



# The RUNESTONE

Volume III Issue III

Barony of Western Seas | Kingdom of Caid | Society for Creative Anachronism

2015 UBA Winner  
Best Overall Newsletter

March & April, 2016 (A.S. I)

The  
ELEVATION  
OF A  
DELICAN

SPRINGTIME  
FESTIVITIES

HIGHLAND  
HIGHINKS

WANDERER'S  
ADVENTURE  
CONTINUE



# FROM THE BARON



Hi boys and girls,

I would like to take this time to say, thank you Western Seas for being a courteous and loving host to our King and Queen. And all the hard work our autocrats did for their stay with us, and thank you to all that did the Highland Demo, I'm sorry that I could not make it.

And on a sad note, we will be losing two of our family members, Lord Jorgen Unruch and Milady Æsa Knarrarbringa, we wish them good health and safe travels, and do not forget, they will always be in our western seas Family.

Now I would like to give my beautiful Baroness a big Huzzah on being elevated to the Order of The Pelican, she worked long and hard for it, and I will say it again, Huzzah!!!!

*Claudius and Milady Duibheasa*



## ABOUT THE COVER

This issue's cover is an action shot showing two of the Barony's fencers during the Hawaiian Scottish Festival & Highland Games at the McCoy Pavallion in Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Barony of Western Seas regularly attends this event to demonstrate medieval activities, particularly that of combat. This annual event also features vendors, international entertainers, local entertainers, Scottish dance competition, and the ever popular Highland Games.



On the cover are Her Excellency, Mistress Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaignthe, tussling with Nicoletto da Piacenza. Expressing both finesse and skill, Nicoletto did defeat the Baroness in this bout! Modern-day spectators enjoyed this and the Heavy Armor Combat. See more about the Barony's participation in this event on pages 12 & 13 of this issue of the RUNESTONE. ♠

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## RUNESTONE TIMETABLE

Distribution Date	Submissions Due
<del>February 29, 2016</del>	<del>February 15, 2016</del>
April 25, 2016 (this issue)	April 18, 2016
<b>June 27, 2016 (next issue)</b>	<b>June 20, 2016</b>
August 29, 2016	August 15, 2016
October 31, 2016	October 17, 2016
December 26, 2016	December 19, 2016

## SENESCHAL ADDRESS



Mistress  
Raven  
of Peronsmarsh



Greetings to all in Western Seas and beyond!

The SCA is celebrating its 50th anniversary this May. I think this is a remarkable achievement for a group that started

as a costume/tournament graduation party for students of medieval studies in UC Berkeley.

I sometimes think how different my life might have been had I gone to that party—as I was a student in medieval literature at UC Berkeley at that very time. When I later learned about the SCA, I was preparing to move to the Hawaiian islands.

After moving, I thought my opportunity to find the SCA was over. When I heard there was to be a Renaissance Faire on Kaua'i, I decided to go. To my surprise, a group of folks from the Barony of Western Seas were there doing a demo. Their "Society for Creative Anachronism" banner caught my attention, as did their period garb and chain mail. I became so interested that I started making plans to form a group on Kaua'i where the SCA was previously unknown. That demo led to the forming of the Canton of Peridot Isle.

Even though we are isolated here in Hawai'i, I feel we are all part of the great group that forms the SCA world wide. We've had visitors from many Kingdoms around the globe, and our members have traveled far and wide, attending events sponsored by other groups.

For the 50th Anniversary Celebration, Western Seas will be represented in several ways. Copies of the histories of both our Barony and of Peridot Isle will be archived with all other collected histories. Sand from Anini Beach on Peridot Isle will be mixed with sand from all of the other Kingdoms - then given to attending representatives to take back to their groups. Baron William Walworth de Durham and Baroness Una Logan will be attending the 50th, and taking a specially made banner as well.

I feel blessed to have been able to be a member of the SCA in Western Seas since 1988. In any reflection on my time in Western Seas, I think it appropriate to remember those who have left us. I would especially like to honor the memory of Lord Rob Stebbings, Lady Honoria Holly Winthrop, and Brianna Marie Joyce Shannon, who brought so much to our Barony, and have passed.

I am hoping that we will continue to be a prospering group out here in Western Seas, a special and unique chapter, composed of our remarkable members on many islands, all dedicated to the Pursuit of the Dream. ♡

## CHRONICLER'S NOTE



Bantiarna  
Sadhbh  
inghean Uí  
Gonghal



Salutations to the Barony of Western Seas!

Here is another RUNESTONE for your pleasure - I hope you all enjoy this issue which includes a lot of news & info.

The past couple of months have been filled with excitement, entertainment and change - particularly for your Chronicler/Webwright. Foremost, a new direction in life sees me registering for college while taking on a part-time job. This doesn't change my commitment to providing excellent service in my SCA commitments, it just means I will be more strigent with deadlines.

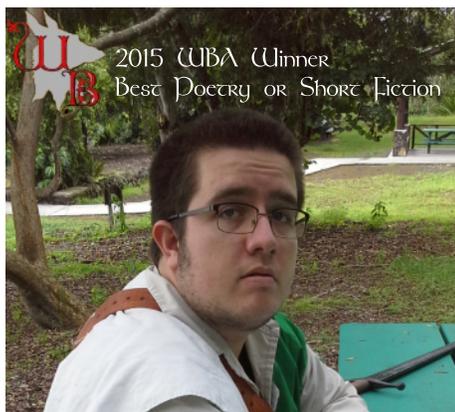
Next to the Contents section is the **Runestone Timetable** which displays two very important dates. **Distribution Date** is when I deliver the RUNESTONE to Kingdom, and publish it to the various places on the web. That is my committed date to all of you.

The **Submission Due** is *your* commitment to the RUNESTONE. That is the date I need to have anything you wish to submit for publication. That includes Events, Articles, Images, Stories, Cartoons, Projects - anything you wish to submit.

Submission does not have to wait for the final month, week or day. Your Submission can be sooner, much sooner! If you have a project more seasonal for the fall - write it up now and send it in with a note to have it published in a Fall issue. Are you Stewarding an event in November? If you have the basic information - name of event, place, date and registration info - then send that in pronto! The sooner it gets to the offices of the Seneschal and Chronicler, the sooner it will be sent off to Kingdom and displayed on the web for better planning, marketing and to spark up interest!

If you send a submission early, and have changes, it is far easier to make that change on that one piece, than to scramble and juggle several changes of several pieces during the production period. Full production starts immediately after the Submissions Due date. That typically takes 3 to 4 days. Then there is a proofing period, where the RUNESTONE is gone over with monocles and glasses to ensure everything is accurate. That takes another 2 to 3 days between myself and my volunteer editors (\*cough\* seneschal). When that is done - waalaa! I press that button to send.

Please be kind, and mind the dates! Submit early! ♡



“By th’ Six, these buggers can run!”

Karalus pants as the two pelt through the winding passages of the ruins in dogged pursuit. Periodically, the pair would catch a glimpse of the looters or hear the slap of their boots on the floor, only to lose it as their quarry put on a burst of speed. On and on through the winding passages the chase went, through the dark and tangle of vine and root underfoot. Neither Karalus nor Mirea were sure where they were heading; if they were going further in or out of the maze. Once or twice the two almost lost the looters when the brigands went one way and the elf and Wanderer very nearly went the other. Skidding around what felt like the hundredth turn in less than a minute, Karalus could at last see their quarry sprinting towards a hole in the crumbling ancient wall beyond which lay the open world and the morass of the forest. They were like to lose the looters if they were not slowed some-way!

“Oi, *cheesenose!*” Karalus bellowed, drawing back his arm, and hurling his walking staff like a spear.

The bard turned, and started to shout.

“Who the hell are you cal-?!”

He yelled, only to be cut off abruptly as the Wanderer’s staff hit him full on in the chest. The bard went down with a squeal. The crossbowman swore foully, skidding to a halt to seize the bard’s tunic, yelling something roughly as he yanked the man to his feet to hurl him through

The continous tale of...

# A WANDERER IN RAGS

CHAPTER 6 | by Lord Riley Frost of Farhaven

the gap. Karalus accomplished what he intended as the precious few seconds it had taken to get the bard moving allowed Mirea to shoot ahead, closing the distance rapidly. Out shot her hand, barely missing the crossbowman’s quiver strap as the man leapt through the hole into the sea of green.

“Damn!” she spat.

“Don’ stop now, keep after ‘em!” Karalus replied.

Snatching his staff from the floor and sprinting forward, Karalus leapt feet first into the forest.

A goodly drop concealed by brush and ground cover found the Wanderer falling several feet before landing hard on his arse on the moss-covered ground.

“There’s a drop, lass!” he called. “Watch yerself!”

In comparison with Karalus’s ungraceful, branch snapping descent, Mirea landed on her feet, catlike.

“Which way’d they go?” she said quietly, peering into the brush.

“Tha’ way, I think.” Karalus replied, pointing.

Several tall ferns and other plants looked as though they had been shoved roughly aside, the low bushes smashed underfoot. The buggers certainly didn’t seem concerned whether they left a trail or not, at least for now. Without a word, Mirea pulled the Wanderer to his feet and started after the looters. The trail wound back and forth through the brush. Walls of green ever thicker as they went on, any sounds their quarry might have been making deadened by the rustle and slap of wet leaves and the calls of the creatures of the wood around them. Karalus swore as his cloak caught on a broken branch, then froze. He

could’ve sworn he’d heard the sound of a horse. An agitated one, at that. There~ there it is again!

“Oh, thought ye were clever, eh?” he muttered.

To Mirea’s immense surprise, the Wanderer made an abrupt turn, and bulled through the green wall towards the horse sound. Not fifteen strides through the undergrowth, and Karalus burst into the clearing where’d they’d made camp the night before. Both the looters were mounting horses while a third was tied at the ruin’s entrance. It’s must’ve belonged to the mercenary Mirea had slain.

“Gods, he’s right on us!” the bard yelped, eyes wide.

“Damn yer eyes, you’re bloody right I am!” Karalus snarled.

“Blast you, Wanderer!” the crossbowman snarled, as he raised his weapon.

*Thwumm!* The man fired, and the Wanderer threw himself on his stomach. The bolt tore through the space his chest had occupied a second before. Not fast enough to entirely escape it though, as the bolt found the gap twixt his chain and shoulder-plate, burying the point in his shoulder.

“Yaah!” he yelped, hand shooting to his shoulder and gripping the shaft. “Miera, get th’ bastard!”

The elven woman burst out of the undergrowth, her own shortbow raised with arrow nocked. The brigand had spurred his horse toward the edge of the clearing as Mirea loosed her arrow. His scream rent the air as it took him the leg. With a thunder of hooves, the looters galloped from the clearing, and were gone.

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“Ahh! Dammit!” Karalus growls through clenched teeth while pulling the bolt from his shoulder. After it slid free, the Wanderer threw the thing to the ground. He hadn’t seen his own blood on an enemy’s weapon for years, and it never was a pleasant sight.

“Damned lucky.” Mirea commented as she examined the wound in the mid noon light. “It didn’t do that much damage. Sheer luck it missed the bone.”

“Aye, of course. Lucky tha’ it missed the bone, and *un*lucky tha’ I got hit at all.”

“It could always be worse, you big galoot.”

“Aye, aye. O’course.”

“Now, hold still. This dressing will sting, but it’s a far sight better than a slow fester.”

“Right, jus’ get it over with.”

“Alright, here goes.”

“Hssst! Talbarr be merciful, tha’ smarts! Where th’ hell’d ye learn to do that?”

“Back home in Jeagln. You’d be surprised how handy skills like this are.”

“Tha’ figures. Thanks for that.”

The Wanderer rose from the log he was sitting on and looked around the camp. Or, more accurately, what remained of it once the brigands had come and gone. There wasn’t much they *hadn’t* smashed or stolen, but there was still some food and their blankets left. Everything else was gone.

“So what’re we going to do?” Mirea asked. “We can’t just let those looters get away with that artefact. Who knows what they took.”

Karalus shrugged.

“Not sure we can do much, lass. Those wastrels are sure t’be miles from here by now.”

“We have to try, though! Whatever they took might be dangerous, and

the last we want is for an artefact of the Artes to fall into the wrong hands!”

“Aye, ye’re right on tha’ one. Still don’t change that they’re like t’be movin’ a lot faster than us. How’re we t’catch up?”

Then, as if to answer his thoughts, the horse tied up by the ruins nickered as it munched on a bush.

“Oh. Well, there’s th’ solution.” he said, and pointed to the horse. “Let’s go.”

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“Are you *sure* you know how to ride?” Mirea asked as Karalus guided the horse through the forest back to Old Nan’s road. The beast was certainly unhappy with having two unfamiliar people upon it as it kept wanting to go nearly anywhere but where the Wanderer directed it.

“Not exactly, but at least I know how t’sit in th’ saddle,” he replied. “Rode some horses when I were a lad, but my pa was always there t’ help me get ‘em in th’ stable.”

Mirea sighed, and tightened her grip on his cloak. “Great,” she muttered.

“Don’t worry, I’m gettin’ th’ hang of it,” Karalus tried to reassure. The horse snorted, and veered off course again. “Sort of,” Karalus sighed, and pulled on the reins to get it moving *forward* once more. This... was going to be an interesting experience, to be sure.

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Several hours and many, many attempts at coaxing the horse, the two rode back onto the road. The rain had started again, both Wanderer and elf were soaked.

“This isn’t going to make finding those two easy, Karalus,” Mirea stated, glancing at the dirt of the road, turning quickly to mud. “Their tracks are going to be long gone before the sun’s even down.”

The Wanderer nodded, and breathed a pithy Arrtanian curse.

“Aye, an’ tha’s going t’ make our job harder by ‘alf,” he muttered. “This



The Wanderer, by Lord Ritey Frosc

rain’ll slow ‘em down, sure as it is us, though. Tha’ gives us some time.”

“Time to do what?” Mirea asked.

“Get some more supplies an’ rest, tha’s what,” the Wanderer replied firmly. “Both’ve us ‘ave ‘ad one *hell* of a day, lass. We’d only get things started badly if we jus’ went harin’ off into th’ blue without resting up an’ plannin’ some. ‘Sides, per’aps somebody in Old Nan’s saw which way th’ buggers went, aye?”

Mirea had to admit, the big fellow’s simple logic made a lot of sense.

“Alright. But we need to get right back on their trail tomorrow.”

“O’ course, lass. Whatever made ye think I might say otherwise?” the Wanderer said. Nudging the horse with his boot heels, Karalus directed it to the inn’s yard, and slid out of the saddle. Mirea slid off after him, and stretched as he tied the reins to a post and fetched it some feed. The beast whinnied what could have been taken as a grudging ‘thank you,’ and began eating. Karalus nodded, and headed inside after Mirea.

The common room was much the same as it had been when the Wanderer had left with Mirea two days hence, except now the dent he’d

Continues on page 14...

## SOCIETY NEWS

Recent language changes regarding the charges assessed to counter the cost of holding events have been made at Society level for all Kingdoms.

### We Doth Not Charge "Fees"

When people participate in our events, they are paying for registration to attend. Be it a weekend war or festive feast, members and non-members alike provide information along with their payment.

### Membership Doth Have Privileges

As a card-holding member within the Society, your event registration is less expensive, thus you can enjoy the frivolity with a wider smile.

### Event Stewards Heed Well

An example of how to write up your charges:

Adult Event Registration: \$20 per person

SCA Member Event Registration: \$15 per person

Youth Event Registration (18 & under): \$15 each

*If NOT charging for Youth*

Youth Event Registration (18 & under): FREE

For more information, visit: <http://socsen.sca.org/non-member-surcharge-is-now-member-discount/>

## COMBAT NEWS

Changes to Armor Combat Rules & Conventions effective February 07, 2016.

**Section III.B.8.a.** A fighter who retreats to the edge of the field to obtain an unfair advantage shall, after being duly warned by the marshals on the field, be placed in the center of the list and considered legged. The onus of this is on the marshals, not on the opponent. In Caid, "repeatedly" is defined as three times

### Section VI.I.4. Shield Sizes Standards.

a. Tourney Shield is defined as a shield that shall be no larger than six(6) square feet of measured surface space (roughly 24" X 36"). Anything larger than this is considered a "War" shield.

b. Buckler is defined as a small round center-gripped shield 6" to 18" in diameter

**Effective March 31, 2016 Section VII.D.5** - Mandrake style rubber 2" tips (black and red) is prohibited.(This is on fiberglass spears only)

**Note: Wrist protection is now Society Standards**

For more information visit: <http://marshal.sca-caid.org>

## POPULACE AWARDS

Awards are bestowed upon people when their deeds, actions and participation merit recognition.

Be it for exemplary works of might or exquisite artistic talent, the Barony as well as the Kingdom and the overall Society awards individuals and groups with titles, gifts and endowments.

Below are individuals of the Barony of Western Seas who have been honored with an Award since our last issue. Congratulations to all!

Awards during the Springtime Faire - March 5, AS L

William Walworth de Durham ----- Court Baron  
Una Logan ----- Court Baroness  
Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaignthe ----- Order of the Pelican  
Viviana of Peridot Isle ----- Royal Recognition of Excellence  
Maria Dela Isla ----- Order of the Crescent Sword  
Robin Randell Petrie ----- Order of the Crescent  
Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal ----- Order of the Dolphin  
Æsa Knarrarbringa ----- Order of the Dolphin  
Jörgen Unruh ----- Order of the Dolphin  
Andrew of Fairburn ----- Order of the Dolphin  
Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal ----- Joy Award  
Jörgen Unruh ----- Joy Award  
Ludwig of Bard's Keep ----- Award of Arms  
Lillian of Western Seas ----- Order of the Acorn  
Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaignthe ----- Marshal of Archery

Detailed descriptions of these and other awards, visit the Baronial Website at <http://westernseas.org>

For a listing of the populace of the Western Seas, visit the Kingdom of Caid Order of Precedence on the web at <http://heralds.sca-caid.org/op/>

## THE BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP

Anyone can participate in events, it is welcomed and encouraged! Members of the SCA love to share what they have learned and know with others all the time, it is why many events are held at public venues.

But did you know that as a paid member of the SCA, you not only get discounts on event registrations, you also become eligible to receive recognition for your efforts? Awards, titles, honors and more await SCAdians who are either a Sustaining or Associate member. Visit SCA.org and click on the Member Services menu item to learn more and to electronically pay for the type of membership you desire!

By being a paid member, you help support your local group, along with the Society overall, to continue bringing medieval wisdom to the modern world. Go become a member today!

# ELEVATION OF A PELICAN

Invited to the Order of the Pelican during the Springtime Fair, Her Excellency, Duiðheasa Ingen ui hÉalaignthe, did join them!



## THE PELICAN IN HER PIETY

As written by Bartholomaeus Anglicus [13th century CD] (*De proprietatibus rerum*, book 12):

The pelican loveth too much her children. For when the children be haught, and begin to wax hoar, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherefore the mother smiteth them again and slayeth them.

And the third day, the mother smiteth herself in her side, that the blood runneth out, and sheddeth that hot blood on the bodies of her children. And by virtue of that blood, the birds that were before dead quicken again.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is the sacrifice of the parent pelican that helps the younger pelicans live and grow to fulfillment. Thus it is so within the Society. A person who is selected into this Peerage has by virtue of deed, mannerism and chivalry, shown to uphold certain standards of service to the Society, the Kingdom of Caid, and its peoples.

Through the years, Duiðheasa Ingen ui hÉalaignthe has repeatedly shown through her willingness to learn, lead and teach, did support and further the cause of the Barony of Western Seas and the Kingdom of Caid. She has sacrificed immeasurable time and resources to help develop, and support the Barony, enriching the lives of all within.

We celebrate her elevation, and applaud her in all of her efforts. A well deserved surprise and addition to the Peerage of the Pelican!

*Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!*



Photographs of the Springtime Faire by Baron Cladius Brutus di Bartolomeo.  
Pelican Image from the Kingdom of Lochac's Resources <http://politarhopolis.lochac.sca.org>

# SPRINGTIME FAIRE

And visitation of the Royal Family of Caid

Word came to the Barony of Western Seas that Their Royal Majesties, King Conrad and Queen A'isha had set plans to visit our beautiful land. Wanting to celebrate their visitation and do something a wee bit different, Bantiarna Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal volunteered to put together a Springtime Faire. Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa volunteered to help Sadhbh, and plans commenced.

Originally thought to be more of a festive affair with games and entertainment, a bit of a late start turned the event more into an archery qualification day, with a very long court! Indeed! The real reason for the King and Queen to visit was to bestow lavish awards upon peoples of the Barony! You can see the list on page 6 of this publication.

Highlights of court was the "ambush elevation" of Her Excellency, (now Mistress) Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaihthe into the Peerage of the Pelicans of Caid. Indeed, Dame Uta did dance Her Excellency about the canopy upon the Royal summons! Her Excellency Duibheasa decided to sit vigil during the event while the majority of those attending made way to the archery range for qualifications and a small tournament.

Duibheasa did get Royal Permission to leave her vigil for just enough time to qualify as Archery Marshal; her expertise will be used for the Cantons of Castle North, Torvald and Bard's Keep on the Island of O'ahu. After qualifying, she dutifully returned to her vigil.

Another high point of the day was the appointment of a new Court Baron and Court Baroness; THLord William de Durham and THLady Una Logan, respectfully, were given their own "pointy hats" by Their Majesties during court. A great honor for them both as well as Peridot Isle.

We did have some visitors participate with us. Members of the hosting organization, the Bushwackers Archery Club joined in our merry making. It is the Bushwackers who maintain the state owned archery range, providing archery butts of hay as well as 3D targets along an easy hike around the facility. Some of the populace did take the hike for some extra challenges and "hunting".

At the archery range, a Robin Hood contest managed by Dame Uta did take place, with prizes for the top

three archers of the day. Third and second places were \$10 gift cards to either Sears or Longs. The first place prize was a membership to Costco (\$50 value). Indeed, the contest was a heated one!

As always it is with the Western Seas, feast was bountiful! Roasted hens being the main course were accompanied by fruit salad, finger foods, rice, pie and more. Everyone brought so much food, there was a bounty distributed to all.

Of note was the unplanned and massively confusing set up of the large canopy - which came without instructions! Sadhbh was beside herself, but the supportive assistance from Lord Geoffery of Camlann and Her Excellency Duibheasa did get the 10'x20' cover erected. A new joke was spawned from the fiasco...

"How long will SCAdians take to put up a canopy?"

"Depends. If it is period, a few minutes. If modern, three hours!"

Indeed, it took three hours to figure out the Puzzle of the Instructionless Canopy! Everyone was thankful for it though, as the day did prove to be cloudless and hot!

Overall, the event was enjoyable, and plans are already under way for next year. Until then, practice your archery! ♣



Photographs of the Springtime Faire by Baron Cladius Brutus di Bartolomeo.




  
**Robin Randall Petric**  
 In recognition of the great  
 service you have given Our  
 Realm. We are well pleased  
 to admit you to the right noble  
 Order of the Westwind.  
 Done by Our hand this 5<sup>th</sup> day  
 March  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  


Hi boys and girls,

I'm sorry to say I could not do an article this time, so I got a blast from the past, my article from the Runestone of May 2005, I hope you like it.

Today I have a recipe that the Evil Robin Hood and his Merry, Merry Men would have had for dinner when they were hiding out from the good Sheriff and his men.

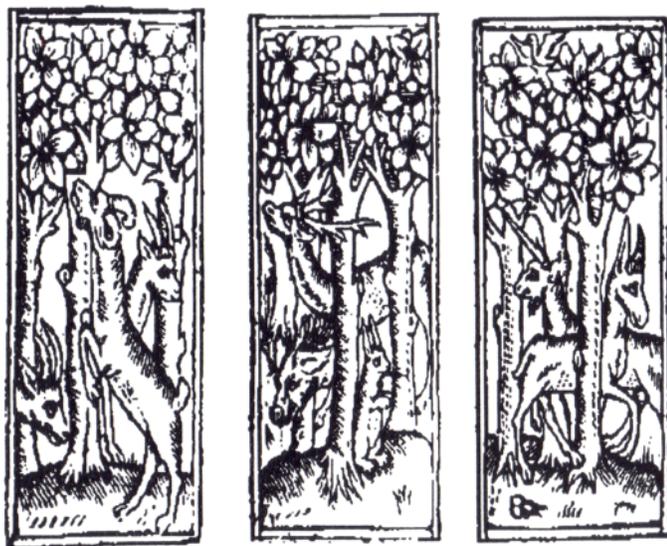
We all know that Robin Hood was a thief and a braggart and that he had a really good public relations man called Little John.

Let's face it - the man hid in the King's Forest; didn't pay any taxes and killed the King's game. He did not rob the rich and give to the poor. No, he killed the King's animals and sold them to the poor and the Sheriff got all the bad press for trying to arrest Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

So forget the movies, no big name actor will play a bad guy. So they made Robin Hood the good guy, and the Sheriff will go down in history as a bad man. A bad cop for doing his job for King and Country.

You ask, how do I know? I got a letter from Joe the Mighty Steed when he was in Italy. He found a scroll with writing on it from an Italian gypsy, Uta Mozzarellius, year 302 B.C., that told the true story of robin Hood.

(Would I lie to you?)



## VENISON STEW

With this dish, you can cook it like you would make any stew, or you can do it my way and be daring and try it on your family first.

Because you don't want t kill off your friends. (HEY!!) Well, maybe if your friend is a French cook...

### INGREDIENTS

3 lbs. venison (or stewing beef)

2 cups red wine

2 teaspoons ginger

...or 1 tsp. cinnamon and 1 tsp. mace

1/4 cup vinegar

1 cup currants

3 cups hard bread, diced (you know, old bread)

Fresh deer or beef blood (optional)

...or use 1cup beef stock and 5 drops red food coloring

### INSTRUCTIONS

In a pot add meat, water to cover and red wine. Your venison has to be cut into 2-inch cubes.

Parboil for 1/2 hour. Add vinegar, ginger and currants. You may add sea salt to it now, but recipe does not call for it. Or you may add cinnamon and mace and not the ginger. Salt to taste.

Cover your pot and simmer for 1.5 hours or until meat is tender. Remove pot from heat and add bread to thicken. You may add beef stock and food coloring to darken stew to make it look like you used real blood.

Serve in bread bowls.

Okay, okay, over rice then. Geez!

Recipe redacted from "To the King's Taste: Richard II's Book of Feasts and Recipes Adapted for Modern Cooking", by Lorna Sass, Publisher J. Murray, 1976

Image: Three images of deer; details of a page from "Sarum Horae", Paris (Pigouchet for Jean Richard) 1494 - from [www.godecookery.com](http://www.godecookery.com)

*From my table to yours!*

*Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo*

# You're Invited to a Party!

To Commemorate its 50th Year  
the Society for Creative Anachronism  
is throwing a party - for YOU!

Join us, June 17th through June 27th for a once-in-a-lifetime international event and immerse yourselves in the best the SCA has to offer.

Centrally located just west of Indianapolis, Indiana, the site is a spacious 4H Fairground luxuriously appointed with amenities fit for Royalty...and the horses they rode in on! We anticipate hosting the Known World's largest-ever animal activities program, with Horses, Hounds and Hawks aplenty!

If your definition of fun includes running your friends through with broadsword or rapier, we have Tourneys, Pas d'Armes, deeds, melees, instructional sessions and of course a plethora of pick-ups.

Had your fill of up-close martial merriment? Get that long-distance feeling with Archery, Siege and Thrown Weapons.

Visit our website for comprehensive departmental staff listings, activities and service details:

<http://50year.sca.org>

 SCA 50 Year Celebration

 @SCA50Year

Classes and demos abound for those whose tastes run more to the Arts Peaceful. Exhibits and Displays pay homage to our living history: past, present and future.

What event would be complete without shopping? Many of your favorite merchants will be there, as well as a host of new-to-you retail therapy opportunities.



**Date:** 10:00am June 17th - Noon June 27th, 2016

**Site:** Hendricks County Fairgrounds  
1900 Main Street., Danville, IN 46122

**Fee Schedule:**

**Pre-registered** (Closes May 17th)

- Adults: \$40 + \$5/day (max of \$80 for all 10 days)
- Teens (13-17): \$25 + \$5/day (max of \$70 for all 10 days)
- Youth (1-12): \$15 + \$5/day (max of \$60 for all 10 days)
- Infants under 1 year: FREE
- Family Cap: As above for 2 Adults + 2 Teens

**At the Door:** Same as above + \$10

**Member Discount:** \$5 deducted from above rates

Additional details including online payment info:  
<http://www.sca50year.org/registration.html>

**Stewards:**

Duchess Elina of Beckenham	Baron Llewellyn ap Tiernon
Tobi Beck	Michael Hobbs
<a href="mailto:StewardElina@sca50year.org">StewardElina@sca50year.org</a>	<a href="mailto:StewardLlew@sca50year.org">StewardLlew@sca50year.org</a>

# Highland Highjinks

At the annual Hawaiian Scottish Festival & Highland Games

The echo of bagpipes filled the clear, early morning as citizens both modern and medieval gathered for the Hawaiian Scottish Festival and Highland Games. This annual event, taking place in early April, is a chance for those of Scottish ancestry to congregate in Hawai'i, compete in contests of strength, agility and dance, and to mingle. The Barony of Western Seas was once again honored to be a part of this gathering. Setting up early each day, SCAdians partook of the entertainment and merchantile offerings while speaking to modern citizens about our Society.

Both days were bright, breezy, and laden with cheer as members from the Cantons of Castle North, Torvald, Bard's Keep and Peridot Isle explained our attire, armor, fighting styles, and even embroidery. Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa and Bantiarna Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal did work on fine embroidery through the event. Sir Richard of Castle North, Lord Andrew of Fairburn, and Lord Jörgen Unruh donned their heavy armor for displays of chivalrous combat. Her Excellency, Mistress Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaignthe along with Lord Nicoletto da Piacenza, Lord Geoffry of Camlann, Lord Vladimir and Don William of Rockwell did entertain the masses with some very active and flamboyant fencing.

Mistress Genevieve la Minstrelle was also in attendance, but as a member of the Pipe and Drum Corps she spent much of her musical time wandering the event and performing upon the center stage for all.

Other notable happenings at this event were the Scottish Dancers who came all the way from Scotland to compete! Watching the girls skip, kick and twirl in the air-conditioned auditorium was a favorite way to pass the hotter periods of the weekend. Celtica, a Scottish bagpipe/alternative rock group performed during the event as well. Their covers of AC/DC music were especially enjoyed by the masses.

Finally, the Highland Games themselves were fun to watch. Surprisingly, there were scant competitors as compared to years past - and most of them rather young. The caber toss, always a favorite, did prove challenging for a few of those young'ins, and was very entertaining.

All in all, the event was well received by all, and the Barony of Western Seas represented well. We hope to participate in future festivals such as this, and look forward to them with anticipation. ♠

*Photographs of this event by Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal.*





## Did You Know?

The tartan pictured in this issue is the actual Hawai'i Tartan? Designed by Douglas Herring, a member of the "Hawaiian Handweavers Hui" in 1997, it was recognized by the Hawaii State Legislature in 2008 when they designated April 6 as Tartan Day. This tartan, registered in Scotland as ITI#5163, is described: "Red & yellow symbolise the Monarchy and the fire and lava from which the Hawaiian Islands arise. Brown embodies the rock once it cooled and started to turn to soil. Green represents the plant life of the islands. Blue indicates the sky and deep ocean."

*Source: Scottish Tartans Authority at [www.TartansAuthority.com](http://www.TartansAuthority.com)*



We asked members of our Facebook Group to give this image a caption. Here are some of the ideas...

"Do you have six fingers?" "Pull my finger!!"

"If you can wear the skirt, I can wear the tights, got it?"

"Oh look. It's the Pope. Right over there.  
Not falling for that one eh? Drat."

You can view more captions, and perhaps help caption more images, by joining the SCA! Send inquiries to [chatelaine@westernseas.org](mailto:chatelaine@westernseas.org) for more information.

made in the wall had been fixed. Most everyone was talking in low voices about the two that'd blown through and upstairs like maddened Great Grizzly Bears earlier that day.

"Welcome back, dear!" Old Nan said brightly. "What'll ye have?"

"Some soup for me, an' whatever my friend wants." he said, waving to Mirea. "Is th' attic room still out for me?" he asked.

"Of course! As long as you like." Nan nodded. The Wanderer gave his thanks, and turned to Mirea.

"I'll go an' stow our things, then come back down. See if ye can find out if anybody knows where those brigands went, aye? An' get ye self somethin' t'eat," he said. Mirea nodded, and headed over to Nan to order.

Karalus took their bags, tromped upstairs, then pushed the door to his room open allowing him to deposit the bags on the floor just inside. After stretching as much as the small room's confines would allow, Karalus pulls off his gauntlets and drops them on the table. It'd be good to get some sleep after the day they'd just had, and food would not be unwelcome either. As long as nobody dies, adventuring always had a tendency to give him an Orc's appetite. Opting to leave the rest of his gear on, Karalus tucks his helm under one arm and returns to the common room.

Karalus finds Mirea assaulting a plate of cheese and salt pork with great enthusiasm. She waves to Karalus as she spies him. The Wanderer seats himself, his brows raise as he watches her eat while he, himself, takes slow spoonfuls of soup. With one ear, he listens to Mirea chatter about tomorrow's plan between bites. His other listening to the chatter of the room. Mirea doesn't mention anything about whether or not the brigands were here, he remindeds himself to teach her about that later. He'd make do in the meantime.

"Seem to be getting a lot of adventuring types lately, we have.

First that group what turned up a few days ago, then that wanderer. A lot, aye?" A farmer was telling his friend. No clues, so Karalus keeps listening.

"All this rain, lately. Going t'play hell with my deliveries, this is." a courier was grumping to another, getting a nod in return. Nothing.

"You saw those two what came in earlier, right?" another adventurer said lowly to his drinking companion. *That* caught the Wanderer's attention. "Yeah, that I did. Strike me, I've never seen fellows look quite as pissed and scared as they looked," The adventurer's companion said.

"Looked like they'd been in a fight, too. Bruised and bandaged, those two." Karalus had heard enough. Rising slowly, he made his way over to their table.

"Pardon me, friends," he said, tapping one on the shoulder to get their attention. "My friend an' I are chasin' two brigands, an' we thought they might've come 'ere. We might've wounded one in th' leg. You seen anyone like that?"

The adventurer nodded sagely. "Sure have, Wanderer. Went right upstairs, blew right through here like a pair of big ol' bears."

Karalus nodded, fished a silver coin out of his pouch, and gave it to the adventurer.

"My thanks, friends," he said, and moved back to Mirea. "Stay here, an' watch th' stairs," he told her.

"Why? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Those two are 'ere," Karalus replied. Quickly, he put his hand on Mirea's shoulder to stop her from rising, shortsword nearly drawn.

"No," he commanded. "I need ye down here t' cut off their escape, 'cuz they're bound to try comin' this way. Stop 'em if they do."

Mirea nodded, though she didn't look happy about it. "Alright. And what're you going to do?"

Karalus jerked a thumb towards the ceiling. "I'm gonna go an' fetch 'em."

\*\*\*

"Well, what're we going to do now, Cael?" the bard asks his companion, wringing his hands nervously. He'd been doing that for almost half an hour now, and it was starting to get on Cael's nerves.

"Same plan as before. We make for the southern coast, one of the big trade cities. We bring this to the client, they pay us, then we hightail it to live like kings for the rest of our lives." Cael said, gesturing to the small, beautiful object sitting on his bag.

Perfectly spherical, the object looked as though it were made entirely of glass, interspersed with small bubbles and carvings. That being said, both men knew it wasn't glass. It wasn't diamond, it wasn't crystal... whatever it was made of was insanely valuable, hence them being hired to get it. The only obstacle thus far... had been that damn wanderer and the Elf. *They* were making things *far* harder than they needed to be, and neither Cael nor the bard had any ideas what to do about it. Killing them was out of the question, as the Wanderer sure seemed like he was a hell of a fighter, and the Elf wasn't shabby, either. They couldn't buy them off, because the Wanderer's tales had made it clear he was a man of *uncompromising* morals. Despite how simple he might seem, he wouldn't be bought. The Elf was an unknown there, but it was too risky to try. The only choice was to evade them.

"We'll wait until night's deepest," Cael began. "Gods willing, the damn Wanderer didn't return here, and we'll be able to escape."

The bard nodded, and rose from his chair. He started to say something about getting some food, but stopped as he heard the floorboards creak just out their door. Cael cursed quietly, and stuffed the object in his bag, looping the strap about his neck. "Who's there?" The bard asked.

CRASH!!

Karalus's boot swung forward like a pile driver, connecting with the door-lock as he winced. He'd have to apologize to Nan as he will pay for the damages later. The door explodes off its hinges, showering splinters and dust across the room. Karalus barges through right after it, only to hear the *click* of a crossbow's mechanism. The Wanderer throws himself sideways as the bugger fired, *not* wanting to get shot again so soon. A body darts by him and out the remains of the doorway as he rolls to his feet, the other just ducking under the wild punch he threw. Karalus could hear the shouts of alarm and surprise coming from downstairs, the pounding of his quarry's boots on the floor, and the Wanderer rolls to his feet then shoots after them. He catches the crossbowman at the top of the stairs, grabbing the bugger's shoulder and spinning him. The man yelps something, but it is swiftly cut off as the Wanderer's fist meets his nose. The crossbowman tumbles head over heels down the stairs, knocking down the bard plus a patron coming up.

"Mirea, stop 'em!" Karalus bellows, charging down the steps after the pair. The bard must've been a quicker thinker than the Wanderer had thought though, as the dandy seizes up a bottle of spirits and smashes it over a nearby drinker's head. Karalus leaps over the fallen patron into the common room. Chaos erupts, the common room degrading into a brawl in the blink of an eye. Karalus ducks a flying mug, only to get decked with a chair. Mirea dodges and weaves, throwing punches and kicks with the speed and grace of a barfight expert. She lays everyone that comes near her out cold. Karalus reminds himself she came from Jeagln, a *port* city. She likely saw brawls like this all the time with sailors, which were twice as bad as this, so he'd heard.

The Wanderer battles his way across the common room, throwing

punches like his life depends on it, picking up a stool and hurling it at the fleeing forms of the two looters. Once or twice somebody picks him up and throws him, usually into a table, or another knot of brawling patrons. It makes for slow going. The brawlers didn't even seem to care who they were swinging at, and the Wanderer scooted by a few who were so drunk they only managed to hit themselves. He was almost to the door when somebody slammed into him from behind, and someone else slammed into them, sending all three out the door, over the small vernada, and into the muddy road.

"Phhoah!" Karalus spluttered, spitting mud as he came to his feet. The first wastrel came at him roaring, slamming two haymakers that drove the Wanderer's breath from him and bouncing him back a few steps. Karalus responded by headbutting the farmer when he got close, yelping and raising a hand to his forehead as the farmer dropped. *Damn*, did the fellow have a hard head! The other brawler was so out of it he could barely stand, but he still swung punches whenever the winded Wanderer staggered close. Of the two looters, there was no sign.

*So close*. Karalus thought crookedly, struggling to keep his feet. *So bloody close*.

\*\*\*

"Twenty-two... twenty-three... twenty-four... twenty-five," Karalus said as he counted out the last of the silver Nan was making him pay for damages. "Tha's all of it. Sorry about th' whole mess, Nan." he said sheepishly, handing the innkeeper the coins. Nan smiled at him, and looked around the common room. The place was fair covered with groaning, punch-drunk patrons, broken furniture, and spilled alcohol.

"Tis'nt as bad as it could be, dear," she said, winking at him. "Besides, I've still got to get damages from tis lot, once they all wake up.

Owe me a fair sized tab, some of them do. More, now." Karalus reminded himself not to cross the little old innkeeper.

With a nod to Nan, the Wanderer headed upstairs, careful not to step on any of the patrons on the floor. It was tempting though, considering how many of them had hit him with all manner of objects in the brawl. He'd even had to peel a piece of beef off his tabard. *Roast beef*, of all things! What a waste of food, he'd thought. Mirea was already in the room when he arrived, passed out and snoring like a bear. He'd only traveled with her for two days, and already he'd been forced to revise almost every single thing he thought he knew about Elves.

Mirea was one, very direct. Two, though she *had* a bow, he'd only ever seen her use it once. And three, by the Gods, no way was she dainty or wispy. Not at *all*. Four, Karalus had thought that *his* manners were bad when he was really hungry. Mirea *definitely* put paid to that opinion. He shook his head, and plopped down in the chair.

The flame of the candle on the table danced and flickered as the Wanderer pulled a map from his bag and spread it out on the table. He'd overheard the looters mention something about the southern coast and 'trade cities' before he'd 'interrupted' them so abruptly. The southern coast was chock full of trade ports as far as he knew, and they'd never find them if they searched each port in turn. Karalus scratched his chin as he studied the map intently. There must be a clue where the looters were going, but what it was, the Wanderer had no idea. He'd find it though, if not tonight, then tomorrow on the road.

Rain fell, candle-flame flickered, and the Wanderer's companion slept on as he studied the map, intent on finding the way of his quarry. ♠

To be continued in future issues...

# EVENTS OF INTEREST



**BARONY OF  
WESTERN SEAS**  
The entire  
State of Hawaii  
Baronial Events

## FIGHTING DEMO

May 07, 2016; 2pm - 6pm

Waimanalo District Park

(41-415 Hihimanu St., Waimanalo, HI)

Calling all fighters for Heavy, Unarmored and Fencing to hold a mock tournament as representatives of the different team of the event.

- Food & drinks provided

Steward: Lord Andrew of Fairburn

Email: [seneschal@bardskeep.org](mailto:seneschal@bardskeep.org)

## FIGHTER PRACTICE

Every Thursday, 5:30pm - 7:30pm

Kaimuki High School

2705 Kaimuki Ave., Honolulu

Practice with Schola members in various forms of medieval combat. From Fencing to Armored Combat & more.

## OTHER EVENTS

### CROWN TOURNAMENT

May 20 - 22, 2016

Schmidt Park

13576 Mustang Rd., Victorville, CA

[www.sca-caid.org](http://www.sca-caid.org)

### POTRERO WAR (Calafia)

May 26 - 30, 2016

Potrero County Park

24800 Potrero Park Dr., Potrero, CA

[www.potrerowar.org](http://www.potrerowar.org)

### SCA 50th Anniversary

June 17 - 27, 2016

Hendricks County 4-H Fairgrounds &

Convergence Center

Danville, Indiana

[www.sca50year.org](http://www.sca50year.org)

### Pennsic 45

July 29 - August 14, 2016

[www.pennsicwar.org](http://www.pennsicwar.org)

### Great Western War

October 04 - 10, 2016

Information pending...

### Coronation/12th Night/QC

January 07 & 08, 2017

Information pending...



**CANTON OF  
CASTLENORTH**  
Windward Oahu  
From Makapuu to the  
east all the way  
to Pupukea

## GRAND PRIZE TOURNEY

July 09, 2016; 9am - 4pm

Ahuimanu Community Park

(47-450 Hui Aeko Pl., Kaneohe, HI)

Join us for the annual Prize Tourney in which games, arts activities and various fighting matches will be enjoyed throughout the day.

Registration Adult 18+: \$10 each

w/Valid SCA Membership: \$5 each

Children 17 & younger: FREE

Schedule: TBA

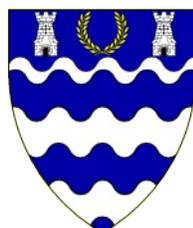
Stewards:

Mistress Genevieve la Minstrelle, O.L.

Sir Marco DiBartolomeo, O.P.

Email:

[grandprizetourney@westernseas.org](mailto:grandprizetourney@westernseas.org)



**CANTON OF  
BARD'S KEEP**  
Central & West Oahu  
From Halawa to  
Makaha to Pupukea

## FIGHTER PRACTICE

Every Saturday, 4pm - dark

Neal S. Blaisdell Park

98-319 Kamehameha Hwy., Aiea

Practice Armored Combat and sometimes

Fencing. Weather permitting. May be

canceled if other event is scheduled.



**CANTON OF  
VALLEY AZURE**  
The entire county of  
Maui  
Including the islands of  
Molokai and Lanai

## INFORMAL MEETINGS

Contact the Seneschal for information.



**CANTON OF  
PERIDOT ISLE**  
The entire island of  
Kauai  
The Garden Isle

## INFORMAL MEETINGS

Contact the Seneschal for information.



**CANTON OF  
FARHAVEN**  
The entire island of  
Hawaii  
Commonly called  
"The Big Island"

## UNARMORED PRACTICE

First Saturday of the month, 11am

Lilioukalani Park

All other Saturdays, 10am

Cooper Center Skate Park

## SECOND ODD SATURDAYS

Held on the Second Saturday of Odd Months. Check future editions for more information and locations.

MAY 14, 2016; 11am - 5pm

Harold H. Higashiara Park

(Kailua-Kona, HI)

WaterDuck Hall presents fun & activities.

Bring instruments, equipment, and a period-

ish dish for potluck with your own beverage.

Registration: FREE for all!

Event Stewards: Lord Conall McKieran

Lady Ceridwen Mordelyn Eryri

Email: [herald@farhaven.org](mailto:herald@farhaven.org)

JULY: Aina Ha'aeo

NOVEMBER: Ka'u

## FARHAVEN FESTIVAL & SOS

September 15-18, 2016

Mauna Lani Bay Hotel

(68-1400 Mauna Lani Dr., Puako, HI)

Join us as we celebrate 50 years of the

SCA while the HawaiiCon celebrates 50

years of Star Trek! Contact the Event

Steward to be included!

Steward: THLord Robin Randell Petrie

Email: [herald@farhaven.org](mailto:herald@farhaven.org)



**CANTON OF  
TORVALD**  
From Hawaii Kai to  
Town, then onward  
toward Salt Lake and all  
areas within

Dormant - Want to lead?

Contact the Baronial Seneschal!

**Information on this page is current as of April 18, 2016, and may not reflect current event status or conditions.**

**For the latest event information, check the Baronial Calendar at [WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org)**

# MATTERS OF LEGALITY & CONCERN

## THE LIST OF WAIVERS - WHEN & WHY

### SCA Model Release Form

Required to be signed by subject when...

- \*the image is portrait-style.
- \*the photo is taken in a private space at an event (such as a personal encampment).
- \*the photograph is taken at a non-public venue (such as an armor-making workshop at a home or closed event).

### SCA Photograph Grant of Use Form

Required to be signed by the photographer for any and all photos in use after December 31, 2010.

A photographer may check the "Perpetual Grants of Use" box, meaning the form is required only one time and it covers any photograph submitted for use by the Barony now or in the future.

### SCA Creative Work Copyright Assignment/Grant of Use Form

Required to be signed by the author or artist for the following...

- \*articles, poems, stories, songs - written content submitted for publication.
- \*original artwork (not clip art) submitted digitally for publication.
- No form is needed for...
- \*correspondence from officers or even organizers
- \*event notices
- \*captions to photographs

### Caid Personal Information Release

Required to be signed when...

- \*event organizers wish to use their personal email/phone number for contact
- \*officers wish to have their modern names used in the Regnum
- \*article writers wish to use their modern name in the by-line

~

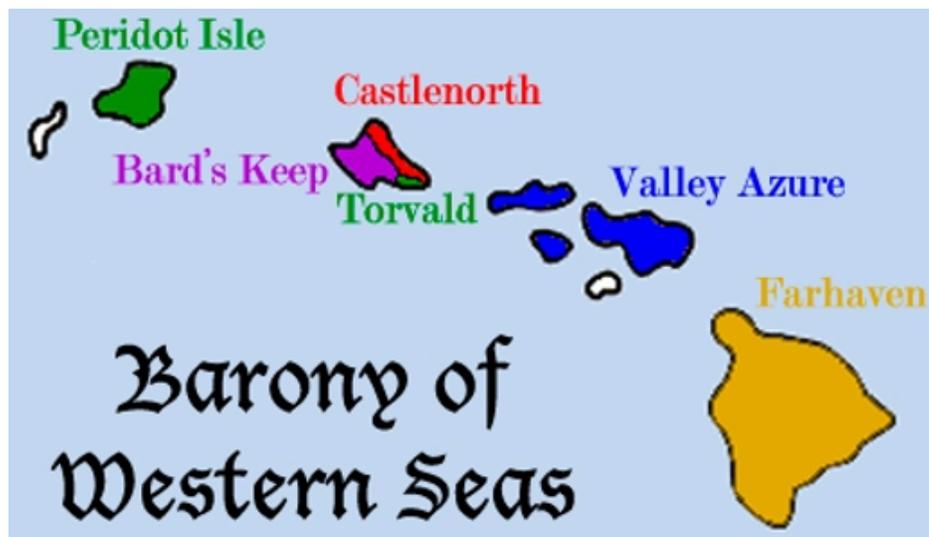
Waivers are to be submitted along with pertinent works to the Chronicler and/or the Webwright. Waivers can be submitted digitally (scanned as PDF or JPG). Hard-copies received will be scanned. All waivers are stored digitally in a private filing system managed by Kingdom Caid. Hard-copy Waivers are kept on file with the Constable after being scanned.

Combat & Equestrian Waivers are special waivers needed to participate in events related to each. Please speak to the Marshal for more information.

### Blue Card vs. White Card

SCA members who have (digitally) signed a Waiver of Liability when joining possess a Blue Membership Card. Members who have not signed this waiver have a White Membership Card. If a member possesses the White Card, that member must sign combat waivers at each event to participate in combat.

Questions? Ask the Chronicler, Webwright or Constable.  
Links to waivers can be found at [WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org).



BARONY OF WESTERN SEAS  
[WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org)

This is second issue in the third volume of the RUNESTONE, a publication of the Barony of Western Seas, part of the Kingdom of Caid, one of twenty kingdoms worldwide within the Society for Creative Anachronism, Incorporated (SCA, Inc.). This publication is not a corporate document of SCA, Inc., and does not delineate SCA, Inc. policies.

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Barony of Western Seas  
54-304 Kawaewae Way  
Hauula, HI 96717  
[westernseas.org](http://westernseas.org)

# BARONY OF WESTERN SEAS REGNUM

BARON	Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo	barony@westernseas.org	Ceremonial head of the Barony and representative of the Crown
BARONESS	Baroness Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaihthe	barony@westernseas.org	Ceremonial head of the Barony and representative of the Crown

Office of the Seneschal	Mistress Raven of Heronsmarsh	seneschal@westernseas.org	Manages all business affairs of the Barony and sub-groups thereof
Office of the Herald	Sir Valeran do Pico	herald@westernseas.org	Tracks Awards, Devices and Name Resigtrations; Master of Ceremony at events
Office of the Exchequer	Lord Jörgen Unruh	exchequer@westernseas.org	Manages the financial matters of the Barony
Office of the Chatelaine	Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa Deputy: Want to Volunteer? Send us an email!	chatelaine@westernseas.org	Organizes demonstrations for recruitment and greets newcomers to the Society and the Barony.
Office of the Scribe	Mistress Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaihthe	scribe@westernseas.org	Organizes the creation of scrolls for awards which includes calligraphy and illumination
Office of ARTS & Sciences	Mistress Raven of Heronsmarsh	artsandsciences@westernseas.org	Oversees the affairs of Arts, Crafts and Sciences, assists members with information & sources
Office of the Chronicler	Bantiarna Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal Deputy: Want to Volunteer? Send us an email!	chronicler@westernseas.org	Produces, edits and publishes the Baronial newsletter (this publication)
Office of the Webwright	Bantiarna Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal Deputy: Want to Volunteer? Send us an email!	webwright@westernseas.org	Manages Baronial internet needs and presense
Knight Marshal	Sir Edward of Castleguard	knightmarshal@westernseas.org	Supervises Armored Combat activities (per island)
Marshals of Fencing	Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo, Oahu	fencing@westernseas.org	Supervises Fencing activities (per island)
Marshals of Archery	Mistress Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaihthe, Oahu Dame Uta Blackthorne, Big Island	archery@westernseas.org	Supervises Archery activites (per island)
Marshals of UAC	Mistress Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaihthe, Oahu Dame Uta Blackthorne, Big Island	unarmored@westernseas.org	Supervises Unarmored Combat activities (per island)

## CANTON SENESCHALS

Farhaven (Big Island).....	Dame Uta Blackthorne .....	seneschal@farhaven.org
Peridot Isle (Kauai).....	Baroness Una Logan .....	seneschal@peridotisle.org
Valley Azure (Maui).....	Sir Edward of Castleguard .....	seneschal@valleyazure.org
Torvald (Southeast Oahu).....	Vacant - Want to Volunteer? Contact the Baronial Seneschal! .....	seneschal@sca-torvald.org
Bard's Keep (Central & West Oahu).....	Lord Andrew Fairburn .....	seneschal@bardskeep.org
Castlenorth (Windward Oahu).....	Sir Marco Di Bartolomeo .....	seneschal@castlenorth.org

## GUILDS

Philosophers.....	Sir Valeran do Pico .....	philosophers@westernseas.org
Music Maximus.....	Mistress Genvieve la Minstrelle .....	minstrels@westernseas.org
Brewers.....	Baroness Una Logan .....	brewers@westernseas.org
Wooden Spoon.....	Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo .....	woodenspoon@westernseas.org
Sappers.....	Sir Valeran do Pico .....	sappers@westernseas.org
Scribe.....	Mistress Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaihthe .....	scribe@westernseas.org