



The Newsletter of the Northern Marches, serving Allyshia, Ravenshore and Wudubolt be Secq

From The Editor

CATRIONA MACRATH

Welcome to the inaugural issue of The Strand! We have changed the name from previous baronial newsletters, to reflect the intent to represent the populace of the Northern Marches, not just the Barony of Allyshia.

We intend to produce four issues per year, and content is largely determined by you, the populace of the Marches. We hope you enjoy this issue, and contribute to the success of this publication by sending helpful how-tos, tales and poems, book reviews and event recaps, Woodwose sightings, photos and artwork - all are eligible for consideration. Submissions may be edited for length or content - see back cover for submission details.

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From Their Excellencies

AYLWIN AND CAOIMHE MACNEILL

Greetings from the Baron and Baroness of Allyshia! We are a little over halfway through Our reign and would like to take this opportunity to give “Huzzahs” to the many amazing volunteers in our membership. Many of us have had the pleasure of a nice hot cup of coffee on those early camping mornings thanks to Cloelia ban Ghuinedhear’s Café Oyez, a tradition We hope will continue into the future! Seamus McMorrow has essentially created a cut and thrust program in the Barony from scratch because he loves it and wanted to see more light fighting offered. Megan Planterose, with her passion and incredible knowledge of all things plantlike, has created an apothecary group that meets once a month to make awesome concoctions. Christel Leake volunteered to represent the Barony at the Scottish Games in Fortuna and from all accounts did a beautiful job. All of these individuals are a great example of “if you think it should happen, do it!”

We also have some great members of our small, lost in the wilds Barony who have shared their talents with Kingdom. Elsa von Aurec, along with tackling the task of Kingdom Social Media Person, and

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Donovan Reid took on the onerous task of autocrating West-An Tir War and ran a brilliant event. We also noticed a number of Allyshians running around autocrat camp helping out. Even though it is a Kingdom event, We do believe our Barony can hold its sea lion head high in pride that we have members who can organize and run such a large event successfully. Speaking of West-An Tir War, the Marshal in Charge was our very own Robert D'Audrieu who, according to the buzz we've heard, ran well organized and interesting fighter scenarios. Also receiving long awaited and MUCH deserved Kingdom recognition, our ever-patient and knowledgeable Seneschal, Donovan Reid, received a Grant of Arms and the very talented Signy Jólinnardóttir was offered an elevation to Laurel. All of this happened at Purgatorio (the Kingdom event we don't have to travel for!) that was autocrated by Donovan and our own Baron. Again, volunteers made it work, between Eilionair nic Griogair and Katherine Nox willingly doing the grunt work, and Andreina of Allyshia feeding the attendees at our Friday night Barony fundraiser. In fact, we have so much going on in our little Barony, I'm sure we're forgetting someone and something, so our apologies.

Looking to the future, we have Yule coming up, autocrated by the ever-energetic Cloelia ban Ghuinedhear and feastocrated by Kalista Kulinova, a wonder in the kitchen! Cloelia is planning to make Yule a fun day with lots going on, so mark your calendars for December 10th and we hope to see you at the Eureka Masonic Hall. Again, many thanks to all the members who do what they can to keep our little corner of the Marches thriving.

Editor's note: Since receipt of this letter, Elsa von Aurec has also been placed on vigil for the Order of the Pelican. Huzzah!

Paying it Forward

The Tale of the Wooden Stakes

BY ELSA VAN AUREC (MKA WENDY DAVIS)

When we as Society members think of events, we tend to focus on which of our friends received an award, which parties happened, or how good the combat was that day.

Unless you have been Autocrat for an event, or have been responsible for removing garbage or recycling from one, you may not give much thought to what happens with our event waste streams. There is usually a rented dumpster for us all to use, and that's where all the "trash" goes. What if all of our perceived trash wasn't actually trash?

In this article, I would like to focus on some factors that are parts of the event cost/waste equation: Things we usually consider incidental and consumable; wooden stakes, plastic tape & glow-sticks, and recyclables that find their way into the dumpster, and then into landfill. Reusing some or all of the incidentals and recycling can help to ameliorate some of the cost of events, and be more environmentally conscious at the same time.

The wooden stakes and plastic tape that were used at West AnTir War in July came from Golden Beltane in May. Even though the War budget included funds earmarked for these, no money was actually spent. Master Joel the Brewer picked up several cases of unused wooden stakes and plastic tape from Beltane in Paicines, CA and brought them to West AnTir, in Gold Beach, OR. They came home with Reannag Teine and Yoseph BenZion to Eureka, CA. The same stakes and plastic tape were just used at Purgatorio, in Arcata, CA, and are now travelling with Angus Tyrsson to October Crown, in Quincy, CA. It's usually pretty easy to find someone who lives near the next

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Autocrat or is going to help with event setup. The same idea works with glow-sticks: West AnTir (July) had extra, and some were used at Purgatorio (August). The rest are going to October Crown. By reusing the stakes and tape and passing glow-sticks along for just these three events, we have saved an estimated \$400 in supply costs, and an uncalculated amount in disposal fees, and diverted plastic waste. After watching a few people feed their campfires with wooden stakes, I have a new slogan for stakes and tape: "Don't Burn 'Em, Return 'Em!"

Here are some perceptions about recycling:

- ✧ "Dealing with recycling is difficult after the event is gross and annoying. It's better if it goes in the dumpster."
- ✧ "People will just throw their garbage in the recycling cans I provide, and then I'll have to haul the cans myself and take them to the dumpster."
- ✧ "Recycling doesn't matter, it all just gets dumped into the ocean/burned in an incinerator/sent to China."

This article may not change those perceptions at all. It is, however, my feeling that ensuring our populace sorts and bags their own recycling is solely a matter of education and a little bit of effort on everyone's part. Keeping the recycling out of the rented dumpster is well worth it- we are often charged only for what volume of trash we create. Diverting bottles, cans and plastics can alleviate 10% of the waste that would otherwise end up in the dumpster. At a large event where 1000+ people attend, that 10% can equal 3 to 6 yards of diverted waste. That's pretty good!

When a local person with a pickup truck volunteers to redeem the recyclables at a Kingdom Level Event and use the money as a fundraiser for their small local group or shire, it's a simple way for the group to cash

in on an event they may not normally receive any funds from.

Recyclable (CRV) items in CA:

- ✧ Aluminum and Bi-Metal (soup) cans
- ✧ Glass bottles (beer, wine, soda)
- ✧ PET plastic bottles (water bottles, gallon sized milk or water containers)

Recyclable (no return value) in CA:

- ✧ Corrugated cardboard
- ✧ Other paper (unused paper plates, cups, towels)

Any paper plates/cups that have been used to contain or serve food, or paper towels are non-recyclable, and should go into the dumpster. It looks better to use wooden, glass or ceramic feast gear anyway!

If you would like more information, here are three websites with more information about recycling, and diverting waste streams:

<http://www.calrecycle.ca.gov/BevContainer/Consumers/FAQ.htm>

<http://www.factslides.com/s-Recycling>

<https://www.statista.com/topics/1275/recycling-in-the-united-states/>

Calendar of Events

Nov. 18 Barony Business Meeting

Dec. 10 Yule Feast

Jan. 21 Lupercalia

Ongoing events

Heavy Fighter Practice - Tuesdays 6:30pm

Rapier Practice - Sundays 12:30pm

Apothecary Guild - 3rd Wednesday 6:30pm

Check the official calendar at allyshia.westkingdom.org/calendar for details.

Rafn and Signe

BY HEATH THE WANDERER

Rafn gazed out at the ocean. Each wave had traveled from beyond the horizon, each carrying a story of its own, to be lost in crashing thunder on the rocky shoreline. Rafn felt that way sometimes, like a wave, moving from one horizon to the next. He didn't feel lonely, though. His woman Signe was always at his side.

Rafn turned to watch Signe as she fumbled with a map. It wasn't Signe's fault. The damn map seemed to have a mind of its own. In the slightest shift of air, it seemed to fold or unfold without a hint of compassion for those attempting to decipher its glyphs.

The territory was new to them. The grey sky drifted toward twilight as the Sun, hidden behind heavy clouds, and crawled towards the source of stories, the place where waves were born.

Their horses, packed with camping gear, stood silent, hot from a day's journey, patiently waiting for their human companions to continue onward. Rafn walked over to Signe and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Take a break from that thing. Look out over the water. This is why we ride."

Signe looked up at Rafn with a frown. Her face softened, though, as his words sunk in. She turned her gaze to the ocean and after a few moments, she found herself smiling.

"Our friends will be wondering where we are," she said, "and we will be setting up camp in the dark."

"They will have a fire going," said Rafn, "and I have put this tent up many times."

Signe put her arm around her man and they stood watching the world slowly pass by.

A tractor trailer rig blew its horn as it passed, startling both of them out of the fragile illusion.

"Damn it," said Rafn.

"Yeah, what a way to ruin the moment," said Signe.

Their irritation disappeared quickly and they both laughed. In silence, they got on their motorcycles.

"Where are we going?" asked Rafn.

"There is a gas station a few miles up the road," said Signe. "It will be easier to just ask someone there."

"And we can get some snacks."

Signe reached over and patted Rafn's belly. "I don't think either of us need snacks."

He swatted her hand away.

"I always need snacks."

His words were drowned out by her engine revving.

They would be sharing drinks and food with friends before the night was over.



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