

# The Barge

January 2024

Siobhan Topping

## Our S.C.A. Smalls, Whatever do we do with them?

When I was first introduced to the S.C.A., I was newly divorced with a 2-year old child to raise virtually alone. In any day and age, this is a fearful situation. I was bored and needed something different to do, so Lady Zornica dragged me to my first event, the Middle Kingdom Coronation in Shattered Crystal in the Spring of 1988. Nothing impressed me more than the youth in the Society, from the smalls to the teenagers. In an age when it's "fashionable" to be disrespectful to elders, and when such a large percentage of youth turn to the streets and drugs as their release valve, creative outlet, and/or just recreation or lifestyle, it was so refreshing to see a group of youth generally mindful and well-behaved, turning their minds and seldom-idle hands to pursuing arts and knowledge. I decided then and there, if I could not afford to give my beloved Johnathan anything else, I could provide him with the positive atmosphere of the S.C.A. So, we joined.

In my limited experience as the Canton of Riverhold's Minister of Children (and in just being John's mom), it has been my pleasure and honor to know such smalls as Peter Curlyhair, age 5, who with his life-long S.C.A. experience, who can be found teaching other smalls "the ropes", and giving lectures; and the Canton's own Melanie Thorton, age 10, who put together and gave a demo in her elementary school (without telling anyone what she was doing beforehand), practiced calligraphy diligently enough to want to be listed as a kingdom scribe, and volunteered to be our group historian. We had to surrender her to the Middle Kingdom for a few months, but we are thrilled she is coming back. Welcome, Melanie!

As with every generation, the future of our planet and our own existence lies with our children. We can never put too much emphasis on teaching them the past to see the future and the values of family (caring, giving, mutual respect of others) as well as giving them a vast range of ideas and knowledge in which they might find their own talents and pursue them. It is important to give them pride in themselves with good values, and for them to realize that being different is not something to be ashamed of but to be proud of, in the pursuit of their own being.

The S.C.A. is a wonderful home, with a wonderful family for our smalls to grow with. It is my hope to see more time and effort given to their development.

So now you wonder, "What do you do with a bunch of energetic midgets?" At least, that was my question when I was expected to set up children's activities at Drunken Mammoth I. What I planned was this:

10:30 to Noon: 2 - 5 year olds

Coronet Role Play - using posterboard coronet, practice recognizing and addressing the various coronets.

Bean Bag Toss - Make a 3-ring target with heavy string on the ground. Each child has a set of 4 bags and takes turns tossing them into the target.

Mammoth Races - Races with our mammoth stick horses. Credit goes to Lady Zornica Rugmaker for creating these wonderful creatures of ours.

1:00 - 2:30: 6 - 10 year olds: Coronet Role Play, Bean Bag Toss, Marbles

As with anything in life, nothing ever goes as planned, but the sessions worked out well. The first session had five children, ages 4 and 5, as well as a very welcome 10 year old helper. They enjoyed the bean bag toss so much they had to be convinced to try something else. Coronet Role Play and Mammoth Races became a combined "Knight in Shining Armor on a White Horse" imagination game. They did attempt to address the coronets correctly and we practiced curtsying as well. Lady Zornica had prepared a small toy box which held some games she had made. A favorite was "Match the Pictures" cards. Each card had several pictures in a theme on them. A pocket on the card held small duplicate picture cards. The object was simply to lay the small cards on their matching counterparts. We then played "Ring Around the Rosie" and "Duck, Duck, Goose". About the time my sanity was in jeopardy, one of the fighters came to join us, creating a new diversion of song, fun and frolic.

The second session was much more calm than the first. The children had eaten lunch and the afternoon was quite warm. There were only two 10 year olds, so three younger one joined them. We again played the bean bag toss and had a few rounds of Blind Man's Bluff. Button, Button, using a marble, was a favorite time consuming activity.

We found the children truly appreciated a place they could call their own. Lord Konrad and Lady Margarete set up their huge canopy and tied the stick mammoths to the poles. It was in an area away from the fighting and general activities, but, to the delight of parents, could be seen from the list field area.



After the morning activity session, some of the children chose to play on their own, and returned at times throughout the day. We had left the toy box out for them. They kept the area neat and the toys put away on their own. Favorite toys were the boffer weapons, bean bags and the match the picture game cards.

The biggest problem in setting up children's activities is keeping them Period. There are books available for ideas, and there are always people around with ideas and a helping hand. As one might see from Drunken Mammoth, the Children's Activities were far from a solo effort. I recently purchased a set of books for my son in which I found Period fairy tales, games and songs that I intend to use in the future. An older group of children could work on crafts or calligraphy. Younger ones could just color pictures of knights and dragons, etc. This year, I have seen such mundane toys as a little people's medieval castle and a Lego castle set (an SCA Santa's delight!)

To anyone who wishes to organize children's activities at an event, I wish you luck and patience. My advice is to try not to stick to your plans too strictly, especially with younger children. Use your plans and ideas as guidance and focus on Period activities and learning. Each group's imagination and ideas of fun will take over. If all they learn is teamwork, fair play and sharing, that's fine. Be flexible.

At Drunken Mammoth, I found my reward in the children showing me things they had found (neat rocks, bugs, whatever) or telling me what they had been doing. But the best of all was when they had to find me to give me a kiss and hug "bye" before they left. The children truly appreciate the time given them and they give of their hearts freely.

In Service to the Present S.C.A.  
and our future generations,

Papillon Gentle  
Minister of Children  
Canton of Riverhold  
m.k.a. Beverly Nye



Unto the Baron and the Populace of Our Barony of Three Rivers, warm greetings from Volkmar and Isadora, King and Queen of Calontir.

Good gentles, Our sincerest thanks to all those who submitted letters of application to serve as Baron/Baroness of Three Rivers. Here follows a list of the candidates:

Lady Dragon's Flower

Sir Cormac O'Sullivan

Lord Maegrim Inwaer sunu aet Maeldune and Lady Olga Krombashnya Cherepansha  
Master Robert of Grand Loch and Baroness Barbara de St. Michel.

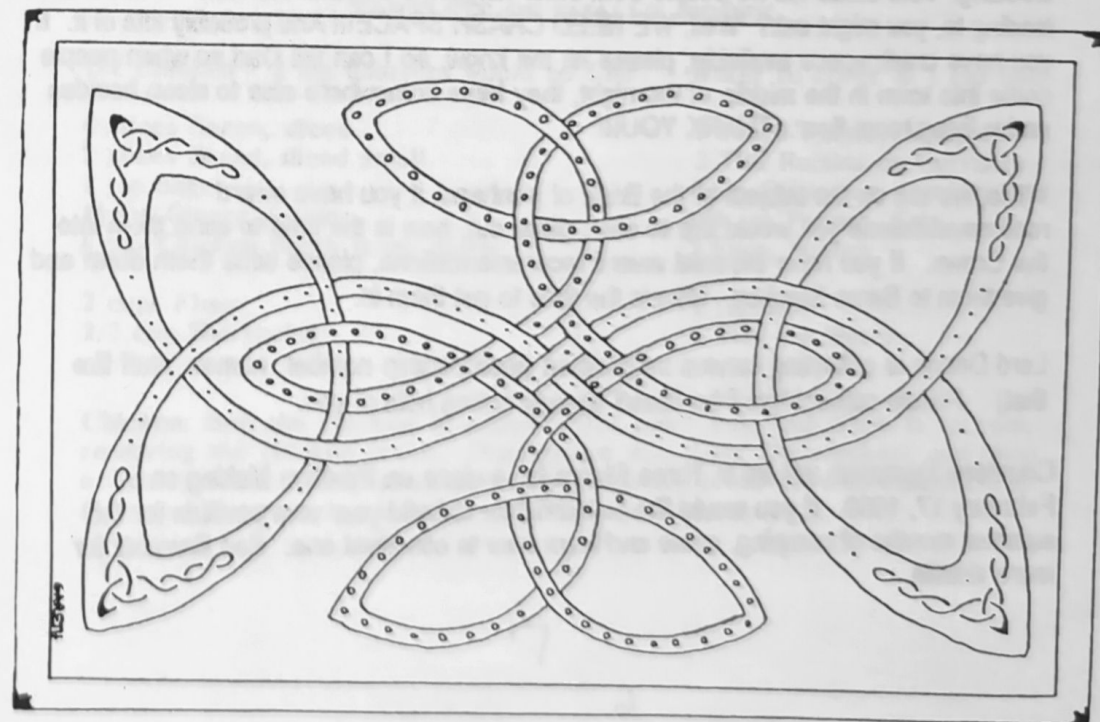
Please send Us your comments and opinions concerning the qualifications and abilities of the candidates listed. Please include a little information about yourselves as well. All comments We receive will be considered, but those coming from paid members of the Society will weigh more heavily.

The candidates will be interviewed by the Council of Nobles on February 10th, at Standing Stones. All letters of comment must be received before that date (hopefully, several weeks before that date) to be considered. All letters will be kept in confidence by the Crown and the Council of Nobles.

Please accord all of the applicants due respect for their offers to work very, very hard for Three Rivers and for Calontir.

In Service to Calontir and the Society, We are

**Volkmar** **Isadora**  
Rex et Regina



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sir Nathan is still holding cooking at his home on Monday nights. If you wish to cook, then please contact him at 993-8308.

Silken Threads will resume in January. If you are interested in weaving, cross stitch, or needlework of any kind, please come join us. Lady Aethelthritha's farspeaker number is 533-7333.

Fighter's practices have moved to Umrath Hall. Please see Lord Kirk for times.

**LATEST ADDITION:** Alexandra Renee was born December 22, 1989 to Baron Hroth and Lady Swietoslawa. Our congratulations and felicitations on this most joyous event!!!!

From Lady Thyri, autocrat of the Bride of Ironhand: I need all the able bodies I can find, beg or shanghai into helping me bring the wonderful occasion of our dear Baron's marriage to Lady Branwynn to an auspicious and fruitful conclusion. So if you can help, or even if you THINK you can help, let me know. 'Cause if you don't volunteer, I will just have to volunteer for you. What I need are people to aid and abet in setting up the hall for the wedding ceremony itself, feast, court, and most definitely take-down. I also need people to be general gofers. Let me know if you can help. I will really appreciate it. And while I'm on the subject of people helping, this event we are having is a KINGDOM event. There will be lots of people coming in from out of town to see the wedding. And these will be people from other kingdoms besides our own. What is this leading to, you might ask? Well, WE NEED CRASH SPACE!!! And probably lots of it. If you have crash space available, please let me know, so I can tell Dad so when people come into town in the middle of the night, they have somewhere else to sleep besides on his living room floor. THANK YOU!!!

While, we are on the subject of the Bride of Ironhand, if you have award recommendations you would like to seen given out, now is the time to send them into the Crown. If you have Baronial award recommendations, please write them down and give them to Baron Stephen. Now is the time to get them in.

Lord Daene is collecting census information (membership number, names, stuff like that). Please contact him if he hasn't already gotten hold of you.

Countess Susannah will be in Three Rivers for a class on Pavillion Making on February 17, 1990. If you would like to learn how to build your own pavillion for the summer months of camping, come and learn how to construct one. See Brumbair for more details.

## COOKING THE OLDE-FASHIONED WAY by Sir Nathan Adelaar

This month's article will feature things you can do with kids in the kitchen. Unfortunately, since I left a sensational South Pacific Cannibals' Cookbook in my other valise (showing over a dozen good recipes for roast child!), you'll have to make do with recipes which involve a lot of easy preparation steps or opportunities for creative self-expression. I'll try to avoid recipes involving lots of knives or adult tastes.

I wonder what the medieval child's function was in the kitchen. As a guess, they might have been useful extra hands for gathering berries, herbs, fruits, nuts and grains. They could have helped to turn the meat spit over a fire, knead bread, form dumplings and pasties, crush and clean herbs and spices, and haul firewood to the kitchen. I am skeptical about whether they would have helped butcher meat or season foods because of these activities' respective danger and cost. Enough guesswork: On to the meat of this article!

**TARTLETS OF SMALLE BIRDES:** This is a combination of three different recipes. A period recipe for Chicken Stuffing was mixed with chunks of cooked chicken, and this was then baked into a muffin-sized shell of modern pie-shell dough. The resulting meat-pie (delicious!) would be called a tartlet or pastie (dough was called "past"). Your child can help by boning the cooked chicken, pressing out tartlet shells, filling them, covering and sealing them, and decorating them with cut-out dough ornaments as desired. Here follows the period stuffing recipe on which these tartlets are based, followed by the modern recipe you can follow in the kitchen.

### FARSURE FOR CHEKYNS (Chicken Stuffing)

Take the yolks of hard eggs, and crush them small, and take sage and parsley and cut it small, and mix them well together, and add thereto raisins of currants, and powder of cinnamon, and powder of ginger, and put in to the chickens, and parboil them, and roast them, and do [gild them with egg yolks] as I said before. (Ordinances for the Royal Household, p. 325)

### TARTLETS OF SMALLE BIRDES

1/2 Chicken - 2 leg quarters would be fine	Water to cover & 1 tsp Salt
4 slices Bacon, diced	1 bunch Parsley, chopped
2 slices Bread, diced small	3 TBS Raisins or Currants
1 tsp Sage	1/2 tsp Cinnamon powder
1 1/2 tsp Ginger powder	1/8 tsp Pepper, Salt
1/2 cup Chicken Broth from above	3 Eggs, beaten
2 cups Flour	1 tsp Salt
2/3 cup Shortening	4 TBS Ice Water

**Chicken:** Boil the chicken in salted water until done and allow it to cool, reserving the chicken broth. Discard the skin, bone the chicken, and chop or separate the meat into small chunks. Boil the broth down to concentrate flavor while preparing the rest of the recipe.



**Stuffing:** Fry bacon until almost done. Add parsley, bread, raisins and spices and stir-fry for about a minute, then take from heat. Mix stuffing into cold chicken chunks, then add chicken broth, and then add beaten eggs.

**Tartlet Shells and Assembly:** Mix flour and salt in a bowl, and cut in shortening with a pair of knives until dough consistency resembles small peas. Add water one tablespoon at a time, mixing each thoroughly, but **WORKING DOUGH AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE** (excess mixing toughens the crust). Turn out onto floured wax paper and roll out with a floured rolling pin to 1/8" thickness. Using a small bowl or big cup (4" diameter) cut dough into circles, and place half of these in a muffin tin. Fill them with stuffing mixture and cover with the other dough circles. If desired, decorate with pieces of dough glued on with egg. Bake 25-30 minutes at 300 degrees until browned. Makes 8 tartlets.

A second recipe for you to try is a dessert called Creme Boyle, which is like a gentle saffron pudding or custard that resembles English clotted cream in flavor. Saffron is a flavoring agent in this recipe, so it can't be omitted from the recipe. The principal activities in this recipe involve stirring on the stove and licking the pot.

#### CREME BOYLE (Saffron Pudding)

Take cream of cow milk, and yolks of eggs beaten, and sugar, and saffron, and mix all together, and boil it that it be stiff, and dress it up stiff in strips in dishes, and plant it with flowers of borage, and serve it forth. (Ordinances from a Royal Household, p. 410)

#### SAFFRON PUDDING

2 cups Heavy Cream	9 Egg Yolks
8 tsp Sugar	5 strands Saffron, crushed

Whisk the ingredients constantly over medium heat, taking care to scrape the entire bottom of the pot so none of the pudding burns. The pudding will thicken well before it boils, and take it off the heat before boiling. Refrigerate until cold, whisk again if necessary to recombine oils, and serve.

Finally, here is a 12th Century recipe for a Sesame Taffy. Making taffy is lots of fun, as it involves pulling the candy out like a rubber band, doubling it, and pulling it again. I leave the exact quantities to you to work out, and suggest using a candy thermometer to regularize the temperatures. My main question about the recipe is why it's called Sesame Candy if sesame is never called for. Ah well, enjoy!

#### THE RECIPE FOR SESAME CANDY

The recipe for sesame candy. Put white pure honey near a moderate fire in a tinned [pan] and stir it unceasingly with a spatula. Place it alternately near the fire and away from the fire, and while it is being stirred more extensively, repeatedly put it near and away from the fire, stirring it without interruption until it becomes thick and viscous. When it is sufficiently thickened, pour it out on a [slab of] marble and let it cool for a little. Afterwards, hand it on an iron bolt and pull it out very thinly and fold it back, doing this frequently until it turns white as it should. Then twist and shape on the marble, gather it up and serve it properly. (*Mappae Clavicula*, translated by C.S. Smith & J.G. Hawthorne, Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, New Series Vol. 64, part 4, 1974)

## UPCOMING EVENTS

**Twelfth Night in Lonely Tower** - January 6, 1990. Lonely Tower's annual 12th Night Celebration. Arts and Sciences competitions in many mediums with a holiday theme, including brewing and vinting, chainmail, Father Christmas' Favor. There will be a Royal Grand Interval Melee. There will also be children's activities. See the MEWS for more details.

**RUSH in Oak Heart** - January 13, 1990. As usual, many fascinating courses to be taken, including Basic T-tunic Construction, Cotahardie Class, An English Country Dance Primer, Embroidery Made Sleazy, Philosophy of SCA Research, Beginning Illumination, Drawing Herald Beasts, SCA Folk Songs, and many other classes taught by people NOT from Three Rivers. See the MEWS for more details.

**Yule Feast in Long Ridge** - January 20, 1990. Long Ridge's annual 12th Night winter event. Weather permitting, there will be a fighter practice. There will definitely be a wedding, a ball, and feast. The site is discreetly wet. See the MEWS for more information.

**Winter War Maneuvers in Axed Root** - January 20, 1990. For those planning to attend the Estrella, you should make an attempt to attend these War Maneuvers. They are being held on the Armory on the University of Iowa's campus. No feast, but lots of fighting.

**Demo in Oak Heart** - January 27, 1990. No Flyer.

**Peer's Retreat** - January 27, 1990. Contact Countess Susannah for details.

**Huscarl's Retreat** - January 27, 1990. Contact Christopher Kensor.

**Costuming Seminar in Forgotten Sea** - February 3, 1990. Sponsored by the Clothier's Guild in Forgotten Sea. Classes will include: moorish costuming, armour and it's effect on fashion in the middle ages, maternity garb, and simple celtic garb. If you do not yet have garb to wear, this might be the event for you. See the MEWS for more details.

**Courtly Love in Standing Stones** - February 10, 1990. The day will include fighting, dancing, arts and sciences competitions, games and much more. There will be a King and Queen of love and beauty chosen that day. (This is also the event that the baronage candidates will meet the Council of Nobles.)

# JANUARY 1990

	1 New Year's Day	2	3	4 Business Meeting New Barge	5	6 12th Night Lonely Tower
7 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00 - ?	8 Officer's Meeting Cormac's	9	10	11 Dance Meeting	12	13 RUSH Oak Heart
14 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	15	16	17	18 Business Meeting Barge Deadline	19	20 Yule Feast Long Ridge War Man. Axed Root
21 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	22	23	24	25 Special Activities Meeting	26	27 Demo Oak Heart Peer's & Husband Retreats
28 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	29 Officer's Meeting Reese's	30	31			



# FEBRUARY 1990

				1 Business Meeting New Barge	2	3 Costuming Seminar Forgotten Sea
4 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	5	6	7	8 Dance Meeting	9	10 Courty Love Standing Stones
11 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	12	13	14	15 Business Meeting Barge Deadline	16 Estrella Goodyear Arizona	17 Hurts & Promises Spin Wind Cts. Susannah Pav. Making
18 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	19 Officer's Meeting Somewhere	20	21	22 Special Activities Meeting	23	24 BRIDE OF IRONHAND BE THERE!!!
25 Fighter's Practice Umrath 1:00	26	27	28			





Hurts and Promises in Spinning Winds -February 17, 1990. There will be a double elim. tourney, arts and sciences competitions, a hand feasting, and a feast. There will also be children's activities through out the day. See the MEWS for more details.

THE BRIDE OF IRONHAND!!! you know where it's at!!! There will be many interesting activities (see the announcements section for more on this event.

Coronation, Somewhere in Southern Calontir - March 10, 1990. There will of course be the coronation of Tomeeki and Fiona.

Baron's Ciliatedh in Dun Ard - March 17, 1990. No Flyer Yet.

Children's Event in Deoder - March 24, 1990. No Flyer Yet.

RUSH in Forgotten Sea - March 31, 1990. No Flyer Yet.



Some skeptics may wonder how a great, fierce beast like the Demobison could have been chosen as the emblem of Calontir's AOA-level Arts Order. The answer to this question lies in a collection of petrified clay tablets that was recently unearthed from a deposit of archaic fewmets. It is my pleasure and honor to present in these pages the story found therein, which I have painstakingly transcribed over a period of many months.

Here beginneth the Tale of Argent, The Silver Demobison.



Know, O King, that there was an age undreamed of, when Demobison were so numerous that their vast herds darkened the skies of Calontir with night-black wings, and plowed up the plains with iron hooves.

On a fine spring morning in that age, it came to pass that an elderly Demobison dam, almost past her fertile years, gave birth to a sport, a freak among Demobisons. For this calf, instead of being black, with fire-red eyes, blood-red horns, and rust-red hooves, as was normal for Demobisons, was entirely white, except for his gentle blue eyes. The mother, striving to hide her shame behind a proud front, named him "Argent."

As Argent grew up, it became apparent that, aside from his peculiar coloration, he was...well...different from the other Demobisons. Instead of subsisting on the normal Demobison diet of mountain lions, grizzly bears, and wolverines, he preferred to dine on *coq au vin*, *trout almondine*, *duck à l'orange*, and *broccoli hollandaise*. Instead of sniffing skunks, he would sniff flowers. Instead of engaging in rough-and-tumble Demobison pastimes such as tying empty ale kegs to the tail of a mountain lion, or playing pin-the-tail-on-the-rhinoceros, Argent devoted himself to artistic pursuits! He made costumes, did embroidery, practiced calligraphy and illumination, wrote poetry, played the violin, composed music, and engaged in other such un-Demobison-like activities. Needless to say, the other young Demobisons regarded Argent as a figure of fun, referring to him as an "artsy type," or a "970-pound weakling."



Argent, however, stoically ignored such gaucheries, for he knew that Fate had singled him out for a higher destiny. After several years of honing his skills, he felt himself ready to reveal the fruits of his labor to an unsuspecting world. He would take the products of his talents to the Pennsic War, there to enter the great Pennsic Arts Pentathalon. He had amassed far too great a collection of art objects to carry on his back flying, or even walking, so he constructed a covered wagon, designed to protect the collection from the elements, and, lastly, made himself a broad-brimmed hat, for protection from the sun on the long trek to Pennsic.

And so, one day in early August, when Argent's acquaintances (they would never have admitted to being *his* friends!) were playing a game of pin-the-tail-on-the-rhinoceros, they looked up from their fun to behold an incredible sight! There was Argent, trudging across the plains, pulling a covered wagon behind him and wearing a tall-crowned, broad-brimmed leather hat.

"Hey, Wimp!" one of them called, "where you goin' with that contraption?"

"To Pennsic War," answered Argent politely (for he always behaved with impeccable courtesy, regardless of the scorn heaped on him by his fellows).

"Pennsic War!" hooted another of the Demobisons, "You don't even fight!"

"It is my intention," replied Argent with great dignity, "to enter the Pennsic Arts Pentathalon."

"Pennsic Arts Pentathalon! Haw, haw haw!" Gasping and wheezing with laughter, the Demobisons rolled on their backs helplessly, allowing the rhinoceros to run away and hide in the confusion. (tr. note: This is the origin of the little-known and even less often sung verse to the Coeur de Boeuf Challenge Song: 'O, the Rhinoceri of Calontir got no Tail!')

One of the Demobisons still had enough breath to speak. "But, it's still two weeks 'till Pennsic. Why not fly up the night before like the rest of us?"

"I have too many entries to carry by myself, so I will walk all the way to Pennsic, pulling them in this wagon," replied Argent.

"You sure got a lot o' guts for a wimp!" chuckled the Demobison, beginning to snort and chortle like his comrades.

And with the laughter of his cousins echoing in his ears, Argent trundled eastward.

Long and arduous was that journey. Over hills, in and out of valleys, through sun and rain and marsh and desert he trekked. Whenever he came to a river that was too deep to ford, he flew his entries across, one at a time, then went back, disassembled the wagon, and flew it across piece by piece, and laboriously reassembled it on the far side. He hadn't anticipated the river crossing problem, and the only way to keep from falling hopelessly behind schedule was to travel by night as well as by day. But, drawing upon his vast reserved of Demobison stamina, he pressed on.



Finally, fifteen days after his departure, Argent arrived at the site of Pennsic War, gaunt, haggard, and 300 pounds thinner.

After asking directions, he went straight to the area where the Arts Pentathalon was to be judged, under the auspices of an interkingdom consortium of Frogs. Some of the ordinary Demobisons, who had, of course, flown in the night before, gathered around to see what would happen to Argent.

"Is this where the Arts Pentathalon is being judged?" he asked.

"Mais oui!" replied the Premier Frog. "But, je regret to inform you, mon ami, that you are too late. The entries were cut off a half hour ago."

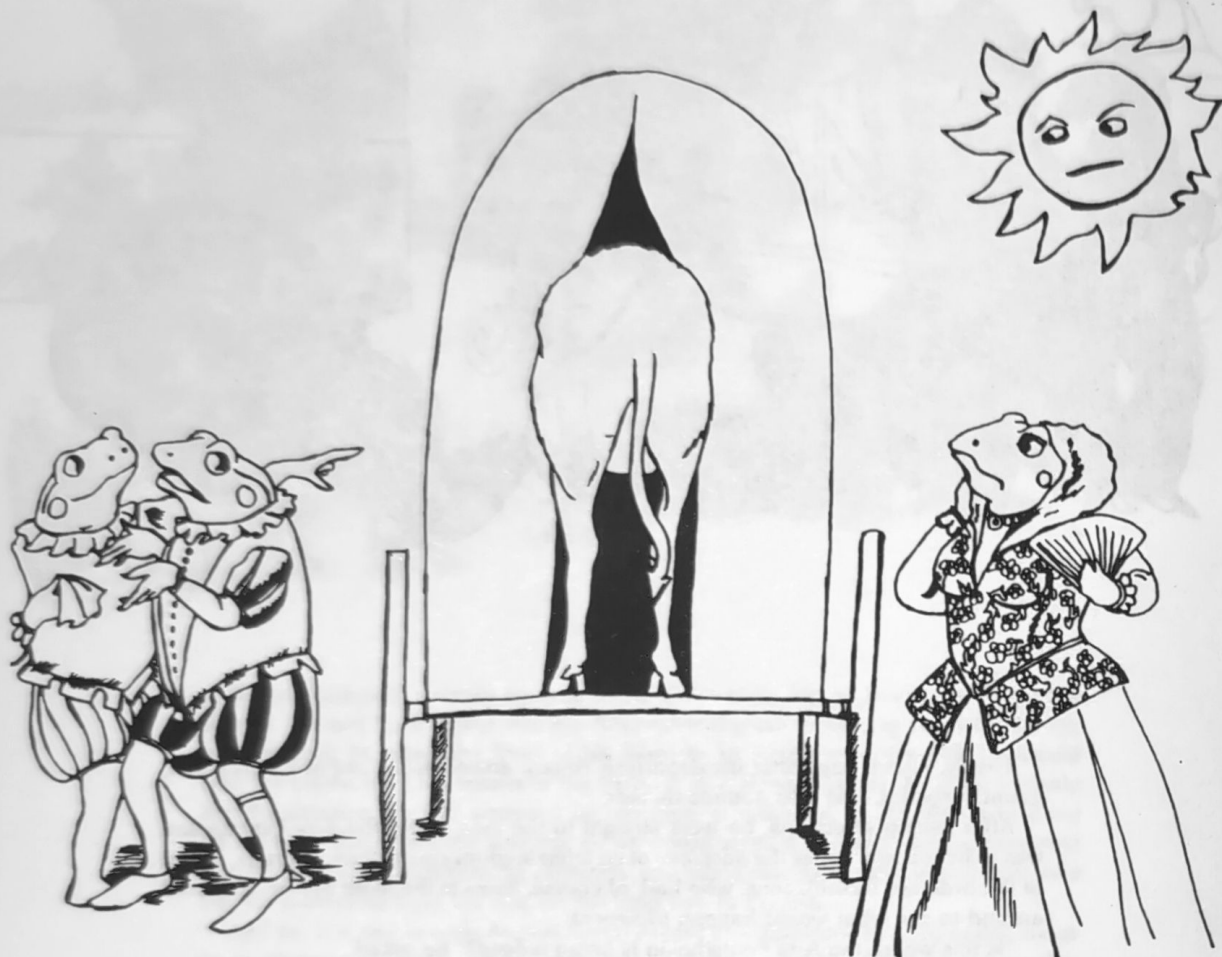
"A half hour!" cried Argent. "But I've been pulling this wagon for *fifteen days*, all the way from Calontir!"

"Quelle tragique!" exclaimed the Frog. "But that is the way the crepe crinkles, as they say."

One of the other frogs, however, surveying the sweaty, dirty, travel-stained young Demobison in his funny hat, and the dusty, travel-scarred wagon, took pity of Argent, or perhaps saw a way to score free generosity points, or perhaps was influenced by ominous rumblings from the watching Demobisons, who were resentful at seeing one of their own getting the shaft, even if he was peculiar. At any rate, for whatever reason, she spoke up, voicing those now-famous words: "*Oh, let the Bison Boy in. What harm can it do?*"

"Oh thank you, thank you! It will only take me a few minutes to get my entries ready."





And with that, Argent disappeared into his wagon, where he quickly made some alterations in his contest garb, to compensate for his 300-pound weight loss.

A few minutes later, the frogs were suddenly dazzled by supernal splendor as Argent trod forth from his wagon, clothed in excruciatingly authentic Tudor garb of pure white satin and velvet, trimmed with snowy ermine, embroidered in white and silver thread, encrusted with diamonds and topaz (for a spot of color, don't you know), white leather gloves and slippers, and a white hat with a pure white plume. The frogs gaped in stupefied awe, their froggy tongues hanging all the way to the ground as Argent made seemingly endless trips between his wagon and the display tables, setting out his embroidery, his calligraphy and illumination, his poetry, his hand-made violin, his hand-made lace bobbins, his lace, his hand-spun and hand-dyed fabrics made on his hand-made spinning wheel, and so and and so forth, etcetera, ad infinitum.

Well, when the judging was over and tabulated, Argent had won forty-three first prizes, twenty-one second prizes, and two third prizes. (Actually, the statistics were somewhat confused, as Argent had tied with himself for first place in some of the events.) Needless to say, Argent was the overall winner, and was declared Champion of the Pentathalon. Meanwhile, the Demobisons were nudging the other spectators and saying things like, "He's one of us, you know," and "We knew he had it in him!"



That evening, as the Demobisons were getting ready for the post-revel, they discovered Argent hitching himself to his wagon. "What do you think you're doing?" they asked. "Come and party with us at the post-revel!"

"No," replied Argent, "I need to get an early start for home. After all, it's a fifteen-day trip for me."

"No way!" said the Demobisons. "You're brought honor and glory to the race of Demobisons! You're a credit to Calontir! We'll all help you carry your stuff back, and you can fly home with the rest of us."

And so, with each Demobison carrying one of Argent's entries, they all flew home together, leaving the wagon behind at Pennsic. Indeed, with the Demobisons all vying for the honor of carrying one of Argent's entries, there was nothing left for him to carry; so, being the lightest, he led the flock home.

When word spread of Argent's triumph, the Royal Falcon, supreme Bird of Calontir, summoned Argent forward in Court, and decreed that an Arts Order would be named after him, in honor of the fame he had brought to Calontir. Furthermore, he appointed Argent to the Office of Kingdom Minister of Arts.

As for the other Demobisons, when they saw the honors that Argent had gleaned, and especially when they saw how the female Demobisons flocked around him to ask his advice about costuming, they decided that maybe there was something to this artsy stuff after all, and quite a few Demobisons began to take up artistic pursuits.

And that is how an Arts Award Order came to be named after a Demobison.

So endeth the tale of Argent, the Silver Demobison as translated, recounted and illustrated by Master Stephen Ironhand, Baron Three Rivers.



Black Cat



# The Coronet of Three Rivers

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