

*Summer/Fall/Winter 2011*

# *The Parchment*



*St. Andrew's Noble Order  
of Royal Scots*



# ~ The Parchment ~

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*St. Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots  
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*And Many Others*



## ~The Parchment ~

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### ~ My Two Pence ~

The Parchment has long been the quarterly newsletter of St. Andrew's and has seen many Editors. The Editors I am aware of have been Lady Trystan Bass, Dame Helen Henderson, Lady Kyra MacNeil, Lady Janet Hepburn, and most recently Master Philip Alisdair. The guild is indebted to "Master P" for his tenure with this publication and grateful for his creativity.

Each Editor has added their own flare to the publication, each with their own vision, and all have dedicated many long hours to publishing the best product they could. I am merely filling in for one issue while the torch is passed to Mistress Maggie MacDuff. We are fortunate that "Mad Maggie" has volunteered to take on this labor of love. She has experience with editing and publishing newsletters for various organizations, and is anxious and excited about being able to make such a valuable contribution to the operation of St. Andrew's.

The Parchment is not only a source of information and a means of communication for our members, but also serves as a representation of St. Andrew's that is read and enjoyed by event promoters, casual observers and fellow re-enactors.

I know you will all support Mistress Maggie as she takes on this endeavor and will inundate her with articles, short stories, poetry, ad infinitum.

I Remain Your Humble Servant,  
Dame Brittah Sutherland H`elie



*A letter intercepted between Her Most Royal Majesty  
and her brother, James Stewart, the Earl of Moray.*



*Dearest Brother,*

*I write to you now, dear James, as a Queen in awe of her people. As We travel throughout this land, a place that We had but foggy and mostly frightening memories of due to a childhood spent in fear of our Uncle, Henry VIII, I find myself surprised by the generosity and compassion of Our people. Time and time again their grand gestures and small kindnesses come together to overwhelm Us and make Us glad that we heeded your urgings and returned to the place of Our birth.*

*We shall give you an example. While We were upon our travels to the shire of Watsonville a grave occurrence did take place. A Captain in Our Royal Guard, our beloved friend Craig Melville, was injured when a great stag did jump in front of his steed, causing his mount, through no fault of his own, to dump him to the ground. Normally a man as robust and healthy as Our dear Captain would have walked away from such a collision bruised, but ready to carry on.*

*For reasons only Our dear Father in Heaven knows, such was not the case. Captain Craig is even now under the care of Our finest doctors and surgeons and We pray daily for his speedy recovery.*

*In the midst of this trial though, We have seen the heart of the people of this realm. We have never seen so many people come together to support and honor one man. All throughout Our stay in Watsonville, and even on to this very day, we have been inundated with requests for information, promises of prayers, and good wishes for our Captain Melville's speedy recovery. Vendors pulled gifts from their carts, sacrificing their inventory to send their love to this wonderful man. Our troops did gather with those from other noble houses and did offer up their prayers to God for his recovery. And Our wonderful subjects, did gather with la Flamina and pray nightly that God, in His infinite wisdom and love, would spare Our sweet friend.*

*What heart Our people have James! We do always think of Scotland as a place of war and turmoil, but We do suppose that when a people live under constant threat of death and invasion, that they learn to cherish life.*

*We would like to extend to you Our sincerest thanks, dear brother, for encouraging Our return home so that We could come to know the excellent people God has placed within Our care.*

*You most loving and affectionate sister,*

*MARI*



## Communiqué from the Chancellor

So much has happened since I last took pen to paper. Cains Crossing Renaissance Faire, our only English event was well attended and we enjoyed playing with Queen Elizabeth's Court. The production team and participants at that event are a joy to work and play with. We attended many school events in April and May and enjoyed them all. We were saddened that Mission Delores School was to be closed by the Diocese and the staff let go; it is now a private school and it is unknown if we will continue our presentations at that school.

The past few months have been busy with several fun events. But, it has not been all wine and roses. We were all devastated to learn during set up at the Renaissance Festival of Santa Cruz that Sir Captain Craig Melville had been gravely injured in a motorcycle accident just a few hours prior. We often refer to St. Andrew's as a family, and we felt that sense of family that weekend and every day since. We prayed as a group and as individuals throughout that weekend that he survive his injuries. We were heartened as the rest of the faire prayed with us. And survive he did. It has now been over six months since Sir Craig was injured. Against all odds he is back at home with his family; he and his lovely wife Lady Larissa attended the annual Guards' Dining Out as guests of honor. It was wonderful to see them both laughing and smiling with their guild family. Our prayers continue and Sir Craig continues to make progress. At Shaver Lake Renaissance Faire we established a new tradition where Sir Craig's halberd is brought forth, a yellow ribbon embroidered with his name is tied on his halberd where it remains throughout the event. At the end of the day on Sunday, his halberd is once again brought forth, the ribbon removed and retired until our next event. We shall do so until he returns to his post with the guild at faire. Please continue to keep Sir Craig and his family in your prayers as they still have a long road ahead of them.

Despite the shadow of Sir Craig's injuries, we performed well and enjoyed the Santa Cruz Faire. New Nobles Mssr Claude deGuise and Madame Louise deBrez joined our ranks, and jumped right in with both gigs and the toiling of teardown.

What can I say about the Shaver Lake Renaissance Faire? Certainly we enjoyed our first time at this faire last year. This year with additions to the production team, the event site was filled with guilds, vendors, and stage acts. Locals and tourists alike attended, as well as folks from longer distances. The patrons were very engaging, many attending their first renaissance faire. We had a splendid time at this growing event and welcomed new members in Gloria and Jared MacBain as Highlanders, and Gillies MacBain as a new Royal Guard, a grand addition to the "Great Wall of Scotland". We look forward to next year at Shaver Lake and meeting new friends.

Our year continued with Monterey, Pleasanton and Dixon Games where Mistress Fiona's parents Kyle and Kaylee Sinclair joined us. We added All Hallows Fantasy Faire to our schedule and stretched our acting skills as the Court of the Dead and were joined by new members Mistress Jenn Oates and Mistress Clare McKeighen. Winter Feast was a wonderful end of the year party with old friends joining the festivities. It was truly a pleasure to see Sir Guy Maxwell, Don Bernardino, Dona Sabina, and their handsome sons. We miss you greatly and hope to see you again soon.

As Britta and I moved to our new home in Amador County, the guild props needed to find a new home in someone else's garage. I am forever in Her Majesty and Lord Cullen's debt for accepting a garage full of props into their home in Escalon. Thank you both, and thank you to those who helped move the props.

It has been an eventful and often difficult year. Many have lost loved ones, many have been burdened with illness and injury, and of course many struggle with the current economy. I ask that you keep Sir Craig and others in our guild family in your thoughts and prayers. May the Universe bless you and your family. Above all else be kind to each other.

I Remain Your Humble Servant,

Sir James Hepburn  
4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Bothwell  
Chancellor of Scotland and the Isles



## Chamberlain's Thoughts Guild House

*When Dame Mariota and I first joined the St. Andrews Guild, we were lucky to have a "guild house" led by a lady who had many year's of experience with the guild and willing to share her knowledge and experience with others. Her name was Dame Moriah O'Dineen and she lived in Vallejo.*

*Her work took her away from the guild, but her example inspired us to offer our own home as guild house. For the next ten years, we had members in our home each month with the hope that we could help them as much as Dame Moriah did for us. Of course, we did not (at that time) have the experience and knowledge she had. But, guild houses are not about one or two people dominating the evening. They are about everyone sharing stories and knowledge, discussing ideas and topics, and enjoying each other's company with the basic intent of making themselves and the guild a better experience.*

*Unfortunately, things change; people left the guild, leaders changed, situations changed, and the guild houses faded away.*

*One of the promises the guild makes to it members is to provide training and knowledge to make the "fair experience" more enjoyable and relaxed for it's members. For the past few years, attendance at guild training sessions has been on the decline. The Privy Council has discussed changes in the format, topics, location, and many other ideas. The one idea that kept recurring was the "guild house" and the influence and support they provided to each of us in our early years with the guild.*

*We have resurrected the guild houses and made them available to our members. We have established three guild houses in various locations with meetings on various dates each month and led by a diverse group of "guild house leaders". The plan is to make this training opportunity diverse and available to as many members as possible.*

*Hopefully, by now, you have attended at least one guild house meeting. Although we have established them in multiple locations, members are not restricted to only one guild house. In fact, because each guild house and it's leaders are different, we encourage members to occasionally attend guild houses out of their local area. Each of the guild houses sends out monthly announcements with the date, location, and when possible, some idea of the topics that will be discussed at the next meeting.*

*All that the guild house leaders (and the Privy Council) ask is that you attend and participate. Lord Cullen and Lady Gwendolyn Elliot (the Escalon Guild House), Lady Mary Fleming (the San Leandro Guild House), and Dame Mariota Arres and I (the Antioch Guild House) are offering our homes, time, and love for this guild and providing a relaxed, friendly place for you to learn about the guild, the "fair day", history, garb, weaponry, dance, and whatever other topics the group would like to discuss. You will find additional information about the Guild Houses and their leaders on the St. Andrews website.*

*We hope to see each member at our meetings soon.*

*Sir James Mosman, Earl of Lanark  
Royal Great Chamberlain of Scotland*



## The Great Stewards Notes

Dear Members of St Andrews,

Now that the 2011 season has come to a close, I would like to say just a few things to all. First it was a wonderful season full of favorite old events and some great new events. These new events thanks to Lord Bothwell searching and gaining us entrance into them. So, a hearty Thanks to him. We were busier this season than we have been in some time, and I for one was quite happy about that. Also for the acquisition of the new Queens pavilion, it is great. Once the modifications are finished it will look so good. Thank you Bothwell and Britta for all of your hard work and dedication. I am not sure where we would be without you.

Secondly as this was my first year as AGM and as Argyll I want to thank each and every one of you for being patient and helping me along. Also for helping the guild along. This is a group event and requires a group to put on the caliber of show that we do. We cannot put on a great show without our great members participating. Remember everyone is a Noble and everyone is important.

In moving forward I would like to encourage every member to continue to work on your character and to continue to help move the guild forward. Submit new gig ideas, come to a load or an unload, or stay in actors camp and find out what that is like. This is our time to work on new garb, new stories or new gigs. Let us make next year even better than this year. With our membership we can do it.

Lastly I would wish everyone a Blessed holiday season. Spend time with friends and family and remember Sonora is coming.

Lord Archibald Campbell  
5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Argyll  
Royal Great Steward.



*Flemina's Fancies  
Her Majesty's Ladies in Waiting*

*'Twas the night after Progress and all thru the castle,  
All the servants were sighing, Good Lord what a hassle,  
Her Majesty was nestled, all snug in Her bed,  
Whilst vision of Her People danced in Her head.*

*The shinty, the croquette  
The trooping and sword play,  
The dancing and singing  
Lady Jean, the witch, and Mary's bastard brother, The Earl of Moray*

*The Governors, Nobles and the beloved Highlanders  
Were all in attendance  
In Mary's dreams of Progress Remembrance.*

*Mary Fleming had rushed the Queen to bed in a hurry,  
"You must rest, Your Majesty, for the last ten months have been such a flurry."  
Seaton, Beaton and Livingston too  
Had unpacked all her gowns, jewelry and shoes.*

*Renee, Guyonne and Annabell  
Had Tidied and fluffed  
They mended and beaded all of Mary's stuff*

*"The cold season is upon us my dears, the holidays as well,  
Time to be with the family and rest for a spell,  
For all too soon Her Majesty to progress once more,  
When the snows have thawed and Spring is restored."*

*"Now off with all of you, off to your rest,  
For tomorrow is another day,  
To serve at our Queen to our abilities best."*



## *The Noblest of Nobles Why I Do This*

*An article by W. Andrew Mitchell, AKA Lord James Stewart, Earl of Moray*

*For a change I wanted to step back from the self-congratulatory tone that most of my articles take (we HAVE been awesome recently, make no mistake about that) and talk a little about why I choose to spend weekends the way I do. I was originally recruited by then Saint Andrews Guildmaster Theo D'Este in 1994. At that time Saint Andrews was a massive guild, with about 300 members on the books. Only about a third of those were paid members, but size was everything back then so we counted everyone we could.*

*I wanted to be historically accurate in my garb, in my language, in my knowledge of the world around me. I wanted to present the public with an accurate portrayal of a 16<sup>th</sup> Century Scottish Renaissance Man. When I discovered that kilts were not worn by nobility, I took to wearing breeches or slops. When I found out that "tams" were not a common type of headwear among the nobility, I switched to flat caps and later to the tall hats I wear now. When I learned that rapiers hadn't quite made it to Scotland in the year 1562, I began looking for a more period weapon to wear. At that time, for me it was all about accuracy. Still, I took some liberties. I wore a tartan sash, I wore favors, and I didn't speak Scots or even with a very good Scottish accent.*

*It then became about performance. I was influenced a great deal by Dame Claudia McCarley who was then the head of the old courtier household (which we call the noble household today). I became the character of James Stewart, the half brother of the Queen. I studied about him, tried to be him, and in the process became less and less fun to be around. I wanted to portray him with all the dignity and gravitas I felt the man had in real life. I felt a duty to his memory to be him. He was a staunch Protestant in the Calvinist tradition and although that conflicts with my own beliefs and opinions, I wanted to portray him accurately. I wanted to represent him in a way I felt he would be proud of, or at least in a way that wouldn't make him physically ill to watch.*



*Early this year, I realized something. It's not being an historically correct example of a Renaissance Scot that drags me to faire after faire. It is not being a tribute to a long dead member of the Scottish Nobility. Nor is it about accolades, Lands and Titles, ribbons and knighthoods. It's about my faire family. It's about being with this crazy bunch and it's about having fun. Sure, the educational aspect and the performance aspect are there too. And accolades, Lands and Titles are fine too (although I do have a problem with them confusing the chain of precedence, but that is another article). But it is you folks that make this stuff for me worthwhile. And now that I have realized that, I am having one of the better years of my long Saint Andrews career.*



*Captain of the Guard  
Her Majesty's Royal Halberdiers*



*Her Majesty's Halberdiers must truly be engaged in deadly battle with the English or mayhaps have been spirited away by the Fae, for these noble men have submitted nary a word for her Majesty's Parchment. This Scribe doth pose the query, who guards the Guard?*



## The Chieftain's Missive



*Good Fellows of St. Andrews,*

*The tavern has been quite a busy place since I last wrote. We did travel with the Duke of Orkney to the shire of Cain's Crossing. We did see our long time friend Maureen MacLeod whilst there. She is doing well. She still needs to be in the Highlands for a time, but we do await her return to our progress. While at Cain's Crossing a most wonderful fowl was prepared and presented by the Duke. It was well received by Queen Elizabeth, our most beloved Queen's cousin. There also was much dancing, merry making and shenanigans by all who journeyed there.*

*The Highland weather has followed us this season as we've traveled. We did set up our tents in Modesto and were awaiting her Most Royal Majesty. Due to the inclimate weather she was unable to stop there on her progress. We did pull up stakes the next day and proceeded on.*

*Whilst at Watsonville we were honored to have a wedding in our midst. Her Royal Majesty did find it well met to attend the festivities and congratulate the happy couple. The Tavern Ladies, under the supervision of Lady Jean served cake to the guests in attendance. I was happy to hear that Mistress Isabella, while on her best behavior, did make us all proud and graciously served Her Royal Majesty refreshments. She was served cake and drink which did make her quite giddy. She did enjoy herself most well. She was so well entertained that in a moment of frolic did show the guests her purple tongue. I do believe that Mistress Isabella did partake herself of wedding refreshments. She assuredly must have shared them with Master Thomas and Maitiu who from that time on tried my patience to almost breaking. Master Thomas and Maitiu were caught thieving in the shire. They allegedly stole a small cup from one of the merchants. Master Thomas did spend some time in the stocks for his transgressions. Maitiu was, questioned about his arrest, by Her Royal Majesty who was traveling about the shire. He was put into servitude in the Tavern as his punishment. As this was all taking place, giddy Mistress Isabella does "accidentally" step on her Majesty's apothecary's dress. Lady Morna was very upset with this and put out a writ for her arrest. She, again, spent time in the stocks.*

*Late in the day Master Thomas was once again found wandering the shire inappropriately dressed. He was taken, much to my lament, to Diarmid Campbell. Diarmid ordered that Isabella and Master Thomas be shackled together until they prayed the rosary and found the keys to the shackles.*

*I await, with my breath held, the mischievous antics of the members of the Wicked Aye as we travel on to the next shire.*

*In the Service of Her Royal Majesty,  
Chieftain Sara MacBride*



*The Jewel of Scotland*  
*Sir James Hepburn*

*At the end of my first year as Guild Master I found myself in need of a new leading lady as Laurie Ratliff was retiring from her role as Mary, Queen of Scots. As is now history, I asked Jerri Leuers to fill that role and Kirsten Laniohan to fill the role of understudy/Queen B.*

*I want to take this opportunity to thank both of these ladies for the willingness to take on this role. With no previous experience in such a role, Jerri jumped in with both feet, making the role her own, studying 16th century garb, history and Mary's life to such an extent that she is now an expert. Without question she is a most royal, gracious and dedicated Majesty. I genuinely thank her for the time, effort, and grace she continues to dedicate to filling this role. She is "Her Majesty".*

*Kirsten has done a wonderful job as well filling the role of our monarch at Modesto Scottish Games, Excelsior Middle School, and as "Queen of the Dead" at All Hallows Fantasy Faire. It is with regret that I have accepted her resignation from the position of Understudy. Her family, work, and school obligations require so much of her time that she is unable to commit to this role. I offer my sincere thanks and gratitude for her willingness to accept the role, and for the time and effort that she has been able to put forth.*

*So, we come to a new chapter. Kaitlin Kisling/Lady Mary Livingston has agreed to take on the role of Understudy/Queen B. She is a lovely young woman with a natural grace that will lend itself well to this role. I know that she and Jerri will work well together in meeting the needs of both the guild and the renaissance faire world as Mary, Queen of Scots.*

*God Save the Queen!*  
*Long May She Reign!*



*Knights of St. Andrews  
Order of the Royal Thistle*

*This has been another eventful year. We had gained two new squires and had the squiring ceremony for one of them. We raised one of our more experienced and tested squires up to knighthood, and we finally finished a completely new version of our by-laws and named it "The Measure".*

*But, it would not be "knightly" for us to set on our laurels. So, for the coming year we are already planning to have the ceremony for our newest squire (Squire Maitiu) and the knighting ceremony for Squire Gwendolyn.*

*Currently, We are planning for the squiring ceremony to be at the Sonora Fair and for the knighting ceremony to be held at the Cain's Crossing Fair. We will definitely Invite Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth and her court and show them how we honor our knights in Scotland.*

*For some time, the Knight's Council has been hoping to open up communications with the other*

*Knighting Orders in the area. Recently, we starting gathering contact information for the leaders of the various Orders and will begin inviting them to our ceremonies. We also began making a special effort to attend the ceremonies of the other Orders. To help make the other Orders more aware of our presence at their ceremonies and to exemplify the idea of "Brotherhood" across all Orders, we have begun giving our own Thistle Pin to each of the new knights of these other Orders. We have already begun reaping the benefit of this small kindness. Look to see a varied gathering of tabards at our events in the future.*

*God Save the Order of the Royal Thistle!*

*Sir James Mosman  
Grand Master*



Knights of St. Andrews  
Order of the Royal Thistle

Your Knights Council



Sir James Mosman  
Grand Master



Dame Mariota Arres  
Council Judge  
Knight Commander



Sir Craig Melville  
Council Judge  
Knight of the Realm



Sir James Stewart  
Knight of the Realm



Dame Britta Sutherland H'elie  
Knight of the Realm

The Knights Council is responsible for knightly events at faire or mundane occasions, communication with the Order and ensuring the Measure is followed. Members of the Knights Council are elected by the Knights of the Order of the Royal Thistle. Grand Master nominees are nominated by the Knights Council from the Knights Council and is then elected by the Knights of the Order. Knight of the Realm is the first level of knighthood within our Order. Knight Commander is the next level of knighthood, given for exemplary service. Knight Commanders are Dame Mariota Arres, Sir James Hepburn, and Dame Raven Sinclair. Knight Marshall is the highest level of Knighthood in our Order and is given for incredible service. The Order currently has no members who have been awarded Knight Marshall. Want to know more about the Order of the Royal Thistle? Ask us!



## The Making of Dame Katie MacLeod Dame Britta Sutherland H'elie

The long awaited day finally arrived where my friend and Squire, Lady Katie MacLeod would be knighted into the Order of the Royal Thistle at Dixon Scottish Games. The Lady had completed all the Challenges I set forth for her the previous year, she continued to work many long hours helping others both within Her Majesty's Court and without. I can think of no other as worthy as she for the Honour of Knighthood.



Lady Katie designed and crafted a beautiful new gown of royal blue and gold with detailed couching, as well as a new chapeau. Truly a gown fit for the occasion. We were all blessed by

the presence of her family at this splendid event.



As she was Honour, all lass. Many generosity to whether or



called forth to receive this well deserved did stand and attend this deserving came forth to tell tales of her kindness, and tenacity. The call was put forth as not the Knights of Saint Andrews did accept this woman among their ranks, and came forth a might "AYE!". And so it was done, with a proclamation and taps of a sword; surrounded by family and friends she walked the Honours Canopy as Dame Katie MacLeod.

God Save the Dame Katie MacLeod!



## Cain's Crossing Renaissance Faire

Mother's Day weekend and Cain's Crossing seem to always coincide. And since the mother of my children no longer does faire I am usually unable to attend both days. The same was true this year. I had actually considered not going at all until I heard there was to be a party at Maureen's and Gwen was being squired.



I scored the Friday off before faire and got up to Maureen's in time to eat some of Katie and Philip's food, and accompany them to set up. I thought set up went well. Generating some good will while waiting on the truck to arrive I helped one of the vendors set up her tent. She made and sold woven coats and capes. I bought one from her the next day and it made a great Mother's Day present.

Back to Maureen's for the Friday night tapping of the Mirror Pond. It was great fun to reconnect with the guild family, eat Maureen's food, drink her beer, and play with Jaeger, her vicious dog. Tents were pitched in the back. I had one and it was most comfortable. I heard Effie and Maggie took my tent Saturday night after I left. I hope the brain damage wasn't permanent.

The morning at Cain's began at the front gate. We were verbally accosted by the Mayor of Cain's, cracking wise about my Scottish friends. We were at an English faire so we politely smiled through gritted teeth and paraded in singing some silly English ditty. The last time I appeared in front of Elizabeth Tudor I was in chains and shown the head of one of my unfortunate relatives. I kept a low profile...in front of her.



Being unfamiliar with English customs and coin I tried to gauge the value of the currency by seeing how much I could get if I sold Gwen to a Flemish painter. I even offered to throw Lady Fleming in for free. And what a deal I got until the Taoiseacht Sara and the Tanaiste Isabella took my coin to cover my bar tab. O how I miss MacPhearson and his easy credit. The Flemish painter did take a most wondrous picture of my cousin and all the Scottish ladies. I let him have that one for...ask Isabella and Sara, they took it right out me hands.



Later that day I did appear before Betty Tudor in a dance show. She hopefully didn't recognize me. I danced so poorly it was a miracle I wasn't thrown into the Tower anyway. Gwen, Cullen, Annebell, Isabella, Morna, and James Stuart danced most well.

As per usual, we could count on Ollie and Fiona to sing joy into our hearts. I must have been more off key than usual, because they quickly dismissed me to join Gwen in the pub after her Squiring.

Gwen's Squiring...how proud I was to see my cousin make one step closer to her great honor. I let Bothwell know that his



squire as Gwendolyn **de Faóite** Elliot. Once the brief ceremony was past she walked under the sword canopy and I sang an old favorite from Waterford. She is the first Irish-born squire since the late great Hugh O'Donnell, God rest his soul.

Back to Maureen's to conclude and finish the day. I had a 90 minute sojourn to Ballymartin so I laid off the suds, drank 1 big Coke Zero and made home without having to stop. Having to pee really bad works wonders at keeping me awake.

Submitted respectively,  
Maitiu' de Faóite (yeah, I'm Gwen's cousin)  
Parchment Minion



### Modesto Scottish Games

I was so fired up about the Modesto Games. I was going to be squired! I took Friday off so I could get there for set up. I did all my weekend chores Friday morning: a mountain of laundry and paying the bills. I never enjoy either of those chores, but there is a sense of accomplishment once I am finished. I even had money in the checking account when I was done.

I should have known this was not going to be my weekend. Using Yahoo maps I got lost in Modesto. I can get lost even with the best of directions, but these but these directions sucked. Cullen tried to talk me in forgetting I can f#\$% up a one car funeral. Nothing is fool proof to a sufficiently talented fool. Master Thomas was my next choice. He finally directed my simple ass to the appropriate place. I was in time to help a little.

On to Teach Campbell (Tom and Lisa's) for delicious Irish Stew made by the Tanáiste herself and the great company of our guild. There was a surprise visit by Sir Silvermane. He mesmerized us with his card tricks. I also learned that despite their prowess on the battlefield and on the drill field, not all the Guards can walk on water. Darren



fell into the hot tub. It was dark and in an unfamiliar place. Good excuse. I once dropped my cell phone in the toilet. No excuse. I refer back to paragraph two.



I awoke on Saturday morning to the sound of rain, lot's of rain. Rain in June? And in this amount? Well, the Games were canceled. The Almighty gave His input on my squiring. So we packed up with typical St. Andrews gusto and unpacked in Newman, beautiful Newman, playground of the Central valley. I then drove up to Escalon, Garden spot of the Central valley and proceeded to fall asleep with Gwen's dogs and cat. Great picture of the dogs. Dalmatians camouflage my gray hair. Even the cat was sleeping with me and cats usually have nothing to do with me, expect Argyll's cat Pippen.

I drove home and didn't get lost, this time. In two weeks I will be in Watsonville. Next week I will run in the Dipsea, a 7 mile race over Mt. Tamalpais and re-establish my bogtrotter credentials. But no St. Andrews squire am I.

Submitted respectfully,  
Maitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite  
Parchment Minion



*The Scottish Renaissance Festival of Santa Cruz*  
*Our First Experience with a Guild*  
*Madame Louise deBrez*

*After many years of attending Faires around the country and in Canada , we decided that it just may be more fun if we were to join a guild and experience Faires in a whole new way. First we had to decide on a guild. So I looked online, did some research and discussed this option with my husband. After choosing St. Andrews Guild, I emailed their contact Brittah. She was friendly, encouraging and exceptionally patient with all my questions. As my husband and I were about to attend the Vahalla Faire, we were hoping to meet some of the guild members. Brittah sent me names and even pictures of those that would be there. I also sent her a picture of us which she forwarded*



onto both Master Phillip, Lady Jean, Lord Cullen, and Lady Gwen (the Elliots). As luck would have it, Master Philip, being a very astute observer, happened to see us first! He then led the introductions to Lady Jean and the Elliots, as well as taking us to the Valhalla Fellowship Garden and getting us settled. After introducing us to the Elliots, we were invited to join them with their friends of another guild. We felt very welcomed by all and had a wonderful time!



Our next experience was at the Guild House meeting. There we were introduced to Dame Annabelle, Sir Duncan, Lord James, Lady Jean, Lady Mary, Mistress Fiona & Lord Oliver. Everyone was very welcoming and friendly, and the meeting was very informative.



Up next was our first Faire with the Guild – Santa Cruz/Watsonville. It was a little scary at first, but we found that it was really easy to just go with the flow. Everyone was most helpful and friendly. One of the things that impressed me the most was how relaxed everyone was. Everyone worked so well together that it seemed as though they had been together for years! I understand many members have been together for years, but others are newer and yet one could not tell. I must admit we could not have asked for a better first time experience! Here's to hoping the rest of the season will be

as much fun!

We chose St. Andrews because on the website. It not only looked like members were having fun and enjoying themselves, but it also seemed as though the guild cared about learning and understanding the history. The site mentioned how there were members that were willing to help others broaden their knowledge and/or skills. And for me another item caught my attention - the school visits. As a retired teacher I miss the energy and curiosity of a classroom and I look forward to helping out in this particular area. I also look forward to working on my sewing and needlework while Mssr Claude hopes for tips on leatherworking and practicing his sword skills. We were looking for a place to fit in, make new friends, learn new skills while strengthening current ones, as well as having fun. Even in the short time we have been with you, I believe the major strength of this Guild is that all the above is offered to everyone that wants it, but not forced on those that prefer a simpler or slower pace. It's a nice balance and I hope we bring as much to the Guild as they give us.



## Shaver Lake Renaissance Faire

I embark on this missive and realize it is a daunting task because so much has happened in the last four days. I will certainly leave out events and key people. As a humble Parchment minion I hope others heed the editor's call to send in your own version for our readers' pleasure.

I, alas, am a Faire widower. My spouse does not do faire. I am blessed to live near a faire widow. Morna and I both live in Ballymartin ( Martinez ) and we save gas money by traveling together. She took us to Shaver last year so it was my turn. She is good company for a long trip. I am not sure she feels the same. She seems to tolerate my bizarre taste in music. We left at 9a and got up there in plenty of time to eat lunch and set up my tent by Philip/Katie's tent at the Dorabella campground. I texted Gwen and she said they were on their way, should arrive around 2P and that she was living on CST(Cullen Standard Time).

The unload/set up was, as warned by our campmaster, one of the most arduous events. But hey, we figured it out. We are St. Andrews and we rock!

Friday night I walked down to Sabrina/Duncan/Cullen's site for pizza and beer and smores. Ahh, heaven. Katie joined us later and we together walked back to our site. I love our camp site, carefully selected by Philip and known for it's big rock that I build mock megalithic tombs on and commune with nature. There is also a killer squirrel there that bombs my tent with pinecones. No problem this year and there are two theories: There were no pinecones or that the squirrels knew Duncan was nearby and were scared. I also like camping with Philip and Katie because we all get up about the same time, can be by each other and say nothing and feel comfortable with that. That's a sign of true friendship.

Saturday was marked by the Trooping of the Guard with the Highland ladies. That was the funniest thing I have ever witnessed. I got to fight with Oliver who was patient with my martial ineptitude and my having to practice something 10 times and still screw it up. I also love Shaver because I can slip away to 4P Mass at the Shaver Lake Chapel. Thomas and Isabella attend with me. After we left were we just in time to be dragged before Her Majesty for thieving from a vendor. I explained to her Majesty, "Why not, I have a clean slate!"

Saturday was another cookout at the S/D/C campsite this time with tube steak(hot dogs), burgers, and, of course, more beer. The Beer: it was mostly Cullen's California Common beer - a tasty light beer for summertime.

Sunday morning I went to the Interdenominational service and sang with Fiona, Oliver, and Fiona's parents. Fiona's Mom has a lovely voice and you can hear from where Fiona gets her talent. Fiona also introduced us to the congregation. She was very elegant and discreet, and we got to break in our new song books that she and Ollie wrote and that Maureen MacLeod produced.

Upon returning to the Wicked Aye, Anya and her friend Finn O'Reilly proposed a cattle raid on the O'Neills. We had initial success, but one of the O'Neills rieved it back and informed on me.



The Frazier, Her Majesty's cousin, came back with a troop of O'Neills and put me in the stocks and in irons. I managed to charm the blagard with ale and I was released. Poor Anya was indentured to the O'Neills and I never saw her again that day.

Later Sunday there was more fighting and thieving. Master Thomas tried to help me, but we were foiled and dragged before Her Majesty. Frazier took my coin from me and gave it to HRM who then gave in to Lady Fleming. I then had to apologize to Lady Fleming for some unremembered slight and I decided to speak to her in Irish, not thinking that the French Lass knew any Irish. When I told her, "Po'g mo tho'in", she said "I know what that means". It nearly cost me my head!



Another quiet night at camp followed by my own morning tear down. Philip found a scorpion under his tent. That was cool. And the little guy crawled up a tree. He was so cute I wish had captured him to give to either Gwen or Sabrina.

Morna and I followed the truck home to Escalon. Escalon is like Newman...without all the frills. Cullen and I, doing our best Drew MacQuain/Guy Maxwell imitation, unloaded the truck with the help of Gwen and Morna. Mora and I left around 4:45p and missed the fun of all the second shift people who came to finish up. Unload is so important. One should never miss a chance to help. I am only good for one MacQuain/Maxwell imitation in a lifetime.

Submitted respectively,

Squire Maltworm, the Bogtrotter  
Parchment Minion



## Monterey Scottish Games

My value in writing as with singing, dancing, and sword fighting, is my willingness to try. Anyone can write as well. I hope that my reporting on our events inspires others to also write and share their perspectives. I'll inevitably leave someone and something important out.

Morna picked me up at 11a and I was actually ready for a change. We made it down to the park in a little over 2 hours. As per usual, when we arrived Katie and Philip were already there. As Morna was sharing a hotel room with S'ara, we dumped my camping stuff out of the Toyota. I was about to set up my tent next to Philip's when he suggested I set up way over yonder to claim more space for our group. Hint, hint: He didn't want to hear my God-awful snoring like at Shaver.



The set up of court occurred with our usual St. Andrew's efficiency. We had to arrange our pavilions discreetly to block the modern actor's camp of Clan Galbraith. I believe it worked.

That night I feasted with Katie and Philip on vegetables and salmon and garlic bread that Philip shared with me. It was outstanding. I contrast that to the can of beans I ate Saturday night.

Saturday was the piping competition. The cacophony of hundreds of pipers playing different songs at the same time was deafening. It wreaked havoc on our dancing event. Nevertheless, Cullen and Annabelle have taught us so well we performed well despite the noise.

One piper was important to me. I saw Colin compete and it was only by chance. I was walking by and saw him on deck. I thought he did an outstanding job, but I think I am a wee bit biased. It sounds like the adjudicator thought he did OK. He seems to me to be getting better every year.

S`ara and I were marching in the back in the opening parade, the rear-guard, and we recruited a young lad to march with us. He said he was from San Diego and there to support his sister in a Scottish dance competition. He said he was going to Stirling, Edinburgh, and Glasgow next month. S`ara wanted to know if he would pack her in his suitcase. He said he was a knight and so outranked me for sure. I referred to him as Sir Logan the Dragonslayer. After the parade S`ara and I escorted our young knight back to his mother and thanked her for letting Sir Logan march with us. I hope he remembers us.

Master Thomas, Isabella, Laurie, and I went shopping that day and I purchased a flask with a harp on it. Master Thomas purchased a flask from a hat vendor who would figure importantly in the Scoundrel gig on Sunday. I saw Sean Folsom, the guy with 50-some bagpipes from all over the world. He would play two of my favorite songs on Sunday. Those songs are: March of the King of Laois (my Dad's favorite and will hopefully be played at my funereal) and the Eagle's Whistle - Clan song of the O'Donnells.



In the evening after the dreaded beans I took Laurie on a hike to listen to Seamas Kennedy sing. I first heard him sing 23 years ago in Wilmington, Delaware at a pub called O'Friels. We then walked up on a hill outside the park where I had been previously during my "alone time". We saw turkey flocks and an alligator lizard that Laurie petted. When Laurie touched him he turned his head toward her and flicked his tongue on her. Well, then he saw me and fled. An astute judge of character no doubt. When we got to the top of the hill we yelled out "hey Mommy" and HRM saw us. That delighted Laurie to no end.

Back at actor's camp that night I got a little carried away. I had had only two beers so I have no excuse about being drunk. I started singing bawdy and nasty songs. My poor taste and lack of consideration that Laurie might be listening makes me regret what I did. I told HRM later that I felt like a contortionist: How could I pull my foot out of my mouth with my head so far up my arse? My limericks, bawdy songs, and juvenile humor have no place in a family setting. I apologize to everyone I offended. It won't happen again. And to think Gloria thought that I was a man of the cloth!



Sunday was a better day. Master Thomas and I performed scoundrel gig, mandated by Argyll himself. But our partners in the Guard, Andrew and Ollie agreed to let us arrest them. The Queen's justice prevailed and the Guards ended up throwing me in the stocks, my home away from home.



The evening closed with a delightful reading by our own James Stewart. It was brilliant and hilarious. I look forward to more writing from this man.

On our way home I fell asleep - hopefully I didn't snore too loud. The next day unload was completed early through the efforts of His Grace, Morna, Cullen, and Gwen. Morna was glad we could help relieve the usual local unload crew. We might not always be able to do so, so please come to future unloads if you can.

Maltworm



### Pleasanton Scottish Games

I was driving home from unload in bumper to bumper traffic over the Altamont Pass and I realized how quickly time flew. It reminded me of when I sustained my first concussion during football practice and couldn't remember if we had practiced or not.

I think I had fun. I must of had fun. Time went just too quickly. Battle Pageant, the highlight of every faire, had something new for me. I fired a matchlock. I won't mention I misfired 3 out of 4 shots and burned a hole in my Dungiven jacket. I would not have been in the battle at all if Argyll hadn't vouched for me. I was unable to attend either practice. Thanks, my Lord Earl, for making a place for me.



Master Thomas and I worked the stocks and had many criminals to process. I walked to the Clan booths to see Mike Thames from Clan Campbell on Sunday. Cameron, Phoenix Award winner, came with me. I took the pull up challenge at the USMC booth and only did 14 pull-ups. I really did 16, but the jarhead counting couldn't count that high. I scored Cameron a USMC lanyard.



I went shopping with Ollie and Fiona and bought IRN Bru for them. That is the perfect hangover cure from Scotland, not that Ollie or Fiona would know anything about a hang over.



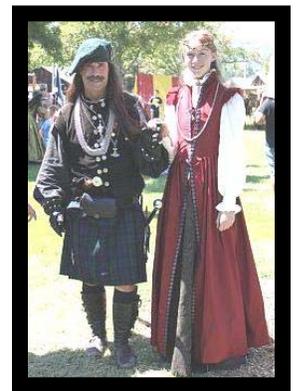
We saw a leather bog dress at one of the booths. If you want a great visual, picture Fiona in that dress...then to cancel that out picture me in the same.

Hug Circle was memorable. The Magnus' family cleaned up. Tackling Magnus and getting him to go down after his Thor's hammer award was a miracle. I think he got us rather than us getting him.

Unload was well attended and went very quickly. Gwen and I went on a beer run and it cost us a bit. Variety is the spice of life. There is graffiti everywhere. Even in Cullen's garage someone wrote, "Jerrri wears combat boots." What a shame: either the graffiti or Jerrri in combat boots. I would think Fleming wrote it but she wasn't there.

On to Dixon and the long awaited knighting of Katie MacLeod.

Respectfully submitted,  
Squire Maltworm, the Bogtrotter.  
Parchment Minion



## Dixon Scottish Games

I will start this story by telling the end of it. I accompanied Cullen to the truck rental drop off and very near was an excellent pub called P.J. Wexfords. There we had a couple of pints and some Irish nachos: Irish cheddar and hunks of corned beef over tortilla chips. We told Gwen we were going for the one but the one went down fast, the second did too....you know the song. We met a guy there who was Irish and from Indiana so we talked to him for a while. So if you ever want to meet Irish guys from Indiana hang out in an Irish pub in Modesto, California.

Dixon was a wonderful venue. The people were delightful and curious about us. I entertained a number of questions about my costume. The Guards looked good. It was grand to have Capt. Innes and his lads there to fill the ranks. It was good to see Sir Ryk, Dame Bonnie, and Maureen MacLeod again. But why were they all there? Katie's Knighting!



The ceremony went well in my humble opinion. A couple highlights for me was offering my léine sleeve to Dame Katie if she got sappy. And how could she not with all the wonderful things Duncan, Annabelle, and Teague said about her. Her Champion, Brittah, covered the basics of why she was most worthy of this honor, and Philip's poem was from the heart well recited. Go hiontach! Then I got to stick two handed Irish sword in the back of her That was memorable. I was honored that Katie a place for me in her ceremony, I carried the Knighting Spurs.



great and my neck. made

Like I said at the Hug Circle: What a Dame!

Squire Maltworm, the Bogtrotter  
Parchment Minion



### All Hallows Fantasy Faire

Mistress Jenn Oates  
Mistress Clare McKeighen

The All Hallows Faire in Sonora over the weekend of October 22-23 was an adventure for both Saint Andrews in general and for us specifically. The Guild had never done this faire before, we had never done *any* event before. It turned out to be a whole weekend presenting the Court of the Dead to guildmembers alike.



First off, it was warm, nay, *hot!* It than an autumn faire, but that's Sonora, yes? The abbreviated court aside from all the dead wandering played specific roles, there were plague victims and skeletons and a silkie, and of course the Queen of the Dead was served ably by her dead soldiers and her dead Ladies in Waiting. The Queen enjoyed tea and bar

of WIN, though, with Saint Andrews the delight of fairegoers and

felt more like a midsummer faire probably better than snow in was set up more or less as usual, about. Some were just dead, others



bones with the village children, many of whom were also in costume and seemed to delight in paying homage to our dead Monarch. Many favors were given out over the weekend.

We of course had never been in the Queen's parade before, but it seemed to us to be especially delightful to shout out "bring out your dead," and threaten fairegoers with death and dismemberment as we walked about. The villagers seemed to enjoy it too, hurling threats right back at us in extreme good fun. We certainly got quite a lot of attention from them, and we saw a lot of smiles on happy faces. We're new here, but we're pretty sure that's the point.

For those who could not attend, you missed a great event, enough—we think, guildmembers had put characters; we were be with another year to



successful anyway—to do it again next year. It seemed to us that the a lot of thought and cleverness into the decorations and quite impressed. We can imagine how much better it would think about it!



## The MisAdventures of Lady Elena

Most Gracious Majesty,

I do hope my missive finds you well, and joyous in preparing for the Christmas season, I know it is your favorite time of year. I do hesitate to write this as I do not want to trouble you. I had the strangest adventure while traveling this autumn. I will try to explain to the best of my meager abilities.

As I traveled through the shire of Sonora, knows well, I did see a festival arriving. good time I did stop to see what could be humbled to admit the next few days are slightly disturbing. I awoke in the myself in strange and dark version of our was a vision in darkness, midnight hair wings and skin as pale as moon light, a looked as sharp as a guard's sword. my dear friends your other ladies flitted surreal court. Lady Seaton was covered in



a place your court Never one to miss a found. I am hazy, confused, and morning to find court. The Queen the color of a ravens' bright smile that Spectral versions of about this a black



veil crimson skulls dancing on her dress. Lady Livingston normally vivacious and glowing looked like Death warmed over. Dame Somerville seemed to be in a state of decay with fingers and such detaching at an alarming pace. Your good Earl Bothwell was there, blood dripping from his mouth as if he had just feasted on something living. There was a ghoul, a twin of your brother looking as if he had been left upon the field of battle after losing.



I myself felt like I was seeing the world though a milky stupor, I was quite confused and words only came in sharp chirps like a mimicking bird or a small child. My mind was befuddled, and I felt, well a bit mad. I did try to escape this strange surreal court, but found myself wandering through tents and stalls with fairies, dragons, ethereal

dancers and I know my words sound far off but I even believe I saw men from the future with strange contrivances. I heard the cry of the bansidhe, did pet the soft fur of a selkie. I could not wander far for every time my head started to clear, I was pulled back into the thrall of this dark court by a phantom of your dear Guyonne, who kept threatening in sweet sing song French that she would put me back in "the box". I am not sure what this punishment entailed but it chilled my bones and made my heart heavy.



Lady Elena Worrying About "The Box" & Chewing on Her Veil

Had I traveled too far afield from the safety and sanctity of your side, did my carriage overturn? Had I ingested some strange drink or herb unwittingly? These days are a feverish haze. Slowly did I come to realize that it was days before the feast of All Saints, which in the Old Ways some did proclaim that at the veil



between the worlds thins. Had I stumbled into a mirror with a darker reflection of your court, friends, loved ones strange and twisted? When my eyes cleared and my mind focused, I was left standing alone in the dark, moon overhead and a low lonely wind singing, the faint hint of the sad song of the bansidhe, in an empty field no trace of the festival or the strange days past. I do travel with much haste to be back at your side by the New Year.

With much love, your ever faithful Lady,  
Elena MacPhearson



## Winter Feast

*Good my Lords and Ladies ~*

*It is my pleasure to scribe this missive to you. First, Winter Feast was a success because of a small but dedicated committee comprised of Morna, Katie, Flemina, S' ara, Davina, Maureen, and Brittah.*



*Second, the food was deliciously prepared by the Queens cooks, Sir Duncan, Dame Annebell, Lord Gary, Mistress Gloria, Chieftain S' ara, Dame Mariota, Sir James Mosman, Mistress Maggie, Mistress Effie,*



*Lady Fleming, Lady Emma Faith, Lord Robert Foreman, Master Maitiu, Mistress Sharyn, Dame Alice, Lady Jean, Her Majesty (GOD SAVE THE QUEEN), Lady Morna, Master Thomas, Mistress Isabella, Lady Elizabeth and Lord William Lundin.*

*Thirdly the awards: Congratulations to this years Games Champions Lord Cullen Elliot and Mistress Gloria MacBain, and to Master Jared MacBain for the best improved athlete as he tripled his score from the 1<sup>st</sup> picnic and the 2<sup>nd</sup> picnic. Also a well deserved Guild Thors Hammer to Chieftain S'ara MacBride for all of her hard work as the Head of Household*



*for the Highlanders, Privy Council, and dedicated service to Her Majesty. And the Queens dear brother Lord James Stewart for receiving*



*the Guild Master's Favor for his assistance to the Guild Master as the Head of Household for the Nobles, Privy Council, Knights Council, and Guild Training Coordinator.*

*All in all the night was a grand event. Speeches, awards, comedy, food, drink, and entertainment. Can't wait for next year.*

*As Always in service to Her Royal Majesty  
Robert Foreman*



*Her Majesty's Royal Guard Dining Out  
Mistress Cailin Seaton*

*Each year, the Royal Guard holds a formal military dinner at the end of the year to celebrate another successful year in service to Her Majesty. This year was a special year, as the Royal Guard's Dining Out this year was open to all St. Andrew's Members who were able to attend. The Honored Guest this year (and the reason for the open invitation) was our own Captain Craig Melville. After his defeat of the dreaded Sir Whitetail, we were all glad to have him amongst us again. He was indeed in high spirits, and his humor and good nature were well in evidence this night.*

*We were also blessed with having all five of Her Majesty's Captains in attendance: Captain Innes MacAllister, Captain Keegan Gunn, course, Captain Duncan Teage Seaton. These men are our new guard and the young Guard (in my humble that is knightly and*

*The dinner itself was service by the staff at the superb. We had the choice of or Ravioli. All of this was bread, and baked beans.*



*Captain Craig Melville of Somerville, and Captain fantastic examples to all of men growing up with our opinion); they exemplify all gentlemanly in their Service.*

*delicious as always, and the Cattleman's restaurant was Sirloin Steak, Roast Chicken, served alongside salad,*

*After dinner, we had many toasts, in honor of Her Majesty, the Guard, Scotland, and of course Captain Craig. Several of the toasts, and especially that of Corporal Magnus Mac Ranald, left not a dry eye in the house. It was a very touching evening, honoring a very special man whom we all hold dear to our hearts.*

*In addition, Corporal Magnus Mac Ranald won the coveted Captain's choice award; this year the award was a sword worthy of his stature. It was a close competition between Signal Officer Oliver Ross and Corporal Magnus, and an award was given to Oliver as well, a beautiful Celtic Cross Kilt pin.*



*Below I have included Corporal Magnus' speech with his permission. It truly is a reflection on how we all feel about our family of St. Andrew's. I hope that you all appreciate his words as much as all of us who attended the Dining Out that night.*

*Corporal Magnus Mac Ranald's speech:*

*Good Evening brother Guards and fellow St. Andrew's members. It's wonderful to see and be with you all once again. Once more, another year has presented itself to us and we have ridden the wave of life to this point. And on that wave, we've all had our own highs and lows and good and bad times. But we're the Guard - a brotherhood. We're also St. Andrew's - a family. And like most families, we come together when one of our own has fallen and is in need of our support. Never once have I witnessed, nor been a part of such a tight knit group of people unrelated by blood, but joined together by compassion for a bygone era and passion for a friendship. I am honored to be a part of all of you here tonight and am proud to call you my friends.*

*And tonight is about celebration!! Tonight we celebrate our friendships and we celebrate life! And tonight we celebrate a life that we all feared that we might have lost. Tonight we celebrate Sir Craig Melville.*

*No introduction is needed for this fine man as well know him. Nor is any description needed for we all know first hand of his honor, humor and caring demeanor.*

*Captain Craig - you are loved and revered by all in this room here tonight. You hold a special spot in all of our hearts and that will always hold true.*

*I believe your incident also had an impact upon us all - not by just pain and despair - but by faith. We all come from various backgrounds of worship, and everyone paid homage to their own entities and in their own ways upon hearing about your accident. But we sat in Actor's Camp and prayed the rosary for you as a group. When we learned of your prognosis the following day - myself, Matiu, Sabrina and Her Majesty did everything shy of prying the doors off the Catholic Church near the Watsonville Fairground to say yet another rosary. All of us in the guild were told to pray for a miracle. And a miracle is what we prayed for... and a miracle is what we got.*

*As we bow our heads and give thanks at our tables next week - we should give thanks for the return of our cherished friend and for our friendships with each other here.*

*Captain, I could go on and on in volumes about you and your lovely family. But know this sir: I love you from the bottom of my heart as you will always be loved. I am honored and proud to call you my friend.*

*Please raise your glasses and join me...*

***God save Captain Craig,  
God save the Royal Guard,  
God save St. Andrew's  
and  
God save Mary, Queen of Scots.***





## Creative Corner

*Creative endeavors by members of Her Majesty's Court  
are presented here for your enjoyment and edification*

### *Lord Argyll's Missive to Lord James Stewart*

*To our Good Friend James Stewart:*

*James, our good friend, The progress is going well. Her Majesty hath been most regal at all of our stops. I did enjoy the shire of Cains Crossing where we didst see Elizabeth, traveling away from your dear sister was hard, but we didst have a good time. Sword training with Sir Teage appeared to be well attended by the men of the court and it would appear that some actually learned something. We did present Elizabeth with some tasty nibbles for her repast although there was some confusion as to its safety.*

*I was most sad to hear that whilst attending business in Argyll shire and unable to attend Her Majesty at the shire of Modesto that the weather was most horrible. I didst hear that all in attendance did get most wet and the day was most dreary. Word did reach me however that after camp was struck that many of our number did return to the Queen's castle and have a time of great merriment.*

*I did notice at Watsonville shire that your dear sister our Queen did not quite appear to be Herself and had some in attendance to Her that we did not recognize. I did however approach Her with Lords Bothwell and Mosman and give Her a small trinket of our affection which She seemed to greatly enjoy.*

*The wedding ceremony that Lord Mosman did perform was most lovely. The Lady Emily and her new husband did seem to enjoy their festivities. Her Majesty did seem to have quite the time showing off Her royal purple tongue. As always it was good to see my clansmen from Clan Campbell there, Chieftain Diarmid did appear well and his men well trained. I am now once again confident in being away from the highlands in attendance to the Queen.*

*I do need to seek counsel from Lord Knox as to the growing tensions with Jean we seem to not be able to agree upon anything and the quarrels grow each day. This doth trouble me greatly as I would love her to return to Argyll Shire and assume her duties there.*

*In the far away shire of Shaver Lake I didst notice that you were a bit tardy to court. I believe you said that it was urgent business that you needed to take care of. It was noted thought that you didst find many good prospects for a wyfe. We do believe that you should settle down a bit. I will keep it in my prayers that you find more happiness than Jean and I.*

*We did have some new people join us at this point in the Progress, Lord Gar, his wife Mistress Gloria and their son Jared. Most wonderful additions to the Progress. Also Mistress Fiona's parents Master Kyle and his lovely wife Kaylee. Again wonderful additions. I believe they will all fit in quite nicely.*

*Many a good sword duel was observed from our Irish counterparts as well as the battles from the SCA band in attendance. Overall a very wonderful stop on Progress.*

*As this missive is written all of the supplies for the Progress are nicely stored in there new keep. Many grammceries to Lord Cullen and Her Majesty for that. I do wish Lord Bothwell and Dame Brittah goodly luck with the moving of their household to the new castle they did obtain in the mountains.*



*Lastly James, I would encourage you to encourage all with whom you speak to attend the monthly meetings around the area. The training and fellowship they will take away is most important to the Progress.*

*There are many duties that needst be attended to James, as I am sure that you know. I must be off to take care of business not only in Argyll Shire but Castle Campbell as well. Send a return missive when you are able and we shall see each other soon.*

*Your Friend  
Archibald Campbell\  
Earl of Argyll  
Great Steward to Her Majesty*

~ ~

### *The Bishop's Blessing*

*I realize that what I'm about to say is nothing more than "patting ourselves on the back". But, sometimes we all need a little bit of blatant self-congratulation.*

*This past year, the Guild has done two different wedding ceremonies. One was a "wedding" for a couple who we had handfasted last year. More recently, it was a couple where the lady was a member of another guild who knew about our handfasting ceremony and asked us to perform it for her and her boyfriend.*

*In both cases, the couples came to us unprepared to have their own people participate in the ceremony. Dame Mariota and I asked members of our Guild to fill in the parts and make the event the best it could be for the couple and the faire patrons.*

*None of this is new or hard to imagine. I just wanted to point out (and show our appreciation for) how the members of St. Andrews are willing and able to step into parts they are barely familiar with, on a moment's notice, and bring a level of expertise to the show that impresses the crowd and the principals, and brings praise to the Guild.*

*For that, we say "Gramercy" and "Well met!"*

*Once again, you have proven that you deserve to "pat yourselves on the back" and we hope we can work together to even improve upon that.*

*Sir James Mosman  
Bishop of Glasgow*



## *A Brief Missive to Dame Brittan*

*Fearing his correspondence to his wife would go astray, Francis also posts his missive here.*

*My Dearest Wyfe,*

*Fear not, I have arrived safely in New France. I do miss thee greatly, but must tend to family affairs in this savage land.*

*I hast become remiss in telling thee a missive. Before I sailed I dost to met a stores man, of San MacDonald, who has asked if I know of a goodly woman who is unopposed to marriage. These women are indeed quite rare within the marketplace, yet this brought to mind your sweet, widowed, twin sister, Morna. Has she finished her grieving to be agreeable to enter into nuptials? If she is pleased with the prospect she need but bring this missive to the whiskey store house on the wharf in Sanaigmore.*

*Love and affection,*

*Francis*



## *A Faire without Lusty*

*W. Andrew Mitchell, AKA Lord James Stewart, Earl of Moray*

*Set up at Shaver Lake had been particularly difficult. Without Lady Livingston's calming influence, tempers were short and several fistfights broke out.*

*Things seemed to go downhill from there. When the faire finally started, hoards of people who had come to see the court went away disappointed because Lady Livingston wasn't there. Children had tantrums, grown men cried and grown women fainted from sheer disappointment.*

*"I'm sorry, but Mary Livingston went to see foul-mouthed comedienne Kathy Griffin instead of coming to the faire to see you," it was explained, but nobody was placated.*

*James Stewart, Earl of Moray, seeing the desperation of the situation, tried entirely too hard to cheer up the depressed masses. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, ordered him to his tent.*

*"I'm tired of your scenery-chewing antics!" Bothwell said, and with that he pulled his cap and ball pistol out and shot Moray in the face, the .45 caliber ball taking the top half of Moray's head off and spraying blood and brain matter in a roughly circular pattern on the inside wall of Bothwell's tent.*



*“That might leave a stain,” said Brittah He’lie, Duchess of Sutherland. “Of course, we could just tell people it is a Celtic knot.”*

*“I don’t think outside authorities need to be called for this,” said James Mosman, Earl of Lanark, ever the voice of reason. “We can just stuff the body in one of the trunks and dispose of it later. Of course, the matter should be put on the agenda for the next Privy Counsel Mee—“*

*Lanark’s comment was cut short by the point of a halberd forcefully emerging from his chest, Darren Melville having impaled him from behind.*

*“BULLETSTOOOOORM!” the demented Darren screamed, pulling his halberd out of Lanark’s back. Lanark collapsed face first into a rapidly expanding pool of his own blood.*

*“I hear Oxy-Clean works well in removing blood from carpets,” the Duchess of Sutherland said. “If only Mary Livingston was here, none of this would have happened!”*

*Meanwhile, in court, Mary Fleming and Mary Beaton got into an argument over who would handle the favor basket and were circling one another, trying to settle their differences with switchblades. By the time Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland and the Isles got in between them, they had both inflicted lethal stab wounds on each other.*

*“If only Mary Livingston was here, she would know how to stop this!” the Queen said.*

*Unknown to anyone, Mary Seton was a former Black Ops member with secret martial arts training. She advanced on the Queen, thrust her hand through Mary Stuart’s sternum, and ripped her still beating heart out of her chest, and then took a bite out of it as Her Majesty sank to the ground.*

*Seton tried to smother Master Phillip with the Royal Cushion and would have succeeded, had not Cailin Kelly Seaton run her through from behind with a rapier. Master P was about to thank her when Cailin drove the point of her rapier through his left eye and into his brain.*

*“If Mary Livingston was here, I wouldn’t have had to do that!” Cailin said.*

*In the mean time, a pitched battle was taking place between the highlanders (commanded by Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle) and the royal guard (commanded by Duncan Somerville). By this time, the local sheriff was trying to restore order.*

*“For God’s sake, stop this slaughter!” the sheriff pleaded.*

*“How ‘bout I twist your head off like a bottle cap?” Argyle said, and he then did just that.*

*And then, things began to get violent.*

*By this time the bloodletting had spilled to the patrons. The weapons booths had been stripped bare and people were disemboweling each other, the survivors smearing their bodies with their own feces and decorating their faces with the blood of their victims.*



*At 6:00pm the cannon went off, but it was loaded with grape shot and it cut a horrible, bloody swath through the insane multitudes.*

*At 7:00pm, a formation of F-16 fighter bombers blanketed the area with cluster bombs, pureeing the homicidal mob and finally ending the orgy of carnage.*

*In Washington, an emergency meeting of Congress was convened and all Renaissance and Celtic Faires were banned forever. But it was too late.*

*The killing spread to Fresno, and then north to the Bay Area and south to Los Angeles. By mid afternoon on Sunday, there were reports of people settling old scores and petty grievances with firearms, agricultural implements and kitchen utensils throughout the Midwest. By evening on Sunday, contact was lost with New York City and by Monday afternoon Europe, Asia, Africa and the Middle East were engulfed in the insanity. Civilization as we know it had ended. Murder and suffering were everywhere. The living envied the dead.*

*Epilogue: The less than five percent of humanity that survived managed to organize a world government. At the head of this government was Kathy Griffin, who penned a constitution which was liberally sprinkled with obscenities.*



### Actor's Camp Phenomenon

Maitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite

It has been recently reported in a local naturalist magazine about an intriguing creature that has begun to infest Renaissance Actor's Camps throughout California. It is the California Barking Spider. Biologists believe the barking spider's origins are from its previous range of Iowa and Indiana.

For reasons not entirely clear the barking spider has migrated to California. It seems to migrate back and forth from Escalon to Martinez. If you encounter this creature while in Actor's Camp naturalists recommend providing beer and ale to people whose origins are from the Midwestern United States. This seems to negate the spider's noxious effects. May this information make your stay in Actor's Camp more enjoyable.



Bonnie Craig  
Máitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite

Bonnie Craig is now awa  
safely in the ICU  
Many's the heart should break in twa  
Should he no come back again.

'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear  
Sé mo Sheáimpín, gile mear  
Suan gan séan ní bhfuair mé féin  
ó chuaigh í gcéin mo ghile mear

Whenever I see the men in black  
marching sharply with our Queen  
My eyes will fill with salty tears  
if he won't with them be seen.

'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear  
Sé mo Sheáimpín, gile mear  
Suan gan séan ní bhfuair mé féin  
ó chuaigh í gcéin mo ghile mear

There's no a challenge I would not face  
Every task I would make fun  
Serving him would be my joy  
Sir Craig Melville, my Champion!

'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear  
Sé mo Sheáimpín, gile mear  
Suan gan séan ní bhfuair mé féin  
ó chuaigh í gcéin mo ghile mear.

A proud and gallant guard is he  
A kinder soul there cannot be  
A fiery blade no known to yield  
He'd brave the bravest in the field

Ta me ag fanacht duit  
It's waiting I am  
Máitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite

How much I wish I could help this man  
is more than I can say  
But now there's not much I can do  
but sit at home and pray.

But I'll be there when you need me  
through shell and shot and fire  
I'll struggle now to do my best  
and be your worthy squire.

I'll be waiting patiently  
while your body heals at length  
and when the summons reaches me  
I'll help restore your strength.

I'm not much use around the house  
like a wrecked ship in the ocean  
But I'll help you learn to walk again  
and restore your range of motion.

You are my Champion and in my prayers  
there cannot be another  
I'll wait for you til you come back  
I won't do it without you, brother.

O'Donnell Abu'

Máitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite  
~I just changed the words for Gwen~

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling.  
Chiefly, the eagle sweeps over the plain.  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling  
and all who'd oppose them are banished or slain.

On with de Faoite then, fight the old fight again.  
Children of Munster are valiant and true.  
Make the proud Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel.  
Strike for your country, "de Faoite Abu".

## Accolades

### Order of the Phoenix

In 1994 Lady Kyra MacNeil, Chamberlain of the Children's Household created the Phoenix Award to be awarded to deserving guild children. Lady Kyra's successors, Lady Morrigan MacKenna, Lady Gwendolyn Elliot and Lady Akira MacCallan continued with this award. Currently we do not have a Chamberlain of the Children's Household, so His Grace has decided to resurrect this wonderful accolade himself. The award will not necessarily be given out at each faire, but as His Grace feels it is due. Please let His Grace know if you think any of our poppets are deserving of this coveted award. As established in 1994, to become a member of the revered

"Order of the Phoenix", you must follow these guidelines:

Recipient must:

- ~ be under 16 years of age
- ~ follow Guild rules at all times
- ~ be an extremely hard and conscientious worker
- ~ receive this award only one time



### Honorees

Andrew Gunn ~ Darren Melville ~ Jeanette MacCarraig ~ Ian MacCarraig ~ Marni Carmichael ~ Mikeala Carmichael ~ Scott Carmichael ~ Tory MacNeil ~ Andrew MacCarraig ~ Brianna MacQuain ~ Tyler Seaton ~ Faolan Kelly ~ Cameron MacRanald ~ Alexander Beaton ~ David Beaton ~ ~Conner Melville ~ Cole Melville ~ Andrew MacRanald

### Royal Thor's Hammer

At the beginning of all of the faires where we perform, Guild members are asked to take most particular note of outstanding efforts during the event. At the end of the weekend, nominations are given to the Guild Master and a Thor's Hammer is awarded, during the Hug Circle, to that person nominated by their peers and determined by the Guild Master to have made the greatest individual contribution to our success. Additionally, the Guild Master may upon his discretion determine the value of work performed by an individual to enhance the membership's guild or faire experience and so honor that individual with a Thor's Hammer. 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.



If you find that you were inadvertently left off of the complete list of Thor's Hammer, please let Lord James Hepburn know at: [earlofbothwell1562@yahoo.com](mailto:earlofbothwell1562@yahoo.com) so we can add your name to the list.

Christopher Alexander ~ Sara MacBride ~ James Mosman ~ Philip Alexander ~ Brittah MacGregor ~ Fiona Ross ~ Mariota Arres ~ Jessica MacGregor ~ Mary Caroline Rutherford ~ Kael MacGregor ~ Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton ~ Charlotte Carmichael ~ Morna MacGregor ~ Teage Seaton ~ Steven Sui ~ Isabella Campbell ~ Katie MacLeod ~ Alice Sinclair ~ Thomas Campbell ~ Maureen MacLeod ~ Raven Sinclair ~ Cullen Elliot ~ Brianna de St. Joer ~ Gwendolyn Elliot ~ Fionnula MacPhearson ~ Andrew Stevenson ~ Maitiu' de Faoite ~ Heber MacPhearson ~ John Stewart ~ Bonnie Gunn ~ Drew MacQuain ~ Sara Stewart ~ Keegan Gunn ~ Megan MacQuain ~ Annebell Somerville ~ Shaila Gunn ~ Davina McCutchen ~ Duncan Somerville ~ Andrew Hepburn ~ Robert McCutchen ~ Janet Hepburn ~ Guy Maxwell ~ Ryk Tucker ~ Mary Fleming ~ Hannah Maxwell ~ Johan von Pluym ~ Mary Livingston ~ Bronwynne Melville ~ Grady Witherington ~ William Lundin ~ Craig Melville ~ Innes MacAlister ~ Darren Melville ~ Mary Beaton ~ Magnus MacRanald ~ Thomas Lucas



## **The Saint Andrew's Guild Thor's Hammer**

The Saint Andrews Guild Thor's Hammer started in March of 2006 at the Celtic Faire in Angels Camp. The Guild had set up our encampment for the faire on Friday. On Saturday morning, we awoke to a blanket of snow which had fallen during the night. Part of the Queen's pavilion had fallen down because of the weight, and many of the guilds and entertainers were packing up and leaving. Saint Andrews gathered up its members, pushed a lot of snow off of the pavilions, packed up what we could so our equipment would not be ruined, and moved our members down to the main gate of the faire. There we commenced to entertain any and all patrons entering the faire, with sword duels in the snow, and encouraged patrons to joins us in having an all around good time. A knighting was held for one of the producers of the event, and the Queen went on parade though out the shire, showing that, no matter what the weather, the Celtic Faire would go on as planned.



Because of Saint Andrew's can do attitude, and our not packing up and going home, the producers of the event presented the Guild with a silver Thor's hammer. Since the gift was presented to the Guild as a whole, Sir Drew decided that each year the Thor's hammer would be passed on to an individual within the guild who personifies that "can do spirit" of Saint Andrews. The Guild Master at Winter Feast makes the announcement of who will have the honor to be the new recipient of the Guild Thor's Hammer, and that person wears the hammer throughout the year.

### **Honorees**

**2006**

Dame Raven Sinclair

**2008**

Mistress Gwendolyn de Faoite Elliot

**2010**

Lord Cullen Elliot

**2007**

Master Philip Alisdair MacAlister

**2009**

Lady Mary Katherine MacLeod

**2011**

Chieftain S'ara MacBride

### **Guild Master's Favor**

At Winter Feast each year the Guild Master awards his personal favor to one person who has helped him greatly throughout the year. It is a personal recognition and honour from the Guild Master to one person who has worked diligently both at faire and behind the scenes in helping the Guild Master keep the guild moving in a forward and positive direction, and in putting on the best show we can at faire.

**2007**

Lord James Hepburn  
Lady Brittah Sutherland H'elie

**2009**

Dame Hannah Maxwell

**2008**

Dame Megan MacQuain

**2010**

Sir Craig Melville

**2011**

Sir James Stewart



## Picnic Games Awards

Each year the guild hosts two Picnics & Games for our members where we can play, socialize and compete in a low-key, informal setting. We break bread together before attempting to best each other at games such as the Bucket Toss, Caber Toss and of course the much beloved Haggis Hurl. From these Games, Champions are named and awarded at Winter Feast.

The Summer Picnic winners were ~

Ladies ~ Mistress Gloria MacBain with 17 points

Lords ~ Lord Cullen Elliot and Maitiu de Faoite each with 12 points

Autumn Gathering winners were ~

Ladies ~ Mistress Gloria MacBain with 12 points

Lords ~ Lord Cullen Elliot with 17 points



Grand Champions Awarded at Winter Feast

Mistress Gloria MacBain & Lord Cullen Elliot

~

Most Improved Athlete

Master Jared MacBain

Master Jared tripled his score from the Summer Picnic to the Autumn Gathering .  
His "Can Do" attitude is to be commended and emulated!



## St. Andrew's Cookbook

St. Andrew's is working on publishing our own cookbook as a new fundraiser. We need all your favorite recipes. You know, the ones everyone has asked for.



We will have all the usual categories but also want to include some special needs like gluten free, sugar free and vegetarian.

Send your recipes to is

[standrewscooks@yahoo.com](mailto:standrewscooks@yahoo.com)

Send in as many recipes as you would like. You don't need to be a member of St. Andrew's to submit a recipe.

Thank you for your help.

Cookbook Committee

### *The Flag of Scotland*

- Author Unknown -

*“Perhaps the story of the flag of Scotland is very well known, as it is one of a series of “cross flags” that denominated the nations of Christendom since medieval times – but the “flag of St. Andrew,” Scotland’s patron saint, is the first and oldest of these, and dates from the 12th century. It was originally used in 1180 as the seal of St. Andrew’s Cathedral, and its first use as a national emblem came in 1385 when the Scottish parliament added St. Andrew’s crosses to Scottish military uniforms. It evolved into the national flag in the 15th century. Scotland’s oldest actual surviving flag, “The Douglas Standard,” carried at the battle of Otterburn in 1388 by the Earl of Douglas, bore the familiar X- shaped or “saltire” cross, but it was green and bore the Douglas’ own red heart badge.*

*The saltire comes from the “decussate” cross on which the Apostle Andrew was bound and martyred in Greece, for healing and converting the wife of the proconsul. So trussed, he preached for two days.*

*In the 4th century the monk Regulus (known as St. Rule in Scotland) defied Emperor Constantine when ordered to bring St. Andrew’s relics to Constantinople and carried the bones that were in his keeping from Patras in Greece to a place in eastern Caledonia known as Muckros. Here St. Rule built a church, and the fame of the Apostle’s relics caused the place later to be renamed “St. Andrew’s.” In due course, this site became the seat of the archbishop who was the primate of Scotland. The cathedral*



at St. Andrew's was destroyed in the Reformation, but St. Rule's largely intact tower still dominates the ancient ruins.

In a battle with the Saxons at Athelstaneford in 761, the Pictish king Angus MacFergus was blessed with a vision of Andrew's saltire white against the deep blue of the sky which he took as a sign. A great victory was achieved, and this white saltire on a blue background became the badge of the Picts, and later the Scots too, when the land became the Kingdom of Alba and all were placed under St. Andrew's protection. The cross is often seen on the medieval royal seals, and it was on the flag that greeted Mary Queen of Scots in 1561.



Many, especially in North America, believe that the colorful Lion Rampant is the national flag of Scotland. Once upon a time anyone who used this flag without permission would have been severely punished, perhaps even put to death. This is the flag of the king or queen of Scots, and it was hoisted only when the monarch was present. It was not personal to the king, but symbolized that the person was the monarch.

It is thought that the earliest Scottish kings used a dragon as their symbol, but the lion may have been used by King William the Lion in the 12th century and his son King Alexander II certainly used it. The "tressure" (border) with fleurs-de-lis was added at the time of the French alliance in 1222. The lion rampant was used on the Great Seal of Scotland, and the chief herald of Scotland takes his name "Lord Lyon King of Arms" from the lion rampant.



Because the flag is bold and bright, it was never forgotten, and in the 19th century was manufactured in large quantities as a "Scotch standard." In 1934 King George V signed a royal warrant permitting the use of this flag in a smaller size as a "mark of loyalty," but it should not be flown on a flag pole or from a building (in the UK anyway) without royal permission."

### ~ Upcoming Events ~

January 7, 2012 - Lady in Waiting Household Meeting in Concord.  
Contact [LadyFleming1562@yahoo.com](mailto:LadyFleming1562@yahoo.com) for further information.

January 8, 2012 - New Member Orientation in San Leandro.  
Contact [Brittahn@yahoo.com](mailto:Brittahn@yahoo.com) for further information.

January 14, 2012 - Privy Council Meeting in Antioch.  
Contact [EarlofBothwell1562@yahoo.com](mailto:EarlofBothwell1562@yahoo.com) for further information.

February 4, 2012 "A Celebration of Her Majesty's Return to Scotland" 5PM-11PM at the Martin J. Peterson Event Center in Modesto. More information to follow.

Our 2012 Schedule will be posted on the website soon after the Privy Council meets in January. Some dates will be tentative as faire boards make their arrangements.

[www.saintandrewsguild.com](http://www.saintandrewsguild.com)





## In Memorium

Anthony G. Damico  
Lord Angus Blackmoor  
Signore Antonio de' Medici  
September 23, 1964 – March 1, 2011

Anthony "Tony" Damico was born September 23, 1964. He was a lifelong resident of Crockett, CA and passed away suddenly at home on March 1, 2011. Deeply missed by those he leaves behind: mother Gerry Damico, longtime girlfriend Stacy Greene, sisters Paula Ball (Dan) and Lisa Gearhard (Paul), Aunt Mildred Johnson, niece Allison Ball, nephews Matthew Ball, Jacob and Sam Gearhard, the "best cats in the world" Kate and Spencer, and countless friends and extended family members. Tony is predeceased by his father George Damico.

Tony lived life to the fullest, with no regrets, always in the moment. He lived his life by his own terms and his own rules, and he was always true to himself and his friends. He enjoyed cooking, relaxing at the cabin, a good steak, Anchor Steam beer, Miami Dolphins football, Oakland A's baseball, rolling dice, four-wheeling, camping, skiing, trips to Tahoe, a spirited argument, classic rock, bluegrass and classic country music, and Western movies, especially John Ford and John Wayne movies. He and Stacy were previously members of St. Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots where Tony portrayed Mary Queen of Scots Royal Guard Halberdier Lord Angus Blackmoor and later a ambassador from the Vatican, Signore Antonio de' Medici at Scottish Games and Renaissance Faires throughout northern California. He graduated from John Swett High School, class of 1982. He was a member of the Crockett Striped Bass Club, E Clampus Vitus (Chapters 1849 and Outpost 1805), and Operating Engineers Local 3.

Family and friends remembered Tony at a gathering at the Boy Scout Hall in Crockett, CA on Sunday, March 20, 2011. Tony's imagination, vitality, and enthusiasm for life continues to be a gift to all who knew him.



# Editor's Choice



X O Brit the Scot

