

# *Fox Tales*

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO ENGRAVE

August 1994

A.S. XXIX

## MERIDIES VICTORIOUS!

Over the weekend of June 25, the border regions between the Middle Kingdom and our land of Meridies became a battleground. Despite a somewhat wet start, the skies dried up for the greater part of the weekend. The only real problem was the considerable heat on Saturday and the thunderstorm that hit around daybreak Sunday.

On Saturday morning, the two armies engaged in battles to secure the frontier. By day's end, the victor of both altercations proved to be Meridies.

In addition to the usual fighting, this year, the hosts included a Royal Round archery tournament at which Vulpine Reach's own Lord James Toxophilus took third place overall. The archery tournament was good for a war-point won by Meridies (cumulative scores from each kingdom determined the winner of the point).

The event also held an arts and sciences competition. However, I never discovered the results.

There were a large assortment of merchants present including many armorers, garb dealers, booksellers, jewelers, and even a purveyor of archery equipment handling a line of English long bows. A person could go to Border Raids with nothing but a moderate amount of cash and bluejeans and come away fully dressed, armed, and equipped for almost anything in way of an event.

Variety is a word that well describes this event; during the early Saturday

hours, the hosts held a running of "sight-hounds"- a method of hunting and sport in the middle ages. After the main battles in the afternoon, there was held a Pennsic Practice Battle that allowed the former combattants of the Middle and Meridies to cooperate and practice working out tactics for the War. At about the same time, a competition was held for thrown weapons: knives, axes, and spears.

Following all the martial exercises, there was a break for dinner and rest before Royal Court for both Kingdoms. Unfortunately, I cannot report on the happenings at court, as I had had as much of the heat as I could take and opted for a dip in the site's pool instead.

Throughout the evening and on into the night, there were parties and revelling galore. Whether with drum, dance, or song, evening passed on to early morning with many old friendships renewed, new acquaintances made, and much happiness shared.

The next day dawned gray with heavy rain and thunder and the sleepy campers tried to preserve what dryness they could as they breakfasted and packed. Some slept on in an attempt to wait out the rain (a vain attempt, as it turned out - it rained all day).

Once more, our two Kingdoms met on the field of battle, emerged friends, and shared many great experiences. Once more, Meridies left the event with another victory over our northern neighbors. Once more, we had a really grand time!

## CALENDAR

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

### AUGUST

- 1 Biz Mtg/Fox Tales Dist.
- 6 **Royal University (Axemoor)**  
Local Archery Practice
- 8 Late Period Costumes Class/Biz Mtg.
- 13 - 21 **Pennsic War XXIII**
- 13 **Beggar's Rebellion (An Dun Thelne)**
- 15 **Viking Costume Class/Fox Tales**  
Deadline
- 20 Local Archery Practice
- 22 Dance Class, Birthday Mtg.
- 27 **Tourney of the Foxes (Vulpine Reach)**
- 29 Post-event trauma (No meeting)

### SEPTEMBER

- 3 **Grifphon's Pleasure (Grifphon's Shadow)**
- 5 **\*\* Labor Day \*\* (No Meeting)**
- 10 **Coronation (Lagerdamm)**
- 12 Biz Mtg/Fox Tales Dist.
- 17 **Tavern Brawl (Rising Stone)**  
Local Archery Practice
- 19 **Dance Class/Birthday Mtg/Fox Tales**  
Deadline
- 24 **Red Tower (S. Downs)**  
**War of the Diamonds (S. Grey Bear)**  
**Feast of the Mad Jailor (Glen Cainail & Salt Keep)**  
**Trollfen Defender (Trollfen)**  
Local Archery Practice
- 26 Prep for Oct. Ren Fest.

Fighter practice is held on Sunday afternoons in Warner Park at 2 p.m. (weather permitting); chapter meetings are at Trinity Lutheran Church at Hlxson 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

8/13 **Beggar's Rebellion** - Camp Arnold, Cullman, AL. (129 mi.) \$13, \$10 daytrip. *Peasant's List (Beggars' weapons), tavern games Friday night, Peasants Vs Nobles Melee, Peasant Games. Supper, Breakfasts provided, Camping Only, discreetly wet site - no original containers.*

8/26 **Tourney of the Foxes** - Camp Kiwanis, Apison, TN. (16 mi.) \$20, \$10 daytrip w/feast. *Six-Man Melee List, Archery Tournament, Brewing & Vinning Contest, Strolling Bard Competition, presentation by the Not Ready for Peagee Players, fighter-feed feast. Cabins, camping, feast, breakfast, pool. Discreetly wet site.*

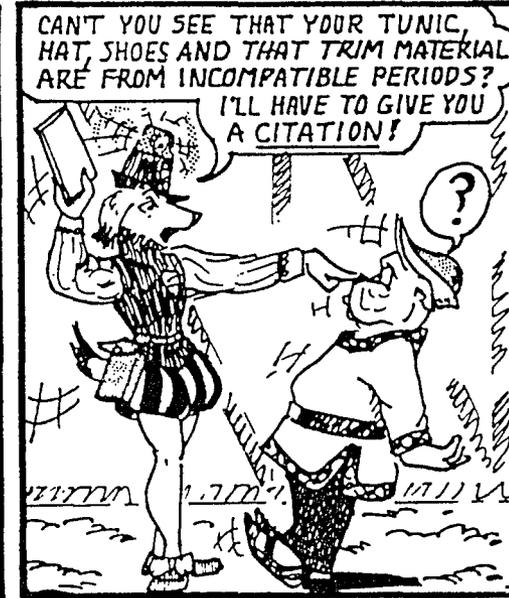
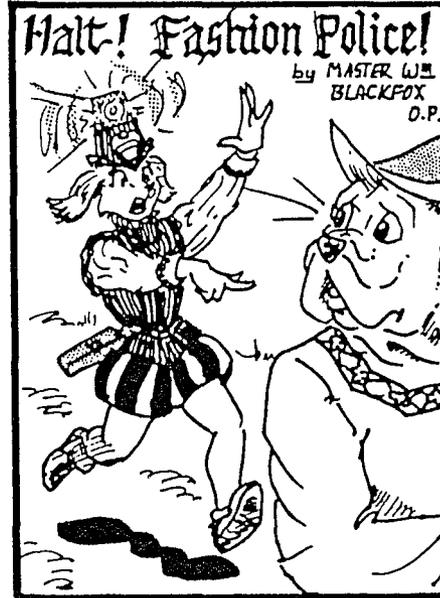
## Regnum

Seneschal	Lady Rachele du Pied Leger <i>Rachel Lightfoot (706) 965 - 7947</i>
Knight Marshall	Lord Forddwydd Meredydd, Esq. <i>Craig Rethwilm (615) 624 - 3458</i>
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Herald	Laird Caillean michAlasdair A'Sinclair <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	Teresa of Vulpine Reach <i>Teresa Mayberry (615) 624 - 5414</i>
Historian	Lady Madelena de Luna <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>
Lore Keeper, Meridian College of Bards	Lady Egelina Rabbette <i>Rabbit Kadrich (615) 877 - 6299</i>

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# Warthaven™



IDEA BY MASTER GILES HILL OF SWEETWATER

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## EVENT STORY CONTEST

Well, here they are! I hope you enjoy the results of our competition. For judging, they will be presented without the name of the author. You are the judges; please give me a piece of paper with the title of your choice marked on it by August 22. All votes will be counted the evening of August 22 and the result announced during feast at Tourney of the Foxes.

- Lord James Toxophilus

### *The Weekend of Border Raids*

My Lady and I did late arrive  
And find a site we did contrive  
For to get some sleep before five  
On the night before Border Raids.

The merchants fair was sparse but good,  
From axes to a lady's snood  
And occasionally really rancid food  
On the morning of Border Raids.

The chirurgion's tent was fully staffed,  
The lights were also promptly gaffed  
And the Royals shone too bright by half  
On the morning of Border Raids.

Archery and contests of bards and science  
Were held by Meridies in harsh defiance  
And Midrealm lost in meek compliance  
On the musical afternoon of Border Raids.

The battle was held by flat of field -  
Midrealm horns had hardly pealed  
When, in charging, their fate was sealed  
In the Battle of Border Raids.

Their right flank charged with alacrity,  
But was halted by the King's decree  
Due to Royal Proximity,  
Alas, the Battle of Border Raids.

Their charge preceded by Bubonic Death,  
Bunnies flew the length and breadth,  
Meridian mettle for to test,  
In the Battle of Border Raids.

Undaunted by the coney-filled skies,  
Meridies advanced with mighty cries -  
The flower of nobility died like flies -  
In the Battle of Border Raids.

Meridies then the attack they pressed.  
A water bearer got an arrow in the chest,  
And was pronounced dead at the Marshal's behest  
In the thirst Battle of Border Raids.

Afterward that night the court was bright  
Because Meridies had won this fight  
And celebrations went long into the night,  
The evening of Border Raids.

Food was ample, the mead it flowed,  
The company good, the beer was cold,  
And by seven, the drums had gotten old,  
The night of Border Raids.

We got home the next afternoon -  
From exhaustion we fair did swoon -  
But to all I now sing this tune,  
Of fond memories of Border Raids!

### *A Sol Haven Adventure*

'Twas late in the evening an' we arrived in Sol Haven and I fatigued from our long journey guiding my grey sunbird chariot (truly tis a strange color for a solar entity) o'er the vast leagues.

My companion for this journey, Lady Egelina Rabbette, had feared that we would find none she knew in this distant canton. But her misgivings were for naught, there being many there she was acquainted with as usual. Baron Duke Sir John the Mad Celt, was on hand for the festivities as were many knights and Their Highnesses, the Prince and Princess, Boru and Caroline and their entourage.

Though we had missed all of the battling save for a few minor skirmishes, we had arrived in time for the Royal Court. There was much good will and good humour displayed there in the open-air hall. Several awards were given and several offices passed on. Most notably the Kingdom Herald announced his elevation to Society Herald.

After the court was concluded, preparations for the coming feast were made with all due haste. There being an unco storm approaching, the feasters gathered their gear as quick as wicks to congregate under the feast hall's covered balcony. And a timely retreat it was; for fast upon the heels of our seclusion came a fierce downpour. I have heard it said that the rain is merely the angels taking a pee. An' this were so, you can be sure twas a mighty draught they drank beforehand. Lightning crashed to the disparate earth with wild abandon and crackling glee. There being shrieks from some of the ladies on hand to accompany the thunder, Lady Rabbette took her wits about her and led mysel' and two other gentles in her famed "Warrior's Cry" to calm the unkeeled lasses.

Soon as the downpour had abated summat in it's fury, the feast began. And a sumptuous feast twas. Of particular favor in this Arabian/Moorish affair, I found kabobs and a strangely wrought vegetable called artichoke. This last was topped with a single poisonous tomato to make this otherwise unlovely plant more colorful and thereby, I suppose, more edible. It took much coaxing from the ladies at my table to get mysel' to partake of 't. Ach y fi, had I misjudged it!

A mind is a terrible thing to close.

Following the feast, I found mysel' flying about

## EVENT STORY CONTEST

### *A Sol Haven Adventure (continued)*

in three different directions like an acrobat somersaulting ass over tit. So it was that in pursuance of the acquaintance of a pleasing lass what caught my eye (sure an ye knew this was comin'!), I rambled forth and back twixt the bardic circle and the revel, seeing and hearing a great many wondrous things. Not least of which being the mingled, matched, and complimentary abilities of a certain noble and gifted Lady Jade (no, she's not the one I was pursuing, I've some dignity) and her Lord (whose name eludes me). Though I am still fair a newcomer to the pageantry of these current middle ages, I have ne'er seen a couple more in one accord. Mark you well, gentles all, that should you encounter them at a future time that you entreat them to perform for you. For Jade's Lord is a well-versed drummer and Jade hersel' a dancer of no mean skill and a body a supple as the mind of Cosimo de Medici. And know you further that Jade is an expressionistic dancer, no mere belly dancer. So I abjure you to keep this well in mind should you ever meet her -- give unto the Lady proper homage.

Also that night I witnessed the dancing skills of the other Arabian women as various knights and musicians drummed out rhythms. Truly it was...enervating, to say the least. And many a wonderful tale was told round the fire that night and sure I am a few trysts consummated also.

### *Not Just Another Horse Show*

I learned as a young filly that humans are peculiar little creatures, but sometimes they are definitely worse than others...

It started out like any other trip: my person hooked up my travelling stall, loaded me up, and off we went with Whistlebritches' person (but not Whistlebritches, unfortunately) and that big guy that hangs out with my person a lot. After a few hours we stopped and settled in at a big field with a number of strange horses and their persons. A horse show, you're thinking. Well, this was by far the weirdest horse show I've ever seen or heard of.

The next morning the fun began. People were bustling every which way getting themselves and their horses fed. My person fed and brushed me and then changed into clothes I'd never seen before. Let me explain why this is unusual: most of what she wears around me is old and smells distinctly of her and me. I like it that way -- proves she's mine. But this stuff was NEW, not a horse's hair on it - for the first 30 seconds. Well, she saddled me up and let me explore for a bit. There were other horses out and about with their persons by that time, and some of them were wearing the strangest outfits! The horses, I mean; humans wear strange clothes all the time. But

these horses were wearing long blankets that hung down to their knees either under or over their saddles. And on a few, the garments continued up over their necks and heads. They didn't seem to mind, but I'd like to see my person try to put something like that on ME! Well, about the time I got myself adjusted to the way my comrades were fluttering in the breeze, the Noise started.

I was quietly -- sort of -- walking around when a human called "lay-on." Not my person and not a command I knew, so I ignored it. Suddenly, it sounded like a foolish yearling was trying to kick its way out of a travelling stall -- just beyond my near shoulder. I glanced that way and backtracked as fast and as far as my person would let me. When she convinced me I couldn't go any further, I stopped to examine the phenomenon. They looked somewhat like humans, but not quite. Their heads (?), arms (?), and legs (?) were shining like a clean bit and they were hitting each other with large sticks. Whuuff. I was not encouraged by this activity, but when they made no move toward me I relaxed a bit...until I realized there were more about and some were moving in my direction. "Easy, girl; it's OK" just doesn't do it when something like THAT is approaching, so I moved off to a safer distance. They moved and stood like humans, but they CLANKED! Yes, clanked with every little movement. Well, despite the unusual and somewhat annoying noise, they did turn out to be harmless -- to horses, at least -- so I finally listened to my person and went on about my business. As the day went on I was so busy I, almost, forgot about them.

Once the games started, I settled down a bit -- here's something I understand. First, a quick run through the poles: no problem, we've done that at home so many times I could probably go through at a canter with my eyes closed. And then the long stick and rings. I used to worry about that piece of wood bobbing along next to my eye, but I'm quite used to it now. That day, I ran as well as ever, but unfortunately my person's coordination was lacking and she was only able to get one of the rings. I was relaxed and enjoying myself by this point and didn't even object when Whistlebritches' person rode me for a bit -- lucky for her. There was a bit of entertainment later during a mind-numbingly dull game which involved cantering in a lot of circles while my person spilled water on my shoulder: one horse decided it had had enough of this treatment and left the ring abruptly, much to his rider's annoyance. But the most fun came at the end of the games; my person took another long stick and walked me toward a pole with a strange contraption at the top. She hit one side, and I nearly jumped out of my shoes when it started to move -- until it hit her in the back. That was fun! On the return, she let me try a bit more

## EVENT STORY CONTEST

### *Not Just Another Horse Show (continued)*

speed, and the stick made a satisfying thump, but the swinging part missed. Oh well. We tried a couple more times and then had to make way for the others. One poor horse was so scared by the noise he jumped sideways and lost his rider. He's obviously never been trail riding in a city.

Well, after a while things started slowing down and we returned to the travelling-stall for unsaddling and my dinner, and then my person left me with a full haynet and went off to do whatever it is that persons do without horses. The next morning everyone dismantled their little person-stalls, loaded horses, and headed for home. All in all it was an interesting and, I suppose, enjoyable trip, but believe me, if your person ever starts talking about something called "Caball Mohr" or an "event" (if you're not into dressage and jumping) start preparing yourself for a highly unusual experience!

### *A Border Raids Tale*

One day not so long ago, there was a great battle between borders. My lord and I were there; my lord volunteered his services for medical help on the battlefield.

Not too dangerous a job, so I thought I would leave him to go about his work. I took my leave to compete in music.

When I returned to see how my lord was doing and if he needed any water, I discovered that he had been killed. I found that while he was carrying water to the Knights and other fighting men and women, he was struck by an arrow that came out of thin air.

I found him with a container of water in each hand and an arrow coming straight out of the center of his chest! However, the most scary thought was that he was still walking around, carrying on normal day activity.

Now, this took me by surprise. An arrow in the chest is sure to kill the most strong-willed of men, yet he was still alive. I was not sorry that he was alive - just a bit surprised. If an arrow in the chest does not kill my lord, then I'm afraid to know what will!

### *"Knock, Knock... Who's There?"*

Events can sometimes be quite exhausting for the gentles hosting them...just ask the old-timers in the shire! It is for this reason that most event sites have areas designated as "quiet" areas and others as "party" zones. Sometimes, though, those areas get confused in direct proportion with the amount of alcohol consumed by the partiers....

I and a friend were working an event several years ago at a site that used the plank-walled cabins so common in our kingdom. As is usually the case for the working stiffs, she and I were dog tired early

on and, after putting in an appearance at the revel, went back to our "quiet" cabin for some rest.

Several cabins away, the beer was flowing like water and fighter and nonfighter alike drank deeply. Most people get a little noisy when they've had a few, and these gentles were no exception. For some reason, the party migrated from their area to the yard near our cabin, but being responsible folks, they toned it down to a low roar.

I did wake up momentarily when one of the party laughed and was shushed by several of the others, with them remarking that they were now by a quiet cabin. Presently, I dozed back off.

The doze was short-lived as I heard a loud BANG! BANG! BANG! on the wall of the cabin that sounded like it came from right beside my ear. Okay, I'm awake! The party outside was unusually quiet now, having obviously bumped into the cabin wall or something. I did hear one lord walking around the back of the cabin for some reason (I suspected him of rapping the wall with a stick out of humor and drink).

Eventually, I dozed back off. Naturally, the party went on. Again, there came a BANG! BANG! BANG! on the wall. This time, I wanted to take action; I went out to the party and gently asked them to hold down the noise. They apologized and said they'd move back to the other cabin. At that point, a large burly lord came from behind the cabin and I knew from his voice that he was the one who circled the cabin before. He came over to me and said he'd heard someone hit the wall of the cabin before and tried to see who it was and ask them to stop.

I was confused. They hadn't done it, they didn't know who had and were almost as confused as I.

The next morning, after an uninterrupted sleep, I related the story to my friend over breakfast. To my surprise, she began to blush deeply. Apparently, when she was living at home, her sister played music at all hours of the night in her room next door and my friend had gotten into the habit of slapping the wall to get her to turn it down. The banging had come from INSIDE the cabin...and only a couple of feet higher than my ears!

### *The Victory of the Silver Tyger*

From far and distant homes had we gathered for honor and glory. The English still smarting from their defeat in the marshes of Bannockburn had come for revenge. Thus the bonny lads and highland clans had gathered to blunt the English purpose and make complete their defeat once again. The English ever contentious could not even join the battle without quarreling amongst themselves. "Who would be our leader?" cried their massed soldiers. Many banners raised questing the honor and attendant glory of leadership. Unable to decide the matter by peaceable means, repaired they to do war upon themselves. Not

## EVENT STORY CONTEST

### *The Victory of the Silver Tyger (continued)*

understanding these English, but our humor heightened sat we by to watch with great merriment the proceedings. Throughout the morn did they contend until in the end it would be a Frenchman who would claim the honor.

Being in all things honourable, and by the laws of the clans, our captain met theirs in single combat. Fie tho' fickle fait should frown such on our honored leader that he must fall. Certain, that 'twould require a Frenchman to beat the clans for the English in their cowardice could fare no better than did they at Bannockburn. With sorrow heavy on our hearts did we depart, giving the Frenchman the victory, to carry the body of Sir Robert home to kith and kin. Woe that the English dogs woule e'en then fall upon us, to deny us our fallen captain, and perform some evil 'pon his body. E'en in sorrowful disarray, did we stand to defend our own though the hour bleak, and ravens clouded the skies. In our darkest, a single shaft of heavenly light did descend to lie with gentle caress upon the bier. Heaven be praised, Sir Robert doth rise, with maile'd hand grasps he his ruddy standard. Its silvered tiger balefully challenges the enemy. The wind of battle has changed, and the ravens crow for English eyes. To field, to bridge, to ford again, push the English send them cringing doglike in their fear to run yapping back to their masters. Keep they to their pigstye lands of the south. For denied they be of these fair glenns.

## ASK OLD FOX

Dear Old Fox,

What roll did mercenaries play, especially in the 1300's - 1500's and how do they fit in the Society? Do they swear allegiance? Can they sell their services?

Bran something or other

Dear Bran something or other,

*They played Rock and Roll, of course! Well, if they had had it, they would have. As wars expanded from frontier raids to major conquest across Europe (or where ever), the kings and rulers had to have an army that could stay away for extreme periods of time without depopulating the land they ruled. To fill this void came the mercenaries. They were mostly despised and hated, but still needed, even by the more noble monarchs. Most were loyal as long as the pay was steady. As the years went by, mercenaries formed their own armies or units and travelled Europe in search of decent pay.*

*As for the Society, swearing allegiance is up to you. Most wars available to you are local baronial skirmishes, so fealty never enters into it. But when the interkingdom wars do come along, you may pass*

*up good pay if you have sworn fealty and stand by it.*

*As for pay, YES!!! I have known of many deals where the merc's receive beer, food, beer, trinkets, beer, and sometimes more beer. Most mercenaries in the SCA have formed households, so ask for one to gain more info or to solicit your services.*

*Yours for pay and beer,  
The Old Fox*

**Old Fox Quiz Question for August: What are the differences between beer & brewing in medieval times and today?**

**Last Month's Question:** "In the Middle Ages, people were decreed as 'outlawed' or 'outlaws.' The term has lived on thru the years and we still use it today. What did it used to mean?"

**Answer:** "There were two types of law in Medieval England: the law of the forest which protected the King's lands and the judicial law of the court. The laws enforced by the foresters limited the amount of land a person could farm or develop and protected the wildlife so that none could hunt without express permission. The laws of the town or court laws dealt with governing people.

"If you were to break either type of law, a court may be convened. The foresters were allowed to dispense justice at the same time the criminals were apprehended; the city courts would hold trials with the reigning noble or his designated justice-in-charge. If you were charged in the court, your name would be called through the town to appear. If you did not show up. You would still be sentenced but if you were not there to take your sentence, you might be declared "outside of the law." This would mean that you no longer lived under the protection of the King's law.

"As a person who was "outside of the law" you are now considered an inconvenience to the populace and a price is placed on your head. The usual compensation for the dead body of an outlaw was the same as the price of a wolf's head, for each are considered to be equally unwanted scavengers on the goods of the town. Unless you receive a King's special grant of forgiveness, you are an outlaw until you die."

*- Lady Egelina Rabbette*

(Source: Outlaws of the Middle Ages, A great book that also discusses several famous outlaws and cites court records from the period.)

### NOTICE!!

Tourney of the Foxes is August 26-28. If you wish to be reimbursed for legitimate expenses related to the event, you MUST submit your receipts to Teresa Mayberry NO LATER THAN Monday, September 19. Thank you.

*Office of the Reeve*

## A 12th Century Passage of Arms

The idea behind this event is a twelfth century tournament, with all the pageantry, chivalry, glory, and joy of combat that can be engendered in an SCA event. In the standard tournament, combat is "to the death." In the middle ages though, the idea was not to kill everybody else, but to win the day, show off for the ladies, and to throw a party.

On Friday night and again on Saturday morning, the formal challenges will be read and posted outside the hall. The champions issuing the challenges ideally would be the King's and Queen's champions respectively. In the early spring, the King's champion will be Sir Robert Glendon of Auk and the Queen's champion will be Ragnar, Baron of Axemoor. Sir Robert has expressed interest in coming already. Once the formal challenges have been read on Saturday morning, the respondents to the challenges will gather on the field. With as much ceremony as can be managed, the tournament is then opened and the combatants enjoined that victory under SCA rules does not necessarily guarantee victory in the tournament.

The two champions take their places in two rings, each ready to meet any challenger with whatever weapon chosen by the challenger. Facing the gallery, where sit the ladies gathered to judge the tournament, is a shield-tree with two shields. Two challengers approach the shield-tree and challenge their chosen opponent by striking the shield for that champion with either the butt end of their weapon or the cutting end. Striking with the butt indicates a combat fought for "the Joy of Combat"- a fight for glory and honor. Striking with the cutting edge indicates a combat fought "to the death." If the combat to the death is accepted, the loser is "dead" and may not fight any more during the tournament. The champion may refuse a challenge to the death, but must yield his place as champion to the challenger. Combat will proceed in this fashion for a specified duration of time. At that time, the ladies will choose two champions from all the fighters present. They will be chosen not for the number of bouts they have won, nor for the great skill at arms they have displayed, but for honor, chivalry, display, eloquence of challenges, etc.... The two champions thus chosen will fight a standard SCA best-two-out-of-three final round to determine the champion of the day. I recommend a break for lunch at this point. After lunch, the two champions lead the rest of the fighters - even those that "died" earlier in the day - in a grand melee. The fighters may choose who they wish to fight for, excepting that the ladies and marshalette will move fighters to balance the two sides. Once the two sides are chosen, the sides engage in a melee to the last man. Note: in the melee, there is no striking or death from behind.

After the melee, the slain combatant must yield up a ransom item to the fighter that killed them. Everyone has a reasonable chance of taking home ransoms from slain foes. I know this sounds complicated, but it is actually harder to explain than it is to do.

In addition to the martial activities of the day, I would recommend arts and sciences competitions with an emphasis on beauty and chivalry, archery competitions, and perhaps rounds of medieval games like bells and pillows, etc.... As I said, the idea is to promote chivalry, honor, the joy of combat, and period display. This event would be an ambitious undertaking, but one that I think we are up to. I have mentioned the idea for this event to several fighters and ladies and have gotten an overwhelming show of interest. - Laird Calen mich Alasdair A'Sinclair

## Announcements!!!

### From Mistress Lijsbeth:

I would like to run a small contest; I haven't chosen the prize yet, but it won't be anything huge like a sword! The contest will be to name my new office (*new office, Mistress Lijsbeth? Tell us more!!*). I will be the contact person for scheduling all demos. NOTE: I WILL NOT BE THE DEMO-CRAT, as I do not intend to run each and every demo we do! I figure we need someone to handle any media inquiries and to schedule our demos.

Anyway, get those entries in, and I'll choose a winner three months after its publication or maybe later, depending on how many entries we have come in. Think hard and enter soon!!

### From the Feastcrats of Foxes:

Please bring ice cream makers for us to use to make our Strawberry Ice for feast.

Also, save plastic squeeze soap bottles and dish detergent bottles for us! Thank you!

### Bio: Llywelyn ap Alawm

Ahhh, so you finally made it. Good day to ya, now, and every day. What? My story? Come now, surely ye good lads would rather hear of Math and Gwydion, Wales' greatest enchanters. What? What do ye mean, you've heard it too many times? Okay, okay. Ye win - just be quiet now, it takes an old man a pace or two to remember that far back.

It was early spring and the Saxon kings were once again trying to gain domination in Wales. Friends and I had lots of practice with our bows that spring, if ye get my meaning. The Welsh Princes were safe in the interior, while they bickered over who would lead us against the Saxons.

Our Lord was a Baron, and I guess he became greedy. He made a deal with the Saxons, the filthy scum. A trusting young lady, oh what a beauty she was, got word to us that he was allowing the Saxon

## Bio (continued)

army safe passage.

To make a long story short, we sent word to the Princes and kept watch upon our lord. We caught him one evening meeting with the Saxon scouts and so we attacked. We even had the upper hand until more Saxons showed up. We thought that our good Baron was dead, but unfortunately was only knocked stupid - or is it more stupid?

Somehow, in the weeks that passed, he managed to save his skin and title. He knew who we were and decreed us outlaw. So, when I became more valuable dead, I left.

It was near the end of summer when I found myself in Drachenwald. I spent some time there as a mercenary and just travelled around. It was the next fall when I found myself near the coast and the smoke from a burning village caught my interest. Norsemen were raiding. They seemed a fair bunch, for Vikings, so I asked for a lift to the next port.

Actually, I found myself rowing all the winter. God, I never thought a body could be in such pain. Now I know why Norsemen are so cranky. If ye spent all your spare time pulling a big stick back and forth, ye'd go berserk as soon as yer feet hit the ground, too!

I found myself still with them that summer and even became their champion. They kept telling me they were bringing the torch of civilization to the rest of the world. And so as their champion, they gave me this huge torch that never went out, and said I should carry it. I still think I was suckered into that.

And so that summer, I carried this torch into every city and port we went. Now I want ye to understand, it's not that I *meant* to burn down every city, but it's extremely hard to get into a pub carrying this big torch, so I would lean it against the wall outside or set it in some nearby building out of the way (usually a church; nobody notices another torch or candle in a church - or so I thought). Now, I ask you: was it my fault all these places were made of wood? They acted like I meant to burn'em to the ground.

To say the least, we got chased out of a lot of cities.

Eventually, we came back to their home, a port here in Meridies. I stayed there about a year before I decided to move inland.

I found myself in Thor's Mountain. Again, Norse everywhere, but whatever ye say, they do revel well. I did find there a countryman and a knight also the best brewer anywhere, God what beer, and what a wife - she brews wine. Another semi-kinsman was this Irishman and a knight. After a time he asked me to be his squire.

I spent a quiet few seasons there, until my knight went on some holy quest up north. For some odd

reason, he believed his quest should be solo, so he broke up the household and we all went our separate ways.

And so I ended up here in Vulpine Reach, doing odd jobs and mercenary work. Well, ye know the rest, so lets be off now. And I expect ye back at the same time for another story, and don't be late or I'll start without ye! - Lord Llywelyn ap Alawm, Esq.

## Event: Border Raids

The war trumpet calls us forth to defend our lands and hearths in His Majesty's name. Thus we gather in the sheltering gloom of the north Meridian forests. Array of war and death but tonight we revel in the company of countrymen. Welcome to Border Raids, the friendliest war in all the known world. In companionable friendship we greet our friends and neighbors to the north, the war but an excuse to gather, for once and only once each year do we meet thus. Seeing friends from Glynn Rhe, I encamp with them and settle down for a quiet evening of tales and warm friendship.

The dawn brings with it the promise of a glorious day, fleecy white clouds race across the bright blue sky and the sound of morning birds. By and by stirring from round about speak of waking friends, and this day foes alike. Over a liesurely breaking of our fast, swords are taped and shield rims mended. Preparing for the violence of later in the day. In time comes the call to arm and report to the field for battle. Oh, the grace of kings and princes that do grace the field, but outshown as is a candle by the sun by the queens and princesses and noble ladies of lands diverse. The rules of engagement agreed upon, we repair to the shade to make final dreadful preparation. Spear in hand I take my place, amidst the main body, the flowering nobility and grace that is Meridies.

In the opening moments of the battle, great evil near befalls as combatants do nearly spill into the safe havens of the queens. Fair honor and chivalry both contending sides do set aside their dispute and move away from the ladies to renew their conflict where innocents will not be harmed. Acharge by the enemy shatters the middle of our shield wall and I am forced to give ground ere I be slain. The reserves flow as water into the breach. With spear, glaive, sword and shield, the enemy is stopped, nay, pushed back, then shattered like glass upon the rocks and bristling spears of Meridies. My unit gone, I find myself alongside his grace Duke John the Bearkiller. My spear runs red with Midrealm blood as stragglers fall. Some way off I see His Highness sore beset by enemy troops. Adding my spear to theirs, we do good service and the Prince will not fall this day.

More battles follow, the novices of both realms doing war upon each other and bridges to contend.

As the phoenix rose from the ashes,  
so Camp Kiwanis has arisen from the mud...

## Tourney of the Foxes

August 26-28, Camp Kiwanis, Chattanooga TN

Yes, it's true-Camp Kiwanis (the hall, cabins, pool, showers) has been completely renovated! And just in time for Tourney of the Foxes to return to our traditional site. The camp has 130 beds and unlimited camping (no parking on the grass, no fires, no pets), bathrooms in the cabins, newly renovated shower houses, lots of shade and a wonderful pool. Site is discreetly wet-no original containers. Bring electric fans, it's HOT in August! Site opens at 5 pm Friday.

Our tournament is a 6-man melee team tourney. Fighting will begin at 10 am. Other contests include our outstanding Archery competition, famous Brewing and Vintning competition, Soon-to-be-Famous Strolling Bard contest (whoever collects the most bard tokens from the crowd wins), and a special period drawing and painting contest sponsored by Mistress Lijsbeth, who is offering great prizes. Also a banner contest in the hall and a mundania covers contest, to be judged on the field. We plan to have excellent Gosling activities all day. The feast will be a "fighter feed" presented by Lady Julia of the Flowers and Teresa of Vulpine Reach. These ladies are excellent cooks-come prepared to eat. Feast attendance is NOT limited. The Not-Ready-for-Peerage Players will present an original drama after the feast.

**Cost:** Price changes due to SCA BoD Action! Member prices have NOT changed. \$9 for daytrips, \$18 for the weekend until August 1. After August 1 and at the door, daytrips with feast are \$11, daytrips without feast are \$9, and the weekend is \$21. \$3 off with proof of membership. Children: 7-12 are half their parents' rate, 6 and under free. No family pays more than 3 adult entry fees.

**Mail all reservations to:** Leslie J. Dulin, 2641 Kell Rd., Signal Mtn., TN 37377 No calls, please. Refer all questions to autocrat. Make checks payable to SCA Inc./ Shire of Vulpine Reach. No counter checks will be accepted, period. Send SASPostcard for proof of receipt/bed space. Plenty of bed space is ALWAYS available at the door. Handicapped accessible beds available by prior written reservation. No reservations taken by phone.

**Autocrat:** Lord Dorin Schwartzmitt, David Holmes, Rt. 2, Box 245 Cloud Rd., Trenton, GA 30752; (706) 657-7410 Absolutely no calls after 11 pm EDT. Address all feast inquiries to autocrat. All calls will be returned Collect.

**Directions:** Take your best route to I-75 north of Chattanooga. Take the EAST East Brainerd Rd. exit, Exit No. 3A. The site is 15 miles from I-75. Follow East Brainerd Rd. 11.3 miles until it ends just past a railroad overpass. Turn right on Apison Pike. Go 1.7 miles. Turn left at Howardsville Rd. Go 1.8 miles. Site is on the right. Site hall phone # is (615) 236-4352. Site opens at 5 pm Friday. Please do not arrive earlier than 5 pm.

*Vulpine Reach members can arrive after 2pm.*

### Border Raids, cont.

Much honor and good chivalry is done by both sides this day. Proud I am to be a Meridian and glad am I to have such friends to the north.

The evening twilight and the business of the realms done, one may roam from revel to revel and find entertainment to suit any taste. Songs, tales and jongleurs, dancers from the far east, drink and food in much abundance, wrapped and served in warmth and friendship. I am told that there were competitions for artisans and archers, but I did not see these things and may not report what I did not witness. If Border Raids is not on your event schedule, whether a fighter you be or not, when next the trumpet sounds calling us northward once again, come and ride with me in friendship shall we go to war.

- Laird Caitlen  
much Alasdair A'Sinclair

### Acknowledgements

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Baron William Blackfox, all entrants to the Event Story Contest, The Old Fox, Bran Ab Buchanan, Lady Egelina Rabbette, Teresa of Vulpine Reach, Laird Caitlen mich Alasdair A'Sinclair, Mistress Lijsbeth tisz van Brugge, Lady Julia of the Flowers, Lord Lywelyn ap Alawrn, and Lady Lora Greymane.

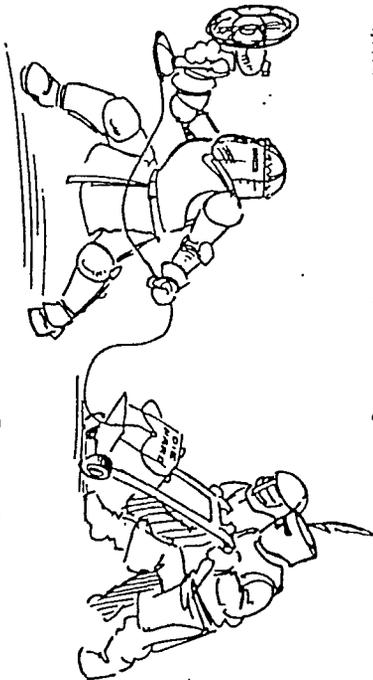
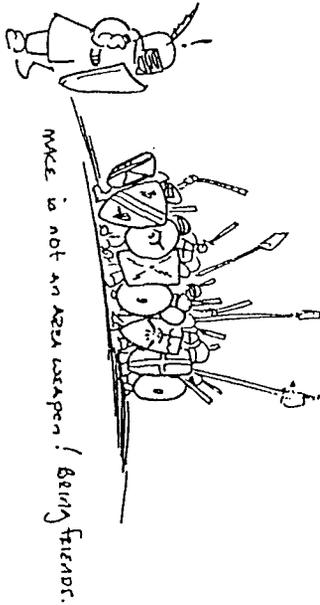
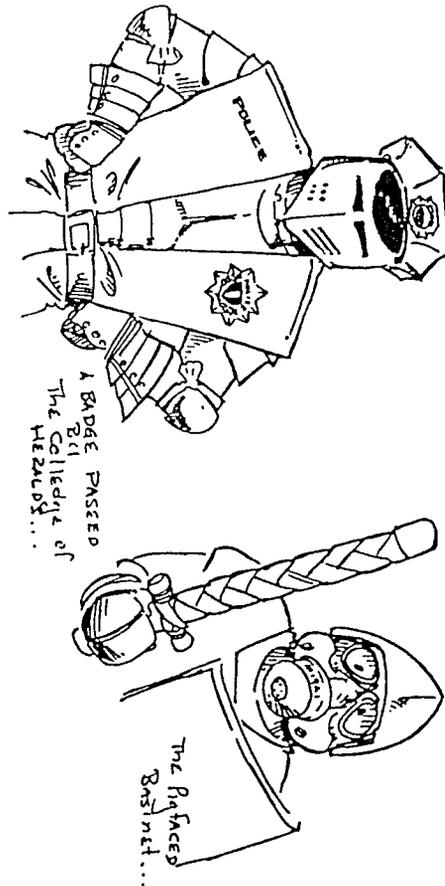
Speaking of Lady Lora, it is my sad duty to report to the shire of Vulpine Reach that she will be moving to State College, Pennsylvania, to pursue a Master's degree in forestry at Penn State.

I personally shall miss her very much and wish her all the best in her studies, as I am sure we all do.

- Lord James Foxophilus

## COUNTERMEASURES FOR USE OF MACE WITHIN

### THE SOCIETY by Bran Ab Buchanan



# FOX TALES

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SHIRE OF VULPINE REACH

C/O JIM LONG

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