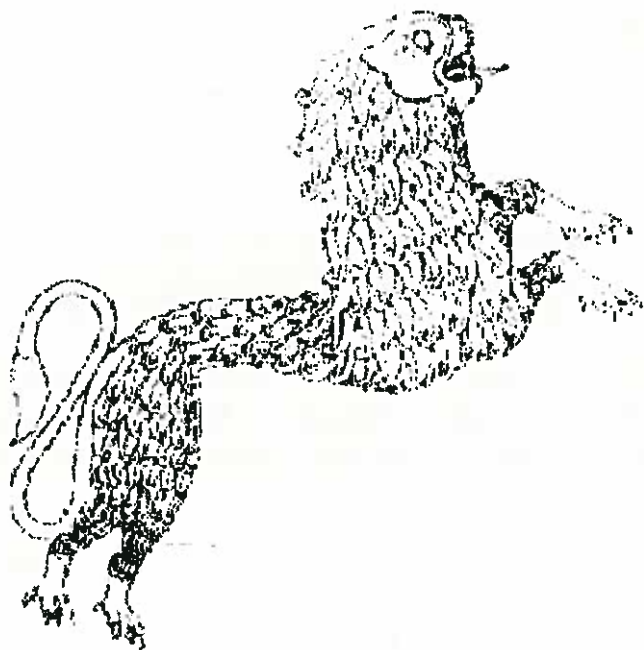


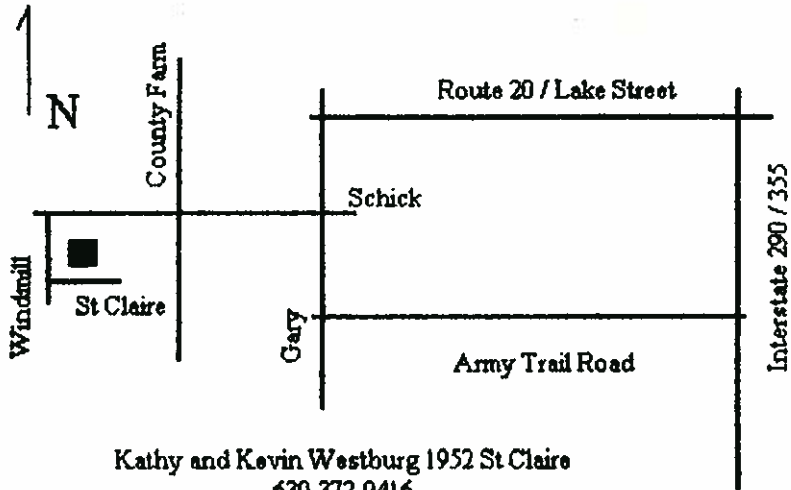
Chips



September,
A.S. XXXX, 1997

Next Shire Moot

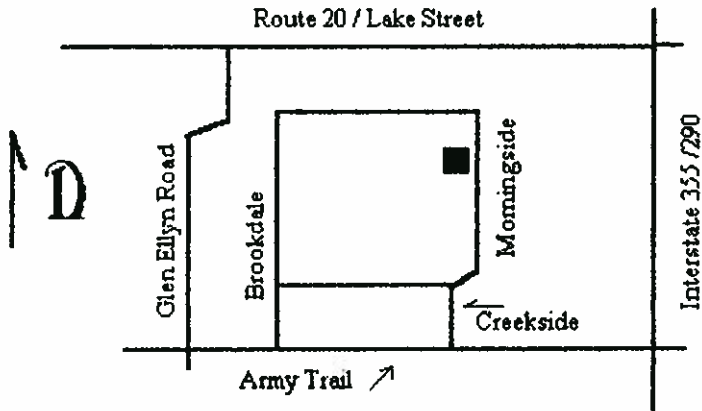
The next moot will be held September 21st at the home of Katherine and Gavin (Kathy and Kevin Westburg) at 6:30pm.



Kathy and Kevin Westburg 1952 St. Claire
630-372-0416

Important Date Change!

The persona and garb workshop (2pm) as well as the brewers guild meeting (4pm) have been moved back to Sunday October 5th due to a conflict with a local event.



Earl and Max 306b Morningside 630-351-5802

Shire Moot News:

Not too much happened at the last moot. Other than the usual event flyers and discussion about the new member seminar, we pretty much just ate food, watched "Love in the Ancient World" on TLC and drank Ethelwulf's wine. We would like to thank another new member, Jeff Foster, who found us via our web site for joining us.

Gina Update:

Good news! Gina is up and about, and is now doing physical therapy. If you would like to call her or send her stuff she is at:

Rehab Institute of Chicago
Room 832
345 East Superior
Chicago IL 60611

312-908-3744

And Finally:

The Shire would like to express its sympathy and grief to Lord Udo of the Icy Waters, upon the death of his Grandmother on September 2, after a long fight with cancer.

Personna's on Parade

This month's personna is our Herald, Niniane de Bretagne:

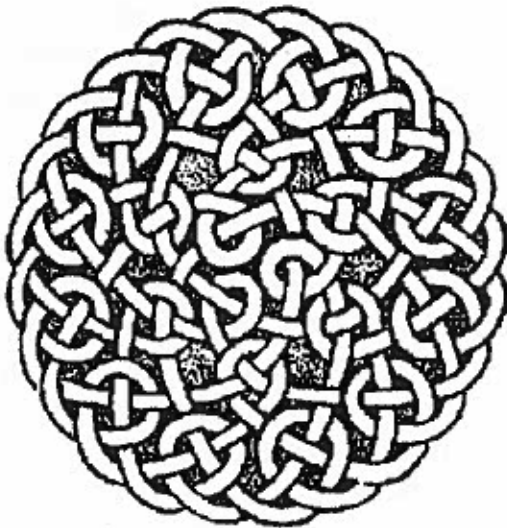
Niniane de Bretagne was born January 7, 1369 to Lord Henri de Bretagne a minor Breton noble, and his wife Ida de Vries of the low countries. A younger brother and heir, Henri II was born in 1371. Lady Ida trained her daughter in the ways of preparing and using herbal medicines.

Lord Henri sided with the English during the 100 years war, as had his predecessors. As a result, Lord Henri was imprisoned and his holding confiscated by the French king for treason in 1387. Lady Ida died of sorrow and health problems worsened by poverty. Embittered and seeking revenge, Henri II turned "routier" or highwayman, occasionally sending his family stolen garb and trinkets.



In 1385, Niniane met a Welsh squire serving with the English forces named Dunawd ap Ieams. After a lengthy courtship, frequently interrupted by Dunawd's military duties, they were married on midsummer day 1393. A daughter, Morgan was born and a son, Gavin, followed in 1395.

The family now resides on Squire Dunawd's modest holding in Gwynedd, though Dunawd is still frequently called away to serve with the army. Niniane whiles away the time between her husband's leaves studying her two favorite pastimes, heraldry and herbalism.



A Pennsic Story.....

This has proven to be one of the hardest Pennsic reviews I've ever written, because I'm not sure what to say. There wasn't anything really **WRONG** with Pennsic XXVI, but....

....there was a certain malaise that hung over this war, and as it ended, I was really ready to come home. I tried to blame it on the rain and wind, or the systematic way in which the East obliterated our forces; but we have had worse weeks of weather at Pennsic, and actually mostly I found the fighting this year to be the cleanest and politest I have ever seen. I realized then that it was the absence of familiar faces, and the reasons for their not being present:

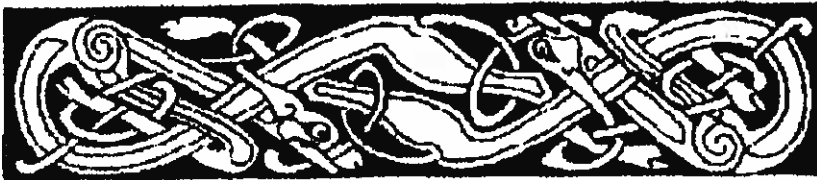
Obviously, Lady Eugenia de Basham, due to her injuries; her beloved lord, David, and Lady Lhiannon of Folkstone, who stayed to help fight a much more serious battle by remaining constantly by her side.

Also, my own household the Ulfhednar suffered a great loss, when one of our Far Reaches members, Bjorn, was killed in a car accident a few days before we left for Pennsic. So really, should I be surprised that there was a more sober tone to this war? Or that, compared to the euphoric high we all felt after last year, it would be nearly impossible for this year to match? Therefore, despite this, here is a brief overview of what was pretty neat about Pennsic XXVI:

I: The Quest

Before the war actually began, there was a “grand quest” masterminded by Duke Dag, which began as a tournament open to knights only. The twelve who proved most worthy (i.e.: the greatest number of victories) were allowed to set off with one squire or man-at-arms, and any number of retainers (though they could not do anything other than carry stuff, and watch) in search of the Holy Grail. The quest was based on the Arthurian romances, and basically, the questers traveled all over Pennsic, each led by a holy monk (guide) who would bring them to the various challenges that would provide clues to the grail’s location. Everything from bandits, a lady trapped in a high tower, a black knight, and a two headed ogre challenged the knights with combat, riddles, chess matches, and heraldry questions.

Duke Conn MacNeill and his squire Aubrey won the quest, but not in the manner any had foreseen. Apparently, the final test was given after the ogre was defeated, and it was a riddle. If the correct answer was given, then the knight was given a set of keys that would open the chest that held the grail. Conn and Aubrey answered the riddle, got the keys, and proudly



brought the grail back to Dag. Only, when they smiled and told him how they had answered the riddle, they found out that they had actually answered wrong, and did not have the right keys!!. They took the grail back, locked it up in its box, and tried the keys again. Sure enough they didn't work. Aubrey tried again, and the box opened! Although everyone was pretty sure this was because of the poor quality of the prop boxes and keys, in keeping with the theme of the quest, it was declared a divine miracle, and thus Conn and Aubrey were victorious. The quest sounded like a lot of fun, though exhausting. It took six hours, and covered everywhere from the parking lot to the swimming hole.

II. Midnight Madness

Rather than just being the usual evening shopping spree, there were a few unique things this year. There was a puppet show, which during MM performed a series of period Sufi morality-fables, all done in silhouette. Several areas around the merchants area turned into convenient spots for musicians to play, and the open courtyard near the barn became the stage for a pretty skilled pair of fire-jugglers.

All of this, and Udo in a Phrygian cap, too!

III. Bjorn's Wake

The Irish wake the Ulfhednar held for Bjorn at Pennsic was a great success, and strangely become one of the highlights of war filled with music, piping (I'm not sure you can call piping "music"), good cheer, good memories, and of course....good drink.

Odd did well by his friend, and my thanks to all who

attended and added their own efforts; from Duke Conn MacNiall's song, and Findlay's mournful piping, to Odd's eulogy. I really can't do justice to the surreal moment when "Captain Weirdbeard" and his horde of 80 (yeah, 80) nameless pirates "boarded" our wake, chanting "mourn Bjorn," but I was still sober at that point, more or less, so I guess it really happened.

IV. The Knowne World Choir

This year, the KWC's performance was music from Easter Europe and the Ottoman Empire from the time of Vlad the Impaler. It was really very well done, and I'm always amazed that, having only a week to practice, the KWC manages to pull these performances off. The narrator was supposed to be Vlad himself, telling the story of his life. Whoever the person who had this role was, he really got into the part, and actually kinda looked a bit like Vlad (with the addition of John Lennon glasses and a beard). An amusing bit was when he indirectly referred to the novel Dracula by using the line, "I don't drink.....wine," at which point



servers brought little cups of wine around to the audience. Hey, you can get me to sit down, listen to music, and drink a little wine for free anytime!

V. Miscellaneous Mayhem

There were of course other highlights to war: the parties, the battles, in it's own weird way, getting up at 7 am the morning after the wake to go figure out how to shoot a crossbow, etc. I'm told that the Pas d'Armes was a great success, but I wasn't there.

You see, that's when "The Rain" came. Not the light drizzles we'd seen here and there in the early morning, but a serious downpour. Of course, this being Pennsic, everyone fought Friday morning, but I knew things were looking grim when the security people were their golf carts to drive soaking, shivering fighters back to their camps. Since not only was it still raining, it was a full-fledged down pour, I retreated back into the tent for some sleep.

Of course, as is clearly stated in Murphy's Law Codecil #234a : As soon as you cancel your plans due to inclement weather, the weather will clear up. Which, shortly after the pas began, is what happened. Meanwhile, I slept soundly, confident that it had either undoubtedly been canceled, or that those who fought would have a wonderful case of pneumonia by the time they got home.

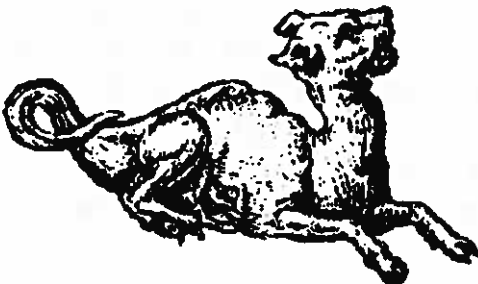
IV We're not in Kansas anymore....

Finally, no review of Pennsic XXVI would be complete without talking about the return of the storms, also known as God's Wrath, Part Two: The Big Guy Gets Serious. The rain began within minutes of the

Field Battle's end, and pretty much proceeded to soak us for a few hours, and then clear up. Or so we thought. Somewhere around dinner time, in what looked like a scene out of the Ten Commandments, the angriest, strangest-looking black clouds I've ever seen literally rolled in. The temperature dropped, and it grew very still. My lady looked over and asked me, "Just exactly how do Tornadoes start?" To which, Balthazar answered, "Probably something like that," and pointed up to where one branch of clouds and broken away and begun to spiral around and around, in a direction opposite to all of the other clouds.

Obviously, it turned out not to be a tornado, although the county next to us was hit by at least one funnel clouds, and we did proceed to get pelted by wind and rain. Since the worst didn't happen, and we're all here to laugh about it, I feel admit that I'll never forget seeing Pete emerge from his tent, still in garb, but with all of his id, money, and clean underwear stuffed into his backpack, ready to make a break for it if the tornadoes came. Where exactly he would have gone, on the other hand.....

Anyway, that was pretty much Pennsic. It had its ups, it had its downs, but I think basically we all had fun. Still, for those folks who like the particulars:



Pennsic XXVI Stats:

My badge number: 8123

Total Attendance: Somewhere around that mythical 10, 000 number. No one seemed to be able to agree, and even the paper contradicted itself.

Who Won: the East By Lots

Battles Won by the Middle: Hmm.....Unbelted Champions, Broken Field possibly the Face-Thrust Bridge, but I don't think so...

Battles Won by the East: Everything else.

Battles Canceled: The Mountain Pass, due to rain.

Pennsic Records: The Field Battle lasted 9 minutes and there were no holds or known injuries.

Courts: Plenty

Peerages: A few.

Any one we know get any awards? Crinnan and Adelia were made court Baron and Baroness, Kaydian Bladebreaker was knighted, Talbot and Freydis were made members of the Order of the Golden Chalice (a new award, given for attention to authenticity.)

Number of Tuchux problems: Several. I think the keeper was the guy who called Madawg an idiot after taking a cup shot, and then punched him in the face.

He was mad because he wasn't wearing a cup.

Madawg was wearing a helmet. You do the math.

Number of Days the Weather Pretty Well Trashed Beyond Salvation: None. Though large portions of Friday, and all of Saturday night was lost.

Number of Times Odd said, "Yeah, whatever man." Innumerable.

Electronic Pilgrim

What does an 11th century shirt, a small town in Wales and a gathering of flowers have in common? Just the results of Ethelwulf's rambling through the web this week.

Welcome to llanfairpwll...etc..

<http://www.nwi.co.uk/llanfair/>

Yep Tim's home town, the town with the longest name in the world, is here on the web. Not much of SCA interest but you can download a sound file of someone pronouncing the name, a tutorial to pronounce it yourself and the translation of what the name means!

An 11th century linen shirt from Viborg

<http://www.fpnet.co.nz/users/m/maggiem/costume/viborg.htm>

An English summary of a dig that took place in 1981 of a Viking shirt found mostly intact in Viborg. Goes into great length about stitching and the construction.

Clothing of the ancient Celts

http://www.radix.net/~lindo/Textiles_Page.htm

Lots of information on Celtic and Scottish clothing including information on dyes and personal appearance.

The Costume site

<http://milieux.com/costume/>

Links on historical as well as science fiction and fantasy costumes.

The Florilegium

<http://www.pbm.com/~lindahl/rialto/rialto.html>

Stefan Li Rous, from Ansteorra has put together a compendium of articles that have appeared on the SCA newsgroup (rec.org.sca, if you did not know). A variety of topics are discussed and are available for use, as long as you keep the copyright info intact.

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Upcoming Events

October

- 4 Archery Event: Swordcliff, Springfield IL
- 11 R.U.M. (Royal University of the Midrealm), St. Carol on the Moor, Charleston IL
- 25 Pas d'Honour, Jaravellier, Madison WI

November

- 1 Crown Tournament, Sternfeld, Indianapolis IN
- 8 Harvest Challenge, Grey Gargoyles, Chicago IL

December

- 6 Boar's Head, Caer Anterth, Milwaukee WI

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