoic idea that I didn’t want to accentuate my hips with a bum roll, nor wear more layers than was absolutely necessary given our present day climate, I dismissed the idea of wearing the full costume; that is, the foundation garments that complete the costume. In other words I was going about “half-dressed” and so was also meeting the mission of historical re-enactment in a half-hearted way. Additionally, I was doing my physical self an injustice and thus made it that much more impossible to wear those parts of the costume I *was* wearing with as much comfort as I might have if I had only let go of my 20th century notions of what is attractive and fully dressed the part.

The functions of underclothes throughout history is as much utilitarian as they are important to social phenomena of the time and equally with both sexes, and include such reasons as: to protect the body from the cold, to support the shape of the costume, for cleanliness, sexual and erotic use, as well as to further promote class distinction. The writer hopes to illustrate how using these premises from both the standpoint of historical prospective and the present day realities will enhance the wearers’ re-enactment experience.

A PAIR OF BODIES (CORSET)

It is absolutely true that there existed across all of Europe during the 1500s a climate described by some scientists as a “Little Ice Age”. We can deduce for ourselves that the temperatures were far cooler even in the mediterranean regions given the styles, layers and fabric types worn; for surely if the temperatures were anywhere close to the 100 degree Fahrenheit mark that we must sometimes endure here in Northern California every summer, they surely would have designed their attire to be lighter, less restrictive and with a greater aptness toward ventilation.

The fact of 20th-century temperatures caused me in the design of my first sets of “renaissance nobles” to build my corsets (or pair of bodies as it was rightly called at the time) right into the bodices of my gowns thinking that one less layer would surely bring me some relief. In doing so my bodice then did not fit properly; as I was cinching it in too tightly (sometimes breaking stays or loops or tearing the material around the eyelets or grommets that I sometimes used). Additionally such cinching creating a strained look through the torso which is equally as unflattering and historically inaccurate as the somewhat slovenly look that occurs when re-enactors loosen their bodices up so much that they bag and sag and fall off the shoulders and pull away from their body.

Additionally, in the oppressive heat I would often stuff a hanky filled with ice chips between my breasts so as to cool down my core temperature. Sadly as the chips melted I then sported a huge wet stain down the front of my gown which was anything but beguiling or noble. It was this habit, and my feelings about the look that the melted ice created, that caused me to begin wearing a corset despite whether or not I had so craftily built one into the bodice of choice. Immediately upon the wearing, I was made aware that the figure I presented was closer to the smooth, cylindrical look of the torso and supported and somewhat lifted breasts that was the designer look of the time. Even better, I could now stuff that hanky of ice in my cleavage and when it melted the corset soaks up the better part of the moisture so that the gown itself does not become wet and stained. So though I do not need it for the added warmth that it provided the women of the 16th century, the wearing of a corset provides me a clever means by which to deal with present day climate conditions.

Another point worth mentioning with regards to the design of the pair of bodies is in the question of whether or not to “tab” the waist. I have worn both tabbed and untabbed “corsets” and have discovered that the waistline of an untabbed corset has the tendency to gouge and dig in at my waist so that by the end of a day full of standing, kneeling, sitting, rising, my waistline is crying to be released from its imposed torture. Furthermore, in wearing a “corset” over my smock, when I fasten my skirts [(petticoat and overskirt) which I actually keep closed with large safety pins] the friction of the heavier, textured corset material plus the tabbing, keeps the skirts from slipping down below the waist treatment of my bodice again preserving the integrity of the historical “look”.

A final point with regards to the wearing of a “corset” worth mentioning stems from a question put to me by a woman who was putting together a costume to play a middle-class renaissance woman and she wondered if she would even need to bother with wearing a corset. Given that we know that class distinction was defined by the very fact of whether or not one needed a servant to help you get dressed in the morning the assumption there is that the lower classes would have worn underpinnings that they could lace themselves, but why would they need to corset themselves? The answer may lie in the idea that the look of the day, the fashion of the period, that commands all people in any generation to adapt their personal style to some degree, was that of a lifted, but somewhat flattened chest, and certainly to confine the breasts so that they were not in the way of one working, or loose and suggestive (of a farm animal?). Like the renaissance version of the modern-day bra the corset would have been worn by all women to create the sexual allure of the period, while confining the breasts for all practical purpose.



examples of tabbed effigies - photos from *The Tudor Tailor*

THE SMOCK

Sometimes referred to as a chemise, the smock (for men, the shirt) was originally designed as a layer to protect the more expensive outer garments from being soiled by perspiration and the everyday dirt and grime of a less hygienic era and is as valid a reason for the re-enactor to remember to wear this foundation garment as it was in the 16th century. But between 1485-1625 the shirt/smock ceased to be merely a protective layer between the skin and outerwear and assisted the external costume of both sexes in expressing class distinction (through its fabric type and decoration) as well as becoming one of the more erotic gestures of renaissance fashion.



To reveal portions of underclothing has always been psychologically associated with undressing, and so it was in the renaissance that the fashion of slashing men's (and later women's) outer clothes so as to expose the fine quality of what lay beneath (bringing the shirt itself or a lining simulating it) into prominence came into vogue. Even more than women, the men of the renaissance made the most of this sexual fashion allowance by wearing their doublets opened to the waist, wearing low-necked or v-necked doublets that allowed for the shirt to emerge above it, wearing short-waisted doublets whereby the shirt would bulge out between the



lower edge of the doublet and the waist, wristbands protruding below the doublet sleeves, and the previously mentioned decorative slashing. As though to insure some respectability in being so provocative the necklines, wristbands, fronts, shoulders, and down the sleeves, of both men's and women's smocks were then generally embroidered with gold thread and colored silks (black and red predominating), and in the second half of the 16th century with cutwork edging or bobbin lace. So it is then, that the re-enactor in want of visually demonstrating the social trends of the time is then predisposed to feature this bit of apparel as part of their period attire.



modern adaptations created from the 16th century historic garments (photo from *The History of Underclothes*)

Gazing about any renaissance, medieval, Tudor or Elizabethan faire, one sees a fair amount of the middle-class and working class women wearing scanty bodices and the better part of their smocks visible, accented by an ungodly amount of cleavage and actual bosom displayed because they are not wearing a proper corset nor is the bodice style being worn accurate to the time-period and isn't designed to flatten the chest but to push the breasts up in such a way that they spill over the top. Here, then, the problem with the picture lies two-fold in that the proper foundation garment is missing and that the outer wear is also incorrect. This is made true all the more in that other pieces of outer wear are missing from the picture as well, as working and middle-class women would have not gone without wearing sleeves over their smocks and attached to their petticoat, kirtle, bodice, or waistcoat.



Birth of the Virgin (1595) showing working or middle class women involved in domestic tasks with detached sleeves



From *The Tudor Tailor* model is wearing a back-laced kirtle with tied on woolen sleeves

examples of tabbed effigies - photos from *The Tudor Tailor*



FARTHINGALES AND BUMROLLS

Female apparel over the centuries has assumed far greater varieties of shape than that of the male and the outline of which could only be effected by the underclothes: the extraordinary shapes compelling speculation as to what lay beneath, and so gave an artificial air of mystery to the structure and imbued the wearer with greater sexual allure. The farthingale (a petticoat reinforced by a series of graduated hoops of cane, whale bone, or wire creating a conical shape) came into fashion first to “hide” the female body within. As the renaissance progressed and social distinctions became more and more important and defined the farthingale’s function became one of helping the wearer to show off the type, amount, and weave of the petticoat and overskirts of the wearer and so define their wealth and class distinction.

Given that I wanted to portray the very noble it wasn’t difficult to convince me to wear oversized hoops (so long as I was willing to use sufficient yardage in the making of the overskirt that it did not appear too tightly stretched across the surface of the foundation garment and also that it maintained the conical shape of the renaissance style and not the dome shape created by the crinoline petticoats of the 1800s). I quickly learned however that the flurry and hustle of a re-enactor as well as the trappings of the props, tent stakes and pavilion lines are enough to cause me to limit the diameter to 36-45 inches; in so doing I am able to reduce the yardage in the overskirt to some 7-8 yards, cartridge pleat and so create the air of opulence without having to suffer wearing quite much so much weight.

Recalling again my first efforts at “noble raiments” I was loathe to accentuate my hips by donning a bumroll as it went against all my 20th century notions of slim, trim, and streamlined appearance being more attractive than a protruding derriere or wide hips. Understanding that to accentuate the hipbone as a display of femininity and successful child-bearing was important to the time just wasn’t enough for me to give over my conceit. When, however, it was pointed out to me by someone with many more years of wearing heavy noble skirts than I, that the bumroll would actually displace the weight in such a way that I would not feel so dragged down, and would ultimately be physically more comfortable on my hips and lower back, well, that was reason enough to adopt the wearing of this undergarment that’s original purpose was more of supporting the surface fashion as well as contributing to the sexual allure of the renaissance woman.

Though a middle or upper-middle class woman of the renaissance period certainly would have worn a farthingale and bumroll (less to display the materials she was wearing than to keep her body mysterious and alluring); the working class women would have accomplished this through the wearing of just the bumroll and a petticoat or two beneath her outer skirt and aprons. The female actor seeking to portray a middle-class or working class woman of the time would certainly do well to wear these foundation pieces to affect the illusion they propose to recreate for the public.



16th century engraving (from *The History of Underclothes*) showing a noble woman having her bumroll tied upon her hips.

Above photo from *The Tudor Tailor* showing untapped “corset” and bumroll

POSTSCRIPT

From the foregoing account then it can hopefully be seen that the wearing of renaissance underpinnings not only serves to enhance the semblance of historical recreation but aids the wearer physically. The underclothes of the time present a number of curious features, reflecting (sometimes even more clearly than the surface garments) those potent forces which affect the social life of the time and so cannot be overlooked or dismissed as non-essential to the task at hand. Interestingly enough, however, the wearing of the proper foundation actually aids the actor physically as well today as it did in the 16th century. That being said, it is the author's hope that while constructing new costumes for the next faire season that we will all put as much time, attention and effort into constructing the foundation of the image we are hoping to convey as we surely will the outer trappings.

The History of Underclothes by C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington; Dover Publications, Inc., New York; 1992.

Moda a Firenze 1540-1580 by Roberta Orsi Landini - Bruna Niccoli; Edizioni Polistampa; 2005.

The Tudor Tailor Techniques and patterns for making historically accurate period clothing by Ninya Mikhaila - Jane Malcolm-Davies; Costume and Fashion Press, London; 2006.

Patterns of Fashion the cut and construction of clothes for men and women c1560 - 1620 by Janet Arnold; Drama Publishers by Design Press, Great Britain; 1985.

Letter to the Editor

Well met Jo,

I just wanted to send a quick note to say that you, Mariota Arres, James Mosman, and all the others involved in the February 2009 St. Andrew's parchment did an excellent job. I happened across it during a Google search and have saved it to my documents folder for further reading and future reference. Have a wonderful holiday season and Winter Solstice.

With regards,
Ex-Chieftain Taage Ross

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

Philip Alexander

Mariota Arres

Mary Beaton

Charlotte Carmichael

Cullen Elliot

Gwendolyn Elliot

Maitiu'de Faoite

Bonnie Gunn

Keegan Gunn

Shaila Gunn

Andrew Hepburn

Janet Hepburn

Breanna Kerr

Mary Livingstone

Innes MacAlister

Sara MacBride

Brittiah MacGregor

Jessica MacGregor

Kael MacGregor

Morna MacGregor

Katie MacLeod

Maureen MacLeod

Jillian MacKenzie

Fionnoola MacPhearson

Heber MacPhearson

Drew MacQuain

Megan MacQuain

Robert McCutchen

Guy Maxwell

Hannah Maxwell

Bronwynne Melville

Craig Melville

Mary Caroline Rutherford

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton

Alice Sinclair

Raven Sinclair

Brianna de St. Joer

Andrew Stevenson

John Stewart

Sara Stewart

Annebell Somerville

Duncan Somerville

Steven Sui

Ryk Tucker

Johan von Pluym