

# Fox Tales

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO ENGRAVE

NOVEMBER 1994

A.S. XXX

## REN-FAIRE A SUCCESS

On October 1, our shire and the Signal Mountain Arts and Crafts Guild co-hosted the first ever Renaissance-themed Arts and Crafts Show at the Signal Mountain Playhouse. This beautiful, rustic outdoor amphitheater was the perfect setting for the day's activities.

The proceedings began at ten in the morning with several songs presented by the Signal Mountain Children's Choir; although such titles as "Somewhere Out There" and "Beauty and the Beast" aren't quite period, they were sung with considerable gusto and earned their share of applause.

A performance of a different sort was presented by our own Lord Bothvar Ruriksson. Enscenced in his 'mobile castle' puppet stage and led to the audience by milady Joanna, his presentation was grandly received.

Between performances, the hungry patrons could choose between two eating establishments and have 'Hamburg Sandwiches', 'Frankfurt Sausages in a Roll', Stromboli, or turkey legs and either wander about under the trees visiting the merchant's booths or just sit and enjoy strolling musicians and entertainers.

Vulpine Reach had a hand in the planning, with Mistress Lijsbet tjsz van Brugge acting as consultant for the Signal Mountain Arts Guild in costuming, organization, and liaison with the shire. The shire itself added the authenticity "spice" to the event, with most members

in late-period garb. The shire's musicians, Laird Davoc Walkere, Lady Rachele du Pied-Leger, Bran ab Buchannan, Lord James Toxophilus, Lord Bothvar, and milady Joanna graced the gathering with music ranging from "Star of the County Down" to "Scarborough Faire" on the penny whistle, recorder, bodhran, hammer dulcimer, and cello.

A number of shire members had displays in the Faire, with Mistress Lijsbet showing some of her art, THL Wynalie Maershall and Lady Teresa showing period clothing, and Lord Dorin Schwartzmitt showing his skill at the forge and anvil.

In a prominent location near the center of the Faire, Lady Diana Fiona O'Shera, Gaylewind Redmane and various other members of the shire (too numerous to properly credit) manned a grand display of SCA and Vulpine Reach information. Many visitors flipped through the photo albums, read the framed newspaper articles, and asked our helpful information team questions.

To cap the day's activities, Laird Cailen mich Alasdair A'Sinchclair, THL Richard Fenwick, and Lord Llywelyn ap Alawn presented a demonstration of SCA fighting to a large audience.

The Faire was a lot of work for the members of Vulpine Reach, but we received invaluable positive publicity and presented the Society to a large number of curious folks.

## CALENDAR

Weekend events are marked in bold typeface, local activities are in normal typeface, and holidays are marked with asterisks.

### NOVEMBER

- 5 Tourney of King Renee (Blackmoor Keep)  
Heraldic Confrontation (Fourth Castle)  
FallHalla (Lochland Vale)  
Local Archery Practice
- 7 Business Meeting
- 11 \*\* Veteran's Day \*\*
- 12 Kingdom A & S (Axemoor)  
Local Archery Practice
- 14 Weaving Class/Fox Tales Deadline
- 19 Flying Dragon Tourney (S. Downs)  
A Wall Too High (Seleone)  
Masque of Red Death (Blackwood)  
Local Archery Practice
- 21 Guilds Info Class (Lady Rachele)
- 24 \*\* Thanksgiving \*\*
- 28 \*\* 1st Day of Chanukah \*\*  
Viking Costuming Class/Birthday meeting

### DECEMBER

- 3 Yule Revel (Axemoor)  
Here's Looking At Yule (Camden Tor)  
Toys For Tots (Firedrake)  
Local Archery Practice
- 5 Business Meeting/Fox Tales Dist.  
Local Archery Practice
- 10 Hit List (Osprey)  
Local Archery Practice
- 12 Local Officer's "Q & A" Session
- 17 Rose & Sword (Polis Partis/Small Grey Bear)
- 19 Dance Practice, Birthday Party/Fox Tales Deadline
- 22 \*\* Winter Solstice \*\*
- 25 \*\* Christmas \*\*
- 26 No Local Meeting

Fighter practice is held on Sunday afternoons in Warner Park at 2 p.m. (weather permitting); chapter meetings are at Trinity Lutheran Church at Hixson Pike and Highway 153 on Mondays at 7 p.m. Archery practices are held at Choo Choo Archery Lanes on Bonny Oaks Drive at 12 noon (on scheduled Saturdays).

## BEST BETS

11/19 Flying Dragon Tourney - Indian Springs State Park, Jackson, GA. (167 mi.) \$21, \$17 daytrip w/feast, add \$2 parking fee to State of GA. Add \$3 for non-SCA members. *Dragon's Hoard Team Tourney (team members supply small prizes, winning team takes all), Grand Melee, activities for the 'martially impaired' and for children, no tents.*

## REGNUM

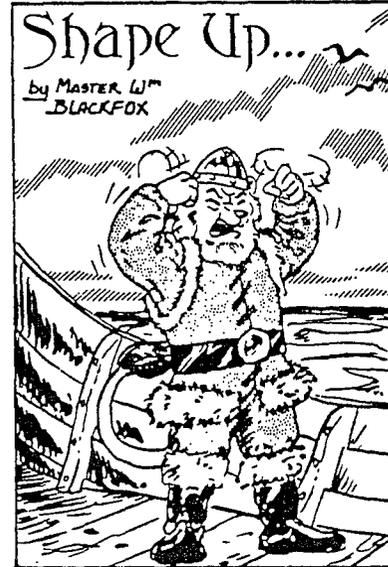
Seneschal	Lady Rachele du Pied Leger <i>Rachel Lightfoot (706) 965 - 7947</i>
Knight Marshall	Lord Forddydd Meredydd, Esq. <i>Craig Rethwilm (615) 624 - 3458</i>
Ast. Knight Marshall	Lord Llywelyn ap Alawn <i>Lindy Pate (615) 825 - 6258</i>
Herald	Laird Cailean michAlasdair A'Sinchlair <i>Jason Tryon (615) 892 - 1340</i>
Arts & Sciences	Lee Comyn <i>Lee Cummings (615) 855 - 0303</i>
Hospitaller	Lady Diana Fiona O'Shera <i>Diane Walker (615) 875 - 5417</i>
Reeve	Lady Teresa of Vulpine Reach <i>Teresa Mayberry (615) 624 - 5414</i>
Historian	Lady Madelena de Lura <i>Joy Day (615) 891 - 9410</i>
Minister to Children	Heather of Loch Maree <i>Spring Tryon (615) 892 - 1340</i>
Chronicler	Lord James Toxophilus <i>Jim Long (615) 894 - 6487</i>
Constable	Laird Davoc Walkere <i>Randy Walker (615) 875 - 5417</i>

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# Warthaven

Celebrating 15 years of continuous publication in January. Thanks for your support!



## VULPINE REACH TALENT DIRECTORY

The Vulpine Reach Talent Directory is designed to help old fogey and newcomer alike in finding assistance. Whether you are searching for help in building armor, improving your fighting skills, or advice on how to research your latest project, simply find a shire member with those talents that can help and give them a call. Keep in mind that we are all volunteers; just be patient and keep trying if you don't get hold of us on the first try. And for goodness' sake, don't wait until the last minute!

If you have a talent or skill in a particular field and would like to help others but you aren't on the directory, contact me! It's a simple matter to add your name. If I've listed your skills incorrectly or you are unable for some reason to provide assistance in whatever capacity, contact me! It's also a simple matter to change your entry or drop your name from the directory. As the U.S. Marines are fond of saying, "We're looking for a few good men (and women)" - with a willingness to help out other shire members.

Lee Comyn (Lee Cummings, 855 - 0303) - **Herbs, Herbalism**

Mistress Lijsbeth Tijz van Brugge (Leslie Dulin, 836 - 6256) - **Art, Research, Documentation, Cooking**

Lord Dorin Schwartzmitt (David Holmes, 706 - 675 - 7410) - **Blacksmithing, 'hot-iron' work, Woodworking**

Lady Egelina Rabbette (Rabbit Kadrich, 877 - 6299) - **Sewing, Camping, Costuming, Bardic Arts, Performing Arts, Dancing**

Lady Rachele du Pied-Leger (Rachel Lightfoot, 706 - 965 - 7947) - **Music, Performing Arts, Heraldry, Dancing, Sewing**

Lord James Toxophilus (Jim Long, 894 - 6487) - **Archery, Winemaking, Performing Arts, Writing**

Lady Teresa of Vulpine Reach (Teresa Mayberry, 624 - 5414) - **Cooking**

Lord Wilhelm Fixler (Steven Parker, 478 - 3129) - **Fighting, SCA-type Weapons making**

Lord Liwelyn ap Alawn (Lindy Pate, 825 - 6258) - **Fighting, Brewing, Woodworking, Armoring**

Lord Forddydd Meredydd (Craig Rethwilm, 624 - 3458) - **Fighting, Leatherworking, SCA Weapons-making, Armoring**

The Honorable Lord Richard Fenwick (Ken Scott, 698 - 5007) - **Fighting, SCA Weapons-making, Armoring, Heraldry**

Lady Julia of the Flowers (Julie Scott, 698 - 5007) - **Art, Cooking**

Laird Cailen mich Alasdair A'Sinclair (Jason Tryon, 892 - 1340) - **Fighting, Armoring, SCA Weapons-making, Heraldry**

Baintighheartia Heather of Loch Maree (Spring Tryon, 892 - 1340) - **Children's activities**

Laird Davoc Walkere (Randy Walker, 875 - 5417) - **Music, Singing, Bardic Arts, Performing Arts, Archery, Jewelry making**

Lady Diana Fiona O'Shera (Diane Walker, 875 - 5417) - **Cooking, Sewing, Costuming, Jewelry making, Pottery, Ceramics**

## ASK OLD FOX

Dear Old Fox,

I am thinking about going to an event in Atlantia later this year and would like to ask you some questions. I have an A.O.A. and wear an aluminum circlet which is allowed in Meridies - is this allowed in Atlantia? I also enjoy helping out at events. As an "outlander" should I volunteer to assist the hosting group? Does Meridies have an extradition treaty with Atlantia if I get into trouble? Your help would be most welcome.

Signed,

Uncertain Traveler

Dear Uncertain Traveler,

First, what is aluminum? A circlet is a circlet - as long as it's not a square, that is. If anyone complains, tell them to check Corpora and walk away as though you know more than they.

*Sure, they'll let anybody help at events. Just be careful that they don't try to keep you. The BEST always comes from Meridies, ya know. NEVER volunteer for anything; do whatever you want as if you were in charge. That way, if you do screw up, nobody will know who you were or where you came from.*

*I don't know if we have any treaty with Atlantia, but you had better hope so, because trouble or no trouble, the only place to be is here!*

*Travelers R Us,*

*Old Fox*

*P.S. Did I suck up enough to the kingdom?*

Dear Old Fox,

I have decided to use an unusual (although accurate for my persona) form of my title. This tends to be slightly problematic in that many people think it is either part of my name rather than a title or tremble

## ASK OLD FOX, cont.

in fear of trying to pronounce it. I don't take offense, but I hate to be the cause of consternation for others. How should I best approach this ongoing dilemma?

Signed,

Could It Be Welsh??!

Dear Could It Be Welsh??!

*Let them tremble. They hate us. They think they have us trampled below their Saxon foot, but we know better. Our language is our curse upon them. They will never understand and they will die trying. And as they spend their money buying us vowels, we will rise up and take our country back! Let them all rot in...Uh, what was the question again?*

*Oh, yes. Do what you want, they'll get over it. At least it's not French.*

*Vowelless and Yours,  
Old Fox*

**This month's Quiz Question:** What is a Trillthon? In some kingdoms, when awards or honors are given, the crowd yells forth, "vivat!". What is its meaning?

**Last month's Question:** "During ancient times, what was the symbolism of the Rose?"

**Answer:** The rose had two meanings. In both cases, the rose was dedicated to the goddess of love, Venus. First: it came to be the symbol of secrecy and hence the phrase, "under the rose" meant that what was said was in strict confidence. Second: it became the symbol of immortality, since Venus was also the personification of the generative energy of nature. Later, under Christianity, it was linked with Christ: the Rose Croix.

ASK OLD FOX is an advice/answer column for the members of our shire. If you have a question (preferably of a somewhat humorous nature) or an answer to a quiz question, please write it down on paper and give it to me, Lord James Toxophilus and I'll make sure the Old Fox gets it (and no, I am NOT the Old Fox). Thanks from both me and the Old Fox!

## MISSIVES

Dear Lady Rachele,

Lady Rabbit told us that you were concerned that we had been offended by "The Wizard of BOD." Let us assure you, that is not the case and we were amused.

True, it called up some sad moments for us, but we appreciate satire and would never ask you to not perform it if asked.

You all worked hard and did a good job. Please commend the cast for us.

In Service,  
Boru and Caroline

20 September, 1994, A.S. XXIX

TRM Boru and Caroline send unto the good people of Vulpine's Reach - Good and Warm Greetings -

We want to thank you for the good company and excellent hospitality we enjoyed at Tourney of the Foxes. It was so soon after Pennsic that neither we nor HRM Gareth had much retinue, but our every need was met from a pavilion, a lovely lunch, to a wonderful feast. We only wish we could have spent the whole weekend. Please know we are your King and Queen and are always willing to help you.

We remain in Service,

*Boru & Caroline, Rex & Regina, Meridies*

Unto Lord James Toxophilus doth Baroness Genevieve McCullum de Caen send most humble and heartfelt greetings.

Good My Lord

May this missive find you and yours faring well. I wanted you to know how much I truly enjoy receiving and reading Fox Tales. It makes me less homesick for the southern reaches of Meridies.

For those who care, I and Baron Ali and Elizabeth (who wants the SCA name of "Isabeau") are doing well. I've just recently become an apprentice to Master John ap Wynn, the Mid-Realm's bardic guy. I have also taken up fencing (called rapier or light-fencing) and am having a blast. It's nice to know that after 17 years of being in the SCA a person can find something new!

Anyway, to the reason I am really writing. While reading Lady Meggan of Vulpine Reach's most enjoyable and informative event report on Red Tower, I found the description of the battle most interesting. Most Moslems follow not Ali, but Allah. My good lord husband, Baron Ali said, "Well, if someone wants to follow me around they had better be able to keep up!"

I just wanted to say again thanks for the information and keep up the excellent work! Until next we meet I remain....

Yours in Service,

*Genevieve*

P.S. I am including a piece of paper with my Arms on it. If you want to make a line drawing for Fox Tales, please feel free.

September 29, 1994

To the people of Vulpine Reach,

A little over a year ago, several Sewanee students traveled down to Tourney of the Foxes and fell in love with the Society. I was one of them. Our return to the mountain heralded a flurry of activity and excitement by myself and two colleagues that

## MISSIVES, cont.

resulted in a large group of people initially interested in forming again the Sevane branch of the SCA. Our initial meeting comprised upwards to thirty students and two faculty members. By the end of the semester, that number had dropped to less than twenty - even fewer actually traveling to events. The core group of event-goers was some five or six. The most we had at one event was twelve. By the end of last September, the number of students attending meetings - for both faculty members had long dropped us like a hot parsnip - had decreased to about thirteen. We readjusted and at the last meeting of the '94 Spring Semester, my hopes raised somewhat at the amount of organization and evident determination we had. Plans were made and we left for the summer. Upon returning, I sent out a message to those who had been involved. A series of messages returned to me; over half our core members had decided they were no longer interested. At the actual meeting, four of us attended and one of them was late. An inauspicious and rather depressing beginning for what had begun so strongly.

I believe that the reasons for this decline are many, but center around one phenomenon: the students here have much to do and the Society takes time. I myself have felt the press: I meant to get this letter to you much sooner than I have. I have wanted to get to fighter practices once a week and I haven't. Whole weeks, and I fear months, slip by without a glance at the calendar. Even so, I am one of the busiest people I know and still I make it to perhaps three or four events a semester. My fellow members are far less organized than I and so, unless they are involved almost solely in the Society, as my close friend Holmes Paschall is, they will inevitably fall by the wayside. The problem lies in either winning people over to the Society completely or in getting them more organized. It is impossible to organize someone else's life, and the wonderfully relaxed nature of the Society will not likely win over someone who loves it not of their own accord. I am stumped.

The manner in which the Society exists here on the mountain is, then, as a group of friends who try and figure out what events they can get to, rather than as a well-run organization intended for the benefit of the campus. Perhaps this is my fault, perhaps not. Perhaps this is the way it should be run, perhaps not. I have done my best. I still firmly believe that the SCA could be a great benefit to the campus if it could become an established group. If we continue the way we are heading, though, it will never do so.

I ask you, who have far more experience in these matters than I, what might be done to improve our situation. I am becoming discouraged and I fear our

members - so few as they are - are losing heart as well.

In Service,  
James Acken

*Editor's Note: For you who read Fox Tales and want to contact milord James with advice or help, his address is:*

James Acken  
S.P.O., University of the South  
Sevane, Tennessee, 37375

From the Office of the Seneschal:

Beginning with the next business meeting, I will be bringing a suggestion box to meetings. Please be thinking of helpful hints and handy ideas to contribute.

Also, I've been toying with the idea of having sign-up sheets for business meetings. Perhaps this will help meetings flow more smoothly (and quickly). After a few months, we can review to see if this is a good idea.

I certainly hope as R.U.M. approaches, all of us will keep thinking about what we can do to make this a great event. Since this is a Kingdom-level event, all eyes will be on us (no pressure, of course).

As always, thanks for listening.

Yours in Service,  
Lady Rachelle

Unto the populace of Vulpine Reach,

As Chronicler, it is my pleasure to report on the good things and responsibility to report on the bad things that happen in our group and our Society. One of my resources is the computer networks; unfortunately, sometimes news that gets out gets out wrong with little chance of anyone correcting it before it spreads. It, however, is a quick way of spreading news when that news can be substantiated.

At the most recent Board meeting (October 15), Sandra Dodd (Mistress Aelflaed of Duckworth) resigned the office of "acting" SCA Executive Director - a position previously occupied by Tony Provine. Following is the text of the letter, as provided by Mistress Aelflaed:

"Unto the Board of Directors of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.

From Sandra Dodd, Executive Director  
Dear friends,

Thanks for the opportunity to help pull the SCA out of its exciting difficulties this year. I appreciate the faith you showed in me.

We're past the worst and I'm tired. I've left recommendations for arrangements I feel are even superior to what we have been doing this last quarter and would be grateful for an honorable discharge from my duties, effective at the close of this (Oct. 15) meeting.

## MISSIVES, cont.

Thanks--  
Sandra"

I personally believe that, while all the troubles within the fabric of the corporation have yet to be completely solved, that Mistress Aelflaed has gone far to helping bring the Society through those troubles and deserves our hearty "thanks".

Your Servant,

Lord James Toxophilus

## EVENT: Coronation

Had I not seen it with mine own eyes, I'd not have believed the tale. Many fine houses, nobles and gentles gathered in the far Western lands of our fair Kingdom, for the King and Queen declared they would hold Court.

King Gareth and his fair Queen Juliana heaped great honors and awards on many of the populace, yet one gentle must have served the Kingdom beyond human capacity and endurance. It seemed that every third or fourth name called to the Presence was someone I had not met, by the unusual name of "Ora Representativeof". That name must be a popular one in the Western regions, for each time the name was called it seemed a different gentle went forward!

Even as the populace was rejoicing the recognition of these good gentles, an emissary of the Emperor of the Black Rose came forth. This emissary carried an agreement that (so the emissary claimed) King Gareth had made, which offered our Kingdom's richest and most precious jewel to the Emperor. In exchange for three camels, ten horses, and three trunks of gold, the Emperor laid claim to our most fair Queen, Juliana.

For a moment, it almost seemed that King Gareth would barter for more goods in exchange for Her Majesty, but soon He made it clear that Meridies would never surrender our Queen at any price.

It was then that the horrible deed occurred; the emissary claimed that if the Emperor could not have Juliana, none would. Before any could stop this fiend, the foul knave plunged a dagger into the heart of our Flower and Her Majesty fell to the ground, dead.

Sir Robert Glendon of Auk stepped forth from his position as King's Guard and slew the so-called emissary who stole the life from Queen Juliana. In His despair, King Gareth gave up His crown.

Thus ended the last Court of Their Majesties, King Gareth and Queen Juliana. Long live King Boru and Queen Caroline!  
- Lady Egelina Rabbette

## EVENT: Unchained Doom

or "What exactly is 'feeling Medieval'?"

Saturday, October 15, 1994: Our trip was almost canceled due to illness in the family, lack of

mundanity covers, and the havoc wreaked by the length of Susannah's sleeves (we had decided to travel in garb to save time). Figurines were almost smashed to smithereens and mail was redistributed with each pass of the sleeves, and an entire nightstand was cleared with one fell swoop before we ever left the house. Oh, but the excitement was just beginning.

We did not know what to expect as we drove through the majestic mountains on our way to Unchained Doom. We arrived at the very tip-top of Monteagle only to discover that Susannah's pouch was hanging out the door, dangling in the wind. Laughing hysterically, we realized that it had been shut in the door when we left Vulpine Reach, so it had swung in the breeze for many, many miles; no worse for the wear. For no apparent reason, this made us feel particularly Medieval.

Thusly, we embarked upon a discussion on what exactly is "feeling Medieval." Is it feeling dried up and preserved? Is it feeling old and antique? Or is it simply feeling out of place and time due to choice of wardrobe, background music, and accessories? Did you ever notice how much better you breathe when you eat cough drops? And do you think the people at Gunters will remember us for a long time?

We listened to period music to help make the transition between mundane and medieval as we gazed anxiously at the fluffy - but ominous - clouds, hoping luck would leave the rain behind us or at least elsewhere. And luck was with us. We even found the site, no thanks to our map maker. Of course, we had to fargle a little and ask a few directions from the aghast yokel locals at Gunters feed-and-seed-hardware-groceries-and-gas. Needless to say, we were as leery of them as they were of us, but they kept their shotguns out of sight. It was the classic B-movie scenario: two college coed-types lose their way in rural America and end up in a tacky bathroom. Thank goodness we were not taxidermized on the spot. Never have we been so relieved to escape reality, back in the car, and pointed in the right direction.

We arrived in one piece - actually, two pieces because there were two of us - only to find Vulpine litter-mates Laird Cailen, Heather and their "mini-shire." We rescued a tearful squire-to-be who had broken his sword. We were thus entitled "Sword-makers Extraordinaire". Duct tape is a wonderful thing and should always be rewarded with sticky, muddy, candied kisses. Arriving late, we cannot remark on the fighting. However, the turnout for the archery competition was grand, with ages ranging from prepubescent to Methuselah.

Feast was spectacular and the food fight even better. The feastocrat received an award for his culinary talent from the Crown, who, by the way,

## Unchained Doom, cont.

were attending Doom for the first time; a thrill none the less, for the members of An Dun Theine. Court was, of course, held with all the usual pomp and circumstance. And our own Baintighearna Heather received a recognition of honor; she received the Order of the Cygnet's Nest for her work with goslings.

We truly believe that a new record has been set for the number of times Hole in the Wall has been danced in one evening. And the populace cried out for more. The black-clad Horsemen seemed to be having a personal contest with our own Susannah to see who could steal in more often - much to Susannah's chagrin. It was hard enough for her to keep track of the dance steps, let alone her everchanging partners. We were equally delighted to dance Trench Wars for the first time, and Susannah of the Willows was bestowed the unofficial Order of the Golden Club Foot for her courage and unshaken nerve as a dancer. "She has rhythm, but she can't count," proclaimed His Ex-Majesty Honey.

Our rating for this event is an 8-1/2, plus two thumbs up! - *Starski and Susannah of the Willows*

## EVENT: Silver Hammer XX

The goodness of the gods fell upon us in the wonderful form of sunshine and lasted the entire weekend. Big Ridge State Park never looked so good or felt so warm - with so many festive friends around, we created an atmosphere that made all easy going and kept us glad at heart.

Our newly crown'd Prince, Richard of River March and his companion, Dugan surprised us with their unexpected arrival and joined in the "bye" fights. Richard impressed us with his speed and agility and show'd off with some trick shots. I'm sure many fighters were grateful that he so chivalrously held back and let others hold the victory of the fight. The excellent weather made walking to and from the fighting field and the great-hall a rather pleasant chore.

Court held by Mistress Godelind, Baroness of Thor's Mountain consisted of Valerian receiving the prize of the A & S competition and the gift of a fine hand-and-half sword with decorated quillions for his entry of a twisted brass Laurel's wreath, decorated with 20 brass leaves.

Lord Alanon, for the third year, took the coveted Silver Hammer of Thor's Mountain and, for this deed, received a treasure chest packed with art supplies - so that he may also perfect his hand in the arts and sciences fields.

Feast was quite enjoyable with beef and vegetables, pork, fruits, and spontaneous singing outside by House Ashley and friends. Everyone got

stuffed and many gentles did not make it to the final honey cakes.

There were merchants from as far as Florida and displayed oils & scents, leather, metals, jewelry, toys and other wares. Lord Bothvar from Vulpine Reach set up a great-looking Viking ship table, complete with brass oil lanterns. Many kind remarks were directed towards the design, being quite unique indeed.

Saturday night, one of the bardic circles was lively with the drum beats of Mad Dog, Kage, and the few females that kept time in dance. Around the "quiet" fireside, conversations found many old and new friends in content genteel comforts and continually full of rolling, boisterous laughter - especially when someone recalled a remark made by the Baroness in Court (and I quote), "...Everyone knows House Ashley only does cattle..." (I guess you had to have been there...).

Silver Hammer 20 presented feast-goers with a great little "silver hammer" hung on ribbon [ed. note: this was the "feast token" ] that will be a treasured piece of jewelry for many to wear for quite some time.

I am sad that it only lasts one weekend and that it only happens once a year, for Thor's Mountain is one of my favorite places to visit. And Silver Hammer is where I find many of my favorite friends.

My love and godspeed to you all until next time!

- *Meggan of Vulpine Reach*

(Riddle: What does every woman desire most?  
Answer: Her own way!)

## BOOK REVIEW:

### The Waning of the Middle Ages by J. Huizinga, 1924

This is a study of the forms of life, thought, and art in France and the Netherlands during the dawn of the Renaissance.

This translation from the Dutch historian provides insight into the lifestyle and mindset of the fourteenth and fifteenth century societies. The book addresses the final stages of the Middle Ages. Most historians view this society while looking for the first signs of the Renaissance. Not so for Johan Huizinga.

Instead, he describes the French and Burgundian Courts as well as other facets of life for peasants and nobility alike at the height of the final days of the Middle Ages. Several chapters of interest are devoted to the formation of chivalric orders and the motivation of the period's society.

This book does not give you major historical dates and occurrences; instead, it provides excellent details on the social trends and beliefs that existed at the end of the Middle Ages. Areas of interest include chivalry, love, death, the church, art, and education.

## BOOK REVIEW:

### The Waning of the Middle Ages, cont.

I love this book and would highly recommend it for inclusion in your library.

- *Lady Egelina Rabbette*

## Another Missive:

From Baintighearna Heather of Loch Maree come warmest greetings unto the people of Vulpine Reach:

I am of the highest hopes that all that shall see this missive will be celebrating a bountiful harvest.

Good gentles, I pray thee if but one of you could find it in your heart to assist such a one as me, I would beg of the to do so. My problem is this: over the summer just past, my wagon came upon need of repair. As it would happen, it was decided that it would be best to acquire a new wagon, rather than repair the old, burnt one. The new wagon, unfortunately, has not so much space as the old one. So extensive is this problem that I find it ever difficult to visit our neighbors.

Alas, I have searched without luck for a cart which could be attached to the rear of my new wagon. I would be willing to barter for goods, services, or currency. If any could help, please contact me by pharspeaker at 892 - 1340. I shall remain in your debt ever after.

Signed,  
*Heather*

P.S. What I need, good gentles, is a U-Haul-type trailer to carry stuff to events. Our new van doesn't have the cargo space the VW did.

### *For Sale*

Bear Grizzly Recurve Bow, right-handed, 45 lb. draw, 58". Very good condition with custom string, J-2 finger-type arrow rest, lower limb-tip protector, accessory insert. No warp in limbs. Excellent SCA target bow for a shooter with 28" draw length or less. Owner placed 3rd overall in Border Raids Royal Round with this bow. Asking \$60.00. Call Jim at 894 - 6487.

## DEMO: Colville St. Rec. Center

Saturday, October 22 was a special day on the Colville Street Center's calendar: the Shire of Vulpine Reach shared the Middle Ages with the folk of the North Chattanooga community. Although the day dawned gloomy and wet, it was nice and dry in the gym of the Center.

The Vulpine Reach Road Show of Mistress Lijsbet, Lady Diana, Lord James, and Lady Rachelle was supplimented by Lord Bothvar and his lady, Lord Davoc, Laird Daniel from Nant-y-derwyddon, Elisande adele de Citeaux, Mary of Vulpine Reach,

Bran ab Buchanan, THL Richard Fenwick, milady Joanna, and Joyce of Brittany.

The Community Center resounded both with the clash of blows on armor and the melodies of the period. THL Richard and Bran provided a display of fighting skills, announced by Laird Daniel and marshaled by Laird Davoc. Between bouts, the Vulpine Reach musicians filled the gym with music as the children looked and tried on armor, played with some of Bothvar's toys, or watched drop-spinning or stone-carving.

During the demo, members of all three network affiliate television stations and the local PBS station came out and shot video of our group fighting, playing, and making music. The PBS crew shot considerable footage to use in a show spotlighting the Chattanooga community and its people the week after the demo.

Thanks goes to William, one of the Chattanooga Parks Department folks, who coordinated with our shire on the demo, Laird Daniel, who came all the way from the Tri-cities area for the demo, and all those in the shire itself for making this demo such a success!

## EVENT: Riding Club Gathering

*Editor's Note: This report is on a non-SCA event with Medieval interests and attended by a number of SCA members.*

A hectic week was drawing - finally - to an even more hectic close as my lord Davoc and I pulled out of our driveway. We (OK, OK, mostly *me*) were running behind as usual, so dark had already closed in on us before we could even begin our trip. Though not overjoyed at the thought of setting up our tent by lantern-light, the anticipation of the event kept our spirits high. We were also curious to see the new site that the Renaissance Riding Club, started by members of Clan Cabal Mohr would be using.

The old site reportedly being across from the proposed Gone With the Wind theme park, the owner (Lady Anne) decided to sell it and offered her own back yard in it's stead. Additionally, this was the first event that the Renaissance Riding Club - a non-SCA organization - would produce. Speculating on what differences we would find from Cabal Mohr events of the past kept us occupied during our drive.

The trip proved, thankfully, to be uneventful and due to the change of location - and shorter than we had feared. Only a few people were still awake and about when we arrived so we endeavored to be as quiet as possible in setting up camp. Unfortunately, neither of us remembered just how LOUD the little electric air pump we had borrowed from Lord James was...at least in the still night air! Lacking any other means to get our mattress inflated before dawn, how-

## Riding Club Gathering, cont.

ever, we hurried the job as best we could. Of course, the hordes of mosquitoes provided extra incentive to finish in an expedient manner!

The next morning we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast in the site's new kitchen, a long and narrow room in Lady Anne's barn that was having last minute bugs worked out of the plumbing even as we ate.

Afterwards, we went off to put our camp in a bit more order than had been possible the night before. We ran into a bit of a snag in putting up the canopy we had - along with most of our other gear - borrowed from my father. In all the bustle of gathering the stuff up at his house, he somehow neglected to give us more than one rope to stake it out with! Luckily, we had some cord with us that we managed to make do with. The warmth of the sun later that day and the rain to come early Sunday morning made us glad of its protection.

While we had been occupied with our domestic chores, more people (many of them not SCA folk) had been arriving. The word was sent out for those who wished to qualify for the equestrian games that were the focal point of the day to gather at the corral. I had not really intended to participate, planning as I had in the past to merely borrow the use of a horse for a bit of riding around the field and leaving the games for those who had more chance to practice them. But it developed that only two horses was available for use by all the riders (several others didn't make it at the last minute). Few of the riders there had any experience at this sport at all. I hesitantly decided to attempt to qualify, since that seemed the best chance to get in any riding at all.

The qualifying turned out to be fairly simple; you had to guide the horse in a figure-eight at your chosen pace (a walk for most of us!) first without, then with, a lance in your hand. Davoc also qualified, even without much former riding experience. In fact, so many gentles were emboldened to try, that qualifications took all morning.

Everyone broke for lunch before continuing; there was lunch available as a fundraiser (hot dogs, in deference to the tastes of the non-SCA folk), but Davoc and I had our own food - which we ended up sharing with several of our friends there. We even did a bit of musical stuff along the way.

After lunch the games began, starting with ring-tilting. You have the ride past a T-shaped pole with rings of varying sizes loosely attached to the crosspiece. The object of the game is to pick off as many rings as you can on your lance with one pass at each side (with the smaller rings counting more points).

Lucky me, I got to go first! The horse I was on didn't care at all for this strange object in her path

and had rather strenuous objections to the whole affair. I did manage to get one ring, which - considering my lack of aim - was about all I could hope for, even with a cooperative mount! Davoc did the same, as did many of the other participants.

After all of us had gone through the routine, at the various paces, we broke for a few minutes to set up the quintain course. In this version, this is a cross-piece on a pole that has small wooden shields on either end and is designed to rotate when struck. The rider hits one of the shields with the lance while riding by, attempting to make it spin as many times as possible. I did well enough (I actually hit it!), but my lord won our category with a mighty blow on each of the two passes - beating even a knight, Sir William Colquitt...if not by much!

The next game was called "Pillage the Village and Rescue the Maiden", with the idea being to ride from the starting point to the other end of the tilting lane to pick up the waiting "maiden" and a sack of "loot" and then to get all of you back to the starting point as quickly as possible, with the best time winning. This is always a humorous game, but I didn't get to see much of it.

Lady Anne's daughter Danielle had me helping prepare her partner for their turn at the game, after first coaxing him into wearing the garb I had made for the Ren Faire to play "maiden" to her "rescuer". He has lovely blonde curls and looked quite fetching in skirt and doublet - after we had draped a veil over his face to hide his goatee! The roars of laughter he got when he strolled out of my tent on cue were well worth the mud my veil gathered and the horse sweat on my skirt.

But even in a day well-punctuated with laughter, the crowning joke came from Lady Anne. Our two poor mounts were getting quite weary by this time, so Sir William chivalrously offered to withdraw from Pillage the Village. Lady Anne, in announcing this act, automatically reverted to the slang of the equestrian world and proclaimed that, "Sir William has graciously scratched himself!" The ensuing hilarity left her floundering for words, and in the end, begging Sir William to rescue her. Still laughing, Sir William replied that he was still busy scratching himself - which of course set the rest of the crowd off once more. This was indeed THE joke of the weekend and many references were made to it for the remainder of the event.

In deference to the weariness of the horses, the rest of the games were run on foot...OUR feet, that is. It was fairly late when they were done and time to begin getting ready for the evening. Our labors, combined with the heat of the day, had left us quite, well, stucky - to put it mildly - and led to us rigging up a curtained area under our canopy where we could sponge off with water heated on our stove. Feeling

## Riding Club Gathering, cont.

quite smug and MUCH refreshed afterwards, we didn't mind at all being a bit late to feast. After dinner, we spent a while conversing before playing a game our hosts had planned; we had cards pinned to our backs with the names of famous people from our period on them. We had to ask questions to discover exactly who we were. Most amusing. The rest of the evening passed with conversation, a bit of music and dancing, and still more chatting into the wee hours, until we were in danger of falling asleep where we sat.

It rained toward morning and we woke to clouds and threats of more rain later. In hopes that our things would dry before we packed, we took our time in loading up and had another leisurely breakfast along with the usual Sunday morning gab session seen at most events. We helped our hosts straighten up a bit after our packing was finished and were rewarded with getting to eat lunch with the few folks remaining, more chatter, and - oh yes - getting to look through the pictures of Lady Anne's summer trip to Ireland. Wonderful! At length, we tore ourselves away and wended our (again blessedly uneventful) way home.

It was a lovely, fun, relaxed event. I enjoyed watching the reactions of the large group of non-SCA folk to an event. Most of them knew very little about us but they all seemed to have a great time. I expect to see many of them back again. The event was small - only around thirty people - but that served to create an intimacy that had a definite charm. A few more horses would have helped, of course, but that will hopefully be remedied before the next event, which is scheduled for next spring. I heartily recommend you try to attend.

- Lady Diana Fiona O'Shera

## Graffiti

"The hole's pretty small, but I'll MAKE it fit!" - Scotty  
"Linda said he'd hold your ribs so you can eat them."  
- Lady Teresa

"What's your first ingredient, aspirin or Maalox?" -  
Mistress Lijsbet

"It would be rude to drive a herd of cattle into court..." - Lady Diana

"I've got *real* bad helm problems." - Talyn

"All right!! The smell of wet goat!" - Lord James

"Who is Charles de Joscelyn's mother?" - Lady  
Rachelle

"You know bananas and kiwis aren't period..." -  
Mistress Lijsbet

"Oh, it's *just* a baby." - Lady Rabbit

"There are still five pie-pans who haven't come home to live with their brothers and sisters." - Lady Teresa

"If I'm going to be dying, I don't want to do it with long trailing sleeves!" - Lady Diana

"If you can accept that animals can talk, the rest is a piece of cake!" - Teresa

"I've been in rare form all day!" - Susannah of the Willows  
"All DAY???" - Starski

## Attention All Fighters!!

*The days are getting cooler and the Knights are hot! Turn the heat up on your fighting skills with practice at the Vulpine Reach Fighter Training and Practice Center!*

*Don't let your skills chill over the winter months - come out and play, it'll keep you warm! Contact:*

*Ld. Forddwydd at 624 - 3458*

*or*

*Lord Llywelyn at 825 - 6258*

*Training Center hours: 2pm - ??*

*Sundays, weather permitting*

## Acknowledgements

Special thanks to the contributors to the November issue of *Fox Tales*:

Mistress Lijsbet tjsz van Brugge

Lady Teresa of Vulpine Reach

Baron William Blackfox

"The Old Fox"

Their Royal Majesties, Boru and Caroline

Baroness Genevieve McCullum de Caen

James Acken

Lady Rachelle du Pied Leger

Mistress Aelflaed of Duckford

Lady Egelina Rabbette

Susannah of the Willows

Starski

Meggan of Vulpine Reach

Baintigherna Heather of Loch Maree

Lady Diana Fiona O'Shera

Laird Davoc Walkere

Scotty

Talyn of Vulpine Reach

Lord Forddwydd Meredydd, Esq.

Lord Llywelyn ap Alawn

Malcolm mich Alasdair A'Sinclair

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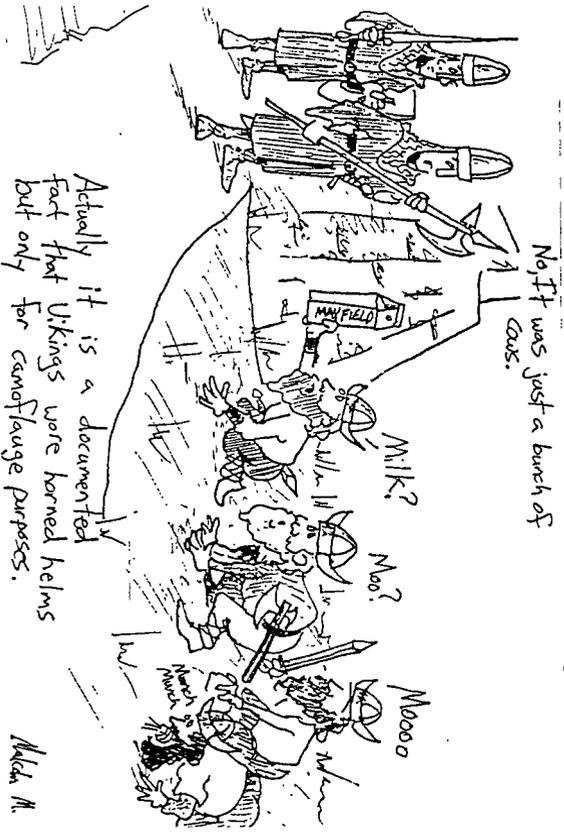
# FOX TALES

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SHIRE OF VULPINE REACH

C/O JIM LONG

1305 LA BREA ROAD

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE 37421



No, it was just a bunch of  
cows.

Milk?

No?

Moooo

Actually it is a documented  
fact that Vikings wore horned helmets  
but only for camouflage purposes.

Mick M.