



THE CITADEL

Newsletter of the Barony of Cynnabar in the Midrealm

Winter 2018

Words from Their Excellencies Baron Ermenrich and Baroness Kasha:

Chronicler

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Kasha and Ermenrich, by the grace of Their Draconic Majesties Baron and Baroness of Cynnabar, to the seneschal of Cynnabar and all provosts, bailiffs, ministers, the good people of Cynnabar, and all to whom in the future as well as the present this letter should come, greetings.

As the old year turns to the new, We are busily making plans for the upcoming twelve months.

We encourage you to accompany us to Pentamere Twelfth Night in the Barony of Roaring Wastes (January 5) and St. Valentine's Day Massacre and Tournament of Chivalry in the Canton of Three Hills (February 9). The next event the Barony will host is Terpsichore at the Tower on March 30. The success of all events depends on people showing up to have fun and volunteer, so please mark your calendars!

The annual retreat for the Baronial Armored Militia will be held on February 22-24. If you would like to attend and have not already received details, please contact one of Us. We have already begun meeting with militia leaders to brainstorm ideas for new equipment and training, so We are particularly excited for this summer's campaigns.

Other current projects that are important to Us include the creation of a photo inventory of Baronial regalia and other items of significance to the Barony, as well as several minor updates and repairs to these items. We also hope to replace those that are completely worn out, such as many of the Barony's banners and pennants.

The Barony's most urgent and immediate task is to find a meeting site that will accommodate all of the group's activities: fighting, dancing, crafting, and so forth. Please support each other as everyone looks for a site.

Finally, thank you for being so patient and understanding as We learn more about Kasha's illness and how to manage it. We appreciate the kind messages We have received and the assistance with various tasks. Please continue to contact both of Us (Kasha and Ermenrich) with anything you need, so that if Kasha is unable to receive your message, Ermenrich will be sure to see it.

We wish you all the very best during the new year.

Written this twentieth-eighth day of December in the fifty-third year of the Society, while traveling in the Barony of Andelcrag.

Thomas Tusser's Christmas Karrol

Contributed by

THL Johnnae Ilyn Lewis, CE

A Christmas Karrol of the byrth of Christ, vppon the tune of King Salomon. Chap. 27.

WAs not Christ ower Sauieur,
sent vnto vs, from God aboue,
not for ower good behaiour:
but onely of his mercy & loue.
if this be true, as true it is,
truely in dede:
Great thanks to God to yeld for this,
then had we nede.

2

This did our God for a very trothe,
to trayne to him, the soule of man,
and iustly to performe his othe:
to Sara & to Abraham than,
that through his sede, all nations should
blessed be:

As in due time, performed he would,
al flesh should see.

3

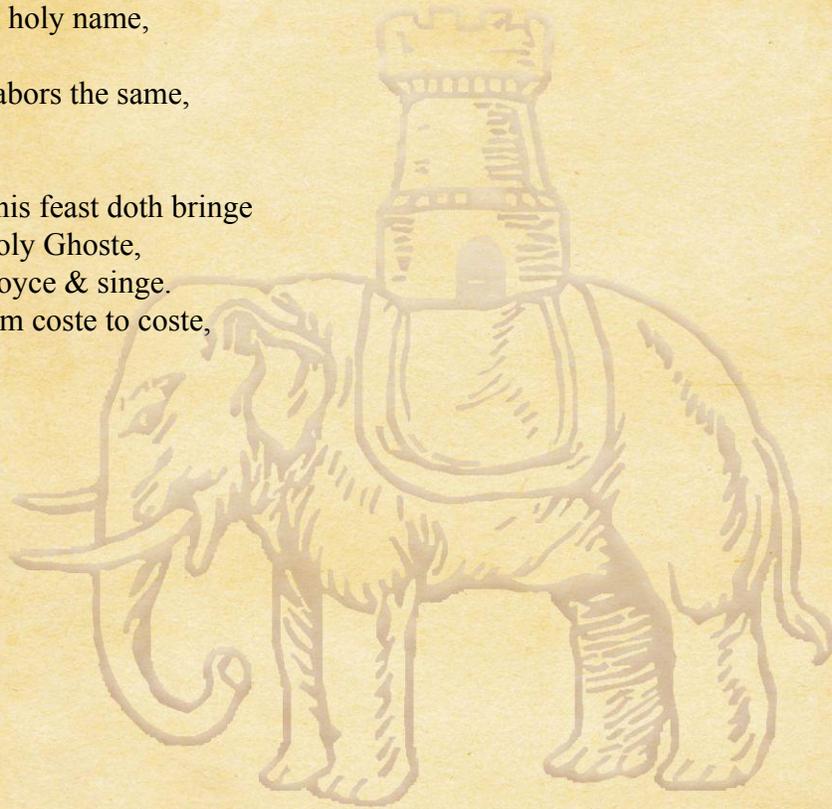
which wondrously is brought to passe,
and in our sight al ready donne,
By sending, as his promis was
(to comfort vs) his onely sonne,
euē Christ (I meane) that virgins childe
in bethelē borne.
that lamb of God, that prophet milde,
with crowned thorne.

4

Such was his loue to saue vs all,
from danger of the curse of God,
that we stood in by Adams fall,
& by our owne deserued rod
that through his blood & holy name,
to such as beleues,
And flye from sinne, & abors the same,
free mercye he geues.

5

For thease glad newes, this feast doth bringe
to God, the Sonne and holy Ghoste,
let man geue thanks reioyce & singe.
from world to world, from coste to coste,



f

Tusser's work was then expanded to **Five Hundreth Pointes of Good Husbandrie** when published in 1573. Tusser's "Karrol" first appeared in this 1573 edition. Appearing in eighteen editions between 1557 and 1599 and in another five editions by 1638, it was for its time one of largest-selling books of poetry in Elizabethan England. Even after the author's death in 1580, editions appeared which were noted as being "corrected," "augmented," "re-ordered," and/or generally "improved." By the eighteenth century authors were still re-editing Tusser and adding their own glossaries, notes and observations on current or present practices. Surprisingly, the work reappeared in Victorian England and was once again heralded in at least six distinct editions.

About the Karrol

Christmas carols are defined in the **Oxford English Dictionary**, third edition as: "A song or hymn of joy sung at Christmas in celebration of the Nativity. Rarely applied to hymns on certain other festal occasions." Tusser's Karrol appears as one of the early quotations for the entry on carols. Appearing as it does in 1573 and being reprinted so often in the late sixteenth century, we can safely assume Thomas Tusser's "A Christmas Karrol" was one of the early and most available carols of Elizabethan England.

Sources:

The introduction to this article relies upon and repeats in part my upcoming article on Thomas Tusser and the Christmas feast. Appearing in the next issue of **Tournaments Illuminated**.

or al other giftes so many wayes,
that God doth send.
Let vs in Christe, geue God the praise,
while life shal end.

T. Tusser.

Tusser, Thomas. **Fiue hundreth points of good husbandry**. 1573. EEBO edition.

About the author

Thomas Tusser remains one of my favorite authors for examining the customs and agricultural activities of sixteenth century England. The author (c.1524–1580) was a writer, poet, musician, singer, and notably a failed farmer. He attended Cambridge University in East Anglia and was at both Kings and Trinity Hall. Prior to his attending Cambridge, Tusser had been a "singing boy" and chorister, and he returned to employment as a professional singer and musician at various times in his life. He served at court and other residences in the service of William Paget before retiring once again to East Anglia to farm and write. His agrarian publication in verse on the agricultural year and rural customs, **A Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie** was first published in 1557. It consisted of just thirteen leaves and was unpagged. By the 1562 and 1571 editions, Tusser had added "a Hundrethe good points of huswifry newly corrected and amplified with dyuers proper lessons."

Primary Sources:

Tusser, Thomas. **Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry**. 1573, 1575. [Geoffrey Grigson uses the 1580 text for his and my preferred modern edition of **Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry**. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson. Oxford: OUP, 1984.

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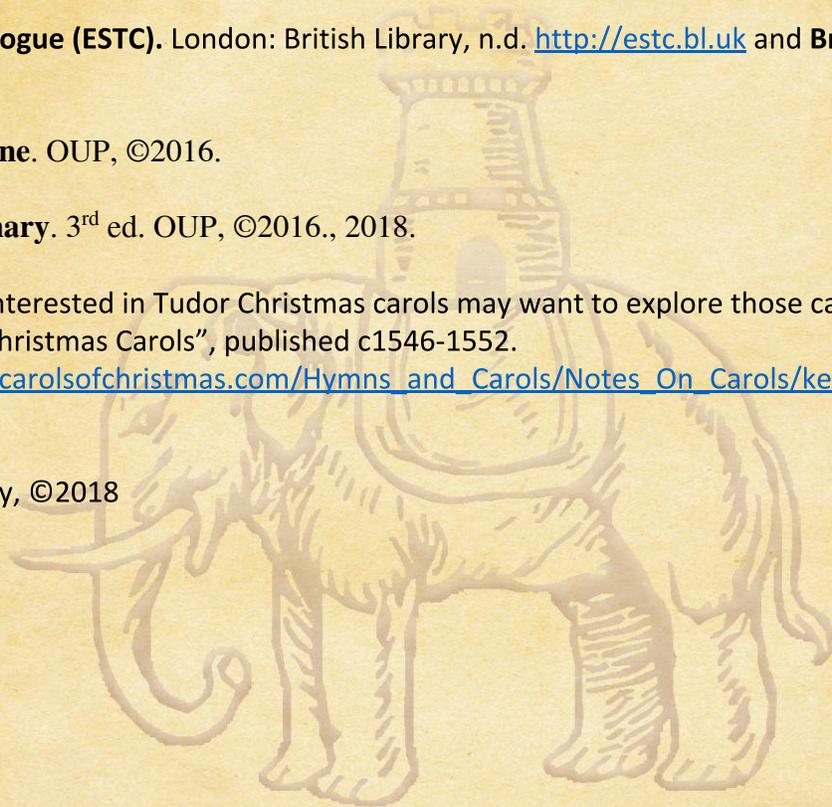
Oxford Reference Online. OUP, ©2016.

Oxford English Dictionary. 3rd ed. OUP, ©2016., 2018.

+Author's note: Those interested in Tudor Christmas carols may want to explore those carols found in the unique item known as "Kele's Christmas Carols", published c1546-1552.

[https://www.hymnsandcarolsofchristmas.com/Hymns and Carols/Notes On Carols/keles christmas carolles.htm](https://www.hymnsandcarolsofchristmas.com/Hymns_and_Carols/Notes_On_Carols/keles_christmas_carolles.htm)

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The Raptor's Tale

Part 4

By THL Jack Black of Flint aka BlackJack

The morning sun was hard to see through the heavy fog, as The Raptor was pulled out of the harbor by crews in jollyboats. BlackJack and Mr. Thomas stood at the bow, watching the crews pull the ship.

“That damned harbormaster is gettin his bloody revenge on me for scarin the shite outta him when we came in,” BlackJack fumed. “Mr. Bradley is probably one of the finest helmsmen I have ever sailed with, and could get out of this damned harbor blindfolded at full sail. Just because the fool had no sense of humor, he’s goin ta make the entire crew suffer, and that irritates the livin hell out of me.”

Mr. Thomas placed a hand on the captain’s shoulder, and spoke quietly. “I thought ye might see it that way, which is why I paid a lad to slip something into his food after we’re gone... It won’t kill him, but he’s gonna be squattin fer a week!” Thomas winked, and both men laughed loudly.

BlackJack spoke after the laughter died. “That was mean, my friend... Mean that you waited until we were gone to have it delivered. I would love to see that prissy snob’s face as he has to try to keep his cheeks together while doin his job.” He laughed again, as he turned back to the crews pulling the ship. He climbed up on the rail, hand on a line, and looked around the harbor for several minutes. Jumping down, he said, “Hell with this. Call the crews in. As soon as all the boats are aboard, hoist all sails, and tell Mr. Bradley to make for Lisbon, at all possible speed. We’ve too much of England’s coast to travel, and I do NOT want to run into Drake this close to his own territory. I’ll be catchin some sleep if’n ye need me.” BlackJack turned and walked away, hearing the calls and whistles of his orders being carried out.

Several hours later, BlackJack left his cabin in time for the changing of the watch. He spoke quietly with members of the crew, an encouraging word here and there on his way up the ladders, and each crewman smiled as the captain spoke. Arriving on the quarterdeck, he turned to Mr. Thomas. "How fares it, lad? Any troubles yet?"

Mr. Thomas shook his head negatively as he replied. "Nay, Captain, been smooth sailing. We're currently pushing about 10 knots, with a good tailwind. Our calculations are showing us currently about off the coast of Boulogne. We should be clear of France in about three days, if the wind holds. At this rate, we should hit Lisbon in about a week, if things go well. Providing we have no delays between here and there, of course."

BlackJack nodded, and smiled. "Then let us hope that we can avoid Drake and his like til after we hit Lisbon. We've no surgeon on board, and I am hoping to pick one up there. Plus, I'd rather wait til we get Magnus or his messenger aboard with our information. I don't like not knowing what we face. Do me a favor right quick, and summon the crew? We should probably tell them what we have going on." Thomas nodded, and spoke to the Bosun, who began whistling for attention on deck. Once the crew was gathered, BlackJack addressed them all.

"Lads, I owe ye all an apology. I know I'd promised ye a few more days in Calais, but things have changed. When I arrived at our factor's home to discuss the selling of the goods we just took from "Elizabeth's Pride", I was informed that the captain of that cursed ship was a cousin to Queen Elizabeth! And, apparently a favored one at that! So now Elizabeth has sent her pet fop after us! That fop, Francis Drake, has been ordered to take the ship, and bring us all to her to hang! You don't want to HANG, do you?" A loud "NO!!" came rolling at him from the assembled crewmen. 'We're not gonna let him take everything we've worked for without a fight, are we?' Again, the crew screamed their agreement. "Then here be the plan, lads. We're to set course for the Cape of Good Hope, and hope to lure the fop from his fleet, where we can sink his ship, and send him to the crushin black depths!"

The crew, frenzied by now, shouted and hooted for five minutes before quieting down. BlackJack smiled, looking to his officers on the left and right of him while the crew carried on. Once calm again, BlackJack addressed them once more. "Then that's that, lads. Keep your powder dry, your blades sharp, and be ready for anything. I'm hoping to get enough of a lead on him to wait for the fight til we are ready for it, but keep a weather eye for sails on the horizon. I hate ta do this to ye, but until we deal with Drake, we'll not be takin any prizes. So the goal here is to rid the world of him as quick as we can! Now hop to, and let's see how fast this bird will fly!" He nodded to the Bosun, who began whistling, and turned to Mr. Thomas. "I'll take the watch from here, Mr. Thomas. Get some rest, and I'll see ye in the morning." Mr. Thomas nodded, and went below.

The next week flew by quickly, with no issues. The ship was quickly brought to dock in Lisbon Harbor by her Harbormaster, a man who had dealt with BlackJack and his crew before, and didn't ask questions. Once the ship was secured at the dock, BlackJack was speaking with his officers before going in search of information and a surgeon. "A'right lads, I want noone ashore, we're to be here only a day or two, if we be lucky. I want the watches doubled, and any who question or wish to be released from the ship, tell them they have two options. Stay on the ship, or have his throat cut. But be sure that at least one or two who do decide, are able to sneak off. I want Drake to know where we be headed, to bait this hook. I'm hopin with the threat of throat cutting, the men will realize that the info I've given them is good. I want Drake, and I want him where WE have the advantage. Let's hope I can find what I need quickly, and we can be out of here just as quickly." The officers nodded and headed to their stations, while BlackJack gathered his wits and weapons, and headed ashore.

As BlackJack walked into the nearest tavern, it occurred to him that he and Magnus had not set a meeting location for when he got to Lisbon. He walked in, and stood at the door

a moment as his eye adjusted from the noon-day sun outside, to the dim light of the tavern. Spotting an empty table in a corner within reach of a window, he made his way through the sparsely populated room and sat down. A server came up, and asked his pleasure. "What have ye today that be fresh, and not fish?"

The serving girl looked at him like he was speakin in tongues, and replied "Cozido à portuguesa," in a thickly accented English.

"What the bloody hell is that?" BlackJack asked. The server thought for a few moments, as if trying to find the words, and finally said "Pig stew". BlackJack laughed, and replied, "That'll do, along with a mug of ale. How much?" The girl held up three fingers, and BlackJack pulled four silver coins out of his pouch, and handed them to her. "The last be fer you, lass." She smiled shyly, took the coins, and ran off.

Satisfied that his food would arrive promptly, BlackJack leaned back to survey the room he was in, and to think about his situation. He was in a city that he enjoyed frequenting, but being pursued by Drake was going to shorten his stay considerably. He was not happy about that, but it was a necessary evil. He also was trying to figure out how to find Magnus in the large dock area, but decided that if Magnus couldn't find him when he wanted, then he and his information gathering network was not as good as he believed. Chuckling to himself, he knew that was one of Magnus' passions, and was certain that there was a lookout who spotted the Raptor as soon as the Harbormaster went out to meet her.

At the front of the room, a singer stepped up on the makeshift stage, and began to sing quietly. Something about the woman's voice was familiar, so he paid a little closer attention. Of average height, she was dressed in an unusual fashion. She was wearing some sort of flowing pant, with a form fitting gauzy shirt coming to about the knee, and a fancy short sleeved coat, with some sort of panels hanging from the elbows over the rest. Her hair was covered, so he couldn't tell color or length. Still, his curiosity was piqued, and he watched the way she moved. He found it amusing the way some of the men were

enthralled with her every movement, as the bells sewn around her hips jingled with her movements, in time to her music. "That be close enough, lad," he spoke quietly to the shadows that started moving on his left. "Methinks that ye'd best be telling me who ye are, and what ye want afore getting closer." He still had not turned his head, since the individual was taking pains not to be seen by the other patrons, BlackJack chose to not give him away until the man's status as friend or foe was determined.

A slight chuckle could be heard from the shadows, and then the voice spoke. "Your reputation serves you well, Captain. I have word from your brother. Magnus says he's unable to join you, and he shall see you after." BlackJack nodded, putting away the blade he had drawn, and the newcomer came forward. "I'm known as Aerak. That's all you need know of me, as I am just as sought by the Queen of England as you are, for other reasons. I've been sent to take Magnus' place on this mission. Once she's done singing, we can head back to the ship, and talk privately. I'll go ahead, the fewer people who see me in port, the better. And I give you my word that I will not kill any of your crew slipping into your cabin." Before BlackJack could speak again, the shadow disappeared.

During the conversation, the singer finished, and she approached BlackJack. As she got closer, he was able to make out details of her face, and he laughed loudly as he stood up. "Melina, it does me good to see you. Would that we could chat here, but I've been told we must need leave immediately."

She smiled, and replied, "Yes, Jack, we need to go now. Aerak is a wanted man, and still recovering from his last escape. He's almost as good as Magnus, I'm told. Have no clue as to who Magnus is, though. It's been too long since I have seen you as well, brother. We have much to discuss, let us be off." She placed her arm in his, and they made their way back to the ship.

Cynnabar Wassail 2018: Farewell to an EVENT-ful 40th Year

by Forester Godhit of Cynnabar

Well, the weather outside was frightful -- for a winter celebration: clear sunshine and nearly 50'. But that did not hinder some 80+ people from gathering at Wayne County Fairgrounds on Sunday, December 2 A.S. 53 (2018) to send out the 40th Anniversary year with a Yule fire and much festivity.

The Yule Fire observance was convened in mid-afternoon. As in years past, Their Excellencies Baron Ermenrich and Baroness Kasha led members of the populace three times around the fire, accompanied by drum, so that all who so desired might cast their symbolic "baggage," slips of paper inscribed with what one wished to cast away from the old year, into the fire, embracing the year-to-come.



Once the Yule Fire observance concluded, the populace continued in revelry indoors, with games and fellowship. Baroness Hannah oversaw the fundraising Dessert Auction; Mistress Alina coordinated dancing ahead of dinner; and by the time Court was opened, all were delightfully fed from Cynnabar's customarily gracious potluck feast occasionally spiced with toasts to Their Majesties and Their Highnesses.

However, while Their Excellencies' Wassail Court began with music and good cheer, an Interloper of troubling countenance – a tall, brooding character in dark garb, of greenish complexion with a great grotesque nose, and carrying a sinister person-size wicker basket – caused a great deal of disruption by interrupting Court and demanding Herald Lord Eadraed be surrendered to him. (Note: This was NOT the guest originally scheduled to appear at this time!) Happily Baron Ermenrich was able, with His Champions present as "muscle," to send this miscreant out into the then-rainy winter darkness, hopefully never to trouble the Barony again.

Court then continued for many Awards and Recognitions ... until it was once again disrupted: this time by sounds of a distant horn-call. With a loud pounding at the door of the hall, a well-known polar visitor – Saint Nicholas! – was welcomed inside, to bestow toys on the children of the Populace.

With Saint Nicholas now present Their Excellencies retired Their Wassail Court; and the gathering continued to make merry until evening's end and the time for saying goodbyes. Thus ended another Baronial Year. Wassail!



Wikis: Letting everyone become an amateur historian one contribution at a time.

By: Malachy von Ulm (Jeffrey Haas)

As SCAdians, most of us are familiar with different kinds of history books. Very often, we expect a "history" to be a coherent narrative that someone has stitched together on a given topic. It starts with some background, presents a series of people and events, and in many cases tries to tie them together.

We also know that the contents of history books start from much more raw material. Simple annals often provide context of an event and when it happened. Military rosters show people, locations, things they had, and perhaps an objective since many armies were called up for specific purposes. Bills of sale gave indication of wealth, what things were used in a given period, etc.

The SCA is over fifty years old now. As an organization, we've continued to evolve from roots as varied as science fiction convention fans to amateur history buffs and nascent reenactors. When you talk with your fellow members, you often wonder, "How did this thing come to be this way?" And we'll then have one of those "Once upon a time..." moments. For some of these things, you'll wonder, "Why hasn't someone written this down?"

Many people aren't comfortable writing in a long narrative format. They want their stories to be clean and tidy, to have a beginning. In many cases, there's a fear of "Well, what if I get it wrong?"

We know that histories aren't perfect, and details are often wrong or conflicting. That is part of the game. As noted above, the grist for the mill of history is often smaller and simpler things that the more ambitious historian can assemble into a narrative.

These small contributions to history aren't hard to produce. They often arise from those "tell me a story!" moments, and simply need someone to write down a few details. But these slips of history need a place to live, even if they're not coherently assembled. One place to put such things where others can add or assemble them is a wiki.

A wiki is a website where users can collaboratively enter and modify data. While there are many tools that can be used to do wikis, most people are used to the content held by Wikipedia. In the Middle Kingdom, many people are aware that we have the MiddleWiki, which lives at <http://middlewiki.midrealm.org>. Accounts on the MiddleWiki are easy to get.

Wikis are very useful for storing these slips of history. Even when they're not coherently assembled, a wiki "article" (page) provides a simple place where portions of story or data can be placed. They don't have to be perfect, and can be edited later - and may be edited by others! This collaborative effort is the thing that bothers most people new to wikis. Important content could be edited out of the main article. However, the content is never fully lost as it is kept by the History of the article.

The three things useful for the amateur historian for a wiki in a wiki are:

1. Articles are easy to create.
2. One article can easily lead to another using wiki links.
3. Groups of articles can easily be found using Categories.

As a quick example, consider the article on the Cynnabar Ruby Jubilee[1] on the MiddleWiki. Examining the History[2] will show that it went through a quick Evolution:

- A very basic article was created.
- It was linked into the set of known events by having a Category added to it.
- It had links added to other wiki pages.
- It had links added to the external site for the campground it was held at.
- The main Cynnabar barony article[3] was updated to point to it.[4]
- The article was expanded with a blurb about the special court held at the event.

The important detail here is that a very small amount of detail is able to be written down in a place others can find it. The steps above show how content can be expanded, and narrative be built a little at a time.

While we all can aspire to becoming the level of historian some of our members have shown themselves to be (e.g. Baron Daibhid and his history of Cynnabar), we shouldn't let the magnitude of such a task stop us from contributing to the history. Please consider taking up a wiki account and adding to the paper trail of the SCA.

Those who are interested in helping to contribute and would like a bit of wiki tutorial should feel free to contact me.

im Dienst,
Malachy

[1] http://middlewiki.midrealm.org/index.php/Cynnabar_Ruby_Jubilee

[2] http://middlewiki.midrealm.org/index.php?title=Cynnabar_Ruby_Jubilee&action=history

[3] <http://middlewiki.midrealm.org/index.php/Cynnabar>

[4] <http://middlewiki.midrealm.org/index.php?title=Cynnabar&diff=27328&oldid=27143>

Baronial Officers

Baron of Cynnabar

THL Ermenrich von Duisburg

Baroness of Cynnabar

Mistress Kasha Alekseeva

Seneschal : Master Derian le Breton

Exchequer : Mistress Jadwiga Krzyanowska

Chatelaine : Lady Edonea Appleby

Knight Marshal : Master Zygmunt Nadratowski

Fencing Marshal : Lord William of Cynnabar

Minister of Arts and Sciences : THL Aeffe Torsdottir

Herald : Lord Eadraed Alforde

Chronicler : Lady Albina Gherardi

Webminister : Master Aaron Drummond