



Special Edition:
Queen's Prize Tournament
Chieftains 2020

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Letter from Their Excellencies

Greetings unto the populous of Three Rivers.

We were so excited to see so many of you at Our Gathering of the Chieftains last weekend. The fighters on the steel and armored combat fields were inspiring, and it was especially fun to watch the youth combat. The other activities throughout the day, from the bardic competition to the arts and sciences were amazing to see.

One of the greatest rewards of Our position is seeing the looks on the faces of Our people as they are recognized for their efforts by the Crown. If you didn't get to see the look on Eli's face after his second award of the day (on top of his tournament win), you missed out.

As always, the hospitality of Three Rivers stood out as a jewel in the Crown of Calontir. However this only happen with the never-ending efforts of Our populous. Thank you!

Now We must ask one more favor of you. While we saw much of the event, Our eyes could not be everywhere. If you noticed one of Our people stepping up beyond the norm, please send Us a note so they might be properly recognized.

In service to the Crown and Three Rivers,

Duncan and Gwendolyn
Baron and Baroness Three Rivers



Letter From The Editor

Greetings Three Rivers,

Late winter in Calontir means many things to us. Gulf Wars is coming up shortly, we are all tired of being stuck inside, and we have two of our favorite events! This year was no exception! The month of February brought us both Queen's Prize Tournament and Chieftains.

Lady Uaithne Inghean Ui Ruairc graciously agreed to be The Barge's eyes and ears at Queen's Prize and with documentation from some of the participants we hope to bring you a taste of what went on there. Lord Jon Chesey discusses recreating period embroidery, Noble Frøygæirr Fasthaldwas kind enough to write down his Bardic for us all to enjoy, and Nobilius Aleidis Zophilare tells us the best ways to recover from Post Revel Hangovers!

Chieftians is one of the highlights of our year as a Barony and this year was no exception! We had a number of amazing classes, and a feast that is the best I have ever tasted. In this issue Mjoll discusses how Chieftians went, we have a copy of missed Pádraigín an Éinigh's class (If you missed it she is teaching it again at Gulf!), and we have ALL THE RECIPES from feast (including my personal recipe for pickled eggs).

If you were unable to attend these events I hope this helps make up for it. I want to thank everyone who contributed to this issue. Without you we could not have done it.

Yours In Service,

Lady Taliesin of Three Rivers & Lady Pádraigín an Éinigh

Upcoming Events

April 4, 2020

Spring RUSH

Shire of Calanais Nuadh
367 Old Rte 66
St. Robert, MO 65584

April 11, 2020

Spring Crown Tournament

Shire of Wyvern Cliffe
1616 Oilwell Rd Ste B
Jefferson City, MO 65101

May 2, 2020

Spring War College

Shire of Amlethsmor
Hallsville, MO 65255

May 9, 2020

St. George & The Dragon

Shire of Oakheart
Springfield, MO

May 22, 2020

Tournament of Valor

Barony of Vatavia
Valley Center, KS

June 12-21, 2020

War of the Lilies

Kingdom of Calontir
17980 Collins Rd
Smithville, MO 64089

Happenings at Court

Queen's Prize Court

Lord Tyr Ironscales recieved his leather mallet for cooking.

Lady Arnthora Rúnviðardóttir received AoA.

Lord Lawrence Withers received his leather mallet for leatherwork.

Noble Frøygæirr Fasthald won Queen's Choice for their Bardic entry on the Binding of Fenrir.

Chieftains Battlefield Court

Lord Giacomo dalla Fattoria dello Stato became their Majesties Stile Champion.

Chieftains Baronial Court

Lord Osríc Reyner and *Lady Eva Celensoen* stepped down as webminister and A&S Coordinator respectively.

Lady Mjoll Úlfasdóttir stepped up as A&S Coordinator.

Honorable Lord Hugo Van Harlo was given the Baroness Award of Patronage.

Chieftains' Champions

Duke Anton Raghelan was announced the winner of the Cut and Thrust Dance Card Tourney.

Duke Bataciqan-nu Koun Ashir was announced the winner of the Sword and Shield tourney.

Eli of Three Rivers was announced winner of the youth tourney.

Sir Alric Upplendingr was announced the winner of the Heavy Tourney.

Dominius was announced the winner of the Novice Tourney.

Honorable Lady Bronwen de Westhold was announced teh winner of the A&S Tourney.

Lord Ma'iz was announced the winner of the Bardic competition.

Chieftains Kingdom Court

Lady Lisette of Three Rivers received her Golden Calon Swan For Garb.

Lady Violette of Three Rivers received her Golden Calon Swan For so many thing we could not get them all down!

Lady Mjoll Úlfasdóttir announced we had 265 attendees.

Eli of Three Rivers received both Queen's Chalice and Falcon's Claw.

Sir Hildibrandr Tjúguskegg recieved a Torse for Service with Loaner Gear.

Lady Auga Ormstunga received her Torse for service as Chatalaine.

Lady Quiteria la Roja was announced as the next Chan of RUSH.

Court in Pictures

By Lady Taliesin of Three Rivers



Heard Around The Barony

A Gossip Column

As everyone knows our Barony has been busy for months preparing for Chieftains. During this time many things were witnessed around the Barony that should be mentioned.

Thora, a visting member from a far off land, prepared dinner for all of those working set up on Friday.

It was overheard over drinks that a certain mermaid Baroness singlehandedly wrote the scroll for the *Honorable Lord Hugo Van Harlo*. Kukuleku!

Lady Eva Celensoen was spotted retrieving a certain Deputy Chronicler's cooler after said Deputy forgot to feed herself all day. She delivered it to Gate to tremendous praise. *Lady Taliesin* promised to take care of herself better in the future.

Mistress Dorcas Whitecap was loaned an amazing Calontir Heraldry Coloring Book. She was beyond words when flipping through it. (Want one? You can find one on Amazon [here](#))

Lady Pádraigín an Éinigh taught a class on Roman swearing so popular that it was standing room only in the bar. We spotted a large number of Shiny Hats in the room.

Speculation abounds as to if they were trying to learn to act more like the commoners they rule. Many drinks and much revelry was had while the populace learned how to properly insult others.

Euclid, one of our newest members (and promising voice herald), was spotted carrying water to fighters whenever the need arose. We look forward to watching him walk the path of The Dream at future events.

When one of the ovens decided it preferred to vent gas rather than burn it *Lord Tyr* was spotted helping locate an oven which was not having such issues. We very much appreciate his efforts as eating feast is far better than asphixiation!

Many of our newest members were spotted at Feast serving rather sitting. They did a tremendous job and we thank them for their service.

Don't forget that without you Their Royal Majesties do not know what is going on in our realms. If you see someone going above and beyond be sure to place an award recommendation! (And don't forget to tell us about them so we can rat them out!)

Make A Kingdom Award Recommendation Click Here

Queen's Prize in Pictures

By Lady Uaithne Inghean Uí Ruairc



Making Charles XI Trim

By Lord Jon Chesey



Inspiration

Base Inspiration

In exploring historic images looking for design ideas, I discovered this image of King Charles IX of France dated 1572. I had been looking to attempt embroidery for some time and was drawn to this piece due to its beautiful geometrical pattern. Since most of the lines on it are straight, it seemed like it would be a good starting point for this endeavor. Ultimately, I plan to recreate the doublet and hat, but am starting with the doublet.

Planning, Materials, and Experimentation

Since my goal does not currently include the cloak, the patterns on the doublet are the ones that require examination as there are a few variations on the theme.



Inspiration Close-Up

The first is the center of the doublet, where the buttons fasten it. Since there must obviously be overlap where the buttons go through, there must be two pieces to this. Shown on the left in the image, we have a column of what I have come to describe as the “full X” pattern as it has an X shape, with a horizontal bar across each half, as well as bars above and below each X. In all cases, each individual element is made up of three smaller, parallel threads. On this side, there is a heavier single vertical thread running

through the center, as well as along the edge of the pattern and then, across a generally unadorned gap, another at the edge of the fold for the buttons. The painting makes it apparent these threads were couched.

On the other side, we have a “half X” pattern with much the same description, next to which the buttons would lie. We cannot be certain what other decoration may lie underneath.

Next, we have the pieces of trim that run vertically near the shoulders and on the collar. These also feature the “half X” design, but they are broken by a gap featuring a more delicate cross-hatched pattern bordered again with the heavier thread.

At this stage of the project, these are the three styles I am attempting to recreate. Overall, the pieces look to be goldwork on black velvet. For my purposes, I chose to work with DMC light gold metallic embroidery thread and a cotton velvet.

Before working on the scale, I did a few quick tests of the general shape and quickly noticed that the thread tended to disappear into the nap of the velvet. To help it stand out, I braided three threads together to

create one thicker. Another issue I had with my initial experiments is that the numerous horizontal threads tended to cause some puckering to the velvet. This may have been due to using strips of scrap velvet that did not completely fill my embroidery hoop, thereby not keeping enough tension, but I could also not rule out that it was simply caused by how many horizontal threads there were which, cumulatively, may be the cause as well.

Regardless, once assured that the general look would be acceptable, I worked on determining the scale. To determine the proper proportions, I measured the ratio of height and width of the source image directly from my monitor (greatly enlarged). I then counted the number of "boxes" shown in the original image and estimated how long that would be on my own body to go as far down my chest as the portrait did. The numbers came out very close to 1.75" tall and 1" wide for the "full X". As such, I used these figures as my baseline.

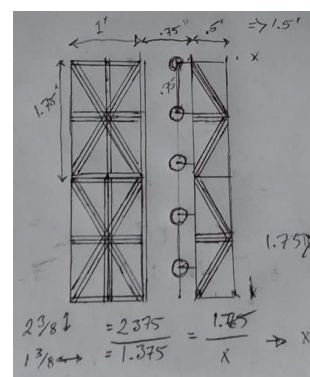
Construction

In an effort to reduce the puckering problem as well as to provide a surface on which I could more easily transfer the pattern, I used a medium weight fusible interfacing attached to the reverse as shown on the right. Not shown is that I also did the "half X" pattern alongside this to better utilize the material. Once the overall X pattern was complete, I then

couched the braided threads with single threads to help the braided threads keep their positioning. Historically, this would have been done with a similarly colored thread (or not, depending on the intended effect), I elected to use the gold embroidery thread as well to make the couching less evident.

Next up was the side pieces which featured the cross-hatched pattern. The "half X" boxes were formed in the same manner as done previously, but the new twist was the center channel. Again, doing some approximate math, I estimated that each diagonal line was separated from the next by very close to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch and the gap to be approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

Initially, I attempted this cross-hatched pattern simply by doing one direction and then the other atop it. However, the threads tended to lay at slightly odd angles to one another, and while geometrically accurate, the slightly different angle caught the light differently and was visually displeasing. As such, I did one direction first, and then wove the second through the first. This not only had the advantage of keeping the threads aligned to one another, but also helped keep them constrained. While it is entirely possible that these threads may have been couched on the original, it is not evident from the source image and the woven nature I have employed makes it less necessary.



Schematic Drawing



Back of Work

Next came the vertical couched threads. Unfortunately, I did not give much consideration to the fact that I used a light gold thread as opposed to a more natural gold color. The result was that matching the tone proved difficult. Although I did find a metallic cord with a rubber core, the rubber was not sufficiently soft for my taste, and as such, the couching stitches stood out too much for my taste and I elected to simply use another triple-braided thread.



Replicated Trim

Lessons Learned

Scale is everything. While 1/32 of an inch is not something I tend to consider in any other sewing application, in this project, I discovered that I really needed to stay as true as possible to my markings, which themselves were truthfully insufficient as simply the width of the pen mark was enough to throw things off. This was especially true when working on the sets of three parallel threads. Being less than the width of the needle off would result in lines that were obviously not parallel. In some cases, I was able to correct this slightly when couching them, but couching introduced a new factor: the exact angles from which the couching thread came up from the cloth and then re-entered it, would notably affect the braided threads, typically by introducing a slight twist which disrupted the linearity.

Similarly, linearity was disrupted frequently on the

cross-hatch pattern. This most frequently happened when I thought I was smarter than the marks I'd made on the reverse. I'm not. That's why I measured things. Duh.

In general, using the interfacing to stabilize and mark the pattern worked quite well. Where this started to deteriorate was on the cross-hatched piece. With the button pieces, I went up each set of X's as a single column. I did that with the cross-hatched pieces initially as well, but since this required repositioning the fabric in my hoop so many times, the interfacing started to deteriorate. The result of this was that the markings occasionally became difficult to see and worse, sometimes when pulling a thread through, it pulled some of the white interfacing fluff through as well.

As such, when I got to the cross hatching, I did both sides in tandem. This solved the problem of the interfacing deteriorating further, but meant that there were consistently 12 threads hanging from my piece (the two for the cross-hatch, the two braided couched pieces, and the couching threads, on both sides). As I frequently had to flip the project to precisely position things as noted above, this became unwieldy. I'm uncertain if an embroidery frame would work better, again, due to the amount of times I have to flip the project. However, the hoop notably marred the cross-hatching so a frame may be better in that respect.

Future Plans

From the current stage of the project, my goal is to complete the trim for the upper portion of the doublet. Once complete, there are a few decisions I'll need to make. First, other portraits of Charles IX from a similar time period that were full body with similar styles indicate this doublet likely had an attached skirt. Since it is not pictured, I will need to decide how I would like to approach that given the trim takes an exceptionally long time to produce. Similarly, thought will also need to be given to under garments, the shirt and (based on the image at right) trunkhose. The hat will be necessary as

well.

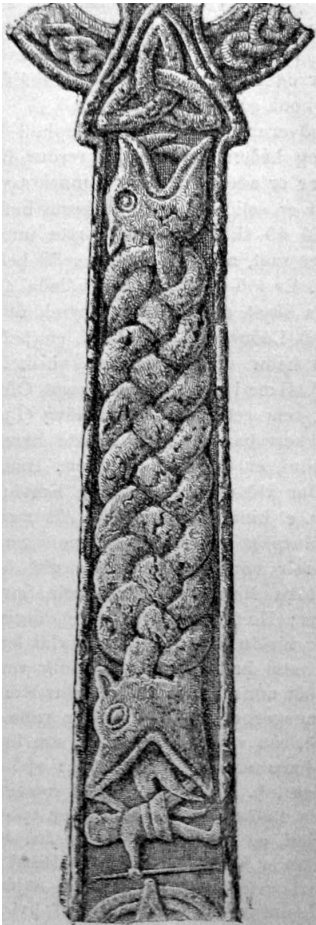
While I initially thought the buttons were pearls (given how popular pearls were in this period and how many pearls are used elsewhere in this piece), Mistress Sancha Lestrangle has indicated that they may have been silver wrapped wood instead. Indeed, examining the original image with this in mind makes a slight color difference between the pearls and buttons apparent.
een silver wrapped wood instead. Indeed, examining the original image with this in mind makes a slight color difference between the pearls and buttons apparent.



Full Outfit

The Binding of Fenrir

By Noble Frøygæirr Fasthaldí



A part of the Gosforth Cross showing a humanoid figure tear apart the jaws of a monster. Usually interpreted to be Víðarr's battle with Fenrir at Ragnarök.

It is well known and oft repeated that the Aesir are brave and strong, but even among their number, one is counted stronger and braver than most: Tyr, god of, among other things, war, justice, and order. But to speak on Tyr, we must first speak of Odin, and of Loki.

It came to pass that one day, Odin, the All Father, was consulting with the Norns, and to his dismay, he found that Loki, the wise and mischievous, had sired three children by the frost giantess Angrboda. Furthermore, the Norns told him, one of these children was preordained to bring about his demise. And so Odin sent several of the Aesir to retrieve these three children.

These children were the great serpent Jormungander, who now winds around the world, Hel, presider over the dead, and Fenrir, the Fenris wolf.

These three were gathered from the halls of Jotunheim by Odin's compatriots, largely without incident, and all of these left Jotunheim in much the same way.

One evening, as they sat round the fire, Thor, for he was on this expedition as well, said:

"Tyr, my friend, does it not strike you as odd that we have faced no obstruction or waylaying on our quest to return these three to our halls?"

"No." Tyr replied, scratching the Fenris-wolf behind the ears. "Surely our reputation precedes us, and they gave us passage out of fear. Put it from your mind."

This seemed good enough for Thor, who went to sleep thereafter, but there was some disquiet in Tyr's heart.

Upon returning to Odin's halls, the three children were presented before him. Jormungandr, who was already quite large, was ordered to be cast into the sea and to trouble the Aesir no further. And so he was.

Hel, whose form was half that of a beautiful woman and half that of a corpse, aroused disquiet in all those who looked upon her. To avoid her ire and offense, Odin gave her dominion over the spirits of those who perish of illness or old age. And so it was.

Fenrir, the last of these, who had also grown larger since he was gathered up, was given into the care of Tyr, for though he ate raw meat as a beast, he spoke

like a man, and Tyr was brave enough to accept the task.

As time passed, Tyr took to his duty well, bringing Fenrir his food and providing him with company. However, as he grew larger and larger, Odin grew more and more concerned. And he decided something must be done.

Odin went to seek smiths to forge a chain, the strongest any of them had ever seen. And so they did, and they called it Lading. It was large, and bulky, and above all, seemingly indestructible. The gods brought this chain before Fenrir and said to him; "Ho, Fenris-wolf! Your strength is well known among us and we wish for you to test this chain we have made. Let us wind it about you and see if you can break it."

And Fenrir, who was quite proud, for it must be remembered he was Loki's son, agreed, and the chain was placed around him. Fenrir writhed, and he wrenched, and he raged, and he strained every powerful muscle in his body. And surely as you or I might tear a chain made of grass, this one fell to pieces about his body.

The gods praised Fenrir, and applauded his strength and fortitude, and made celebration of this feat. But Odin, he grew more concerned.

So he gathered together all of the finest smiths in all of Asgard, and he set them to make a

second chain. This one, even stronger than the first, and of much finer make and polish, was called Dromi. This chain, too, they brought before Fenrir.

"Ho, Fenris-wolf!" the gods said. "You had done such a fine job of showing your strength with the last chain we made, we want you to show us again. We have this chain here, let us wind it around your body and see that you can break it." And Fenrir, it must be remembered, was Loki's son, so though he was proud, he was also wise. He initially refused, as he suspected trickery. But the gods goaded him and prodded him and teased him for being weak, and eventually his pride won out. And so he let them wind the chain around him.

Fenrir, once again, writhed, and wrenched, and he raged, and he strained every powerful muscle in his body. And surely as you or I might tear a chain made of paper, this one fell to pieces about his body, much like the first.

Once again, the gods praised Fenrir, applauding his strength and his fortitude, and they once again celebrated his power. Odin, though, grew even more nervous.

And so he sent loyal Skirnir to the dark elves to obtain a chain more powerful than any other, for they were known for their wondrous crafts. And they crafted one as requested, using



The god Víðarr stands in the jaws of Fenrir and swings his sword.

many powerful things. They used the roots of a mountain and the sinews of a bear and the breath of a fish and the spittle of a bird and the beard of a woman and the footfalls of a cat, and it is known that they used these things, because none since have seen them. This chain was called Gleipnir, and though it took the form of a beautiful silken ribbon, it was indestructible. Many Aesir tried to break it upon Skirnir's return, and they could not. And so they devised a plan.

The Aesir, Tyr and Odin among them, went to Fenrir and said: "Fenrir! We intend to have ourselves a day of sporting and contests, of tests of strength and fighting and wrestling and shooting and all of the things warriors do. We would be remiss to not invite you, come with us." And Fenrir, pleased, did so.

And they did these things. They ran and shot and wrestled and fought and winners were crowned. When, at the end of the day, Fenrir and the Aesir laid about on the grass, exhausted, one of them spoke up as if by afterthought. He withdrew Gleipnir from inside his shirt and said "See this. It is a curious rope I found on my travels. Try as I might, I cannot break it. Here, you try to do so." He passed the chain around to each of the Aesir, and sure enough, none could break it. Eventually, it got to Fenrir, and another god spoke up as if having an idea.

"Fenrir, great wolf." He said. "You did such a fine job breaking the two chains set upon you before, surely you could break this chain now. It ought to be nothing compared to those. Let us set it about your body and see you break it as you did the others."

Fenrir, though, was Loki's child and he was quite wise. He suspected trickery, and refused. He complained "what glory would there be in this? If there is no trickery here, then breaking a simple piece of ribbon would bring me no glory." The gods prodded him and called him coward and jeered at him and eventually, he relented.

"Fine," said the Fenris-wolf. "But if I do this, I have one condition. One of your number must step forward and place his sword hand between my jaws. I will bite down gently upon it, and hold it there while you wrap the chain about me and I attempt to break it. If I cannot, you will unwind the chain and set me free, and I will let go. If you do not, I will bite down and rend the hand from the arm of he who stands before me. Surely, if there is no trickery here, this is no great thing to ask."

The gods grew silent at this request, and looked to each other. They shuffled nervously and did not step forward. But Tyr, brave as ever, strode forward and placed his hand between Fenrir's jaws. Fenrir, as

promised, bit down lightly upon Týr's hand and the Aesir bound Fenrir with the chain. Týr grew ever so slightly nervous as he felt Fenrir's teeth pressing into the flesh of his hand.

The gods, save Týr, stepped back, for they knew what was to come. And Fenrir wrenched, and he writhed, and he raged, and he strained every muscle in his powerful body, but he could not break the chain. In fact, as he struggled, he found it grew tighter about him and he could not escape it. And so Fenrir let loose a throaty laugh and said "Alright, you have had your fun. I cannot break this chain, now remove it from my body and let us get on with the day."

No god stepped forward, and several of them began to laugh, thinking themselves quite clever. They had managed to bind the Fenris-wolf and render him powerless. One of them, though did not laugh. Týr met Fenrir's eye, and the two shared a moment of silence as Fenrir understood what had been done.

Týr spoke, low and quiet so that only Fenrir could hear. "Do it. It is your right." And so he did. He clamped his jaws upon Týr's hand and ripped it from the end of his arm, casting it to the ground. Týr, strong and brave, did not flinch or cry out. He stepped back, wrapped the wound to staunch the bleeding of his arm,

and kept his own counsel. The other Aesir celebrated their victory. They carried Fenrir away from the island, deep below the earth, and bound Gleipnir to a stone, and sank this stone into the earth where Fenrir could not pull it free, and they stepped back to admire their handiwork.

Fenrir looked to the group of them, rage burning in his eyes. He spoke.

"You. Cowards and oathbreakers all. But for your betrayal, I would have been your staunchest ally and truest friend. But you fed me falsehoods and sent the bravest among you to sacrifice for your cause, and you have made an enemy of me. In the end, I will open wide my jaws and devour the sea, the earth, and the sky, and everything between. I will slay every man, woman, and child." Here, he turned his gaze upon Odin. "And you, All Father, I will enjoy your death the most, for I know this was your doing. I will kill each and every living thing, but I will relish your screams beyond all others."

And Odin, despite himself, felt a shudder run through him, for by his actions, he knew the fate that the Norns had ordained would come to pass.

One of the Aesir rammed their sword, point up, into Fenrir's mouth to cease his speaking, and a river of poison flowed



The god Týr, one-handed, stands before the bound wolf Fenrir.

from his mouth, a sign of the hate and anger spewing from him forevermore.

There are those who would say by Týr's sacrifice, he vanquished a powerful enemy of Asgard.

But I do not agree. I say that by the treachery and cowardice of the Aesir, they created their own enemy from one who would be a friend, and I would urge you to think upon this.



An illustration of the wolf Fenrir biting the right hand off the god Týr, from an Icelandic 18th century manuscript.

Medieval Hangover Cures

By Nobilius Aleidis Zophilare

Food as Medicine

Medicine in the Middle Ages was often horrifying, sometimes tasty and, more often than one might expect, actually occasionally effective. One of the most common ways in which we see this is in the humoral system of medicine. With food being assigned humoral qualities, it follows that it would then be prescribed to alleviate corresponding humoral imbalances. In addition, quite a large amount of herbs and spices were used for both culinary and medicinal purposes. The idea of medicinal food and diets is one that persists to today.

Why Hangovers?

I have been interested in pursuing research into the intersections of food and medical practice in our period for some time now, and knew that I wanted this to be the focus of my project this year. But I was stuck deciding on how to approach it. I considered recreating a meal as it would be served to the sick, but eventually decided to take the angle of picking a single ailment and sampling recommended cures for that ailment from different cultures. Though I do intend to return to that first concept in the future.

I researched many different ailments before deciding to focus on this topic. Eventually I landed on hangovers because I was intrigued and entertained by what my research was turning up, and several seemed quite tasty. My decision was also guided somewhat by the thought that the populace was likely to find this topic relatable.

For nearly as long as humans have been drinking alcohol, we have also been inventing ways to cope with the inevitable side effects of exceeding the recommended dosage. One of the oldest recorded and most enduring recommendations for the morning after a night of drunkenness is the metaphorical hair of the dog. The poet Antiphanes wrote in the 4th century BCE,

*Take the hair, it is well written,
Of the dog by which you're bitten,
Work off one wine by his brother,
One labor with another.*

This is however not one of the cures which I will be presenting, as this is a dry site, and I am not a brewer.

The Recipes

I prepared two recipes, as well as a simple beverage to accompany them. The first is pokhmel'e, a dish so ubiquitous

as a remedy in late period Russia that it shares its name with the Russian word for hangover. Second, I prepared kishkiyya, a dish recommended for hangovers by Ibn Sayyar al-Warraq in the 10th century book *Annals of the Caliph's Kitchen* and so well loved that poems were written about it. I am serving alongside these dishes a beverage recommended to prevent drunkenness, which is mentioned in the same book. It's lemonade.

The description of pokhmel'e I am basing my redaction on was written by Adam Olearius, a German scholar visiting the region.

"The Russians prepare a special dish when they have a hangover or feel uncomfortable. They cut cold baked lamb into small pieces, like cubes, but thinner and broader, mix them with peppers and cucumbers similarly cut, and pour over them a mixture of equal parts of vinegar and cucumber juice. They eat this with a spoon and afterwards a drink tastes good again."

The instructions for preparing kishkiyya are thus:

Wash 3 ratls of meat and put it in a pot. Add 1/2 ratl of chopped onion, 1/4 ratl of fresh herbs, a handful of chickpeas, 1 piece of galangal, and 1/4 ratl of olive oil. Pour water in the pot enough to submerge the ingredients. Let the pot cook until the meat is done. Add any seasonal green vegetables and a little chard. When everything is cooked, add 3

heads of sour kishk, and 1/2 ratl kishk from Albu-Sahar, Mawsili, or Babaki. Pound them into fine powder and dissolve them in 1 ratl verjus. When the kishk is done, add 2 dirhams cumin and an equal amount of cssia. Add a handful of finely chopped onion. Do not stir the pot. When the onion cooks and falls apart, add 2 Danaqs cloves and a similar amount of spikenard. Let the pot simmer and rest.

This is how to make kishkiyya, and it can substitute for all other kinds. You might add variety by making it less or more sour, and by putting whatever other vegetables you prefer.

I also used for reference the poem I mentioned above.

The nourishing dish to have when in the gripes of a hangover one craves some food.

If sikhaja is missed, kishk may replace it when a sour dish he must have.

Made with shoulder cuts of lamb and of tail fat and equal amount is put.

Juice of sour grapes poured to cover will make it good and a dish to savor.

*It has onion like pears, juxtaposed with peeled carrots like gold Chard stalks, as well, like silver that no equal has,
Or succulent tubes of threaded pearls. Well, if not pearls, then like pearls.*

A dish as flavorful and balmy as the delicate fingers of the gazelle that

cooked it.

*Its pale hue shimmers like her
contour flickering through her sheer
gown.*

*Having eating it intoxicated one
will be all anew and the hangover
will itself renew.*

*Whoever shares this meal with us,
will pay his favors in full only if of
it he has his fill.*

The Process

Both recipes I followed as closely as possible, though in the end I had to make more substitutions and omissions than I would have liked, as a snow storm prevented me from getting to the international grocers in the city in the days leading up to this event.

In the recipe for pokhmel'e, when it lists peppers I took this to mean pepper the seasoning, as peppers the vegetable as we know them were not cultivated in the region. Thus I decided to season the dish with ground

peppercorns. Additionally, I had to look into the variety of vinegar that may have been used. Grapes were not cultivated in the region at this time, and the most commonly drunk alcohol at the time appeared to have been honey wine. As mead vinegar would have been difficult to acquire both with the time restraints and restriction to the local Walmart that I was working with, I opted for apple cider vinegar with some honey to cut the bite to get as close as I could to the desired flavor profile.

The recipe for kishkiyya left a lot of room for improvisation by the cook. The herbs and vegetables I elected to use were inspired by both past experiences with cooking dishes from this region and period and the ingredients' humoral properties. I utilized yogurt in place of kishk both to make the dish less sour and because I have little experience with fermentation.

Chieftains in Pictures

By Lady Taliesin of Three Rivers



Vinegar Feast: The Recipes

By Lady Ilene Ingen Ruadhagain

Hot Mustard

4 cups white vinegar
1 1/2 cup flour
4 cups granulated sugar
4 cups yellow mustard
36 hot peppers, seeded and chopped

Mix vinegar and flour in a large pot over medium heat until the flour is dissolved.

Mix in sugar and mustard.

Stir in peppers. Cook until it begins to thicken. Pour into jars.

Roasted Pears:

2 large slightly under ripe pears
2 teaspoons butter
3 tablespoons good quality balsamic vinegar
4 teaspoons runny honey (or more to taste)

Preheat the oven to 200 degrees Celsius/ 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Half and core the pears. Don't peel them.

Melt the butter in a cast iron skillet or another heavy-bottomed, ovenproof pan.

Add the pears, cut-sides down and sauté them for two minutes on the stove.

Place the pan in the oven and roast the pears for 20 minutes.

Drizzle the balsamic vinegar on the pears and continue roasting for further 5 minutes.

Remove the pan from the oven, drizzle each pear with some honey and let the pears rest for another few minutes.

Serve warm with some of the pan juices and more honey, if you wish.

Vinegar Pie

1 crust for a single crust pie, your favorite recipe or store-bought
3-4 large eggs, at room temperature (three will give you a softer set)
1 cup light brown sugar*, packed
1/2 teaspoon kosher salt, I used Morton's (yes, that much)
6 Tablespoons unsalted butter (3/4 sticks), melted and cooled slightly (I used 1/2 Stick)
2 Tablespoons apple cider vinegar

Whisk together the eggs, sugar, and salt until well combined and smooth.

Drizzle in the melted butter while whisking constantly.

Whisk in the apple cider vinegar.

Pour into the crust and bake for about 35 minutes, or until the internal temperature of the pie is 165F. The filling will rise up and be nicely browned on the top. It will sink back to level as it cools.

Remove pie from oven and cool to room temperature. Serve at room temperature or slightly chilled from the fridge. Store any leftovers in the refrigerator.

Mustard Garlic Burger

1 pound ground beef
1/4 cup yellow mustard
1 tablespoon balsamic vinegar
1 tablespoon minced garlic
1 1/2 teaspoons soy sauce
1 1/2 teaspoons honey
1 1/2 teaspoons paprika

Heat a large skillet over medium-high heat. Cook and stir beef in the hot skillet until browned and crumbly, 5 to 7 minutes. Reduce heat to low.

Stir mustard, balsamic vinegar, garlic, soy sauce, honey, paprika, and black pepper into the ground beef; bring to a simmer and cook until hot, about 3 minutes.

Vinegar Carmel

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup balsamic vinegar
pinch salt
1 tablespoon unsalted butter
1/2 cup regular whipping cream

Add the brown sugar and vinegar to a saucepan over medium high heat.

Bring to a rapid boil, stirring occasionally until the sugar dissolves.

Boil for 3-4 minutes longer or until it reduces a bit to a syrupy consistency. Check the consistency by dipping the back of a spoon into the caramel sauce. Lift the spoon and let it cool for several seconds. Run your finger through the caramel. It should feel thick and syrupy and the streak shouldn't run. (Now lick your finger, cause that's balsamic caramel, baby!)

Add the cream. Don't stir... yet. The sauce will bubble furiously at first.

When the balsamic drizzle calms down, whisk the caramel sauce and cream together until well combined.

Remove from the heat and stir in the butter and salt.

Transfer to a glass jar and cool to room temperature.

Refrigerate until ready to use.

Pork and Apples

2 lbs Pork Loin cubed
2 Apples cored and cubed
1/4 Onion
1/4 Cup Honey
1/4 Cup Soy Sauce
2 t Garlic
1/2 Cup Plum Sauce

1 T Apple Cider Vinegar
1 t Onion Powder
1 T Corn Starch
4 T Water

Spray the inside of the Crockpot
or use a Liner.

Add Pork, Apples, Onion, to
crockpot
In a bowl mix the Honey, Soy
Sauce, Garlic, Plum Sauce, Onion
Powder, and ACV

Pour over Pork and cook on Low
for 7-8 hours

***** 1/2 to 1 Hour Prior to
serving, Mix Corn Starch and
Water in a jar and then add to
Pork. *****



Colored Pickled Eggs

By Lady Taliesin of Three Rivers

Makes 4-6 eggs

Mother Ingredients:

1.5 C Apple Cider Vinegar

0.5 C water

1.25 tsp Kosher Salt

Flavoring Ingredients:

(Purple)

2 C Shredded Red Cabbage*

1 Tbsp caraway seeds

1 package of frozen beets** or 2 medium beets

(Gold)

2 Tsp Ground Tumeric

1 Tsp Ground Ginger

1 Tsp Ground Mustard

Process:

1) Add all ingredients to a saucepan and heat over medium heat until simmering. Let it simmer for 5 minutes. Stir every couple of minutes to make sure everything that can dissolve into the solution does and to help intensify the color.

2) While the brine is reaching a simmer wash mason jars and lids.

3) Peel eggs and place whole into the mason jar.

4) Carefully Pour the hot brine over the eggs. Secure the lid turn

upside down a few times to make sure the heat has touched all parts of the jar.

5) Leave on the counter until it has reached room temperature. Leave eggs in Brine anywhere from a few hours to a week or more. The more time they have, the more intense the color will get, though it reaches peak coloration in about 2 days. The flavor can continue to develop after this. The eggs for Feast were left in the fridge for a week undisturbed.

This recipe is adapted from the original source [HERE](#).

*Honestly? I always just shred a whole cabbage. You have to buy it whole anyway right? Red cabbage makes great saurkraut and since that is what you end up with might as well make a bunch of it. That's just my opinion.

**You can use fresh beets but that involves peeling, steaming, and then cutting. It is a pain and frozen are cheaper, so I recommend frozen.

Caption Contest



Rules:

- 1) Think of a caption for the above picture.
- 2) Go to the Google Form and fill in your caption. ([Click Here](#))

Winners with their caption will be posted in the next issue.

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Meet Your Bilge Rats



Lady Pádraigín an Éinigh is our Editor-in-Chief and Saucy Sicilian. When she is not spending time learning new ways to curse in Latin she is working diligently to put together the next issue of The Barge. What would our Barony do without her?

Lady Taliesin of Three Rivers is our Aquistions Editor and general word wrangler. When she is not learning the ropes in her new position of Deputy Chronicler she can be found at her loom working on new pieces of trim, or decanting a new batch of Cordial.



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