

## February 2002

Welcome to the February issue of the Umbrian Mug. It has been brought to my attention that several members of the populace are not receiving this. It is my mission to provide this newsletter to every member of the populace. If you know someone who is not receiving the Mug regularly (1st Wednesday of the month), please let me know so I can rectify the problem!  
- Dame Aislynne,  
Editor & Royal Chronicler

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# Umbrian Mug

## Pavo is Dead?

Is it true? Is Pavo, the Gypsy King dead? Yes! Would be the answer you'd hear from the Umbrians who witnessed him being drawn and quartered at Saturday's Canton of Westerheim! It turns out that the Gypsy King induced his wife and son to kidnap the Royal Princess (uh, doll). Nisha then used a (ahem...) gypsy curse to induce Sir Christof into assisting her in a ransom note! Witnesses abounded and attempts were made to frame everyone (even me!), but in the end the truth came out. Watch out for the Ghost of Pavo!! (or...maybe those tattoos used as evidence were a set-up...they did look awfully fresh...)

## Studying a Master

Sir Fredrick von Burg has announced that he intends to study the sword styles of the fencing master, Hans Tolhoffer. If you are interested in learning this style of fighting, Sir Fredrick is planning weekly practices for those interested. You need a waster (and Sir Philippe has offered his pattern) and the book, (available online or at the local bookstore for about \$30) "Medieval Combat" translated by Mark Rector. If interested, please email Sir Fredrick at holdman-family@yahoo.com.

## Umbria's Newest Knight!

Congratulations to *Sir Dances in Shadows*, the newest Knight of Umbria, who took his belt at the Canton of Westerheim this past Saturday, February 2.

Sir Dances was dubbed a Knight Combatant, and invited all the Knights present to reaffirm their oaths during his ceremony.

## Money stolen

On a sad note, our sympathies go out to Sir Michael Cu Campbell who has recently suffered a robbery at his home. In addition to his personal losses, Kingdom of Umbria funds that were awaiting deposit in a then-unmade Kingdom account were also stolen. These funds included \$377 of money taken in at the Knights' Auction and Devonshire Renn Faire. Sir Michael has given his word that he will replace the Kingdom funds that were lost. We do now have an Umbrian bank account, so hopefully this will not happen again.

## February Kingdom Event

It was announced in Court at the January Kingdom Event that the February Event would be held at Estrella War. Upon further consideration, His Majesty deemed it advisable to change the event to the 4th Saturday of February, 2/23.

If you plan to camp at Estrella War, His Majesty is arranging an Umbrian camping area. Huzzah!



Sir Dances in Shadows accepts his belt from Soren McClain while TRM's and Sir Michael Sinestro look on.

He accepted the coulee from HRM Sir Philippe and was gifted with a black tunic from Dame Kate. The Binky was passed on with the utmost solemnity by Sir Christof the Meek, who seemed pleased to be rid of the weight.

Congratulations and welcome to the Order, Sir Dances in Shadows!

## Upcoming Events

**Fighter Practice** is every Wednesday night at Encanto Park from 7:30-9:30 pm, except for the 1st Wednesday of the month, which is the Canton of Thunar, at the same time and place.

### February 2002

2nd- **Canton of Westerheim**, Loma Linda Park, 10 am.

6th- **Canton of Thunar**, Encanto Park, 7:30-9:30 pm.

10th- **Canton of Cherbourg**, 2 pm, Desert Breeze Park (1-10 to Ray, East to Desert Breeze Park Road, South to the Park) &

### **Colony of Trinacria Event**

23rd- **Kingdom Tourney**, Cactus Park, 10 am  
(**Archery Tourney** TBA)

### March 2002

2nd- **Canton of Westerheim**, Loma Linda Park, 10 am.

6th- **Canton of Thunar**, Encanto Park, 7:30-9:30 pm.

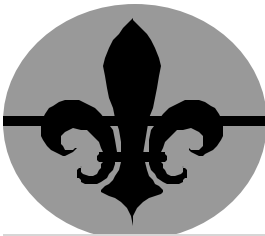
9th - **Kingdom Estates Meeting**

10th- **Canton of Cherbourg**, 2 pm, Desert Breeze Park & **Colony of Trinacria Event**

16th- **Kingdom Tourney**, Cactus Park, 10 am

23rd - **Archery Tourney**, TBA

Dame Skye will be holding two more meetings about Umbrian Law revisions: 2/10, at the Canton of Cherbourg, and 2/20 at 8 pm at JB's for those interested in assisting with this project. Please contact Dame Skye for more info.



WELCOME BACK!

Her Majesty Dame  
Justina and Sir Ivan  
have returned from  
their journeys!  
Huzzah!

## Bardic of the Month By Sir Dances in Shadows

as i stand here alone on this nite  
i feel so empty as the moon is so bright  
surrounded by stars that twinkle with fright  
never knowing what's to come as they travel so  
slight

for the moon is a wanderer  
timelessly moving with ease  
always searching for its own path  
forever trying to break free

with the earth as its anchor  
it is held fast by its chains  
forever enduring a love within its pain  
a bondage to rare for only they will share

you see the earth is a woman with the moon as  
her man  
tied together by lust that is equally shared  
by pulling at each other then pushing there  
bodies to despair  
they can never escape the trust of that lair

## A Gauntlet Thrown by Dame Delia

**I encourage you, my brothers and sisters of the chivalry, to review your actions and how you personally can better yourself as a member of the Order. Continue your readings of chivalric history that discuss such matters and look critically at your actions, words and values. Ask yourself if you are supporting the lowest common denominator or striving for excellence. Be honest, for honesty is so closely related to honor that without one you cannot have the other.**

\*It is my honor to be the first to accept your challenge. Well said. - Dame Aislyne



Happy 1st birthday to Bavol, the Gypsy Prince, who is starting early on his combat training! (photo published with consent of his parents)

## Memoirs of the Mercenary Company Loyal Order of the Sword

by Sir Christof

"Shhh" can you hear it?

As the men around me stop moving and their leather and metal plates stop rubbing together it gets quiet. Then I hear it. That noise.

A rumbling.

A creaking.

The unmistakable beat of drums drawing closer, closer, louder. It seems to draw on, first 1 minute, 2 minutes, 5 minutes getting louder and louder. The men start to shift from foot to foot in nervous anticipation. A dog darts across the front line of our 5000 strong army. An arrow flies out from our ranks, and hits it square in the chest. It tumbles head-first into the dirt, breathes twice, whimpers, then is quiet. The men immediately around the archer congratulate him on a great shot. It was good, as the dog was running quite fast. But I can't help feeling like it is an ill omen.

The noise is getting steadily louder, but it still sounds a way off. The men start to tell jokes, and brag about last night with a Strapping wench. I envy them, a little, I had to read dispatches from the king who hired us. Make my last will, just in case. and discipline 2 sergeants that got into a fight, about whose squad is more disciplined of all things. By then it was midnight and I still had to walk among the men to show support. Give advice if asked, and to just be seen as confident. I am not though, every time from the first battle I was in at 16 to now at 33. Ten campaigns and more battles, personal and hired, than I can remember, I get sick to my stomach. "Why do I do this?" I ask myself. "Because you're good at it, what else would you do?" Born a farmers boy, I could while away my days with an amply endowed wife and sons to help me farm. And live in fear of being robbed, starved by taxes to pay more mercenaries like me, or frozen in the winter. Not a very appetizing thought.

The noise has been getting louder for about an hour now. Its 10:00 in the morning and the sun is already beating down on us. Calling one of my sergeants over and I tell him to get some wenches to carry some water to the troops. Standing on this new grassy field, I don't want them falling over from sun sickness. Peering to the north I see a rider fast approaching us from a hill top. Dressed in a black tabard, with a brass skull emblazoned on the front, the captain of the scouts, she has a bow slung across her back. Heading toward me, she tramples the dead dog and reins her horse 5 feet from me.

"Lord Christof" The tyrant's army is 30 minutes away. She pants out. "Take a drink!." Trying to stay calm. I can feel 9,999 eyes on me, my captain and blood brother Richard, lost his left eye in a skirmish 3 days ago. He is very mad about that. The last thing he wants is his subordinates calling him one-eye dick, behind his back. She takes a draught. Coughs and splutters. Then takes another. I patiently wait for her to finish. When she does I say, calmly, "How many?" "As many as we have 4 times over". she says quietly.

My mind goes numb. 20,000. 4 to 1 odds. "How many of them horse?"

"5000 armored M'lord." I can feel the mood change. Like a ripple the men start to mumble. I have to do something. Fast. Turning my horse around and face my men. They grow quiet. I sit tall on my horse and say:

"We knew we were going to be outnumbered. Your sergeants have trained you well. We have done nothing but train for 8 months. Its time to earn our pay. We toiled for 3 days for this day, this moment. Have confidence. This will be our greatest challenge yet. "AND OUR GREATEST VICTORY" I shout at the last.

The men shout their approval, banging their swords on their shields and stomping their feet. They do this for a while. The whole time the noise gets louder, until it finally drowns out their shouts. And finally we see them. Cresting the hill. the foot soldiers, then where the archers should be I see the mounted knights. Confused, I ask my scout if she saw any archers. "No M'Lord, I did not."

They must have broken off at some point. Or the tyrant left them at the garrison. Then I see it. The green and red banner with a dragon. The tyrant has come to personally see our destruction.

We stare across the grass at each other. Both confident in our ability to destroy each other and not be destroyed ourselves. "Get the men ready Captain" I say just to sound like I am on top of things. Richard then turns around and yells "Tighten formation" The men shuffle 2 inches, they were already ready, they just needed to hear our voices. Looking at the enemy and I see the tyrant wave his cavalry on and they turn around and go to a wide right. "Trying to flank us" I murmur to myself. "Captain, the horse are going to try to flank us make sure the men get to the second point on time!" "Aye M'Lord" He then turns around and issue orders that the men already know by heart, but have to hear to make sure everybody knows.

The tyrant waves his foot soldiers on. They start off at a walk, then slowly get off to a trot, They are at a run at half-way to us. I wave my men on and we start running, as fast as we can in formation. We have to get to the second point soon. I can feel the cavalry running up my arse. We are rapidly approaching the front line, 50 yards, 40 yards, 30 yards, my heart is pounding in my ears, 20 yards, 10 yards, Then their front crashes into a 200 yard, 5 foot wide 4 foot deep, ditch that we dug for 3 days and covered up, their with grass mats. men getting impaled on the stakes and the screaming throws the rest of them into a confusion. A quick glance behind me and I see the cavalry riding up on us.

*(Continued on page 4)*

*(Memoirs of a Mercenary Company, continued from page 3)*  
Perfect.

We do everything we can to get over that ditch, we run, jump, scramble to get to the other side, just to my right one of my mercs step on the shoulders of some dying man and puts up a small crossbow and shoots a bolt into the front line. Just like everybody else. Which added more screams to their confusion. The dead fall back like tall grass in a strong wind. And we scramble to fill the gaps.

We have to all get to the other side.

I dropped my crossbow as my horse leapt over the ditch, landing on top of 4 hapless victims I draw my longsword and hack to the left and to the right, trying to make a path for my men to follow. As if we were trying to take a castle wall.

I can hear the rumble of the cavalry even through all the screams and clashing of swords and shields. Daring a quick glance to the rear, most of us are over the ditch already. But there are still some left. It is into these unlucky men, that the armoured horses, with their steel encased riders crash into, trample through then, trip, slip, get pushed into and forced over the ditch.

Just like that I lost 500 men.

But all is not lost. Their charge lost momentum at the ditch. Quite a few made it over but were quickly being taken care of

by the rear guard who was expecting them on what is now our side of the ditch. Seeing the charge was stopped caused a panic in the ranks of the foot soldiers. I could see fear in some of their eyes before I took their lives.

I, still being on my horse looked over their ranks and could see their rear guard trying to reform for a second push, before their initial charge brakes down.

"WE ALMOST HAVE THEM" I shout as loud as my parched throat will allow. "HARDER, HARDER" I don't even remember everything I said I just yelled as loud as I could and fought better than I ever fought before. And I could see it. They started to scatter. dropping swords, running to the side. My men had no mercy. They killed everybody they could from the front, the side, even stabbing them in the backs. Any thing to cause panic. Then all of a sudden we reached the end. We had gone to, then through their ranks. I could see thousands of them running away.

"THUMP"

All of a sudden I realize I am looking up from the ground, My captain and a couple of others are mouthing something. to me. I try to say "what happened to my horse?" but it hurts to draw breath. I look down and see an arrow protruding from my right breast. Then I think to myself "from this side that arrow seems to stretch from me all the way to god." Somewhere, in the distance, I hear a dog barking. Then.....nothing.

*To be continued...*

## Tourney Results!

Huzzah to the following members of the populace, who demonstrated great prowess and honor resulting in a Tournament Win in the month of January:

Thunar 1/2/2002

Shinai - Anna Marie Boccili

Knight's Renn - Sir Duncan Wallace

Steel - Sir Duncan Wallace

Westerheim 1/5/2002

Shinai - Squire Dominica

Knight's Renn - Sir Aramis de la Rouge

Archery (Bowman's) - Lady Knight Keara Craig

Crown Tournament 1/19/2002

Knight's Renn - Sir Fredrick von Burg

Steel - Sir Cameron Fitzgerald

Arts - Dame Serene, Rosary and prayers

Archery 1/26/2002

Bowman's List - Thomas Moran

Huntsman's List - Dame Marguerita

**HUZZAH! HUZZAH! HUZZAH!**



*Sir Christof gets both the Binky and a group hug!*

## Sir Christof's Top Ten List

The Top Ten Indicators that your Canton Event is in the Middle of Nowhere (inspired by the drive to Westerheim):

10. You see more RV's than houses.
9. You see a breakfast restaurant at every exit.
8. IHOP is packed with truckers
7. You see nothing but farmland from the freeway.
6. When the city has to use "Last Gas for 50 Miles" to draw in tourists.
5. If your town has "Come See the Largest Ball of String in the World" as a tourist attraction.
4. When Van Buren is a nice street to drive down.
3. When gas is more expensive than in the city.
2. When your cell phone doesn't work.
1. When it is only 20 miles to the border of the next state!

## Editorials

*Disclaimer: The editorial(s) submitted are the opinions of the author. They may or may not reflect the opinions & official positions of the Crowns or chronicler of Umbria.*

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### Editorial by Dame Delia

It is just mind boggling for me to hear that people don't want others to know that they belong to a certain house. At one time people in Adria wore house badges, flew banners, wore plaids and tabards, used their house name when being called into court and generally wanted the world to know that they belonged to a certain house. It wasn't just a matter of getting an estate vote, but rather they appreciated what that member could add to gain prestige for their house. Everyone knew who belonged to which house.

Perhaps it is the lack of pride in the house that is the reason behind not wanting the names listed. If my house had no active members, I might not want everyone to know that I was unable or unwilling to encourage participation at events. Or to know that I represented people on the estates that had no interest in Adria, the "paper people". Worse yet, if I was part of a larger estate and had always relied on my senior estate holder to "grant" me extra people to help me maintain numbers for my vote, I would not want anyone to know either. Shame in my own manipulation of the system and lack of leadership would be an excellent reason to not post my house roster from month to month.

Perhaps it is just plain ignorance. If I actually thought that I would only have to provide the information once when I swore my house together and the information would be forever updated and available, perhaps I would think it redundant to have it in a separate database. The fact that the membership of Adria is constantly changing and that the members of a house can leave at any time complicates the matter. Typographical errors and memory lapses can also inadvertently place people in the wrong house. Due to these factors it is imperative that the information constantly be updated.

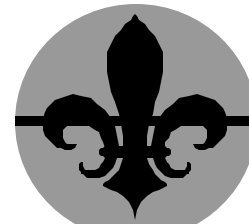
Perhaps it is the wish for privacy for the members of the house. The membership of the Kingdom of Umbria is already listed on the Imperial Stewards site. This site is available for viewing by everyone, not just members of our

kingdom. The Imperial site lists the mundane name, game name and expiration date of every member – the same information that is normally listed on a roster in addition to the estate affiliation. The estate holders should inform the members of their estates that the roster would list only information that is readily available on the Imperial site in addition to their affiliation.

There can also be a dishonest and manipulative reason for not wanting the information shared. By keeping the estate membership secret, it allows for members to be moved about at will to maintain the minimum numbers necessary to maintain the vote. Although few will admit to this being practiced in the past, it has been done. Any who say it isn't so are either in denial or guilty of this abuse of the system. By having the membership posted in an "official" capacity, it would allow for the membership to see who is claiming them and correct any errors. It would also reduce the occurrence of "floating" members.

In my opinion, a roster of estates simply makes public record more accessible. It also allows the viceroys to announce what estates are below numbers at their events per the roster. If the estate holder knows that dues have since been paid or the membership been changed, they will be aware that the roster has not been updated and know to keep checking on it. It allows the estate holder to be informed and to actively work with the chancellor to correct information before it is an issue. It also allows the remote membership to be informed about estate changes on a monthly basis. This knowledge encourages proactive recruitment before loss of estate status.

So, since I cannot fathom a legitimate or honest reason for not wanting to have one's estate affiliation listed on a roster, perhaps someone who has requested their affiliation not listed (the member, not the Lord) could explain their reasoning. This would allow all of us a greater understanding for the need to keep hidden what was publicly sworn in court or on file with the chancellor.



**His Majesty's  
Prediction:  
In 600 years,  
cookies will be  
made by elves  
...who live in  
hollow trees!**

## CONTACT LIST

The following is a list of the Crowns and Ministers of Umbria. The 4th column (phone numbers) will not appear in on-line versions of the Mug, in order to assure the privacy of our members. Ministers, please verify your information!

His Royal Majesty, the King	Sir Philippe De Bois Guilbert		(602) 795-1719
Her Royal Majesty, the Queen	Dame Justina Maria Murello	damejustina@yahoo.com	
Chancellor	Soren McClain	soren340@yahoo.com	(623) 853-0666
Minister of the Rolls	Zohara	ishtar23@earthlink.net	(623) 853-0666
Minister of Arts and Sciences	Dame Kate MacPherson MacIntosh		(602) 795-1719
Minister of Archery	Sir Raymond Picard		(602) 272-3919
Minister of War and Joust	Sir Michael Sinestro	mikezachary@webtv.net	(602) 273-1185
Steward	Lady Nisha Rosalia	nisharosalia@aol.com	(602) 679-0781
Chronicler/Mug Editor	Dame Aislynne de Chartier	lady_aislynne@hotmail.com	(480) 279-1379
Master of the Ether/Webmaster	Sir James the Red	jamesthered@yahoo.com	(480) 314-4238
Sovereign of Arms	Sir Michael Cu Campbell	veritas_777@hotmail.com	(602) 909-5695
Crown Marshall	Sir Pavo Rosalia	sirpavo@yahoo.com	(602) 679-0028
Physiker	Malaika	zoobyli@aol.com	(602) 297-3882
Hospitler	Lady Knight Keara Craig	kearacraig@hotmail.com	(623) 393-0945
Herald	Richard Corazon del Oso	corazon_dela_oso@hotmail.com	(602) 271-4903
Mistress of the Revel	Dame Iella	iella25@hotmail.com	(623) 204-0479
Royal Sorceress	Zohara	ishtar23@earthlink.com	(623) 853-0666

*Subdivisions of Umbria—please see the Calendar for dates and locations of events hosted by each.*

Canton of Thunar	Sir Waldham von Torsvan	waldham@hotmail.com	
Canton of Westerheim	Sir Michael Cu Campbell Soren McClain	veritas_777@hotmail.com	(602) 909-5695 (623) 393-0945
Colony of Trinacria	Sir Ivan the Forsaken Lady Polgara	tyturner_2000@yahoo.com	
Canton of Cherbourg	Sir Pavo Rosalia Lady Aislynne de Chartier	sirpavo@yahoo.com lady_aislynne@hotmail.com	(602) 679-0028 (480) 279-1379
Inverness Game Preserve	Lord Arimis de le Rouge	arimis_de_la_rouge@yahoo.com	(623) 393-0945

### Upcoming Expirations

If you have already submitted your renewal, just smile.  
Other wise see Lady Nisha, or submit your renewal to the Imperial Steward.

#### January 2002

Crea, Samantha  
Miller, Tom  
Williams, Charly  
Williams, Stephen  
Eddinger, Peter J  
Popham, Janice L  
Turner, Christa  
Turner, Gina

Turner, Tyler J.  
Turner, Tyler R.  
Rich, Bryan  
Roy, Laura

#### February 2002

Keith, Edward  
Weatherly, Christopher  
O'Neal, Antonella

O'Neal, James M.  
O'Neal, Robert G.  
Watters, Donald

#### March 2002

Chigges, Nathan  
Swatek, James  
Swatek, Misty  
Atkins, Michael J.

King, Beverly  
King, Clay  
King, Michael  
Malan, Sabrina  
Yanez, Arcana Rowan  
Yanez, Lawrence  
Koch, Cindy L.  
Myers, Joanne