

The Adrian Herald

November 1998

GREETINGS!

It gives Us great pleasure to announce the following: The Adrian Empire, Incorporated, has been granted tax-exempt status under Section 501(c)(3) of the Tax Code, retroactive to February 1992! A huge Vivat to His Imperial Highness Sir Nikolai for his continuing work on this project.

We also have more good news: Here we grow again! We have granted charters for three new Shires. The area known mundanely as Chicago/Milwaukee will be known as Galanche Dragun. Dame Brigid and Ferghus MacCarell will be Our Vicereine and Viceroy. Our new Shire in Colorado is known as Ekaterinegorod. Lord Jonathon Aylward and Lady Meghan MacLeod are Our Viceroy and Vicereine. It is Our understanding that the good Lord and Lady are sick unto death and may have to hand over power to some of their Russian/Slavic friends. Stay tuned . . .

We also have a new Shire in Eastern Oklahoma. Justin Rogers will head Aloria. Congratulations and Vivat to our newest Shires!

Our reign is now at an end. Give your full support and enthusiasm as Their Imperial Highnesses take up the mantle of leadership. Long may they reign! Let's look forward to another great year in our fair lands of Adria. Again, it has been a pleasure to serve you.

Yours in Service to the Good,
Dame Katherine Marshal of London
Basiliea

Sir Robert Lord Jehan Alexandre Chrystosom Antoine Michel de Saint Albain-
Annecy von Hapsburg
Basileus

GREETINGS UNTO THE POPULACE OF THE EMPIRE

From the Crown Prince and Princess of Adria:

We have let the submission deadline slip, so I am afraid this will be brief. Both the Princess and I are very busy setting up the new government. We cannot give out enough thanks to the diligence of both ours and the current Imperial Ministers. They are making this a very smooth transition. Our goal is to suffer no disruption in service to you, the populace of this great empire.

Coronation draws near and in truth will have happened by the time you read this. We thank everyone who is making the trip out, and pray you will have enjoyed yourself. The stage is set and all is in readiness. So we look forward to seeing everyone.

Some words about the coming reign. Dame Katayana and I are of one mind when it comes to this topic: The independence of the surrounding areas. We feel that it is the job of the Empire to provide the regions with the tools they need to succeed on their own. We will encourage each region to manage it's own affairs, and settle disputes internally. We do NOT believe in micro managing the different regions. If we are required to get involved in a regions internal affairs, rest assured, our Justice shall be swift and severe. 'Nuf said on that.

Looking to the Future, we are excited about putting forth the first ever budget to the Imperial Estates. In the past, spending was always done as needed and we asked for approval after the fact. Dame Katayana, Myself, Sir Nikoli and the Imperial Steward, Dame Kitara examined our spending habits, looked forward to what we needed to do this year, and developed a

planned budget for the expenses of the Empire. This itemized budget will be submitted to the Estates for approval. It is my hope that this practice will a) streamline the spending process b) provide better controls for spending c) allow the Estates to better see were the money is going. The next step will be to develop a more in depth General Ledger.

Finally, I requested via telephone, that all the Crowns of the different regions please send unto me a mailing list of all your estate holders. This was because we plan on using this list to mail out any Imperial Writs or important notices to all estate holders in the empire. I requested this information of the Crowns shortly after the Imperial War and asked if they would please get that info to me by the end of October. As of this writing, only the Duchy of Araga will ask again, of all the Crown mailing list of your local estate: it to:

Sir Stefan Belski

On a personal note: As many c know, Dame Katayana is now 1 with child (Knight Preggers, Th She is doing quite well and we both appreciate all the well wishes and gifts from all of you. Thank you again for your kind thoughts in this time of joy for both my wife and myself.

In Service to the Dream
Sir Stefan Belski
Crown Prince of Adria



Annelynnerose

Greetings Unto The Populace of The Empire

Annelynnerose has undergone many changes since our last posting. I apologize for no entry last month but all of us had computer problems. First we attended the East Coast Imperial War and had great fun. We were granted our petition for Duchy and that helped us fulfill a great dream. It is with great pleasure that I announce that Andru and I, Shelaine Dane, were coronated as the First Duc and Duchess of Annelynnerose. It was a weekend filled with many things and the completion of another dream of HRG Andru and I, we were also Knighted, his in combat and ministry and mine in ministry. We met many people from the East Coast groups had a great time made many friends and bonds.

We would like to extend congratulations to all that were Knighted and Coronated that weekend. And Thank You to Alric, Morgan, Lothar, and Colette for attending the war with us.

HRG Sir Andru and I would also like to thank Sir Nikolai for doing our Knighting ceremonies and our coronations. We would also like to thank Sir Caliban and Sir Traxx for their blessings. And a big thanks to Sir Temjur for the part he played in it all. And vivats go out to Dragons Mist for all of their help and support that weekend as well.

HRG Sir Andru would also like to extend congratulations out to Squire Takeda for being the first and only person so far to be able to pin him in a wrestling match.... Vivat!

We would also like to extend congratulations to Sir John on his Knighting, it was great fun meeting you at Imperial War and you will not soon be forgotten.

Our Duchy here is undergoing many growing pains but we are dealing with them and having fun. We will be going to Oklahoma on October 31 to help the new Shire there with their first crown event and have a masquerade ball that night as well. We are also having a Turkey War on November 21 it will be hosted by Isenwold down in Springfield and our Duchy and the Shire from

Oklahoma will be there as well. We also have a group of Scots that we have made friend with from Tulsa Oklahoma that will be there and they are talking of starting a shire as well.... Vivat on growth in the Middle of the Empire.

The Duc and I would like to extend a heart felt wish to our populace for all we have done to achieve Duchy and to let them know how much we appreciate all of their hard work and to let them know we have great things planned for the future.

We would also like to thank The Imperial Thrones for all of their assistance and faith in us this year, even though in the past we had felt forgotten we are glad to know we were not.

In Service to the Empire, Annelynnerose and The DREAM
HRG Dame Shelaine Dane
First Duchess of Annelynnerose
Incoming East Coast Imperial Steward
Chronicler
Babe Hoarde.... LONG LIVE THE HOARDE

Aragon

Greetings unto the Populace,

Our heartiest thanks to all those who worked so hard to make the Age of Chivalry Renaissance Faire a huge success for the Duchy. Vivat! Once again Aragon shines, a great encampment, good fighting, archery for the masses, a lot of information passed unto the Public (Medieval times in general, Aragon in particular), fun, friendship (new and old), and superb effort by the beer meisters to keep the brews flowing (no final figure as of Oct. 20).

Our further thanks to our guests from far off Terra Neuve (nice scar Your Majesty), Esperance and Umbria added to the fun and joy of the weekend with their work, fellowship and grand senses of humor.

We hope everyone had some fun in the midst of all the work. To thank all those who contributed is to thank all that attended and here we so do. Many thanks!

In Service the Dream,
Lord and Lady Protector of Aragon,
Earl Sir Winfred and Comtessa Lady Dame Anginette

Ekaterinegorod

Greetings unto the far-reaching lands of the Adrian Empire!

The Viceroy's of the newly founded Shire of Ekaterinegorod wish to announce their safe passage through the straits of Constantinople, and their arrival along the shores of the Inland Sea, not far from the mouths of the Danube. We have established a Canton, Jehannesberg, in the city closest to our harbor. As time marches on, we shall establish other Cantons in the Cities in the region of our Shire, as granted to us by Their Imperial Majesties of the Great Adrian Empire. In this land of strange tongues and stranger alphabets, we are learning the language and cultures of the natives, who seem to be friendly and easily converted.

We have decided to allow for independence of groups within the Shire. As such, we are building with Cantons within the Shire, since travel time within the Shire can vary greatly, depending on the season...what is a mere half-hour drive in good weather, can be impassable at times in the winter. Our current coverage area extends along the I-25 corridor from Colorado Springs in the center, to Pueblo in the south, and Boulder in the north... We have groups interested in each Metro area, and we're looking forward to setting up events in the near future. In the mean time, the

Canton of Jehannesberg, Shire of Ekaterinegorod meets every Saturday noon at Acacia (corner of Plat Tejon) in Colorado Springs, CO, when the expected Daytime High will be above 60 degrees... We are working on finding an indoor arena for cooler weather.

Just a note for posterity on our naming... We chose the area of the name we did, based on current population of the Empire... If

occurred to us that there seemed to be a LOT of Celts (Mc-anythings) and Poles (the Belskis) on the West Coast, and there are two Duchies ruled by Il-Khan's on the east coast...as well as a Golden Horde somewhere east of here, to boot. The region covering Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Russia, Byelorussia, Ukraine, Moldova, Bulgaria, Hungary, Constantinople, and Turkey seemed to be a "band" of the globe that was underrepresented by the personae of the Empire... Yet, there also seemed to be a lot of Gypsies running around, who now have a "homeland", so to speak... In our research, we have also discovered that the Black Sea was an early haven of Berber Pira...I mean...Corsairs... In line with all this information, you will probably be seeing the "death" of Jonathon and Constance sometime in the near future, to be reborn as "natives".

Finally, the Shire of Ekaterinegorod wishes to announce the First Annual Endurance Tourney. It will be held sometime next summer (Firm Date TBA) on the top of 14,110' Pikes Peak, which should be a balmy 40-50 degrees. You bring the weapons, we'll supply the Oxygen. Fight until you literally can't stand anymore...we dare you.

In conjunction with the Endurance Tourney, we will be holding a Masterworks Tourney at a mere 6500'. The Stated goal of the Masterworks Tourney is to advance the "state of the art" (as it were) in our Arts and Sciences. This is the Tourney where we want to see the Best of the Best and the Hardest of the Hard. We hope to offer prizes for both tourneys commensurate with our relatively remote location as enticement for participation.

In Service,
Viceroy Lord Jonathon Aylward, Street Preacher of York,
bristolcer3@geocities.com

Viceroy Lady Meghan Macleod,
meghanmcl@geocities.com
Shire of Ekaterinegorod,
ekaterinegorod@usa.net

Attention Populace!

Come visit our web site at
adrianempire.nu

From Esperance

Greeting from Esperance. The September event was quite a little event. To start it off, Sire Jestar of the H.M.S. Hedgehog was knighted in ministry, and took a new name, that of Sir Robert de La Fonteyne. Also Sir James of Bloodstone took a new squire, Justin.

On the battlefield, Squire Fox won Shinai, and his majesty Sir Galadon took steel, again. The Deputy Chronicler, Jamie the Red, who needed the win to get his knighthood in combat, won the Renaissance weapons list. He was knighted then and there on the battlefield, and became the third knight and first knight combatant of the H.M.S. Hedgehog. The arts were also won by a crewmember, Dame Maedb won with her saffron custard.

After the normal event, Lord and Lady de Como sponsored the Chocolate War, between the Soft Centers and the Nuts and Chews. The combat was won by the soft centers, with the best death award won by Sir Galadon for a most inspired death in combat.

The Esperance crown war is next month, and the normal event is pushed back a week to accommodate this.

Yours in service to the Empire,
Sir Kirigi

FIGHTER PRACTICE IN Esperance

Are you feeling restless?
Are you feeling bored?
Is it Wednesday night?
Come to Mile Square Park
COMBAT PRACTICE
Starts at 7:00pm

Bring your gear with you
your problems at home
Brookhurst side of Mile Square
Fountain Valley Turnpike
Heil or where it says
Drive in and left and
You can't miss us near
parking lot! Bring a

For more information
rabbitt@deltanet.com

Minister of Rolls of Esperance

Unto each and every one of you I send my warmest regards. It's fall, and the leaves do turn the most amazing hues. With a cool breeze flowing through my castle window, I peer out and reflect on the past year. I've seen friends Knighted, I've danced with Queens, I've been murdered at a ball, and have myself become a Lord and Squire.

Through it all I see a common thread. Friends. Friends that are getting along, and friends that are falling in love, and yes, friends that forget their friendships. It's been an eventful year, and even with the occasional problem, not a year I would give up for anything.

I would like to take a moment to thank Their Most Royal Majesties, HRM Sir Galadon Pendragon and HRM Dame Roselyn Pendragon, for offering unto me the chance to serve my Kingdom as the Royal Minister of Rolls. I have learned a great deal about politics, about the laws of our land, about service, and about the people of Esperance. It has been my utmost pleasure to serve my countrymen, and I look forward to continuing my service in one capacity or another. May Their Majesties find all their wishes fulfilled.

My wishes for dry homes and warm hearths unto you all as the leaves fall from the trees and the cold winds start to blow.

Lord Captain Squire Rabbit

Isenwold

Scottish Games in Tulsa, OK. Success for All!

September 18-20 was a fun filled weekend for all that participated in the Clan McCalpin's first (and hopefully) annual performance at the Empire Pub located on Cherry St. in the entertainment district in Tulsa. The theme for the weekend was the Annual Scottish Highland Games, held at Chandler Park in Tulsa, OK. The "Clan McCalpin" invited members from the Adrian Empire to assist them in a "real" performance. Even though the majority of the populace from Isenwold and Annelynnerose were not able to attend, seven brave individuals traveled to the "OK State" to help our friends in arms. After arriving later than expected (make a right, not a left Kazimir...) the McCalpins instructed the Adrians of their role for the weekend event. The Adrians would portray the English and would stir up some trouble when they were to enter the Empire Pub. There would be bag piping and Scottish "illegal" tunes being played, and the English at the time would call these treasonable offenses. A confrontation would occur, and swords would be drawn. From this point, a high noble would step in to soothe the fighters (as would many armed Scots, who would surround the English) and ask if there could be an exception for the evening, and ales would be purchased for the English soldiers. Since the English would be highly outnumbered, they would agree with some grumbling. That's how it was supposed to go...

Since the Adrians had shown up later than expected, two of three pipers had already left the Empire Pub, and there were numerous patrons milling about, some in highland garb even. When the "English" showed up, there were quite a few stares. Armed with swords and pikestaves, our small regiment was looking fierce. A confrontation did ensue, and names were called. Shoving proceeded on both sides and suddenly swords were drawn. At this point, a large brute named "Ogre" from the Clan McCalpin casually put his overly large hand on Kazimir's shoulder and a dirk at his throat. But to the surprise of all the performers, a patron grabbed Kazimir's sword arm and declared, "Hey! There's no sword fighting allowed in here!" in a half slurred voice. Well, what is one to

do? Cpt. Thomas of the McCalpin just shrugged, and rolled his eyes at the situation. Luckily, this patron's friend explained it was a performance, and to let go, quickly. Well, the noble stepped in, calmed the boys down and ales were bought for everyone. The evening continued with impromptu brawls in the street between "Ogre" and one of the Adrians over a "trollop". Sword fights between the McCalpins themselves, and a sword fight between "Ogre" and Kazimir, which had sparks flying from blades and a lot of clanging of shields. (Kazimir was allowed to win that fight). Afterwards, the owner of the Pub called us all crazy, and a success with the patrons, because no one knew if it was a staged event or actually real! Now that was a compliment!

Saturday held working on equipment, fashioning garb and fetching supplies. When we arrived at the pub the next door lot had been spaded flat and a stage erected. On this evening a pike battle would occur between the "English" and the Scots. But before hand there was dancing, songs, a tutorial on how to prepare and wear a great kilt, and fighting by the Adrian members. The call to line up was given, and eight men to a side were cast, the English against the Scots. Three times the charge was met by each side, and each time no satisfaction was found. The Scots noble person called for the "English" Captain to speak with him on the field. At this point, Shadow Hawk of Isenwold charged the nobleman! He was intercepted by a Scott, who quickly cut him down. Not to be undone, the "English" Captain swiftly took the Scott out at the knees and impaled him with his pike. The noble sugges "war" be dec selecting cha sides to com other. Kazin picked to fig "Ogre". Bot outfitted in a each chose tl weapons. Ogre was brandishing : Kazimir a flæ The men squ immediately rushed Ogre



off guard. Round and round the fighters went at each other with a bloodlust. Sparks flew from Kazimir's shield as Ogre slashed away at him. Suddenly Kazimir's flail wrapped around the head of the axe and was wrenched from his grip! He ran to his men and retrieved a long sword. Back into the fray he charged until Ogre sidestepped his thrust and tripped Kazimir at the knees. Kazimir was helpless with Ogre's blade at his throat. "Do you yield English!" Ogre cried. "Never you Scottish dog!" was his reply. And with that, Ogre slashed at Kazimir's (well-protected) throat, ending the battle, with Scots being "victorious". The crowd cheered the Scots, and the bagpipes sounded off. Ales were bought for everyone, including the "English". Both parties were paid handsomely for their efforts and there was talk of coming back for the Irish fair the following March. Definitely a fine weekend indeed. Congratulations to all whom put forth the effort.

November War "Border Wars"

The November event will be a "War" which will pit the forces of Isenwold against Annelynnerose with the Clan McCalpin and newly formed Shire of Alloria from Miami, OK. joining us. We will have all forms of combat including some new surprises. Additionally the A & S competition should be fierce. The evening will hold a magnificent feast with the awards being presented at the "hall". Perhaps there will even be a knighting, but that is too soon to tell...

Isenwold Chronicle

All the news for and about the Populace of the Shire of Isenwold

Sangrael

October Event: We had a busy event with full lists for arts and for Ren...and for Archery! The archery is definitely becoming a favorite, and as each week of practice passes, and each tourney is played out, the level of skill each participant shows is definitely on the rise.

Congratulations to Squire Jamie Mac Donald for winning the archery with a total of 13 points with six arrows! There was a tie for second between Sir Gwydion Dionne, and his sister, Lady Dame Isabeau, both with 11 points.

In Ren, Sir Caspain Dunbar took the list. Congratulations to him on that!

And in the arts...well, it has been said food or alcohol are judge favorites, so the winning entry had both. It was a French Apple-Almond tart—and the apples were soaked in brandy. Lady Dame Isabeau took the list, and had very little of her tart left to bring home!

WAR

It was announced that the November event would be the last chance for contenders for the throne to make their intentions known. Sir Caspain literally threw his hat into the ring, and has formally made his intentions known. This reign will be for a full calendar year—from January to December. Any one else interested in running needs to have been a member of Adria, residing in Sangreal for at least six months, and must be at least eighteen years old, and slightly insane (we know Sir Caspain meets these requirements!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Has anyone noticed how dark it is getting at 7:00? Know what that means? Right! After the time change October 25th, and beginning on November 5th, Thursday night practice goes to twice a month. The first and third Thursdays, alternating between Summerlake Park and Wendy's house. This lasts until March. And with all the holidays coming up, it is not a bad thing!

There was also a mention made of holding the 1st Thursday practices in Corona, at Casa De Parsley. If anyone else wishes to volunteer a back yard, let us know. All we need is lights, space and a bathroom (and a place for the hobbits to run around). Call Duchess Gwenlian if you want to host the invasion for a few months!

November 1: Sangreal Crown Event. **THIS IS ON A SUNDAY!** The Imperial Estates meeting is being held on the 7th. So we have changed the DAY of our event to accommodate the meeting—and our Duc and Duchess who must attend. Please bring your old, your tired, your semi-soggy Jack-o-Lanterns to this event, as we want to do something with them and archery. This will be a prize tourney. And as always, weather is a factor. If it is very windy, we will not have archery due to safety factors.

The 7th is also the Imperial Coronation

Feast of their Imperial Crown Prince and Princess, Sir Stefan and Dame Katayana Belski. The populace is invited to attend. The feast is 10.00 per person, 7.00 for children under 12. You must RSVP by October 15th if you want to attend. Dress is formal. It is being held in San Marcos and begins at 6pm. Contact Squire Rose for more info and directions.

December 4-5: Yule Feast and Ducal War. The Yule Feast will be Friday night. A site has been found!

This year, the feast will be held at the Bethany Lutheran Church in Norco (located at 1609 Hamner Ave). This is a large hall with a full kitchen. We will be able to have dancing and bardics! We are very excited about this site. Pastor Sharon is also excited to have us. The site is dry—no liquor. But Sangreal has proven time and again, ya don't need wine to have a good time!

Fee is \$5.00 per person; children under 13 are \$2.50. Last year's feast was a huge success.

Food entries and Bardics for the war can be judged at this time. The war will be Saturday the 5th. And from this war on, our wars become yearly, with the coronation feasts in January so that our leaders rule for a full calendar year.

Anyone who would like to volunteer to help with the feast, please notify Susan or Dawn
RSVP's must be made by November 30. Menu will be similar to last year with our focus on desserts.

Please bring your own eating utensils and if you don't like spiced cider, something you prefer to drink.

Spiced Cider
Irish Diddle
Stuffed Acorn Squash
Beastie-Coo in a trencher
and lots of homemade desserts.

Warning: Bring a big appetite. No one left the table wanting last year. Wear comfortable, but NICE clothing. This is our one main fancy event and dress must accommodate this.

Until then, play safe and mind your Dragons!

Lady Dame Isabeau Dionne—Duchess of Sangreal; ret.

Umbria

From the Crowns of Umbria,

All goes well here this month as the weather cools and the combatants can once again don armor without worrying about loss of Knightly girth.

Our Monthly tournament was postponed A day so we could all go to a demo for the Special Olympics. While few attended, the Demo was a rousing success. HUZZAH! Thank you to all who attended.

Sunday the tournament got off to a rousing start when Lord Squire Adon of Galandor took the day in Renn. As people were suiting up for Steel, several suggestions were made about putting lead around the good Squire's feet. No one should be able to bounce around like that while wearing that much armor! Sir Duriel took the day in Steel after many good and hard fought battles.

In the Arts HRG Diana took the win for a wonderfully crafted monk's robe from the historical region of Umbria. Thoma also gave a lesson on the construction of arrows and bolts for tournament archery. A hearty HUZZAH to all combatants and artisans.

As we near the end of our Reign, we would like to thank the populace of Umbria for allowing us to lead you through some good and not so good times. It was an honor to serve you. We would also like to thank His Imperial Highness Sir Nikolai for all the encouragement, advice, and support he has given throughout our reign. No matter the time, he was always there to offer his services when they were most needed. Sir Nikolai, you embody what being a Protector of the Dream should be.

Once again, thank you all.

In Humble Service,

HRG Angus I

HRG Diana I

Arc

Arc

Um



York

Greetings from Duchy of York:

Much activity is going on here. We had our local Estates meeting on Saturday, the 17th of October, and the candidates for the Kingdom will be:

His Excellency Count Sir Killian Oakesblood and Her Excellency Baroness Lady Dame Jericho Gutte d'Orr

Sir Magnus McNair, the current Chancellor

Best of luck to the contenders. The War is scheduled for November 14th and 15th. We welcome any visitors to come attend!

Sir Olav has opened a challenge to the members in York for a "sea worthy vessel-of-some-sort-race" and has put up a homemade trophy to the winner(s).

The Canton of Sidhe, which is based in Miami, will be holding their event on October 25, 1998. They are hoping to have two lysts to make up for last months "storm-threat", which cancelled the event.

Best of luck to everyone! Take care!

In Service to the Imperial Thrones, the People of Adrian Empire, and continuing in this Dream:

HRG Il-Khan Temjur Jhitan
Arch Duke of York
Knight Bachelor, Minister, Robe
Lord Baronet of Adrian Empire

Illusion Foods

Medieval hosts weren't all that much different from modern hosts in several very important ways. They usually had to pay attention to costs, they were somewhat restricted by seasonal foods, they hated last-minute additions, and they were always looking for a way to make their feasts memorable.

Illusion foods were a big way to impress your guests at a feast. Some of these illusions were food that looked like other foods. Warners, the disguised foods, were intended to be eaten, but didn't look like what it really was, such as a boar's head made of cheese, or a chocolate cabbage (out of period, but fun).

Some illusion foods were sculptures made from food, such as gingerbread castles, or models of animals with arrows in their sides (from which wine flows). While these sculptures (soltelties) were made from edible ingredients, they weren't always

intended to be eaten.

Heraldry was replicated using sugar paste. Goblets, plates and bowls were also created in sugar paste (after eating dinner, it was used as a snack.) Peacocks were removed from their skins and cooked. Then they were placed back inside their skins, with the tails all spread out. Eggs were cracked open, then filled with white and yellow custard. Whole pigs were covered with gold leaf. Miniature people were made from marzipan and dressed to resemble someone famous.

A fun (and final) example of illusion foods is bird pie. The cooks would bake an empty pie shell, both top and bottom. Right before it was to be served, they would take the top off, "fill" the shell with live, little birds and replace the top. When served and cut into, the escaping birds would fly around, putting the dinner guests all a-twitter. And with that groan, I end.

Dame Maedb

Wassail

In Britain during the 5th Century, a local overlord was honored by his Saxon subjects with a feast and a bowl of ale, and by the proclamation of "Louerd king woes hoeil" which translated to "Lord king your health." This was a Saxon custom of friends to say "Wassail" and the other "Drinc Hail" which has its origins in Norway with "Ves heill" or Norse for "be in good health."

For the time period Adria portrays and present day, to go "a Wassailing" ment to wander house to house singing Christmas songs and having a good time with friends. People in the house would offer Wassail and Yule toast or something hot to eat and drink to singers and wish them good health and a prosperous New Year.

Yuletide Wassail (makes about 7 cups)

Ingredients

- 6 medium apples, peeled and cored (Pippens)
- sugar
- 1/2 Ts ground cinnamon
- 1/2 Ts ground ginger
- 1/4 Ts grated nutmeg
- 1 1/2 quarts ale or beer (Newcastle Brown Ale)
- 2 Ts grated lemon peel
- 3/4 C sherry, or any sweet red or white wine

Place the apples in a butter baking dish, and fill the center of each apple with about 2 Ts of sugar. Bake the apples in a preheated 350°F oven until tender — about 30 minutes. Let the apples cool. Add the cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and 3/4 C of sugar to 2 cups of the ale or beer and let it stand where it will get hot, but not boil. Stir occasionally. When the mixture is hot, add the lemon peel, the remaining ale or beer and the wine. Stir occasionally again until it is very hot; add the white of the baked apples and serve the drink from a big bowl.

The Enchanted World – The Book of Christmas, Time-Life Books, 1986

The Good Cook - Beverages, Time-Life Books, 1982, 1983

For more on this subject, please contact Lady de Como, cominolo@hotmail.com

Reflections on Knighthood

Many of the populace may not be aware of it, but there has been a considerable debate on the Shadowlands BBS about the nature of chivalry and the rights and duties of knights. As I approached my own first knighthood, I read all of these messages with interest and tried to define my own ideas of what knighthood and being a knight were.

I have primarily pursued my knighthood in combat. However, I had not expected to achieve it in the next few months. Silly me, I thought I had time to think all of this through.

Imagine my surprise when I won the October Crown Ren Tourney. Now I'm a knight and I'm trying to think my way through these things after the fact. My knighting has colored my view of things in ways I didn't anticipate. I have been examining my motives and beliefs, without consciously deciding that I needed to do so. In amongst all of the mundane demands on my time and attention, I'm trying to figure out just exactly what all of this means to me.

I have concluded a few things. Of course these may not agree with everybody's ideas of chivalry, honor, knightly behavior, and etc. and they are terribly incomplete. However, in no particular order and in varying degrees of importance, here are a few of my conclusions:

1) The essence of chivalry and honor lies in the virtue of humility. Humility doesn't mean that you have to humble yourself. It means that you recognize the importance and value of others, both in them and in what they do. An influential treatise on knighthood and chivalry, which I don't have the references for at the moment identified humility as the fundamental chivalric virtue and claimed that all of the other virtues depended on it.

2) Honesty: Not only in what you say to others, but most important of all, in what you tell yourself. If you cannot tell yourself the truth, then how can you tell anyone else? In this I also include actions as well as words. Modern studies have claimed that as much as 80% of all communication is non-verbal. Be honest

in your actions and your intentions as well as your words. A knight's honor was closely associated with his willingness and ability to keep his word.

3) Restraint is crucial. While we all have our opinions and our beliefs, we must allow others to have theirs. That includes restraining ourselves long enough for those others to express their views and state their opinions. Even if those views and opinions anger you, you shouldn't attack the person for holding them. After all, there is one thing you can always agree on with such a person. You can agree to disagree. Again, this applies to actions as well as words. I have been reading the history of the Knights Templar. Many of the worst defeats they suffered were produced by arguments that resulted in a suicidal charge because a leader of the army would not admit that he might be wrong.

I've been up on this soapbox long enough. I'll get down now. By the way, I've phrased these as instructions, but they are instructions to myself, not to anyone else. If you have any comments you'd like to make, you can reach me at jamiethered@bigfoot.com.

In Service,
Sir Jamie the Red
Captain of Battle, HMS Hedgehog
Deputy Chronicler of Esperance
Royal Master of the Hound

Merchant's Advertisement:

Medieval Menagerie is an exciting new company formed by HRG Lady Dame Diana Lockerby and Viceroy Sire Waldham von Torsvon. Items for sale range from fine period garb to armor, helms and blades, with all types of various sundries in between. Additionally, custom made items may be ordered. Medieval Menagerie is a one-stop shop for all your Renaissance/Medieval needs. The wares are displayed at Encanto Park (Phoenix AZ) most Wednesday nights, (in conjunction with Fighter practice) and are also displayed on the Web at www.extremezone.com/~medieval. Contact HRG Lady Dame Diana (602-946-4146) for further information.

Alpha Far West Bookstore, which is run by the Count Lord Sir Roland of the Icelands, is a fine place to purchase incense, Tarot cards, books, and other Medieval and New Age items. The Count also displays his wares in the same locales as Medieval Menagerie, and is definitely a fine place to shop. Contact Lord Sir Roland (602-925-0575) for further information.

Unto the Populace of Adria

It is with heavy heart that I write this. This is my last issue of the Adrian Herald! I have spent the last couple of months frantically working the last few days of the month to get all the articles to Lady de Como for print and mail out of the newsletter. I give many thanks to all the chroniclers, crowns, and other good folk who have made submissions in a timely manner.

Many people will not take the time to read this, or they will not receive their Herald. To that I say, "Forgive me!" I have made very attempt to update addresses for people that have let me know of the problems. I also encourage the crowns and chroniclers to get that information to the local stewards,

imperial steward, and imperial chronicler.

I wish to keep this short, so please forgive my brevity. My final words are this: Jean, thank you for everything! Jehan and Katherine, thank you for the opportunity. I hope I met or exceeded your expectation. Stefan and Katayana, good luck! Thank you for allowing Lady de Como to retain her position. She does a good job. To all the "Preggers", may you have healthy and happy children.

In humble service to Adria,
Lady Francesca Kilshannig
Imperial Chronicler
Knight Robe, Minister, Civil
Lady of Adria
First Duchess of Umbria
Last Queen of Pembroke
Holder of the Royal Unicorn

To Join the Host

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A knight in armor freshly donned, seeks to find his way beyond. He picks his way through fields of pain littered with the warriors slain. Flies swarm among the dead some so fresh that still they bled. Yet others older, were only bones, flaking leather and moldy grown. Approaching close the circle host He passes by the warrior ghosts.

The warriors stand with weapons drawn, Shoulder to shoulder, broad and brawn. Protecting what does lie within, These men would guard unto the end. And long they'd been unto their post, These warriors old, this fearsome host. Their armor shows the age they feel, Rust spots fill their precious steel. But worst of all he saw their eyes, He saw the death in thin disguise.

Their lives and souls had long since fled. The fires within were also dead. Yet still they stood and would protect Their steel resolve commands respect. The bright young knight he bent to kneel His awe he struggles to conceal. For these are men just like himself, Not gods to fear, not myth, not elf. Kneeling down, he humbly asks to speak and thus reveal his task.

“Good knights, I beg you hear, My sword is not what you must fear. I trained for years until my skills did match the virtues priest-instilled. Ever since my day of birth, I've tried to gain some sense of worth. I sought you long and hope had died, but ever more I prayed and tried. With blessings from the gods I thanked, I ask you now to join your ranks. “

The rusty knight so long since spry did answer with a weary, “Why?” “This company of knights ideal, It is the goal, the dream too real. Let me take my place among you, Let me stand among the queue. For I would fight to save your prize, I, like you, would sooner die than let it loose among mere men to be lost, not found again.”

He shook his head and lightly spoke, “Do not question. Do not provoke. We know of you and of your deeds. We know of skill, we know of speed. We know you're brave and ever daring, kind, and chivalrous, always sharing. Leave us now for we have deemed your quest goes now unredeemed. We would protect you from

the price You'd pay to wear our sad device.”

The bright one now he does object, Why would they now to him reject? He had done all that was asked, Every chore, every quest, every task. His folk approved what he aspired, He had fulfilled all that was required. Puzzlement showed all through his face yet still he stood with charm and grace. His dream was not to die that quick, His voice was quiet his whispers thick.

“Why would you of all the knights Deny what is mine by trial and rights? I have the right, I have the will, I have the soul, I have the skill. Yet here you are and you say nay I cannot join, please go away. Know you not how much in awe I hold this host of knights basha? What will it take for me to stand amid your ranks and join your band?”

“Little boy, you are too eager, for rewards that are too meager. That you are worthy matters not, Do put us in this spot. For we will deem you one of us when we would with no mistrust. Get thee gone, you little boy, For you have robbed us of our joy. Our task is clear and none shall pass, We will protect this, to the last.”

The bright knight's face went all a-red for what he'd heard and what they'd said. He could not trust these men of rust who spoke of worth and joy and trust. He choice was clear, for he was true To all he'd learned and eschewed. They denied him what was earned, What in his soul still raged and burned. The light was lit and would not dowse His dreams of knighthood still espoused.

Let them defeat him on the field Let the swords hear his appeal. There be but one way to bestill him, Let them tear him limb from limb. The rusty one stepped from the host, Just one more sorry fighter ghost. The battle raged but careful still the bright knight flat refused to kill. To fight the good fight they'd not done it took not much once they'd begun.

The armor rust settled in their bones the knight soon fell among the stones. He fought on through and broke their line into the center, into their shrine. He fell on dust but quickly stood in just a moment he understood. The treasure prized by rusty men He could not see, and could not kin. Whatever here had

one time lain was gone to dust, and dust again.

The host remained still facing outward, The broken line, it was restored. The warriors stand with weapons drawn, Shoulder to shoulder, broad and brawn. Protecting what does lie within, These men would guard unto the end. The rusty knight he tried to stand No aid was offered, no helping hand.

The bright knight stood and held his breath His fought to keep his dream from death. The tear that crept from cheek to chin was all that showed of struggle within. With a sigh, the fight was done, He had to finish what he'd begun. He reached inside his armor plate He'd won his fight, the dream awaits.

The ribbon he removed from heart Was symbol of his love apart The one he loved and would to marry His love, his life, his elven fairy.

What now was dust and ash and dead 'twas on this pile, his ribbon spread. The sunlight played and satin shined It spoke of love and lives entwined. A smile replaced his saddened tear, Now he knew what not to fear.

He stepped beside the rusty knight to take his place as was his right. An arm he put around the man to prop him up and help him stand. The warriors stand with weapons drawn, Shoulder to shoulder, broad and brawn. Protecting what does lie within, These men would guard unto the end. He still shown brightly in his eyes, He learned a bit and was more the wise.

In the distance they saw a man Begin to cross the battle span. Among themselves the host did speak “The man is wrong. He is too weak. He cannot join. He is not ready. His arm unsure, his speech unsteady.” The bright knight raised his hand to greet, “Welcome friend, 'tis good we meet.” The rusty knight raised his hand, too, “Come join us now, for we are few.”



Let it be known that due to space consideration ministers will be limited to the following: All Imperial ministers and deputies, regional crowns/viceroy/proectors, regional chancellor, regional chronicler, regional rolls, and regional steward. The list may be limited as more regions are included in the Empire. If you need a Membership form, please contact your local Steward.

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Rolls, Jericho Gutte d'Or

Steward, Zabrina da Vine

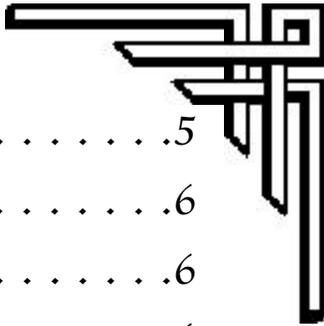
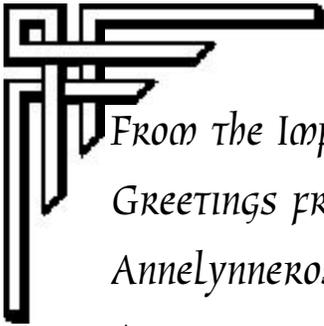
Chronicler, Josephine Durand

Valley of Kings

(King/Fresno/Tulare Counties,
California)

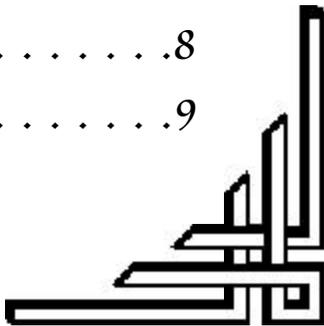
Viceroy, Arthur con Dion,

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