

The Dancing Moon
September--October, 2017

Sonnets and Sojourners



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 Pages 14-19 *Kemp's Journey* Map Image, Photo, *Following Along with Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder* Introduction Commentary, and Modern English text translation *William Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder* Image, Photo © 2017 Lucy E. Zahnle. Used with permission.
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SHIRE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Dancing Moon is always published bimonthly (every other month) during the third week of each month (or as close to it as possible). Publication will be issued in January, March, May, July, September, and November.

If you find an error that needs correcting in the shire newsletter or on the shire website, please inform your web minister or chronicler ASAP. It may make her grumpy, but she needs to know.

Please submit next issue's announcements to the Chronicler by November 15.

Officer contact information can be found on page 11 of this newsletter.

Visit us online at <https://www.facebook.com/ShireOfCalanaisNuadh/> or <http://www.shireofcalanaisnuadh.org/>

Send requests for membership in the closed shire Facebook Group or the Shire Yahoo List to

This is the September-October, 2017, issue of the Dancing Moon, a publication of the Shire of Calanais Nuadh of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA, Inc.). The Dancing Moon is available from Lucy E. Zahnle, 11413 Upton Rd., Plato, MO 65552. It is not a corporate publication of SCA, Inc., and does not delineate SCA, Inc. policies.

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Minutes of the August Meeting

Seneschal:

Paul agreed to be drop-dead deputy seneschal.

Next Business Meeting – Monday, September 11, 2017.

Arts and Sciences Minister

Registration for Queen's Prize Tournament closes August 27.

Thomas will be teaching a leatherwork on class night, September 25.

September – Skaya is teaching a pattern altering class.

Shire A & S competition will take place at the shire picnic in August.

Knights Marshall

No fighting practices scheduled.

James has 2 youth shields and can make more.

Archer Marshall

Shire archery competition will take place at the shire picnic.

Archery practice Sundays beginning at 2 PM – Beaver Creek Conservation Area.

Have had good attendance at archery practices

Future practices: August 27, September 24

No practices on September 1, September 8, September 16, September 30 (Gryphon's Fest)

Exchequer

2075.87 in bank account. Will be going down by \$31.00 to pay for rattan for youth fighting.

Chronicler

Newsletters going to bimonthly (every other month) publication schedule. Will be published in January, March, May, July, September, and November. Submissions to the newsletter always welcome.

Webminster

Website needs updated. Will be updated in coming week.

Old Business:

SCA business cards are available from Lady Catin.

Loch Calanais article appeared in *Tournaments Illuminated* complete with photo by Lady Catin

Picnic – 1:00 PM at Alan and Margery's house – Potluck

Catin and Thomas will bring hotdogs and ribs. Rose will need condiments.

Odd will be doing the championship shoot.

Activities – Archery (crossbows allowed), A & S competition, cut & thrust, possibly a woad pot for dying

Shade fly update: Nest took shade fly to Pennsic to the maker. The canvas was mended, but one pole needs repair.

All poles need screw on finials. Thomas is making finials. The finials need to be done before Autumn Arrows.

Autumn Arrows

Must publish a sign at all events prohibiting bullying and harassment

Need to secure site and view it. May need tents.

Theme: Hunter's Moon

Archery targets and shoots are done

Autumn Arrows –Traveling prize champions need to be contacted.

Catherine and Ascellina are running the lists.

Archery prizes have been purchased.

Disa is running troll.

Flyer almost done for October *Muse*

Paul is working on feast menu. – theme- German country feast for after the hunt - 1st course: rye bread, cheese, sausages

2nd course: roast pork and vegetables. Still thinking about menu for third course.

Thomas doing Inn – Hunter's stew – venison, pork, carrots, etc., cheese, and fruit

Aesa is doing A & S – Anything Hunter's Moon theme two categories – one for anything, one for fiber arts

Merchanting – Dulcibella says three merchants have contacted her, including Skaya

Writing competitions are being handled by Dulcibella/Vault of Valhalla

Alvira doing children's activities with Mistress Roselyn backing her up.

New Business:

No meeting on Labor Day, 4 September 2017

The Calontir arms shields on the Odyssey Coffee canvas need refurbished and added to. Needs to be done by the first of February. Shields should be on 10x12 rectangles.

Minutes of the September Meeting

Seneschal:

Site secured for Autumn Arrows

Next Business Meeting – Monday, October 9, 2017

Arts and Sciences Minister

Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien is the new shire A&S champion. Won the Arts & Sciences championship at the picnic.

Thomas's leatherworking class postponed until November.

Knights Marshall

No fighting practices scheduled.

Archer Marshall

Archery practice Sundays beginning at 2 PM – Beaver Creek Conservation Area.

Archery targets and schedule for Autumn Arrows set

HL Catherine is the new shire archery champion, having won the championship at the picnic.

Exchequer

Shire finances are in good shape.

Chronicler

Newsletters will now be published bimonthly (every other month) publication schedule, starting with September. Will be published in January, March, May, July, September, and November. Submissions to the newsletter always welcome.

Webminster

Website is has been updated and is in good shape. Autumn Arrows flyer has been posted.

Old Business:

Brief discussion of Autumn Arrows. All requirements for the event are progressing in a timely manner or are ready to go. All prizes have been acquired.

New Business:

Daniel Steelbender has no one to run his vigil. The shire will step in with food and organization.

Amasius and Adorabella

A Cycle of Sonnets

Written not long since

by Dulcibella

de Chateavrien



Printed at London by Tho. Cotes and are to be sold

by Iohn Benson, Dwelling in

S^t. Dunstons Churchyard. 1590

Sonnet 1 - **Amasius**

The rising sun hath pierced my darkened sky.
My heart a new and merry tune doth sing.
A lady, pure and fair, hath struck mine eye
And turned drear winter into gaudy spring.

Adorabella's smile makes roses bloom!
Like Flora strolling in a garden bed,
She lures unwary hearts to lover's doom.
Condemned, my joyful heart knows naught of dread.

Though walking Earth, she must be from above,
A rose from heaven's garden fallen free.
A lady pure? Ah, no! My perfect love?
A gift bestowed from spheres divine on me!

Though yet to meet, our fervent hearts entwine,
Exquisite fruit unrotted on the vine.

Sonnet 2 - **Adorabella**

And still he stares! Have I some blemish dire?
A speck of dirt upon my countenance?
Is naught in face or figure to admire?
His gaze doth drill with ne'er a variance.

Perhaps no vile defect he doth espy,
But graceful Venus standing thus reborn?
His soul in thrall, his captured heart doth sigh
Undying love for one he fears may scorn.

His gaze upon my person matters not.
My personage he knows, but nothing knows
Of Person's essence, heart, or soul, or thought.
His base regard my calm shall ne'er depose.

His love or hate is not among my cares,
Nor quickens heart nor blood... And still he stares!

Sonnet 3 - **Amasius**

I heard the cadence of thy voice today
And music knew, I never heard before.
My name upon thy dulcet lips did play
More sweetly than angelic harps and swore
Unspoken love for which my soul doth long.
Thy glance, thy smile, the flutter of thy hand
All spoke to me thy heart's most secret song,
A song my heart alone doth understand.

Yet words may be assassins of the heart
And understanding vanish in a phrase.
If secret songs could all our love impart
And lover's notes could travel on a gaze,
Then ardent hearts might sing in harmony
Unchained from words that mar the melody.

Sonnet 4 - **Adorabella**

My staring man doth bow most gallantly
As on his tongue my name doth, giddy, dance.
His eyes no longer stare. They beckon me
To trust, to take his hand, to take a chance.

But wanton chance is never certainty.
A winning hand may sometime lose the day.
One ill-starred pip, one hapless card may be
The damning end of lovers' reckless play.

But ne'er to play is ne'er to win the game.
My foolish cards I lay upon the board,
A pair of hearts that love will set aflame,
And wager more than my soul can afford.

This game opposing sides can never win,
But joining suit, each heart may find its twin.

Sonnet 5: **Amasius**

Some ladies smile and cast their beck'ning eyes
At ev'ry swain that wanders into view.
Behind their fans, they spout their charming lies
With hearts more false than any poisoned brew.

With such as these, how findeth Man his love
And know her heart be true? Where lives but one,
A goddess, chaste and good, to rise above
Mere woman's treachery? But now, have done!

My goddess I have found! Oh, perfect heart!
She lacks those wiles her sex doth use to snare
Unwitting paramours. A soul apart,
She lifts my soul to heaven from despair.

A perfect love my perfect love hath spawned
To lock us both in heart's most perfect bond.

Sonnet 6: **Adorabella**

We tread the steps as music guides the dance,
Each dancer tracing Fate's eternal plan.
We, silent, seek with ev'ry breath and glance
That partner preordained since time began.

With one, then other, then a third I turn,
None following the measure of my feet.
With ev'ry swain, my hopes do dimmer burn.
None match the meter that my heart doth beat.

But now comes one whose steps do mirror
mine.
We move, twin souls, in loving harmony.
The strains of turning spheres our lives design
That we may trip through all eternity.

We dance at last as one, his heart and mine,
Two earthen souls in heaven's grand design.

Sonnet 7: **Adorabella and Amasius (Speaking together)**

A withered rose doth shriveled petals drop
As, dying, it doth shed its scarlet tears.
Likewise, for love, my soul did weep and stop
To pray for one who charms and who endears.

A twin unto my heart did I desire
To share my truths, my vict'ries, and my loss,
But ne'er a love did woeful plea inspire
Or ease the burden of my lonely cross.

But now, at last, my prayer hath granted been.
My rose, undying, blooms upon its stalk.
Two yearning hearts as one, entwined, convene
The mysteries of passion to unlock.

The lonely years do fall away and I
Rejoice in ardor shared that cannot die.

Sonnet 8 - **Amasius**

I eager was when from afar I spied
Thy lovely face and tresses shining bright.
Thou seemed a star sent down from heaven's side,
To lead my heart from darkness into light.

And when my name upon thy lips did sigh,
I heard an angel calling to my soul.
Thy voice did charm like music from on high.
No sweeter sounds upon this Earth did toll.

Thy tongue, alas, holds no celestial tones.
Thy essence dwells upon an earthly plane.
My angel pure hath only woman's bones.
Her wings are sullied with the Serpent's stain.

My love would I bestow on fair Divine,
But Woman's weakness tarnishes her shine.

Sonnet 9 - **Adorabella**

Life's music, savage, sweet, calls us to dance.
I place my falt'ring hand in thine and wait.
My heart is beating, breathless, for the chance
To step into the set and seek my fate.

You crave the dance, yet thou dost hesitate.
Not all my charms and wiles can speed thy stance.
Whilst I do reel at love with graceless gait,
Impatient to embrace our wild romance,
You lead me but into a staid Pavan.
Are quickened steps beyond your scope?
More lively moves my feet do yearn to spawn.
Lavolta's spritely whirl's my ardent hope.

How tread we steps our courting dance demands?
Thy heart you check whilst mine with love expands.

Sonnet 10 - **Amasius**

So long have I my perfect lady sought,
My rose unblemished 'mongst the common weeds.
My Bella found at last, my quest I thought
At end, but now do whispers of misdeeds,
Of winsome grins bestowed on fops and fools,
And poesie entreating lover's boon
Attack mine ears. Besieged, my ardor cools.
Bedecked in doubts, my heart is a buffoon.

Her face, her voice, her form perfection hath,
But glances, words, and smiles she shares too free.
She doth not tread Perfection's measured path.
She is no more a paragon to me.

My perfect angel is but woman born,
A hundred may I love from night 'til morn.

Sonnet 11 - **Adorabella**

How question you my thoughts, my words, my deeds
As if enjoyment of my life is sin?
You covet ev'ry glance and smile with greed.
Wouldst keep me from all worldly joys hemmed in?

A charge of falseness thou dost throw at me
When friendly words and nods I do bestow.
In truth, thy foul suspicions falseness be
Like poisoned fruits that shine with healthy glow.

My innocence is sure despite thy charge.
Yet have I heard unwholesome word of thee.
Thy fame, in tales, doth echo, growing large,
For wicked trysts and bold debauchery.

I would not have thy fickle heart be mine,
But if thy heart be true, my heart is thine.

Sonnet 12 - **Amasius**

Do not assume my fickle heart is thine.
 Ensnared one day, the next shall see it gone.
 A honey bee, my heart seeks stranger wine
 And distant fields, new blooms to light upon.

You make me want to stay forevermore
 To serve thy whims and banish ev'ry frown.
 Thy siren call doth sap my will to soar.
 In love's sweet nectar doth my freedom drown.

I cannot stay with thee for overlong,
 Lest thou shouldst kill my joyous wanderlust.
 Thy silken bands as iron bonds grow strong.
 My heart must beat in chains or break thy trust.

An I wouldst spread my favors through the land,
 I dare not spend all kisses on one hand.

Sonnet 14 - **Amasius**

A perfect love I sought from heaven's sphere,
 A flawless angel without mortal sin
 Who lives in saintly virtue without peer.
 Mere woman's heart I had no wish to win.

Angelic face and form at last I found,
 A star of heaven gowned in woman's mode,
 But she of Adam's rib remained earth-bound,
 A woman's form with woman's flaws bestowed.

No angels in the earthly sphere abide.
 My Bella made no claim to heaven's wings.
 Mere woman, pure of heart, stood by my side,
 But, foolish, I did scorn her offerings.

A perfect love imperfect lovers spawned,
 But now regret doth form our only bond.

Sonnet 13 - **Adorabella**

You boast a fickle heart as if it were
 A badge of honor on thy trait'rous sleeve,
 But seeking Love's devotion to defer
 For bawdy lusts and gambols doth achieve
 No lasting bond to comfort thy old age
 Or future for thy name to hang upon.
 Yet since you choose this path, I shall not rage.
 A truer heart shall call ere you are gone.

Exquisite words from empty hearts are wrung.
 Though womankind fall at thy feet today,
 Thy siren songs of love will soon be sung.
 Thy words will fail and Spring will fade away.

Ill-starred, ill-met, our hearts shall ne'er entwine.
 The fetid fruit hath rotted on the vine.

Sonnet 15 – **Adorabella**

Miasma foul doth fill my heartsick mind.
 Excess of blackest bile I do endure.
 Betrayal of the heart my strength doth bind.
 For love, new love doth seem the only cure.

Though once a rose, my love is naught but thorns
 That, piercing deep, leech poisons from my heart.
 Too slow the cure, for quick are lover's scorn.
 Such pains I know wouldst foil the healer's art.

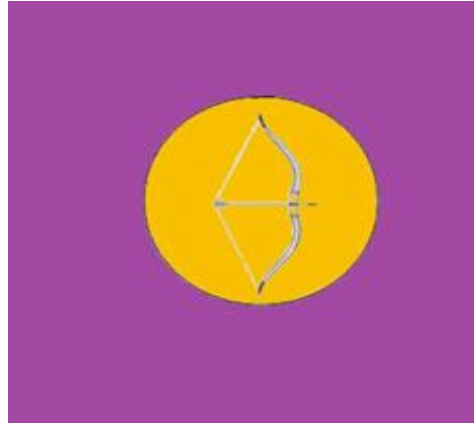
But I shall live to hold a rose once more
 And share its heady scent with some new soul.
 As hath my blood on thorns been shed before,
 I'll, wiser, breathe its musk, but dodge its toll.

Amasius I thought to be my rose.
 In truth, it was his thorns caused all my woes.

**Join the Shire of Calanais Nuadh at Autumn Arrows XXVII as we
Celebrate the Hunter's Moon
October 6, 7, & 8, 2017**

Event Registration

Adult Registration - \$15
Adult Member Registration - \$10
Youth (12-17) - \$5
Child (0-11) - Free
Feast - \$10 per seat
Make checks payable to
"SCA, Inc - Shire of Calanais Nuadh"



**Pulaski County Ft. Wood
Shrine Club
26920 Shrine Rd.
Laquey, MO 65534**

Site opens 3 PM Friday and closes 11 AM Sunday

Directions

On I-44 just west of Waynesville, MO, take Exit 153 and turn south onto Hwy 17. Travel south on Hwy 17 for slightly more than one mile and watch for Shrine Club sign and SCA sign indicating a left turn onto Shrine Rd. (aka NN-333). After turning, follow the road as it goes through the parking lot and curves around the main club building, leading to the campground behind it.

Event Steward

Roselyn of Aberdeen
(mka Rose Blair)
(573) 364-5207
momawolf@rollanet.org

Feast Steward

Paul Adler
(mka Vince Zahnle)
vince.zahnle@gmail.com

Merchant Wrangler

Dulcibella de Chateaurien
(mka Lucy Zahnle)
lezahnle@gmail.com

All the stewards ask - No phone calls after 9 PM please

More info on shire web site: <http://www.shireofcalanaisnuadh.org/>

Site Information

There is abundant tent camping space on flat ground, with permanent restrooms and showers on site (wheelchair accessible). Electrical access is not available. There is no indoor crash space, but several open-sided pavilions are available to shelter under. Pet dogs on leash are welcome. The site is wet.

Merchants are welcome! There is no additional fee, but please bring your own tables and contact the Merchant Wrangler to reserve space.

Food

The Dancing Moon Inn will be open at midday, with payment by donation. Food available is set to include – A hunter's stew of venison & pork, cheese, fruit, and what ever else shows up on the table. (Knowing Thomas, it could be anything!)

A scrumptious feast will be served in the evening, brought to you by the Honorable Lord Paul Adler. Come prepared for some fantastic German style food, good company, and an entertaining mid-feast auction. Feast is \$10 per seat, payable at Gate. Please contact the Event Steward or Feast Steward if you have questions or special dietary requests.

Last-minute additions or substitutions may occur.

Archery & Thrown Weapons

Come take part in a full day of challenging archery and thrown weapons competitions! These will be followed by the Branch Champion Shoot, where group or baronial champions compete for the "traveling quiver." Inspections and practice will begin around 8 a.m. Saturday, with the shooting beginning around 9 a.m.

Arts & Sciences Competition

- **General Arts & Sciences Competition:** Anything that involves hunting, the moon, or whatever. Examples to stimulate ideas: a round loaf of bread (full moon), a bow or set of arrows for hunting, any archery equipment for hunting, something with a picture of a hunting trip. Documentation on a 3x5 card, at a minimum. Voting by populace choice.
-
- **Fiber Arts Specific Competition:** Anything that involves hunting, the moon, a representation of a hunting trip or whatever. Documentation on a 3x5 card, at a minimum. Voting by populace choice.
-

Bardic/Writing Competitions

Vault of Valhalla is sponsoring the following competitions:

- **Bardic Performance Contest:** A song, recitation, or story performed before an audience. Any medieval or SCA related topic - 15 minute time limit. Performance times will be determined on the day of the event. Please provide background and source information to audience as appropriate.
- **Written Bardic Contest:** Poem or short story. Any medieval or SCA related topic - no more than 1500 words. Please specify style or type and general era for poetry. Can be printed or hand-written as long as it's readable. Please include background and source information as appropriate.

Research Article Contest: Any period topic, 600 to 1600 C.E. (or A.D.). No more than 1500 words. Use at least two credible sources. Cite your sources using either Chicago Manual of Style, APA or MLA conventions.

Following Along with Will Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder

By Dulcibella de Chateaurien

In 1599, William Kemp, who played the clown as parts of William Shakespeare's company of players, embarked on what we would call these days a publicity stunt. He pledged to dance from London to Norwich, a journey of over a hundred miles. It's conjectured that after falling out with Shakespeare over his place among the players, he wanted to show that he was still popular amongst theater-going audiences and was still an asset to the players.

After the fact, he wrote the 'Nine Daies Wonder' pamphlet, published in 1600, ostensibly to dispel any rumors or falsehoods about his accomplishment written by others. It also served, however, as great publicity for his image.

I will be publishing Kemp's narrative, a journey of a day or two at a time, over the next several issues along with my translation of the text from Early Modern English to Modern English and my notes on more obscure terms.

I have included a map of the journey of my own making at the end of the text and will include more information and a bibliography in the next issue.

About Kemp's Comic Talent

William Kemp seems to have spent his life as a funny man upon the stage. A 'Clown', in the sixteenth century, combined all the different aspects of comedy we are familiar with today in one person. Kemp danced jigs, which were more than merely footwork, but could include singing or a spoken script as well. They usually depicted comical situations and could be danced alone or with an ensemble cast. These jigs were often scripted and submitted to the stationer's office for acknowledgement of ownership (not exactly copyright protection, but better than nothing). Some jigs could last as long as an hour.

The Clown also parried ad-libbed or scripted witticisms with other characters in the productions in which he appeared. Kemp took the comic roles in many of Shakespeare's plays as well as others and was extremely popular with audiences high and low. Kemp, the Clown, was also not above good, old-fashioned slapstick comedy. As far as comedy was concerned, he was a man for all audiences, one of the original men of a thousand faces.

Original Text

Modern Translation

Kemps nine daies vvonder.

Performed in a daunce from
London to Norwich.

*Containing the pleajure, paines and kinde entertainment
of William Kemp betweene London and that Citty
in his late Morrice.*

Wherein is fomewhat fet downe worth note; to reprooue
the flaunders fpred of him: many things merry,
nothing hurtfull.

Written by Jumfelfe to fatisfie his friends.



~The second and third daies iourney~

L O N D O N

Printed by *E.A.* for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to be
folde at his fhop at the weft doore of Saint
Paules Church 1600.

Kemp's nine days' wonder.

Performed in a dance from
London to Norwich.

*Containing the pleasure, pains and kind entertainment
of William Kemp between London and that City
in his late Morris.*

Wherein is somewhat set down worth note; to reprove
the slanders spread of him: many things merry,
nothing hurtful.

Written by Himself to satisfy his friends.



~The second and third daies iourney~

L O N D O N

Printed by *E.A.* for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to be
folde at his fhop at the weft doore of Saint
Paules Church 1600.

KEMPS NINE DAIES WONDER,

PERFORMED IN A MORRICE FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

Wherein euery dayes iourney is pleasantly set downe, to satisfie his friends the truth against all lying Ballad-makers; what he did; how hee was welcome, and by whome entertained.

The second dayes iourney, beeing Thursday of the first weeke.

Thursday being Market day at Burnt-wood, Tom Slye was earlyer up then the Lark, and sounded merrily the Morrice: I rowsed my selfe, and returned from Romford to the place wher I tooke horse the first night, dauncing that quarter of a myle backe againe thorow Romford, and so merily to Burnt-wood. Yet, now I remember it well, I had no great cause of mirth, for at Romford townes end I strained my hip, and for a time hidured_ exceeding paine; but being loath to trouble a Surgeon, I held on, finding remedy by labour that had hurt mee, for it came in a turne, and so in my daunce I turned it out of my seruice againe.

The multitudes were so great at my comming to Burntwood, that I had much a doe (though I made many intreaties and stales) to get passage to my Inne.

In this towne two Cut-purses were taken, that with other two of their companions followed mee from Lodon (as many better disposed persons did) : but these two dy-doppers gaue out when they were apprehended, that they had laid wagers and betted about my iourney ; wherupon the Officers bringing them to my Inne, I iustly denyed their acquaintance, sauing that I remembred one of them to be a noted Cut-purse, such a one as we tye to a poast on our stage, for all people to wonder at, when at a play they are taken pilfring.

This fellow, and his half-brother, being found with the deed, were sent to Iayle: their other two consorts had the charity of the towne, and after a dance of Trenchmore at the whipping crosse, they were sent backe to London, where I am afraide there are too many of their occupation. To bee short, I thought my- selfe well rid of foure such fol-lowers, and I wish hartily that the whole world were cleer of such companions.

KEMPS NINE DAYS' WONDER,

PERFORMED IN A MORRIS FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

Wherein every day's journey is pleasantly set down to satisfy his friends the truth against all lying Ballad-makers; what he did; how he was welcomed, and by whom entertained.

The second day's journey, being Thursday of the first week.

Thursday being market day at Brentwood, Tom Slye was earlier up than the lark, and sounded merrily the morris¹. I roused myself, and returned from Romford to the place where I took horse the first night, dancing that quarter of a mile back again through Romford and so, merrily, to Brentwood. Yet, now I remember it well, I had no great cause of mirth, for at Romford town's end, I strained my hip and, for a time, endured exceeding pain, but being loath to trouble a surgeon, I held on, finding remedy by [the] labor² that had hurt me, for it came in a turn³, and so in my dance, I turned it out of my service again⁴.

The multitudes were so great at my coming to Brentwood that I had much ado (though I made many entreaties and stalls) to get passage to my inn.

In this town, two cutpurses were taken, that with other two of their companions followed me from London (as many better disposed persons did), but these two dy-doppers⁵ gave out, when they were apprehended, that they had laid wagers and betted about my journey; whereupon the officers bringing them to my inn, I justly denied their acquaintance, saving that I remembered one of them to be a noted cutpurse, such a one as we tie to a post on our stage for all people to wonder at when, at a play, they are taken pilfering.⁶

This fellow and his half-brother, being found with the deed, were sent to jail. Their other two consorts had the charity of the town, and after a dance of Trenchmore⁷ at the whipping cross, they were sent back to London, where, I am afraid, there are too many of their occupation. To be short, I thought myself well rid of four such followers, and I wish heartily that the whole world were clear of such companions.

Hauing rested well at Burntwood, the Moone shining clearely, and the weather being calme, in the euening I tript it to Ingerstone, stealing away from those numbers of people that followed mee; yet doe I what I could, I had aboue fiftie in the company, some of London, the other of the Country thereabout, that would needs, when they heard my Taber, trudge after me through thicke and thin.

The third dayes iourney, being Friday of the first weeke.

On Friday morning I set forward towards Chelmsford, not hauing past two hundred, being the least company that I had in the day-time betweene London and that place. Onward I went, thus easily followed, till I come to Witford-bridge, where a number of country people, and many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were gathered together to see mee. Sir Thomas Mildmay, standing at his Parke pale, receiued gently a payre of garters of me ; gloues, points, and garters, being my ordinary marchandize, that I put out to venter for performance of my merry voyage.

So much a doe I had to passe by the people at Chelmsford, that it was more than an houre ere I could recouer my Inne gate, where I was faine to locke my selfe in my Chamber, and pacific them with wordes out of a window instead of deeds : to deale plainly, I was so weary, that I could dance no more.

The next morning I footed it three myle of my way toward Braintree, but returned backe againe to Chelmsford, where I lay that Satterday and the next Sunday. The good cheere and kinde welcome I had at Chelmsford was much more than I was willing to entertaine; for my onely desire was to refraine drinke and be temperate in my dyet.

At Chelmsford, a Mayde not passing foureteene yeares of age, dwelling with one Sudley, my kinde friend, made request to her Master and Dame that she might daunce the Morrice with me in a great large roome. They being intreated, I was soone wonne to fit her with bells; besides she would haue the olde fashion, with napking on her armes ; and to our iumps we fell. A whole houre she held out ; but then being ready to lye downe I left her off; but thus much in her praise, I would haue challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and amongst many I thinke few would haue done so much.

Having rested well at Brentwood, the moon shining clearly, and the weather being calm, in the evening, I tripped⁴ it to Ingerstone⁸, stealing away from those numbers of people that followed me. Yet do I what I could, I had above fifty in the company, some of London, the other of the country thereabout, that would needs, when they heard my tabor, trudge after me through thick and thin.

The third day's journey, being Friday of the first week.

On Friday morning, I set forward towards Chelmsford, not having passed two hundred (people), being the least company that I had had in the daytime between London and that place. Onward I went, thus easily followed, till I come to Witford Bridge, where a number of country people, and many gentlemen and gentlewomen were gathered together to see me. Sir Thomas Mildmay, standing at his Park pale⁹, received gently a pair of garters of me, gloves, points, and garters¹⁰ being my ordinary merchandise that I put out to vend¹¹ for performance of my merry voyage.

So much ado (trouble) I had to pass by the people at Chelmsford that it was more than an hour ere (before) I could recover (arrive at) my inn gate, where I was fain (eager) to lock myself in my chamber and pacify them with words out of a window instead of deeds. To deal plainly, I was so weary that I could dance no more.

The next morning I footed it three miles of my way toward Braintree, but returned back again to Chelmsford, where I lay that Saturday and the next Sunday. The good cheer and kind welcome I had at Chelmsford was much more than I was willing to entertain; for my only desire was to refrain [from] drink and be temperate in my diet.

At Chelmsford, a maid not passing fourteen years of age, dwelling with one Sudley, my kind friend, made request to her Master and Dame that she might dance the morris with me in a great large room. They being entreated, I was soon won (persuaded) to fit her with bells. Besides, she would have the old fashion with napkins on her arms; and to our jumps we fell. A whole hour, she held out, but then, being ready to lie down, I left her off; but thus much in her praise, I would have challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and amongst many, I think few would have done so much.

Notes

1. '...sounded merrily the Morrice' played morris dance music to wake Kemp up.
2. Dancing
3. He hurt himself twisting or turning while dancing; thus the pain 'came in a turn' (see Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1045).
4. He 'turned it (the pain) out of service', i.e., he 'fired' it, ignored it and danced in spite of it (see Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1045).
5. dy doppers (Also called didappers or dabchicks. A bird species, grebe, that constantly dips and dives under water after prey.— from dutch water raven or cormorant, a voracious type sea pelican or water bird, and also from 1400-1450 dydoppar shortened from dive-dapper). -greedy, gluttonous men who conceal themselves and appear suddenly and unexpectedly —The definition for this slang phrase was hard to pin down. It doesn't seem to have been used much (Dyce, p.). In Dyce's notes, he defines the term to mean 'scurvy fellows.' (See Dyce, p. 26; Didapper, dictionary.com; dabchick, dictionary.com; Water raven, Dictionarium). The Broadway Anthology notes that the term is meant to ridicule the men (see Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1045).
6. According to Dyce's notes, no other period source references tying cutpurses (thieves who cut the purses or pouches off their victims' belts) or pickpockets to posts onstage and pillorying them if they were caught committing thefts has been discovered to corroborate Kemp's assertion (). However, footnotes in the Broadway Anthology state that the practice is mentioned in an anonymously written play, *Nobody and Somebody*, published in 1606 (Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1045).
7. No such place seems to exist in modern times (see Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046). However, this could refer to Ingatestone, a town on Kemp's path halfway between Brentwood and Chelmsford.
8. The Trenchmore -A boisterous 16th/17th century folk dance - 'A dance of Trenchmore at the whipping cross': The bad guys were tied to a whipping cross and flogged on a stand created for the purpose (Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046).
9. Parke pale – the fence or other boundary that encloses a tract of land held by grant by the Crown and used chiefly for hunting (See Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046)
10. Points – tagged cords or cording used for fastenings or lacings on garments. Garters – cording used specifically for holding up hosen, worn above or below the knee (See Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046).
11. Kemp sold small tokens as a way to pay for his trip – we would call them mementos or promotional products nowadays. He also gave these away to investors in his enterprise or people he wanted to impress (See Broadway Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046).

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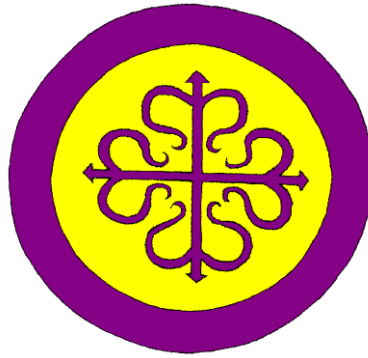


HL James Inn Danski Speaks for Sir Daniel Steelbender at his Knighting Ceremony

Daniel Steelbender was knighted at Gryphons Fest On September 30, 2017, in a lovely ceremony at Puddleford, Barony of Three Rivers. HL James Inn Danski was one of the fine gentles who spoke of his fine qualities and worthiness for knighthood. Here are HL James's words:

"I, James Inn Danski, will speak for the populace on behalf of Daniel SteelBender. We search for wordfame in so many ways. To become a better warrior, brother, a teacher, an artisan or even a friend. Since he first came to us Daniel has been a friend, a Fyrd Brother, a mentor, a man of sound wisdom and great honor. These a the traits I strive for in daily living and would search out in those I freely follow. It would be my honor to continue to learn from this man and to fight by his side as he receives just reward for the deeds."

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Introduction Text by Lucy Zahnle (SKA Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien) ©2017 Used with permission



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Shire Calendar -October, 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	2 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	3	4	5	6	7 Autumn Arrows Calanais Nuadh, Rolla- St. Robert, MO
8 No Archery Practice – Autumn Arrows	9 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Business Meeting/Potluc k. St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	10	11	12	13	14 Crown Tourney Coeur d’Ennui Des Moines, IA
15 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	16 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	17	18	19	20	21 Diamond Wars Barony of Small Grey Bear Hot Springs, AR
22 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	23 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting A & S Class St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	24	25	26	27	28 Vertigo Lost Moor St. Joseph, MO
29 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	30 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	31				

Shire Calendar - November, 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
5 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	6 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	7	8	9	10	11
12 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	13 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Business Meeting/Potluc k. St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	14	15	16	17	18 Toys for Tots Tourney Wyverne Cliff Jefferson City, MO
19 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	20 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	21	22	23 Happy Thanks- giving	24	25
26 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	27 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting A & S Class St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	28	29	30		

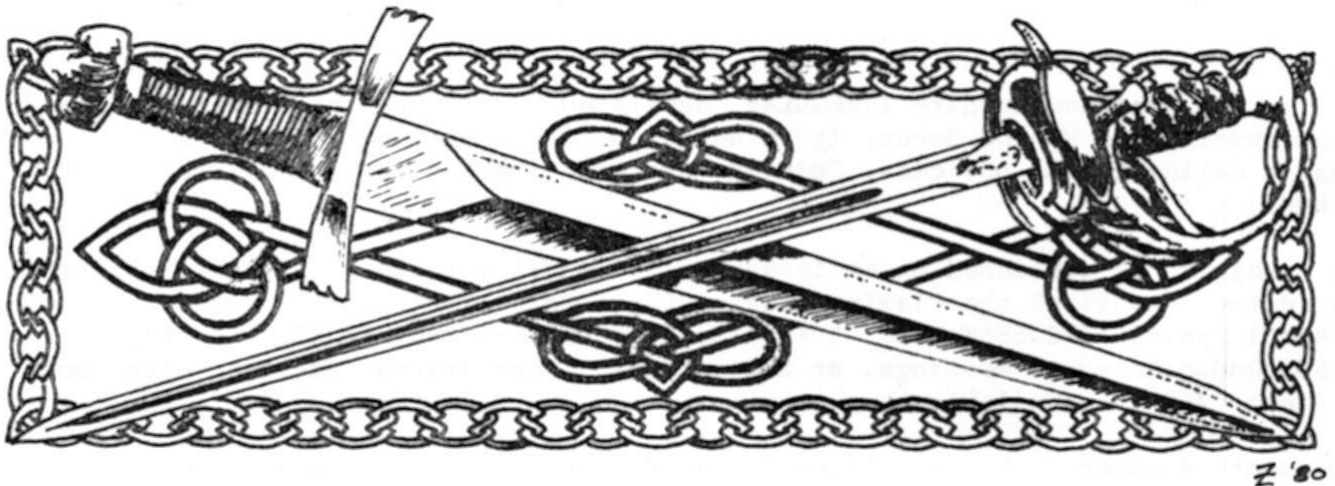
Driving Directions:

Archery Practice - Beaver Creek Conservation Area: No Crossbows. No Archery in freezing temperatures (32° F). From Rolla, take Highway 63 south for several miles. The range gate will be on your left, immediately across the highway from the VFW post. Drive through the gate to the top of the hill, park and take the line!

Shire Meetings - St Robert Municipal Center: Driving directions: If you are traveling south on Missouri Ave. after coming into St. Robert on Exit 161, turn left at the first stoplight onto Eastlawn Ave. (look for the Arby's). After passing Paul's Furniture and the Dollar Store, take the first right to turn into the parking lot of the municipal center.

Room Directions: Our meeting space is Room H of the St. Robert Municipal Center (aka City Hall). When you enter the building from the main doors, walk down the central atrium toward the police station. Take the first hallway on your right, immediately after the VA office, and follow it to the end. This is the same room that is used for driver license testing during the week.

Fighter Practice: Held in conjunction with archery practice unless otherwise announced via Facebook or shire Yahoo email list.



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