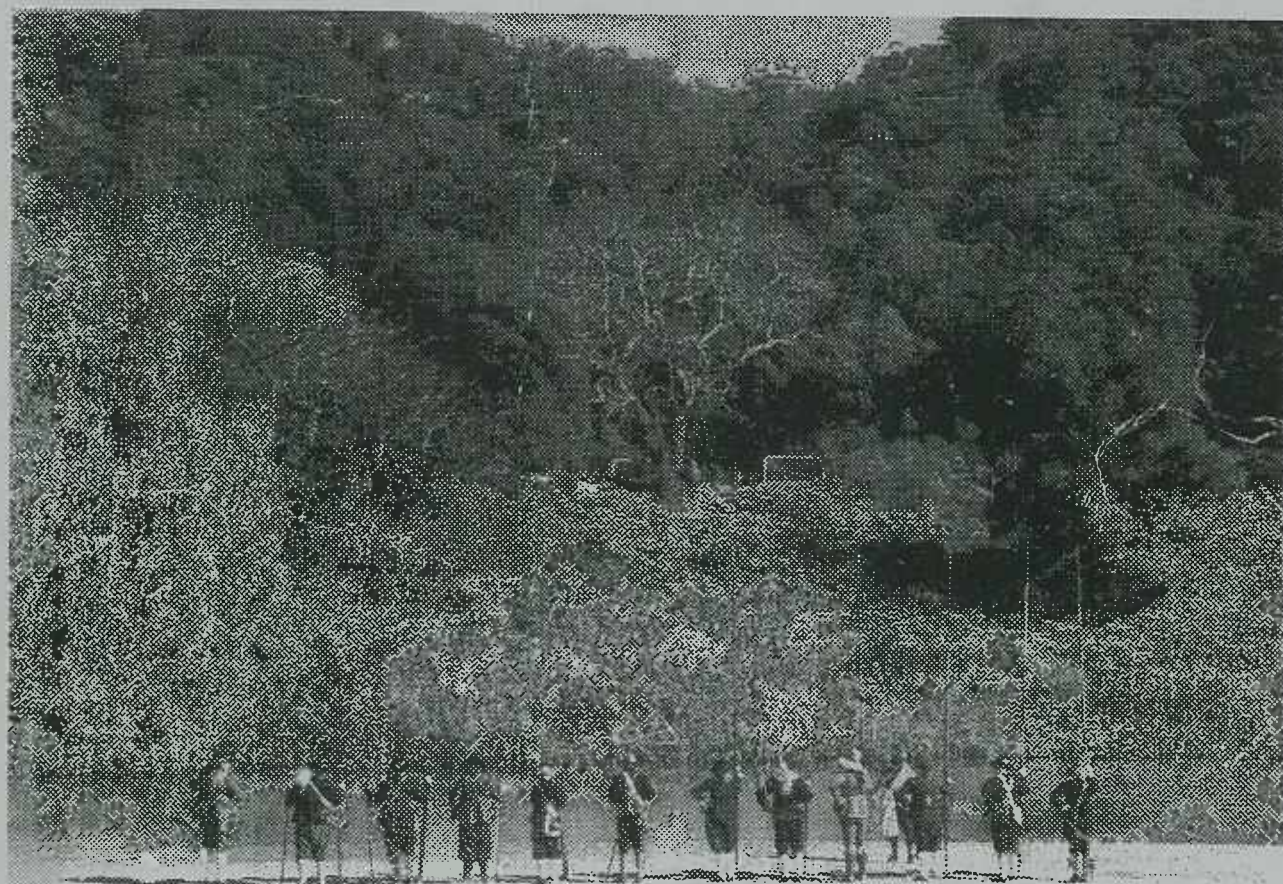


# The International Routier

Volume 17 no 2.      *The Issue for Spring, the year of our Lord, 2001*



## Winter Camp!

*In this issue: Winter Camp – we came, we saw, we sunbaked \* Musket Matters – your regular newsletter on all things musket \* Book Reviews – Routiers prove that they can read! \* Routier photo album reveals Reenacts 2001 \* March or Feel Slightly Unwell – a report from the state of Victoria \* The Battle of Brentford \* & lots of other things besides in this **SPECIAL CAFFEINE INFUSED ISSUE!** (Lick the cover and find out!!)*



# The International Routier

Volume 17, Number 2, being the issue for Spring, 2001.  
The 17<sup>th</sup> Glorious Year of The Pike and Musket Society!

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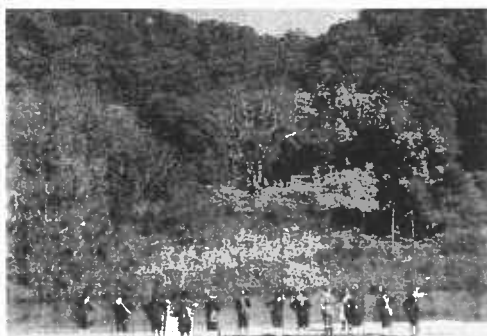
Contributions to this magazine may be presented in person, by mail, or via the aether in plain or rich text, MS Word, photographs – digital or otherwise, drawings, etc (if in doubt, please ask)

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**COVER:** *Routiers line up on the banks of the Macdonald River. Photo by Vic*



*Not in this issue: The secret of D'amage's wooden bowel...a lesson from history*

The International Routier is the official organ of the Pike and Musket Society, incorporated in NSW, and is immune to such things as diarrhoea, diarizing and Dire Straits, although the editor did go to their concert back in the 80s. Any and all opinions expressed in this issue don't necessarily reflect those of the Committee of the Militia, the committee for buckets, bags and beeswax, the membership, or the Editor. Definitely not the committee for buckets, bags and beeswax. Recommendations for "suitable nature" demand that articles be historical, preferably relating to the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, absolutely hilarious, or somewhat relevant to historical re-enactment and this society in particular. The editor is obliged to edit, and in some instances required to translate - Helmut! All contents of this issue, including the cover, the staples, and the fold (of which we are very proud) are copyright © 2001 The Pike and Musket Society, Inc. Due to a cut in funding, there are no special offers in this issue. Offers will be accepted for the editorship of the magazine for the next term of office. Apply at the AGM at Taminick. Proudly brought to you by the letter V and T. And by the number 30.

Happy birthday to me.

Subscriptions are \$40 per annum within Australia, \$50 for overseas

# The Official Pike and Musket Society

# CALENDAR

## SEPTEMBER

- Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> - Combined Training, Sydney Park, St Peters, 3pm I think...
- Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> - Sydney Soldiers Council - Carlisle Castle Hotel, Albermarle Street, Newtown.
- Friday 28<sup>th</sup> - Head to Taminick
- Saturday 29<sup>th</sup> - Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> - Taminick!!!

## OCTOBER

- Monday 1<sup>st</sup> October - Head back home
- Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> - Sydney Soldiers Council - Carlisle Castle Hotel, Albermarle Street, Newtown
- Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> - Drill - Parramatta Park, 10 am (Sydney Division)
- Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> - March or Feel Slightly Ill (Melbourne Division)

## NOVEMBER

- Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> - Sydney Soldiers Council - Carlisle Castle Hotel, Albermarle Street, Newtown.
- Friday 16<sup>th</sup> - Pre-Exeter drinks, Bundanoon Pub.
- Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> - Exeter Fayre, Southern Highlands.
- Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> - Drill or Working Bee (Sydney Division)
- Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> - Workshop/ Working Bee (Melbourne Division)

## DECEMBER

- Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> - National Maritime Museum - Vasa Show, 9 for 10am
- Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> - National Maritime Museum - Vasa Show II, 9 for 10am.
- Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> - Sydney Soldiers Council - Carlisle Castle Hotel, Albermarle Street, Newtown.
- Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> - Christmas Dinner and National Awards Night. (For everyone, in Sydney)
- Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> - Xmas break-up and period of well-earned hibernation. (Melbourne Division)



The snake in the grass, ST ALBANS 2001.



# Sydney Division Minutes

## Soldiers Council 1 May 2001.

Apologies: Sue, Spike, Stan.

Stan's condition was thoroughly discussed. Minutes taken by Jackie.

### Correspondence:

- Sue has money from the conference.
- The Minutes were accepted strangely.
- Wayne received a department of Fair Trading letter. They haven't got our required annual reports. Luckily we haven't sent any, so we're not making the search in vain.
- Vic received moneys for the standards manual from Mexico and America.
- Peter and Peter nominated and seconded a movement to accept the correspondence.
- Bertie claimed he is a chair.

### Treasurer's report

Success again!! Also available on the web.

### Conferention

Duncan was elected King of the SCA and flogged. Wayne had a bible reading, and was cheered as he burnt a witch at the tavern. There was swinging swimming amongst other things, and dean was forced to watch Gross get a root. (not my phrase -ed.) Smoking water pipes were thoroughly imbibed. The Real Timmy Dawson was there and brought his new squeeze. The fort was stormed repeatedly. Doona man, tablecloth people and Routier copycats covered the campsite. The Musket and Pike Society was created to hide the shame of such a small attendance. Gross was a happy man all weekend.

### General Business

Gina was welcomed with a call to buy beer. And has marvelously made two corsets.

Andy is hoping to get our current equipment incorporated with our original Swedish humour for the Vassa show. People saluted madly for the flag.

### In sewer ants

We has assumed all our problems were solved, alas the new president of the NSWMLA is taking a literal interpretation of their rules and is reconsidering our application (along with all similar other groups).

The NSWMLA are a peak body designed to represent musket target shooters. We must pursue this if we are to get insurance.

### Working Bee 27 May

Gross wants the stuff moved to his new glove shack. Ross suggests purging the club of its rubbish. That is those things we'll never use and can't sell. Musketeers need to make shot. Bertie has a list of the last 'audit' inventory. Peter suggests the guy lines on the middle management tent are too f.cking short, and the captain's tent, the brown one, is hideously unseemly.

### Winter Camp

Sugar's march and stumble is dying, as do all thingges, thus Winter Camp tm has been located to the North Pole under two potential properties. The primary objective is to check out these sites on May 26, all are welcome, we plan to stay at the local pub.

- Most likely plan is to set up camp on the Saturday, split into sides, one defend the camp the others will attempt to attack, and other divers skirmishes.
- There is a request for all friends/blow-ins/wannabes to check out their campaign gear and their capacity for hard living.
- There is an idea to do a mail call- we should consider writing a letter home or one to another dying soldier to be read out randomly in the evening before everyone gets too snowed under and pissed.

Bring warm socks.

### June Long Weekend 9-11th.

OST is still on, Pierre is involved to get it all happening, info pending.

### Cash Surplus.

It was put to the members that we have a suplus of about \$5000. There is no need to spend it all at once, but ideas are welcome.

- Helmut requested a cannon 60 times, a mortar, a tailor-made trailer with all the stuff pre packed and ready to go each event for about \$1000. A few members could form a sub group as a gun crew.
- The earwig and bucket committee requested buckets, barrels, and a small cauldron.
- Brett suggested putting together some ready-made kits including clothes and accessories like eating gear to sell as a package to new members.
- We could do a painting of the night watch, with our faces.
- If we get a cart Wayne still has to carry his own bed.
- Peter R offered to make a trivet to rest the big cauldron on.
- Wayne quoted \$120 per bucket to make them of proper harness leather.

### Meeting closed at 9.40pm

Magazine issued to financial members.



## Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> June 2001. 7.30pm

*Present:* Dean, Francis, Pete R, Ross, Bill, Sue, Bertie (chair), Spike, Stan (minutes), Andy, Vic, Jackie, Helmut, Charles Gallagher, Gapsy. *Visitors:* Gina, Paul Hudson.

*Apologies:* Matthew Glozier, Mary Lou.

Previous minutes passed as a true and correct record, Prop. Helmut, sec. Radvan.

1.1 Correspondence- Vic received many cheques for the Standards Manual. Jackie got email from NMM asking us to do two shows. We're already booked for 2 Dec, they want us for 1 Dec also. something from Pierre about the OST Timeline event, and a thing from Lewis S-Evans about Taminick. Jackie has been discussing insurance with Wayne.

Helmut has organised a Sublime Society of Waistcoats kultural event for 14 July.

1.2 Treasurer's Report- Andy said it'll be on the Web tomorrow. We've got about \$5000 all-up.

1.3 Editor's Report- Vic wants contributions for the journal. One issue to be published before Taminick.

1.4 National Maritime Museum Show- Bertie said the format would be similar to last time, but now there's no replica ship, instead the Wasa exhibition inside the building. We've been offered \$1000 for 2/12 show, accepted. Members were in favour of doing shows 1-2 dec, the first show albeit on a smaller scale.

1.5 Taminick- 29-30 Sept and 1 Oct. 95<sup>th</sup> Rifles are hosts. NEML remain organisers.

1.6 Olde Piss-Up Towne Timeline Event- [minutes taken by Gapps] Motion: Stan is a cunt. Carried unanimously.[minutes by Stan again] OST is only Saturday and Sunday 9-10 June. Dinner on Sunday night cancelled. We will provide own food. BYOG.

1.7 Winter Camp Recce- some members reconnoitred potential sites near Oberon recently. Trees everywhere on Jackie's property unfortunately. Other site was great for Verdun reenactment- a 'moonscape' (i.e. there ain't no trees there no more). Steve suggested St.Albans as Winter Camp site. Last choice was Rylstone. Ross asked Bertie why not Rylstone. Bertie replied that it's 3.5 hours drive from Sydney. Two other options then presented- Colo River where the Ancients go for their orgies (no gunfire allowed), or Cox's River private camping ground. Steve suggested yet two more- St.Albans Common or Tony Miller's mates' place near St.Albans.

1.8 Insurance Update (fnarr, fnarr)- negotiations with muzzle loaders continue. No one at the moment seems to be offering insurance relevant to us. So we're back to RAHS as interim cover.

1.9 What to do with the \$5000 ? This had been asked by several people at the meeting. Suggestions- buy a number of sets of basic outfits and gear for new members; get a cart made which can be disassembled; get servants; add to a fund to go to Europe as a group, so we can go en masse to an anniversary reenactment event; to cover workshops, i.e.early darnce; pay someone to professionally make patterns; us hosting a convention; we could make a movie, i.e. "Pierre l'Bergerac; we could make a porno movie; putting professional ads in newspapers; as a legal fund if we need it; making correct helmets for new members; a big bath of baboon jism; make a routier beer to sell at a convention; a women's tent for those who are portraying women; a men's tent;or a Bertie's tent. [note how the level of discussion progressively deteriorated] Bill said there's a tent maker in Botany who's very cheap. One last suggestion- we make blue, pink and brown tents.

General Business.

2.1 The Carlisle Castle has twice reminded us to book for dinner and meeting space, Vic reported.

2.2 Stan wished Steve a happy birthday for next week. The wish was opposed.

There being no further business, the meeting concluded at 7.34pm.

### 3 July 2001, 7.30pm.

Present- Helmut, Mary-Lou, Gina, Vic, Andy, Sue, Pete R, Spike, Bertie, Dean, Stan, Gapps, Ross, Charles.

Visitor- Francis. Apologies- Jackie.

Previous minutes accepted because we couldn't remember what they are; proposed : Helmut, seconded : Spike.

1.1 Correspondence.

Many members received a thyng from the Police about a firearms amnesty. Bertie had some missives from the NMM (see below). We were formally invited to have an article about us in "Take 5"; we formally declined. State Library thanked Vic for the Standards Manual.

1.2 Treasurer's Report. Andy said we're worth \$4,500. Muzzle loaders want confirmation of our safety procedures and we'll send them to them. The captayne thinks they'll admit us and therefore we can cancel our RAHS insurance.

1.3 Editor's Report. Next journal out after winter camp.

General Business.

2.1 General multi-period drill 7July at Sydney Park. Bertie asked whether we should change our drill date (fnarr). Five members couldn't go- members of course can still go on 7 July as individuals. Andy said he wants to keep having it monthly, "less would be intolerable". Spike agreed. Sue wants it once a month. Gappy wants it once a year- drill that is.

2.2 Taminick is 29-30 September. [Following minutes by Steve Gapps] Who's going ? Stan's coming-he loves to come anywhere, anyhow, anytime. Spare gear for people is ok. Shows- it does indeed ! Exeter is on November 17. Maritime Museum 2 x shows. {Stan resumes the minutes] We will get \$2000 for the NMM shows.

2.3 Xmas party- who'll nominate to do it ? Helmut was unanimously nominated ! Ross suggested the club subsidize food and drink; people can see Bertie for cigs and Stan for sex. There was some discussion about subsidizing some things for the Xmas party. Andy asked, "what subsidy?", Bertie said, "up to \$1000". Mary-Lou suggested a 17thC feast, which met with general acclaim. Gapps knows a chef and will discuss with him/her. Subsidize dinner- passed.

2.4 Winter camp. Apart from Rylstone and St.Albans, we don't have a venue. Date 4-5 August. Stan proposed Rylstone, Gapps and Ross seconded. Passed.

2.5 Taminick will be our AGM. Also will be election of office bearers including Captayne and Editor.

2.6 Pete's Sublime Waistcoat Thyng on 14 July.

2.7 happy Birthday to Sue and Dean.

There being no further business, meeting closed at 8.05pm.



7<sup>th</sup> August 2001 7.30pm

Present- Andy, Gappsy, Bertie, Sue, Radvan, Ross, Stan, Dean, Helmut, Jackie, Wayne, Vic, Gina, Mary Lou, Spike, Charles.

Visitor- Francis.

Business Arising.

1.1 Correspondence- Jackie distributed two bids for the National Medieval Conf. Members voted in favour of Victorian bid, Jackie to notify the relevant body. Also, our invitation to Taminick was tabled. Also also a thynge from Pierre about cassagues.

1.2 Treasurer's report- Andy said we don't have \$1.10 we had last month. Total \$4539.07.

1.3 Minutes accepted from last meeting- proposed Jackie, seconded Pete R. Passed.

New Business

2.1 Taminick- Gear mostly in ACT and going with Pierre, therefore it has to come back to Sydney. Gear to come back after taminick. As a consequence Mr Radvan's trailer will need to be ready. AGM at Taminick. Wayne requested notice of motion 2-3 weeks prior. Our cost of catering will be notified by next meeting approx \$25 - \$50 altogether. Hosted by 95<sup>th</sup> Rifles. Dinner on the Saturday night \$16.50 per adult. BK to send copy of Taminick information to all members. Members do not have to reply individually to NEML, but back to Secretary (ie Jackie).

2.2 Working Bee 26 August to make shot at Richmond, also BBQ. also for repairing/making own gear.

2.3 Xmas Party- Helmut still organising; for 15 December. questionairre tabled and required to be completed and returned asap. results to be announced at next Soldiers council by Peter Breeze.

2.phwoar Andy said \$195 for charcoal grey coats for Vasa show, wool lined, pewter buttons, provided by Pierre. Bertie proposed spending about \$2000 of club's money on ten coats. , on the basis we'll sell them to members. Spike asked why the club shouldn't subsidize it, given we've more money than ever. Jackie said she'd prefer it to be spent on tents. Helmut suggested a cannon, Dean agreed. Ross suggested a mini-cannon. Vic commented that not everyone wants a cassaque. Steve wanted student concessions - others disagreed. Bertie clarified that club is subsidizing anyway as we're buyin in bulk, and people could repay for their cassagues over time. Radvan said maybe people could pay up front for a discount amount.

Three members indicated they'd need to buy cassagues in instalments. Bertie said we need to buy cassagues or coats. For Vasa, cassagues are more accurate; upon a vote, most were in favour of cassagues. There was some discussion about whether club should subsidize. Spike proposed, Stan seconded that club subsidize to some % - passed. There were 2 motions put. a) The club expend between \$2,000 and \$3,000 to purchase a bulk order of Cassagues/Coats with the intention of onselling them to members. Don't recall mover and shaker, but passed. b) The club will subsidise the cost of resale to members of the purchased Cassagues/Coats to an amount to be determined by the members as soon as possible. Spike moved it, and someone seconded it, passed. The debate on the level of subsidy was deferred.

2.5 Winter Camp - hoorays were cried. Total attendance of 17<sup>th</sup> C reenactors was 30. Issue of rations worked well, drill was good, music was shithouse, skirmish was an interesting concept and Bertie asked for suggestions. There was some discussion about how to use pikes safely in melee, including harness leather condoms for the pike heads. Ross and Stan volunteered to write rules for skirmishing,

2.6 Sue is an English Country Darncce member- there's a darncce coming up on 8 September 2001 in Canberra. Let her know if interested.

2.7 Drill in September was moved to 1/9 at 2.30pm at Sydney Park. To be alerted to all membership and relevant bodies change in calendar.

2.8 2003 Conferention- 2 proposals; (1) Bowraville like last time; (2) Mt Hotham. Bertie asked countless questions about whether people thought Santa Claus was still alive (most voted yes), and mushroom people (members also voted in the affirmative). Francis went to the bar. Radvan bounced up and down on the stool.

2.9 Vic said submissions for the journal end this weekend.

2.10 Dean will talk to Gammerra about getting folio of Convention photos.

There being no further business, the meeting concluded at 9.30pm.



# MUSKET MATTERS

## *A Newsletter for Musketeers of The Pike & Musket Society*

By Fairfax Pierre, the Blightyman himself.

Wednesday, July 11, 2001

### **(1) SOAPBOX**

From where I sit, in our chilly National Capital, the Pike & Musket Society looks like a pretty good set up. We have a president and committee who actually achieve things, two divisions in the premier state and one in Victoria, regular meetings which, if not attended by everyone, at least keep contact going. We have generally speaking a high standard of authenticity, good drill and an excellent living history camp and other accessories. While it is true to say that the interest of some members has either waned or been lost completely, we continue to put good numbers into the field, to recruit new members and stage mighty events. Let us not forget the Batavia Year (2000) or what this year has yet to bring us; (1) Winter Camp (2) Taminick 2001 (3) The Exeter Show and, last but not least (4) the Vasa Exhibition at the National Maritime Museum in December. That's a heap of good events to look forward to. And this is not to mention the world famous Christmas Party (even Gross attends this).

Now, there may be problems with getting in membership payments, with members failing to comply with statute (esp. pikemen) and with falling contributions/interest in the Society's magazine, but these issues are for the president and the committee to resolve in consultation with the Soldier's Council and not necessarily symptoms of general malaise. Of greater importance is the presidential succession. Brett is standing down at the Taminick AGM and who will replace him? Don't all rush at once, will you? Perhaps it is time for the powers of president and field commander to be separated and devolve onto two persons? This is not uncommon amongst re-enactment societies for example, the 42<sup>nd</sup> Highland Regiment and the 73<sup>rd</sup> regiment.

A far bigger problem for enthusiastic re-enactors in this state is that, in my opinion, the NSW scene is hopelessly disorganised and it is time this was changed so that (1) societies can work to support each other for particular events (2) that major events such as the convention, OST Easter and Re-enacts are better co-ordinated to ensure maximum support from our limited numbers and (3) general public liability insurance can be provided to cover diverse groups.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> of February, 2000 representatives of AMMAS, 1066 & the Pike & Musket Society met at the George IV inn, Picton to discuss the formation of a council of NSW re-enactors. The meeting was pretty informal with many a beer and much garrulous talk, but a few ideas came out of it.

- the establishment of a co-ordinated common calendar of events
- that re-enactment in NSW needed to become events driven rather than society driven
- that certain good quality groups form a common committee and a common store
- consider a common insurance policy and safety standards especially where firearms are concerned.

Nothing has thus far come of this meeting, but it is time it did. Queensland has shown the way with its federation of living history organizations who seem to be able to hold large, well run events that get in lots of the public. It is high time NSW did likewise.

I am proposing the formation of the NSW Re-enactment Federation with representatives of all interested HIGH QUALITY re-enactment Societies to meet quarterly to develop a way forward along the lines of the ideas discussed at the Picton Meeting. What do you think?

### **(2) MATTERS ARISING**

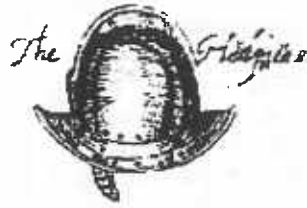
**OF MUSKETS.** The muskets from Albion Small Arms are finally here. Ian Dixon, Richard Crisp and Lee Dunn are to the proud recipients. All in all the process went fairly well even if it was rather drawn out. To make future orders more expedient, I have given Albion's details to Graham Forbes or Forbes Wholesale Guns in Melbourne. Graham is very experienced in musket matters, a good bloke to deal with and reasonable with his mark ups. He also attends most of the local arms fairs and can sign the weapons over to you there. His details are:

Graham Forbes  
Forbes Wholesale Guns  
PO Box 589, Eltham, Victoria, 3095  
Telephone 03 9439 6111. Facsimile 03 9439 7288  
E-mail [forbes@alphalink.com.au](mailto:forbes@alphalink.com.au)

**OF HELMETS & ARMOUR.** I have been in touch with Warren Green of Stalheim Armoury in New Zealand regarding the supply of pikeman's armour and helmets to the society. Although Warren had the honour to supply much of the armour needed for the Lord of the Rings movie, recently shot in the Land of the Long White Cloud, his prices remain very competitive. A breast and back will cost \$600.00 + \$55.00 P+P. Tassets are \$290.00 extra with \$30.00 P+P. Gorgets may be had for \$200.00 and \$20.00 P+P. Helmets are priced at \$300.00 with \$20.00 P+P. these prices are given in New Zealand Dollars which currently exchanges with our dollar at 1.2690. My services for arranging supply of same to society members is + 12%. All others + 20%.

I will have to wait until the Annual General Muster to confirm this, but I think all musketeers current and upcoming have helmets. The question begging an answer as of this writing is when to wear the heavy little fuckers. My view is that helmets should be worn on:

- 1 Guard Duty
- 2 At shows
- 3 At major parades such as the morning parade at Taminick
- 4 During drill competitions
- 5 At the Annual General Muster



## A Review of ye Annual General Muster As taken at the Winter encampment at St. Albans on the 4th daye of August, 2001.

Number of foldiers there mustered being eighteen (18), lifted in order of ranke as follows;

Brett Kenworthy	captayne
David Green	Sergeant
Jackie Menyhart	drummer
Andrew Brew	corporal of the pike
Ross G. Argent	corporal of the mufquet
Wayne Robinfon	pikeman
Dean Richardfon	Pikeman
Sue Drain	pikeman
David Low	pikeman
Charles Gallagher	pikeman
Richard Criff	mufqueteer
Brett Harrifon	mufqueteer
Peter Breeze	mufqueteer
Stanley Greaves	mufqueteer
Lee Dunn	mufqueteer
Neil Chippendale	?
Steve Gapps	?
Jason Bell	?

PRINCIPLE DEFICIENCIES observed amongst the foldiers at the muster set by the number of items required to pass muster by next year

Canteens/flafks	13
Shoes	7 pair
Armour	5 sets
Hose	4 pair
Haversacks	4
Doublets	3
Helmets	3
Breeches	2 pair
Scabbards	2
Sword belts	2
Bandoliers	2
Swords	1
Mufquets	1
Eating gear	1
Tankards	1
Bed rolls	1
Coats	1
Shirts	1

Note: the failure of these left to be subject to military discipline or to readily take part in any activities save that of caroufing & the playing of un-holy musics afks the question of whether they shoud be classified as foldiers at all or indeed as members of this society? Such a judgement I will leave to ye committee to determine.

Here endeth the review of ye faid general muster. Muster Certificates for each foldier were pofted out separetely. I have it on good authority that many of the requifit items as mentioned above will be available for purchafe at Taminick Camp at ye end of September.

*Pierre*  
*Sergeant/chef*  
Contact 02 6251 4773 for supply information

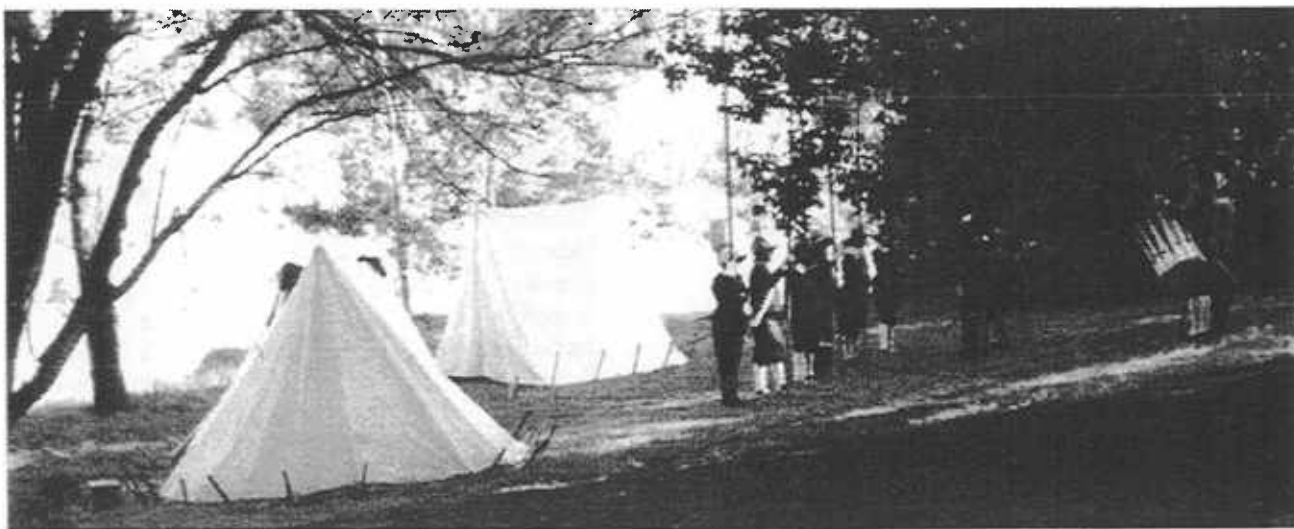
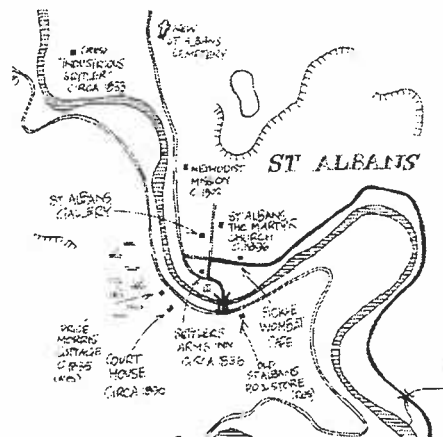


# 2001: A Winter Odyssey as related by Spike

Contrary to previous Winter Camps, which have been somewhat like the retreat from Moscow (Napoleonic or WW2, take your pick), involving lots of shooting and tramping through the wilderness and freezing near to death nowhere near civilisation for upwards of three days and nights, this year's sojourn was quite different. We didn't freeze; the unseasonably warm weather and lack of altitude saw to that. And we didn't shoot – except at each other (sans lead ball). And we travelled a riverine beach next to a picturesque village rather than a sheep-poo strewn field in the middle of fuck all. And most of us were there only for one night, and a mere day and a half in *Môde Routier*. Yet there was lots and lots of drill (oh, so much drill!), stupidity, drinking, singing, gambling and so forth, and consequently, everybody had a fucking good time!

Work commitments and an Outbreak of Fish in the Palatinate™ precluded the presence of the indomitable Sue, the mysterious Purple Baldrick and the author from joining the hardy few who arrived on the Friday to set up camp. I am led to believe, however, that the tavern rang to the strains of Advance Australia Fair, sung to an unbelievable variety of tunes, much to the impression of the locals, there was much drinking and frivolity, and the Captain suffered an affliction of the bowels (as usual, brought on by something he “ate”, rather than “drank”) – all in all, a typical start to a Routier Weekend.

We arrived, slightly late at 8:30AM (or 7:30AM as Captain Bertie commonly tells the time), having diverted briefly to pick up the virginal (in a Routier sense) Gina and collect the inevitable McMuffins on the way. Yet were in time to witness the rising of the hardy pioneers from their brayne-damaged slumbers as the birds twittered in the picturesque sylvan glade, the sun streaking through the disappearing remnants of the night's mist. The Leveller Non-Faction (LNF) had set up their entirely separate but strangely inoffensive campsite nearby. In short order, once the Captain had restrained his bowels in the appropriate manner, we were issued our rations for the weekend, and organised for drill by the Nine-Fingered Sergeant-Captayne Pierre and set to our soldierly work.



Drill was relentless and cruel, as it should be, and lent an unusual ambience by the unseasonably warm weather and its location on the sands of the river – a quite beautiful setting. God knows what the LNF did all morning, but I know what we did! We marched ceaselessly up and down the riverine sands, only occasionally straying into the water, practising our postures under the unrelenting command of both the Captain and the Sergeant-Chef, and imagining ourselves to be in the New World or some other appropriate place. With many new recruits unskilled in such matters, and the demands of Taminick approaching, our commanders were relentless in their drive for perfection, or at least, a hastily cobbled together sham, which we could pass off as military competence. In what seemed like several hours, but was in fact no time at all, they tired of this sport and allowed us a break for lunch.

Lunch was to be had from our rations, a cob loaf, two apples and a generous chunk of good cheese – an arrangement which I found most agreeable. To the disappointment of our commanders, there were few fights over food, or at least, none fatal. At some stage, the musically equipped members of the LNF were kind enough to stop by and treat us to several renditions of “Wedding Cake Island” on the hurdy-gurdy, the cat-in-a-bag, the drum etc. which we appreciated greatly. A catchy tune, and played well every time. Or maybe that was later – the rhythm enters the brayne, and the memories blur. Anyway, there were soon demands for gambling, and

with new recruits eager to learn the pitfalls of games of chance, I soon broke out the dice, and put SpikeBank™ into operation. Fortunes were won and lost until we were called to offer up our equipment for inspection by the officers. This done to their satisfaction, we then heeded the beat of the drum once more, and with muskets loaded for action, prepared for a skirmish.



I had serious doubts about the efficacy of the skirmishing system, derived from ACW exercises, but, having experienced it, I must admit that it was most enjoyable, and worked very well, with the drawing of Fates (OK, Wounded or Dead) prior to the battle serving well as a predetermined conflict resolution mechanism – certainly preferable to the usual Clash of Egos™ system traditionally utilised in Australian re-enactment, as it had none of the attendant bullshit attached. A demand from Stanley (that veteran gamer) for an allocation of Hit Points

led to him being allowed 36 HP, so we decided that all weapons did exactly 36 Hit Points anyway. Having drawn our predetermined Fates in secret, we were separated into 2 groups: one to attack the camp, and one to defend it. My party, the attackers, were led away to the beat of a drum by Sgt Ninefingers, who in short order arranged for that old Cathay hand, Jack Kent to beat it (fnarr fnarr) in an unrelated section of the village, this ruse hopefully causing the defenders some confusion as to our location and the direction of our attack.

Alas, it was not to be. The Wily Captain Bertram had posted lookouts, and we were spotted as we rather less than surreptitiously marched to the river at the bridge end of the town. Musketeers Helmut, Puppy and I were dispatched forward along the sand to contact the enemy, which we did after some time – slogging through sand with a heavy musket is slow going. After an exchange of fire, and with Helmut shot and presumed dead, we retreated... er... retired, and, having no idea where our pikemen were (the Sergeant having wisely not confused our primitive soldierly braynes by providing such irrelevant facts as, say, the actual plan of attack), Puppy and I decided to infiltrate ourselves into the campsite laterally by means of one of the few tracks connecting the beach to the camping area. Creeping through some brambles, we looked for targets of opportunity. Spying an enemy sentry at a distance, I gave fire, and was rewarded with the sight of him falling dead on the spot! Surely the best shot of my decade-old musketry career, and, I must admit, a very satisfying experience. When the enemy pike advanced in our direction with obvious evil intent, we returned to the beach to reload, only to find that our Sergeant and the pike had advanced past us in the meantime, and were engaging the enemy by the river even as we reappeared. "Where the Hell have you been?" demanded a desperate and battle-pressed Sgt Pierre, "Shoot the fuckers!" We obliged, and, in a possibly unrelated move, the enemy retired out of range. Reloading, and having now lost the rest of our company (again – ah, the Fog of War!), Puppy and I once more made our way up the near-vertical track, trying to keep our pans dry in the rain which was beginning to spatter down, and firing in the general direction of the campsite. We noted with some professional detachment a nearby clash of pike, which we were, of course, quite careful to stay away from as we tried to reload. Pikeman Crisp of our own company then approached, and with a somewhat less than comradely gesture, laid into me with his sword, causing the crippling Wound to which I was fated. For me, the war was over. Puppy was dealt with in similar fashion. Carried away by the battle, his brayne confused by the Fog of War, and heeding the cries of "Spike is shooting at us!", Mr Crisp had sallied forth heroically and scored two own goals, surely a record even for a Routier! Suddenly..... it was all over, the rain having precipitated a veritable rash of Fates, ending the battle. I'm still not sure who won, and perhaps that is realistic! But I certainly enjoyed the experience – we must try it again.

With a wet downpour now our master, it was time to turn to beer and gambling under the hastily cobbled together Not-So-Grande Canopie. Fortunes were won and lost as we educated newcomers in the works and etiquette of Tail Poppies, Gluckhaus, and, of course, the game of games, La Puta Madre. Thus time passed with much merriment until dinner, a marvellous stew (devoid of the rotting chickens which had been part of the original menu) prepared by Jackie, the Vixen, the Fearsome Sheena, and probably other people I couldn't see because it was dark. Having eaten, we gambled on by candlelight until it was time to go to the local tavern, the Settlers Arms. Comfortably ensconced at a table by the fire, we continued to play with our old friend Lady Luck, taking breaks only to get more drinks or go to the tables and benches outside to appreciate the endless renditions of "Wedding Cake Island" being expertly cranked out by Herr Potts and Frau Ricarda. Eventually, spurred on by the production of some disposable songbooks by the ever-organised Sue, it turned into a campfire



singalong without a campfire as we took it in turns to vibrate our larynxes. Others just chatted about the usual stuff. Eventually, all retired to tent, and we settled down to the melodious synchronised snoring which Helmut and Puppy now have down to a tee.

With morning came breakfast, once again from the rations, this time supplemented with delicious bacon from the company frypan, and then we were organised once more for soldierly expedition. We marched up Heartbreak Hill (without a single casualty, I am proud to add) and around the town, pausing only to capture the crossroads, which we valiantly defended against various motor vehicles for a quarter of an hour. We impressed the local Padre sufficiently that we were invited to a service in his church, it being Sunday and all. Perhaps we should have gone – a rendition of “What a Friend We Have in Satan” would surely have moved him in mysterious ways – but Taminick was always on the aphid-like minds of our relentless taskmasters, and we were soon back on the beach, exercising our arms with muscles that were now somewhat weary yet moving in a soldierly mechanical fashion. The LNF, or “useless civilians” as our officers called them, watched from the embankment for a while, but the effort proved too much for them, and they soon retired to their isolated enclave to pack up. After much more exercise, so did we.



I could talk of more; of David Low's magnificent chair, of the LNF lullaby, of the strange drunken local at the tavern who endlessly wanted to talk about muskets, of the divers adventures of Beatrice and Adelaide, or even of the amusing antics of the Snake in the Grass; but I will not. Not here, anyway.

Everyone agreed that this was a most enjoyable weekend. Certainly, for me, it was the most enjoyable Routier sojourn for quite some time – I hope that we have more like it. And to leave you with a song.....

<singing>

Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
My native home!

Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
My native home!

Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
Wedding Cake Island,  
My native home!

(repeat 4 billion times,  
and then some)



# March or feel slightly unwell

## - a southern odyssey -

*A true account of an event held in the south last year on the same weekend as the St Albans march – the delay in publication has only allowed the legend to grow disproportionately to the facts. ALS*

Any scandalous rumour that the Victorian Division has disappeared from God's creation must now, and forever more, cease and desist. For on a chill winter morning, from the far corners of this roughly triangular state, came a mighty contingent of your southern comrades in arms. Their intention; to march ... yes, march like the howling wind ... march like there was no tomorrow ... march ... or feel slightly unwell.

*Bottings Lane, several miles north of Yarra Glen, awoke to the sounds of fife and drums. To the call of sergeants barking orders at road-weary veterans, eager to get the day's march under way. The residents started awake to the hum of a well oiled military machine preparing in the foggy dawn for the day's manoeuvres. A sound that struck fear into the hapless inhabitants of this country lane; a mighty host was afoot – shutters and doors were bolted, surely no good could come from such a presence. Those who heard the unmistakable sounds of an army on the march quaked in fear. What would become of them?*

Fortunately, we didn't arrive until several hours later so the joint was deserted!

Yes we were but a few – but what was lacking in quantity, was easily outweighed by the quality of those glorious few. Keith, Shelley, Callum, Freya, Robert and Alan mustered in full marching order, buoyed by the knowledge that we would be travelling in conditions well suited to the garb of Routiers. A pleasant winter sun matched a refreshing chill in the air. As we formed up at the foot of the first hill we mused on what conditions the near-tropical northerners would be battling.

The colours were unfurled, plumage fluttered in the breeze, mighty new pike were hefted onto shoulders that would soon feel the burden. A great deal of pride was felt by all present as we strode off behind a trophy that had seen many a Routier campaign. It was, however, with a little regret that we had to march without our drum, it being lodged with Andrea – she, requiring it to instil military zeal into her forthcoming progeny. Despite the lack of percussive support, we seemed to stride out with appropriate anti-rhythm™.

The crest of the first hill saw our first encounter with the, somewhat bemused, local population. Many years of re-enacting has given me cause to group the types of interaction with the public into three categories:

### **'The view from the fish-tank'**

The carload of exceptionally curious onlookers that crawl past, windows firmly shut. They pass, stop, and reverse back for a second look, then drive off without attempting any communications.

### **'The head in the sand'**

The terrified-of-everything-that's-not-in-the-Herald-Sun punter that drives past, eyes front, ignoring anything they cannot explain.

### **'The I can't wait to ask'**

They drive up, stop and stare at you with that incredulous what-the-hell-are-you look. This is potentially the only meaningful interaction for the travelling re-enactor.

Our first encounter was one of the 'fish-tank' style. We marched on, ignoring their slack-jawed stare and just took in the brilliant views of emerald-green pastures and rolling hills. The descent took the colour party towards a bridge straddling the O'Shannesy aqueduct. Aha, an object in our path! This called for complex military manoeuvres – after all, such deeds bring on the Inescapable Feel. We formed up, charged pike and stormed the bridge, claiming it for God, King and Parliament.

The valley before us was mostly grazing land, a sight that stuck fear into the hearts of the few remaining veterans of the bovine incident at Mernda. A murmur passed down the column. Cows! There

were sure to be cows in this valley. We knew what that meant – there would be an incident. What had begun as a simple march has now turned into a life or death struggle. Robert, sensing the growing fear persuaded Callum to serenade us with a few rousing tunes on the recorder. There was some merit in this decision as the insanity that resulted from his monotone-symphony took one's mind off the threat of an engagement. But as the column marched on, dark forms loomed amidst the forest to the east.

It was Shelley, I think, who raised the alarm. She mistook the charge at first for a troop of Rupert's Cavalry, alas if it only was. Then the cry went up. 'Friesians, Corporal, and they're looking mad as hell'. In a traditional flanking manoeuvre the herd thundered down the grassy slope. Our party wheeled, lowering pike and closing ranks. The months of training since the 'Stand-off at Mernda' repaid us in full. Our line stood unflinching, pike heads levelled to meet the charge. The meaty mob faltered recognising that we would stand, the charge faltered, Panic took the enemy from the field and we cheered, victorious!

Eager to quit the field ourselves we marched on, stomachs were empty but the adrenaline allowed us to make good time. Shortly after this, we encountered by a farmer on a motorbike, who just couldn't wait to ask. He asked; we told him. What more can you say!

On a slight rise, from which we could see the ridge-road that marked our final descent, we broke ranks for lunch. It was planned that we would eat at the pub in Yarra Glen (our final destination) but the morning's delays bested us. We made the most of our situation and pooled our rations for a roadside feast. Pork pies, bread, cheese and fruit was washed down by a foaming ale. Stomachs full, we lay in a pool of sunlight and read pamphlets distributed amongst the party by agitators. Proclamations of 'Soldiers Rights' were countered by appeals for calm amongst the soldiers of the Trained Bands.

Political debate was stifled by a shriek. 'Take cover, we're being strafed!' An engine howled as the biplane hurtled across the paddock from the west. Bodies dived for what cover could be found in this open country. I wondered briefly if there had been a double booking and we were sharing this road with the 'Baron von Richtoven and his flying circus' re-enactment society. I imagined the newspaper headlines:

***Routiers strafed by descendants of von Richtoven! Claims of payback for Magdeburg.***

The idiocy of this thought shocked me back to reality. Peeking from behind a log I realised that we had just been terrorised by a one-third-scale model biplane, flown by some innocent one-third-scale enthusiast nearby. The things you see when you don't have a one-third-scale arquebus!

We took to the trail again with renewed energy. The road snaked up the ridge with the promise of a steep scramble to the summit. A Kamikaze motorist of the 'head in the sand' variety required us to quit the road in a less-than-glorious manner (run for your lives). Suitable suggestions as to the parentage of the motorist accompanied his departure. Undeterred we reached the ridge road where we allowed Keith and Shelley to catch their breath having coaxed, dragged and finally carried Callum and Freya up the slope.

The ridge on which we stood provided sweeping views in all directions. We could see the first hill of the morning on the north side of the valley and the baggage train awaiting us down to the south. We rejoiced. It was all down hill from here. We made good time down a country lane lined with brambles and elm saplings. Atmosphere was in abundance all through the march. The final furlong was covered with strict military precision to display that, despite the miles, we were triumphant. The end of the march saw equipment cast off with excitement, as the next stop was the pub.

Due to the disparate location of the beginning and end of the march we had to send a party back to pick up the other cars. Robert and Keith squeezed into less-than-adequate transport and, packed like a can of Croatian sardines, we took off. In order to display our mastery of this trail, we hurtled back along the path on which we had left so much sole leather. The sheer brilliance of this logistical feat culminated in our meeting over a beer in Yarra Glen. We sat amazed at the simplicity of the event. Little planning, no maps, poor communications and disordered command had ensured that this had been a Routier experience of the finest quality. Lord knows how far we marched – but the beer sure tasted good that afternoon.

*NB: In order to maintain the fine marching tradition of the Routiers 'March or suffer a mild arthritic attack' is planned for 2001.*



## BOOK REVIEW

By the vixen

### Cod – a biography of the fish that changed the world

Mark Kurlansky

1999 Vintage, Random House, London

*"The question of questions for mankind – the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other – is the ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature and of his relations to the universe of things."*

H Thomas Henry Huxley  
*Man's Place in Nature*

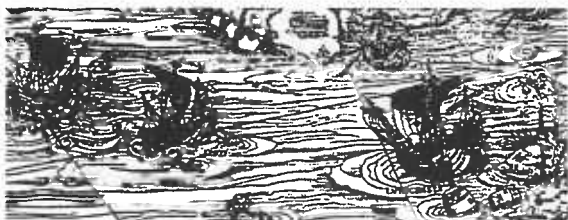
Who can resist such an introduction to a tome that simply promises to deliver the whole package: insight into the mysterious ways of Cod, to discover the question to which Cod alone knows the answer (42), and as if that wasn't enough, there are instructions spanning six centuries on how to best nibble his bits!



If you weren't lured into the book by the six gridders on the front cover (above), it won't take you long to get hooked on the content. **Cod** won the best food book award at the 1999 Glenfiddich Food and Drink Awards, and despite obvious Americanisms which present a slight annoyance ("the sea off of Grindavik") the book is in fact a compulsive and very entertaining read.

It starts by presenting the current state of cod fishing in Canada, and then examines in detail the thousand year fishing spree or "codmania" that swept the world, and may have ultimately caused the extinction of the Atlantic cod. Far from a green-preaching lesson or a bitter eulogy, this is rather a celebration of all things cod. Kurlansky interposes his text with literary quotes, folklore, surprising artefacts and plentiful recipes which add both colour and flavour.

Remember the cod wars of the 1960s and 70s? They certainly weren't the only ones! This detail from Magnus' Carta Marina, 1539 shows the cod war off Grindavik, Iceland. Typically, it was a quarrel between England and Germany over rights to fish Icelandic waters.



Clarence Birdseye is not a character from the Goodies after all, nor a madeup brandname from some US wholesaler. It was he who revolutionized food preservation by perfecting quick freeze methods in the 1920s, changing the travelling habits of processed fish

and the eating habits of Americans, and virtually wiping out the saltfish trade.

Iceland still takes the cake for recipes foul and festering, to add to the repertoire of fetid shark, there's dried cod heads, "you know, you just sit around the table talking and crr-r-ack" as a snack with drinks. In 1914, the practice of eating cod head was denounced by a prominent Icelandic banker as impractical. The food value was not worth the cost of production, he demonstrated in a mathematical formula that even calculated eating time. It was countered with a treatise on the social values of eating cod head. Including the increase of intelligence from eating animal heads. (Look at Stan.) Actually, I think it sounds nice, but cod do have very ugly heads.

They also eat roasted cod skin, served with butter, and cod bones, prepared like this: *they are put in sour whey where they lie until they are partly disintegrated and soft and then the whole thing is boiled slowly until the bones are tender and the mixture curds like thick porridge.*

A N Jonsdottir, 1858

Possibly the earliest English recipe for cod is written in middle english in an anonymous manuscript (12-15thC, prob 15<sup>th</sup> because of the sugar)

*Cokkes of kellyng (cockles of codling)*

*Take cokkes of kellyng; cut hem smalle. Do hit yn a brothe of fresch fysch or of fresh salmon; boyle hem well. Put to mylske and draw a lyour of bredde to hem with saundes, safferyn & sugure and poudyr of pepyr. Serve his forth, a& othyr fysch amonge: turbut, pyke, saumon, shopped & hewn. Sesyn hem with venyger & salt.*

READ THE BOOK!!

### BIG CHIEF ELIZABETH – how England's adventurers gambled and won the New World.

Giles Milton

2000 Sceptre, Hodder and Stoughton, London

Strangely not unrelated, this text, kindly lent to me by Helmut the German, touches on early exploration of the New World as a cod-fishing area, which **Cod** goes into in detail. But its main concern is with the early attempts of the English to colonise the New World in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century.

Early attempts to settle on Roanoke Island, in the Pamlico sound, (off what is now North Carolina, south of where Jamestown was to be eventually,) are absolutely incredible reading. Milton quotes many primary sources, people writing at the time, and they are fabulous!

The first settlers who could afford to go were gentlemen, ill-equipped for a life of labour. They didn't know the first thing about "doing" for themselves. They would eat their shoes rather than hunt or fish



Picture: the one-armed John Smith (of Pocahontas fame) captures a chieftain, dated 1609.

# 2001 Convention, or Relax-E-Con.

## A report by Helmut the German

After limited response by some, the offer from Craig and the Ancients to cook for us made it all fairly easy. After the normal Convention rush of last minute things and packing we set off.

It was a beautiful sight, period tents (or close to) in a grassy valley ringed with forest, and the early people had put up the tents. Settling in we soon found the tavern had opened and shoppers came offering to fetch fried chickens, leading the first of the great nights.

The next morning after a good breakfast there was the tramp, tramp, tramp of the legions, followed by some Greeks (but that's only to be expected of the Greeks). Looking about we soon found a Routier's *home-away-from-Tavern*, the Perky Kamaaki, piled high with cushions and serving fine Turkish coffees, hot chocolate and even herbal tea. Baklava and sweets made it hard to leave, and the closeness to the fort and the fighters allowed taunting in comfort.

A main target was *Doona Man* whose padding looked like a Doona. Soon the caffeine-fuelled crowd followed the leader back to his camp with much bowing and cries of "we're not worthy". The next day the Doona Guard had been formed and with the war chant of "Doona Doona Man - I want to be a Doona man" they charged the fort. They missed the door completely and bounced off the wall. Honorable mention must also go to *Table Cloth Man*, who wore a lime and yellow check tunic, and *Disco Girl* whose nice laminar armour was so bright at a distance it looked like a "Glowmesh" dress.

The days drifted on with swimming in the lake, reclining in the Perky or drinking in the tavern. Often we would head off to the tavern and take a bottle to have coffee and quiet Hookah and game of dice. Above all was the endless chatting with old and new friends with none of the feuds or disputes that appeared in previous years.

Suddenly the Routiers leapt into action, the fallen angel from the Café was being held in the fort. After the normal confusion we moved forward, blasting with muskets and waving pikes we stormed the fort for an "Easy Victory"™. The Routiers then held the fort against a counter attack for "Another "Easy Victory"™. We marched back in order to replace the weapons, then it was back for more coffee.

Inspired by things that "men ought not to know" in quiet of dawn there was sudden activity and Hay Henge" rose in the early light. We packed up and were fed by the master of the Kitchen before retiring to the tavern for one last time. After crashing in the cabin for the night we trekked back home in a state of relaxation.

### Memories of the Convention

- The rich nutty taste of Barley porridge (thanks Craig)
- Waking to see a small green frog perched on the inside of my tent.
- Someone walking up to the Spikes floating Dice game at the Perky and after getting grin and offer to explain the rules saying " I remember that grin from the last Convention. I sat down rolled the dice once and lost five dollars." before leaving.
- Falling asleep in the comfort of the Perky with Routiers playing dice and waking an hour or two later to find them replaced by a group of young players. They played endlessly, every time I dropped in for a coffee after they were playing.
- Swimming in the lake as part of the "Lusitania re-enactment" as one wag called the swimmers. The trick was that the warm water was in a narrow band on the top of the lake while the depths were icy.
- Ale and cheese in a loaf of bread, Yumm (Thanks Ben)
- The trouble with my "noise makers", the straw "5 second" fuses had worked before.
- The look of worry as we planted them on the fort wall from a bystander and the admonishment " I think they want the fort for later".
- Having to put out the smouldering bark on the fort afterwards.
- Having my worst run of dice in years, blowing years of profit in an afternoon.



All in all a nice convention.

# LONDON BODIES

## the changing shape of Londoners from prehistoric times to the present day

*a booke review by the Reverend Robinson*

This book was published as companion to an exhibition run at the Museum of London from 27 October 1998 to 21 February 1999. Using the premise, "How have the bodies of Londoners changed through time?" *London Bodies* presents the results of analysis of skeletons excavated in London over the last twenty years in a reasonably accessible and not too dumbed-down fashion. It uses technology (as seen on television <sup>TM</sup>) to recreate their faces and bodies, although I don't always find the results convincing and think they are sometimes more a gimmick for the masses who feel uncomfortable looking at human bones. This book presents enough statistical data to lay to rest some myths about Londoners of the past.

The book starts by discussing the methods and legality of digging up dead people and then goes into the conservation and analysis methods. One paragraph covers ethics in its entirety. The remaining chapters are divided into vague time divisions, often dictated by a gap in the archaeological record or a major cultural change. To be honest, I found the chapter on *Roman Bodies* to be the best, and may well copy the bronze toilet set as sufficient dimensions are given. Although the opening chapter remarks that bone lead was analysed, no mention is made on the effects of the ingestion of lead on the physical development of either Roman or later, pewter using populations. It would seem relevant at this point. There may have been no effect as, in regular use, lead quickly builds up a protective oxide coating that very effectively seals the metal.

The chapter on Medieval London gives the example of the thirteenth century cemetery at the hospital and priory of St Mary Spital near Bishopsgate and shows the contrast between the monastic and secular life: the strong condition of bones and teeth of the well-fed monks and the emaciated bodies of the sick and dying paupers in their care.

The chapter of most interest to us, *Tailored Bodies* covers Tudor and Elizabethan London, is mostly concerned with explaining the shape of bodies through fashion. It remarks most of the garments "seem to be generally on the small side" but that this may be because small clothing is harder to recycle. Obesity is not present in any of the fourteenth to sixteenth century samples of clothing or bodies.

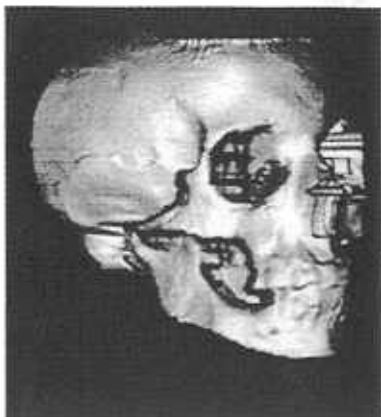
Some good information on knitting is given that I haven't seen elsewhere:

"Up to the late seventeenth century all knitting was worked in the round, either on several needles or a length of wire, and was shaped by decreasing or increasing stitches."

Samples of heavily felted knitted hats are shown, one discarded fragment of a cap apparently was used as an innersole. London knitted stocks are discussed and contrasted with imported Spanish and Italian ones. Unfortunately, the book then leaps from 1600 to 1788 with a single painting of Lady Digby as a passing nod at the intervening 188 years.

One of the highlights of *London Bodies* is the bathrocranial skull. In the seventeenth century, one Londoner in ten had it, but today this genetic trait is very rare.

Unfortunately, if you want any more information on bathrocranicy, you'll have to look elsewhere, everything in the book is in this review.



*Two views of a 17th century woman's bathrocranic skull,  
from excavations in Broadgate*

*The image on the right is a Xeroradiograph, showing blood vessels in greater detail  
than is possible with a conventional X-ray*

The comparative heights table from page 108 is reproduced below. Readers are invited to compare their noble proportions with those of their seventeenth century peers:

Period	Male	Female
Prehistory	170	158
Roman	169	158
Saxon	173	163
Medieval	172	160
Tudor & Stuart	172	158
Georgian	171	157
Victorian	166	156
1998	175	162

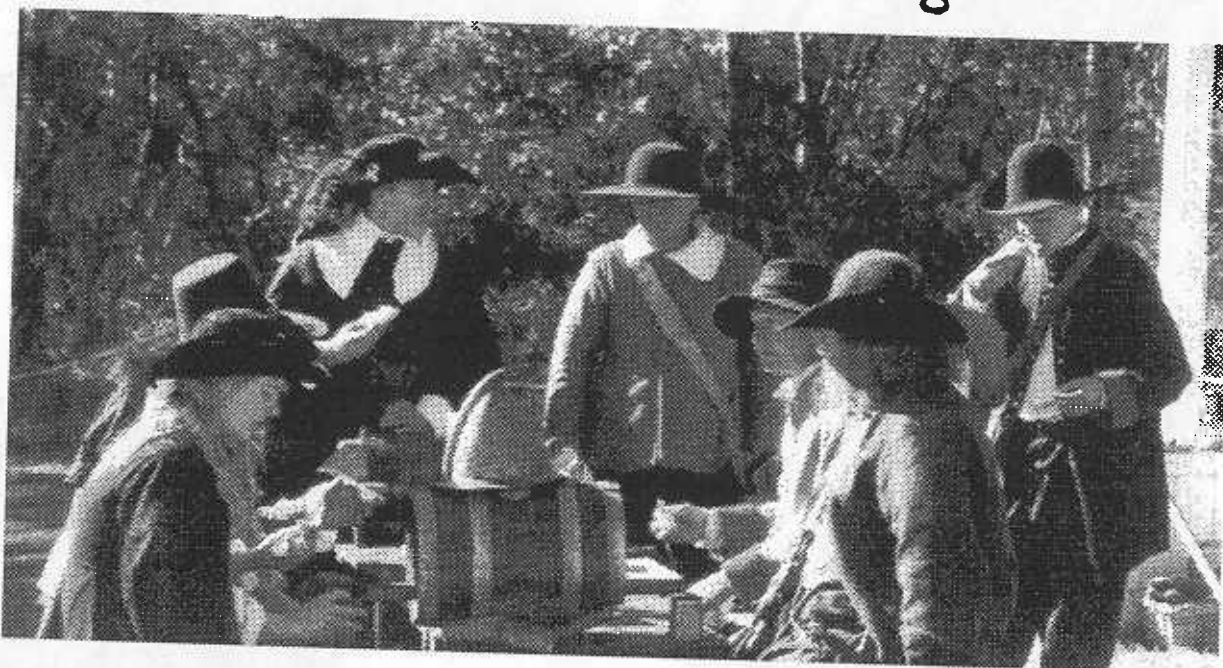
Note is made that the Prehistory sample size is too small for statistical analysis and a single burial site was used. Measurements for the periods up to and including Georgian contain a potential error of  $\pm 1-2$ cm. The conclusion of the book is that on average we are taller (but only just), live longer (than many but not all) and are better fed than our ancestors. But you already knew that.

Occasionally, this book is prone to the sweeping statement, as is necessary for all books that try to cover 6000 years in a shade over 100 pages, but for all its shortcomings is well presented, well researched and leaves the reader wanting to know more. Do you think the MOL would pack up the whole exhibition and send it over here if we ask nicely?

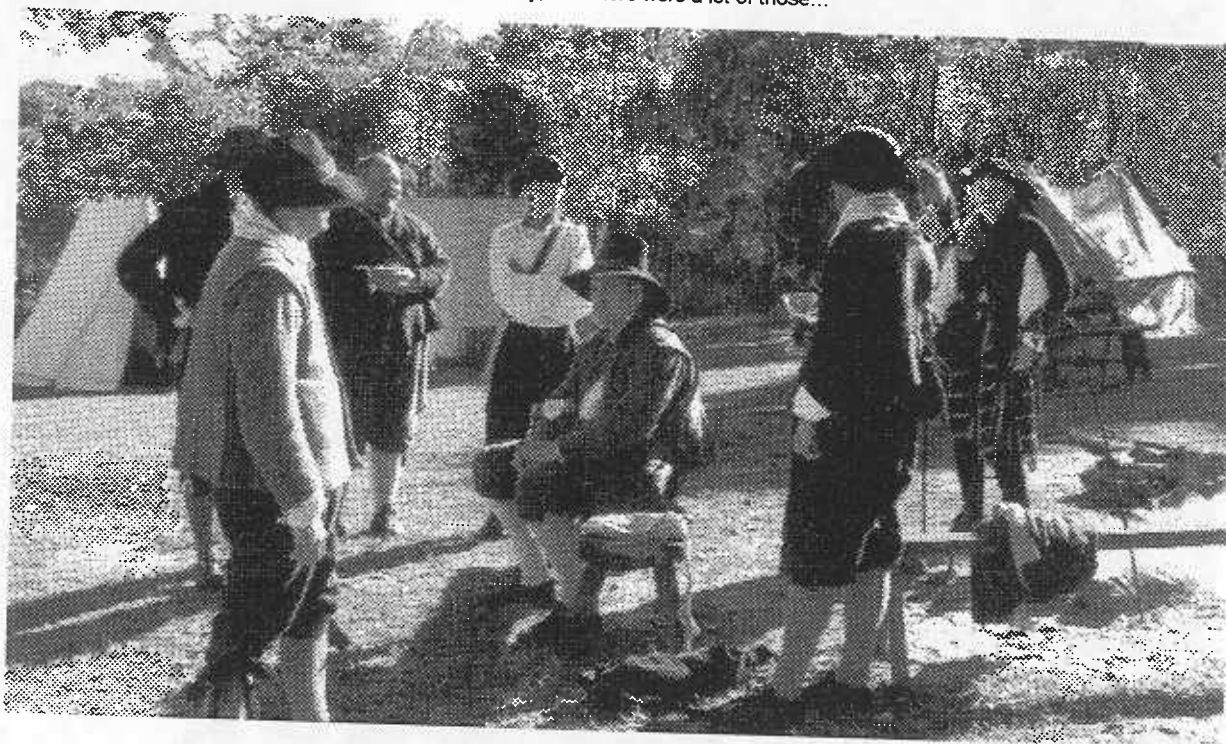


SHOW US HOW  
YOU DID IT  
WITH SNAPS

## Reenacts 2001 Old Sydney Town, June Long Weekend.



It was the best of days, it was the worst of days....organized by the newly 9-fingered sergeant Green (centre) and some well-meaning locals, a gathering of die-hard reenactors mustered at Olde Pissweake Town for what was to be an event of epicurean proportions. Routers seemed to eat at every opportunity, and there were a lot of those...



...and when there was no food available, there was a lot of standing around to do. The Captain entertained us with excerpts from "Brief Lives" in uncharacteristically capricious moments.





*Above and Left:* Here come the Germans!!  
*Below Left:* Sentry Pierre tells Sugar to fuck off. Sugar is intimidated by a gun taller than him. *Below Right:* Sugar again infiltrates our camp, this time disguised as an Australian soldier.  
*Bottom:* That mottley crew the Burgundians.



# THE BATTLE OF BRENTFORD AND THE STAND-OFF AT TURNHAM GREEN

*-The London Trained Bands go to war-*

By Neil Chippendale

The civil war officially began with Charles I raising his standard at Nottingham on 22 August 1642. By September 10<sup>th</sup> the Parliamentary army had arrived at Northampton under the command of the Earl of Essex. These 20,000 men were mainly inexperienced troops led by veterans of the Thirty Years war. The King left Nottingham on 13<sup>th</sup> September and made his way towards Derby. From here he marched to Shrewsbury, recruiting as he went. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> Prince Rupert routed a small force of Parliamentarians at Powick Bridge.

The King finally left Shrewsbury on the 12<sup>th</sup> October and began his march on London. Progress was slow and the army was also hampered by bad weather. The Earl of Essex left Worcester on 19<sup>th</sup> October and attempted to get between the king's army and London. On 23<sup>rd</sup> October both armies faced each other at Edgehill. Both sides fought to a stand-still, but as night fell they drew apart. The next morning the Earl of Essex retreated to Warwick, giving the King a tactical advantage. The road to London was open for him.

After the battle the King, moving south to Oxford, now had an opportunity to arrive in London before the Earl of Essex and the Parliamentary Army, and win the war. However the King had only reached the heath lands around Colnbrook by the time the Earl of Essex re-entered London on the 10<sup>th</sup> November, 1642.

Parliament, sitting in London, voted to open peace talks with the King and to this end sent the Earls of Northumberland and Pembroke, Lord Weenman, Sir John Evelyn and Sir John Hipsley to Colnbrook to present the King with a petition. Charles refused to meet the commissioners as he claimed that Sir John Evelyn was a traitor. This stance angered parliament who voted this slight a refusal of the petition. After some discussion it was finally agreed that Sir John Evelyn would be removed and the Commissioners sent back to Colnbrook. Parliament asked that the King "appoint some convenient place, not far from the City of London, where your Majesty will be pleased to reside until committees of both houses may attend your majesty with some propositions for the removal of these bloody distempers and distractions and settling the state of the Kingdom in such a manner as may conduce to the preservation of god's true religion, your majesty's honour, safety and prosperity, and to the peace, comfort and security of all people" (1). The King agreed to "reside at our castle at Windsor (if the forces there be removed) till committees may have time to attend us" (2). King Charles also said "do your duty we will not be wanting in ours" (3). However the events of the next few hours would prove these words false.

The morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> November saw two foot regiments and a company of horse, from the Army of Parliament, arrive in Brentford. These were the regiments of Lord Brooks and Denzil Holles MP. and a cavalry troop, possibly under the command of Captain Robert Viviers. Holles' red coated regiment was posted outside the town on the road towards Hounslow. An outpost was established in and around the Isleworth house owned by Queen Henrietta Maria. (4) The rest of the regiment appears to have been stationed around the bridge over the river Brent. Brooks' purple coated regiment and the horse were stationed in the town. Both regiments had fought at Edgehill and were under strength. Brooks' regiment was said to have numbered 480 (5), while Holles' regiment was made up of "London Apprentices and those who fought so valiantly suthered at the Kenyon" (Edgehill). It was also said to have been bolstered by member of the Trained bands. (6). One estimate puts the Parliamentary foot at just over 1,000 plus the horse. (7).

Both regiments were short of "musket, match and powder and that it would be sent to them upon arrival" (8). On the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> November a heavy mist lay on the ground and the troops in and around Brentford were at ease as they knew that peace negotiations were taking place at Colnbrook. The King had also given his word not to advance any nearer to London while the talks continued, but he hadn't agreed to a cessation of arms. S.R Gardiner said that that "was intentional, and that King Charles had no wish to be checked in his triumphant career"(9). Parliament sent a messenger "to know the kings pleasure concerning a cessation of arms during this time of treaty" (10). Sir Peter Killigrew never reached the King. He got "as far as Strainford, where he found the King's forces fighting with some regiments of the Lord's General" (11).

The King's nephew, Prince Rupert, attacked Brentford under the cover of the heavy morning mist on the 12<sup>th</sup> November. He initially attacked with approximately 2,00 cavalry and dragoons(12). According to John Gwyn, a Royalist soldier in Sir Thomas Salisbury Regiment, the battle started around the Queen's house. The Royalist's meet stiff resistance from Holles' regiment, but having to face Royalist reinforcements and being short of men, powder and shot the Red-coats were pushed over the bridge into the town. Here the Roundheads "baricadoed the narrow avenues to the town and cast up some little breastwork at most convenient places" (13). Behind these waited Lord Brooks' regiment and cavalry troop. The Prince of Wales' regiment of horse attempted to storm the barricades, but the retreated due to heavy fire from concealed cannon. They sustained heavy losses in the attack. Foot regiment then stormed the barricades, firing off one round of musket shot. The defences were breached and the Parliamentary started to fall back "from one Strainford to the other, and from thence to the open field" (14).

Heavy fighting continued throughout the day and by late afternoon the Parliamentary troops had suffered heavy losses. The "brave young Red-coats fighting most furiously, showing selves notable and brave fire-men and valiant spirits and giving the treacherous Cavaliers as hot entertainment as ever they felt in their lives" (15). John Lilburne, "free born John", the great political activist who was a captain in Lord Brooks' regiment, said that he rallied the remnants of Brooks' and Holles' regiments and counter-attacked. They continued to fight on their front and flank, although they were short of match, powder and shot, until they were driven into the Thames or, like John Lilburne and captain Robert Viviers, captured (15).

John Lilburne writing in the third person in 1648 wrote

"But occasion at Strainford (Brentford) againe requiring his service.

He there for many long houres with inconsiderable party of men that can never be too much honoured, holds all the enemies forces at bay and

inforces them to a standstill till London was provided. He (John Silburne) being in a worse condition than those many worthy men there slaine. For he was led in a most despicable manner from thence to Oxford" (16)

He was later charged, along with Captain Robert Viviers, with High Treason. Colonel John Hampden's green-coated regiment arrived Uxbridge late in the day, too late to save the town. His regiment could only cover the retreat of the survivors. Without the arrival of Hampden's Green coats, Brooks' and Holles' regiments may have been completely wiped out.

It is hard to estimate the casualties sustained during the battle. The Venetian Ambassador wrote that Parliament lost 2000 men (18). This seems much too high as it is doubtful if the combined number in both regiments was 2000 men. Other estimates put the dead between 10 and forty, with 300 captured (19). The captured soldiers were threatened with death and branding if they didn't enlist in the Royalist army. 200 are said to have enlisted and 140 men "tendered their persons to be stigmatised rather than yield" John Vicars wrote "we lost many precious young saints, and brave resolute soldiers, who now wear their victorious palmes in heaven. Especially those two noble vertuous valourous Serjeant Major Quarles and religious Capitaine Lacy who was driven into the Thames and drowned" (20). Serjeant Major Quales was acting as Colonel in Denzil Holles' regiment was brought from Brentford to Blackfriars where he was buried (21). Captain Richard Lacy, also from Holles' regiment has no known grave. The rest of the dead appear to have been interned in a common grave (22). The burial register of St. Lawrence Church, Brentford for November and December 1642 gives the following information.

#### NOVEMBER

PRESTON - CAPTAIN  
STORIE, RICHARD - CAPTAIN  
WHITTAKER, DANIEL - LEFTENANT  
ALDERTON, RICHARD - LEFTENANT

And divers others which were slaine. One the King's party.

#### DECEMBER

WADE, THOMAS. A SOLIDER FROM SHARPS. THE 10<sup>TH</sup> DEC.  
COURT - LEFTENANT  
MILLS, RICHARD - LEFTENANT

And others. ONE YE PARTE.



Leftenant Court is presumably the John Court who is listed as a member of Denzil Holles' regiment. (23). The royalist army, according to John Vicars, carried it's dead to Hounslow Heath.

After the battle the Royalist sacked the town. Prince Rupert ordered the sacking "As a punishment for having attached itself to the side of the rebels without consideration for it's duty of loyalty to it's prince" (24). The Royalists removed anything that could be carried away such as bed linen, pewter, pots food and animals. Beer and wine were poured into the streets. Beds were torn up and bed cords ripped out. The fishing nets and boats, moored along the Thames, were burned. The total amount of damage was said to total 4,000 pounds. The inhabitants of Brentford petitioned Parliament for aid. Parliament ordered that all the parishes in and around London should raise money for the relief of Brentford. "So this end people might be stirred to a compassionate consideration and liberal contribution to them" (25). Money was still being paid in 1654. Money was also paid to the widows of parliamentary soldiers who were killed. Widow Thomasine whose husband was killed "checking the King's Army at the Stainford fight" was paid 22 shillings a week. This was still being paid in 1658.

The Wounded, who could be moved, were taken to the "Savoy", where they were looked after by the Master and Wardens of the Surgeons Company (29). Those too ill to be moved were looked after in Brentford. A sum of 20 shillings was paid to the local church for the treatment of the wounded as well as fees for burial. (30). There was also "much money gathered by way of a collection for the Souldiers that were hurt and maimed in this conflict, both for their present reliefe, as also to encourage others to shew themselves forward and faithfull in these services for the cause of God and there countries good; and also to let them see that those that deserved well shall not be unremarbed" (31).

Lord Brooks' regiment went into garrison duties after the battle and was disbanded when it's commander was killed in action. Holles' regiment was immediately disbanded and the survivors were transferred to Sir Phillip Skippon's regiment in December, 1642

#### Turnham Green

The noise of the battle was heard by the Earl of Essex who was sitting in the House Of Lords. Confirmation of the attack was brought to Parliament by a William Dunn, was paid 5 shillings for the information (32). Essex immediately rallied the Army and called out the Trained Bands. It was fortunate that that morning he had ordered sections of the army to muster on Chelsea Fields. During the night of the 12<sup>th</sup> and the early hours of the 13<sup>th</sup> the Parliamentarian troops marched out of London for a rendezvous on Turnham Green.

The Earl of Essex ordered that the untrained volunteers and inexperienced members of the Trained Bands should be placed between the regiments that had seen service at Edgehill. The troops were said to be full of resolve as it had been reported that the King had given Prince Rupert permission to pillage the City. By approximately 8 o' clock in the morning Parliament had 24,000 men in the field. These were placed "behind hedges and ditches" (33)

The Earl of Essex led a party of MP's and Peers out of London onto Turnham Green. Essex rode around the Army and was greeted with the cheers "hen for old Robin"

King Charles drew his army out of Brentford and was confronted by the Parliamentarian forces ready to give battle.

The two armies faced each other in the field all day. At approximately 3 o'clock the Earl of Essex ordered his artillery to open fire but they did little damage and the Royalist Army did not retaliate. During the afternoon John Hampden's green coats were ordered to move and occupy the high ground around Acton. This was a preliminary manoeuvre to a possible flank

attack on the left wing of the Royalist Army. After a brief skirmish Hampden's regiment was ordered back to the main body of the Parliamentary army.

At one point during the day Charles sent a courtier towards the Roundhead lines. He told Essex that the king would listen to propositions for peace, in Brentford. Before Essex could reply gun fire was heard. Thinking that this came from Turnham Green Essex had the courtier arrested. In fact the shots came from Syon House, in Brentford. The day before the Royalists had captured the home of the Earl of Northumberland and on the 13<sup>th</sup> they noticed some ammunition barges sailing up the Thames. As the barges approached Syon Reach they were one was blown out of the water and the rest turned back to London.

After spending all day in the field the Royalist Council of War decided to fall back without a fight. The ground was unsuitable for a cavalry attack and the infantry were outnumbered two to one, tired and short of ammunition. They fell back towards Hounslow and then Kingston, which had been evacuated by the parliamentary troops. The earl of Essex thought that the King might use his position at Kingston to march into Kent to rally his supporters and launch an attack in London. A bridge of boats was placed over the Thames at Putney so the Parliamentary troops would be on the Surrey side of the river to counter any Royalist move. In the end the Royalists retreated from Kingston to Reading and then onto Oxford where they set up their headquarters.



Queen Henrietta Maria "hoped that the second advantage obtained by the Royal forces over Parliament (the Battle of Brentford) will put the King's cause in a better position and allow her to go straight to London with her court" This was not to be, the King was to be only once more, for his trial and execution in 1649. The Trained bands were to be called on again over the next few years and they would fight with great valour.

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# COFFEE

## A short history by Helmut the German

Ah, Coffee, The wonderful drink of the ages, a balm for the drinker and a boon for the thinker. The big question for re-enactors is where and when was coffee drunk?

The spread of coffee is a tale of Empires, trade routes, wars and persecutions...

### In the Beginning

Where – East African Highlands

When – Pre History to early Bronze Age (before 1000 BC)

How coffee was found is unknown but one of the commonest tales is that a goat herder saw his goats dancing. Each day in the afternoon they danced so he watched as they ate and noticed that they were eating from a bush. He tried the bush and found that he was awake all night.

The locals found that the leaves were good but the effect of the beans lasted longer. They rolled the green coffee beans into a ball with butter, which they took as food for battle or long trips. They were subject to slaving raids and the slave route to the sea still has wild coffee bushes growing from where unwanted food was thrown away as they were dragged to the coast. Some scholars think that the spices given to Solomon could have included coffee.

The next stop is Somalia where the tradition is that the green beans are roasted at your table and passed around so that all may enjoy the aroma. They are then ground in a mortar before being served with honey and spices. They said "One, two, three coffees and friends for life." It is here that coffee was transformed from the Robustious to the Arabica that we drink today.

The spread of coffee from there as a luxury item is little known, but the trade of ostrich feathers, rhino horn and turtle shell along with slaves into the north is well known. Some scholars claim that Pharaonic Egypt drank coffee, and the wilder ones claim that Egypt's nepenthe consumed by Helen of Troy "to ease her sorrows" was an early form of coffee with herbs, possibly with faz'abbas (see below).

### Heading into History

When – 670's AD

Where – Arabia

While it is probable coffee beans were a luxury or medicinal item before the rise of Islam it is first mentioned as coffee in the histories of Islamic teachers. The "discovery" is written of in a later history by Najam al Din al-Ghazzi (1570-1651). "In his travels he passed a coffee bush and nourished himself, as is the custom of the pious, on its fruit which he found untouched. He found that it made his brain nimble, promoting wakefulness for the performance of his religious duties". He was the Sufi cleric al-Shadhili.

Coffee was soon part of the Sufi ritual with the master handing the brew to his followers in a red cup to promote holiness before their rituals. The Sufi are known to have started coffee rituals in Mecca in 1480, but secular coffeehouses are unknown. In 1511 the first crack down on coffee as an intoxicant after the head of the religious police saw several men passing a cup hand to hand in the manner of wine drinkers.

The court case was fixed from the start as the Sufi are considered the "hippies" of Islam. The defender brought coffee to the court case, challenging the judges to try it from themselves, the judges refused brought in a pair of doctors. These doctors (members of the conservative sects) testified that coffee was much like wine, disordering the mind and promoting lust and therefore forbidden. When they were challenged on this one (the slowest!) said he had tried coffee and found its effects much like wine, only to be beaten for drinking wine.

Coffee was banned, its drinkers beaten and the beans burned on the street, only to have the ban lifted and then reintroduced with even greater suppressions until the great secular suppressions by the Ottoman Empire from the 1590's to the 1700's.

These suppressions sent coffeehouse owners seeking new places to set up shop and coffee spread to Vienna and Italy, but the coffee trade was limited. The best known coffeehouse in Vienna was set up after bags of coffee beans were found in the deserted camp after the siege. Soon after Vienna and coffee became linked as they are today.

The first secular coffeehouse in Istanbul was opened in 1555 and soon there were complaints that Sufi ceremonies had been replaced by joking and tall tales. One could order special coffees containing faz'abbas, a mix of seven spices including pepper, opium and saffron while treats included honey hash balls and pipes with hash and marijuana mixed with tobacco. The vice of choice was sex, with a seventeenth century traveller calling





coffeehouses “dens of abominable vice with youths earmarked for the gratification of one’s lusts”. Coffee in myrrh smoked cups, or with an ambergris pellet was seen as a great aphrodisiac.

This only halted for a few years after the ban of 1633 when the Emperor toured Istanbul in disguise and found in coffeehouses “several sensible and grave persons discoursing on the affairs of the Empire blaming the administration” while in taverns “people are getting drunk and singing songs of love.” Coffeehouses were closed as dangerous to the realm. This was common thought later in England.



### Meanwhile in Europe...

Coffee drinking became popular in France at the same time when the Ottoman ambassador attempted to gain support, or at least keep France from joining in the relief of Vienna. He was refused the normal rooms in the palace and set up receiving rooms in a hotel in full Turkish style. The growing hordes of Noble guests were treated to a full performance of coffee served by Nubian slaves in rooms decked with cloth of gold and costly silks. It soon became the style to have a Turkish room for coffee drinking leading to the piece of furniture called an ottoman.

### England

Coffee drinking was spreading and was embraced by Puritans as a good alternative to wine and beer. The Mayflower’s cargo list included “a mortar and pestle for the grinding of coffee”. Coffee made appearances in ports all over Europe but the first written occurrence of coffee drinking in England is in correspondence dated 1615.

Coffeehouses and their links to talking and politics is strong enough for the following quote, “*in a coffee house just now among the rabble I bluntly asked, which is the treason table*” Malone 1618. This quote is a good indication that coffeehouses and their style were well known enough to make this a witty line.

The earliest legal coffee shop was in Oxford in 1650. In London there were six Coffeehouses in 1660, but by 1700 there were over two thousand. From these coffeehouses came some of the best known institutions of the western world. Some houses became known haunts for a certain type of profession with all seen as a good place to find news. Coffeehouses were the home of Lloyd’s of London at Lloyd’s Coffeehouse, The London Shipping Exchange at the Baltic Coffeehouse and the East India Company at the Jerusalem Café. Cafes became more specialised and it became harder to visit all to get the news, when Richard Steele decided to publish a weekly compilation of the most interesting gossip from each. This compilation became the world’s first magazine “The Tatler”.

The coffee craze lasted until the late 1800s when the politicians found out that the Empire only had areas that grew some tea and opium, but opium could be swapped with Chinese for tea, and by 1900 tea was half the cost of coffee in London. Tea was promoted by the anti-gin movement, along with beer as healthy drinks.

Early medical opinion was that coffee was a promoted a dry humour which “dried up the nerves producing a general prostration and impotence”. This was found soon found out by the women of London resulting in a petition to the mayor. An extract makes interesting reading.

*“The Humble Petition and Address of Several Thousand of Buxome Good-Women, Languishing in Extremity of Want.”*

*“ That since ‘tis Reckon’d amongst the Glories of our native Country To be A paradise for women, it is too our unspeakable Grief we find of late that our gallants are become mere Cock-sparrows, fluttering things that come on with a world of Fury but in the very first charge down Flat before us...*

*.... all these qualities we Attribute to nothing more than excessive use of the most pernicious Coffee, where Nature is Enfeebled and our men left with Ammunition Wanting; peradventure they Present but cannot give Fire...*

*.. Wherefore we pray that drinking COFFEE be forbidden to all persons under the age of Three Score and that Lusty Nappy beer and Cock Ale be recommended to general use...*

*... so that our Husbands may (in time) give us some other Testimonies of being Men besides their Beards, and that they no more shall run the hazard of being cuckold’d by Dildos.*

*In Hopes of a Glorious Reformation*

*London 1674*

A long way from the aphrodisiac noted by the early writings!

In 1675 coffeehouses were closed by order of Charles II as they promoted republicanism, but the ban was withdrawn in 11 days. The common coffee rules posted near the door

*“ Gentry, tradesmen, sit down together  
Pre-eminence of place none here should mind  
But take the next fit seat that he can find  
Nor need any, if finer person come,  
Rise up to assigne to them his room”*

In the Turk’s Head Coffeehouse the ballot box was invented to allow customers to safely voice their opinions during Cromwell’s reign.

## Later, in the USA

During the War Between the States, coffee was issued to the troops at six pounds per hundred men a day and this was doubled if rations were low. For the first time fast coffee was possible with “pre-brewed” coffee blocks that could be dissolved in water or even chewed like tobacco if needed. The South, when coffee ran low, used a caffeine filled Indian herb as tea (called Dahoon from the cassina plant), even brewing a wine from it. It was noted in official documents that “Troops showed a greater enthusiasm with coffee than without.” By WWI (1903) US troops had a true instant coffee and we enter the modern realms of coffee drinking.

This short history shows how coffee (caffeine) became the widest spread psychoactive drug in history. It was variously seen as a sacrament, an aphrodisiac, a medicine for drunkards, a cause of impotence, wine substitute, and a combat drug, but mostly just a good drink. Now when you drink coffee, try not to think of those dancing goats.

## MORE COFFEE TRIVIA

- ⊙ The earliest written comments about coffee were made in the 10<sup>th</sup> century by Rhazes, an Arabian physician.
- ⊙ The coffee plant was first cultivated over 1,300 years ago in Yemen, and the Arabs are thought to be the first who actually “brewed” coffee. The word coffee seems to most likely have derived from the Arabic word *qahwa* which can mean “wine” or “excitement.”
- ⊙ When coffee was first imported into Europe by the Venetians in the early 1600s, it was not yet called coffee. Rather it was known as *qhaweh*, or “the wine of Arabia.”
- ⊙ The first coffeehouses in Constantinople (or Istanbul) opened around 1550 and were called “schools of wisdom.” You could find music, games, or discussions on poetry, politics and more in these elaborately designed establishments.
- ⊙ English coffeehouses of the 1600s were often a home away from home for many men who provided the address of their favorite coffeehouse as their own.
- ⊙ The first coffeehouses were not only places for serious conversation, but were also great game centers that held chess, card and dice tournaments to great audiences.
- ⊙ At one point during the 1700s, coffeehouses served as barber shops and gambling houses as well as places to socialize.
- ⊙ Wine and lemonade merchants in Italy in the 1600s called coffee “Satan’s drink” due to its threat to their markets. These merchants asked the Pope to issue an edict condemning coffee. However, their plan backfired when Pope Clement VII tasted coffee, liked it, and baptized it to make it a Christian drink.
- ⊙ Caffeine as a substance in coffee was discovered in the late seventeenth century by Dr. Sylvestre Dufour.
- ⊙ Louis XIV of France was a fervent coffee drinker. Owed a favor by the Dutch, they delivered a coffee tree from Arabia to his chateau in 1714 that was put into Europe’s first greenhouse. This tree eventually beget millions of other coffee trees and is the parent tree of many of the Central and South American coffee trees.
- ⊙ It was just over 325 years ago that the first coffee cart or kiosk appeared at the St. Germaine Fair in Paris. Soonafter coffee was delivered door-to-door in urns heated by charcoal.
- ⊙ While the Venetians were critical to bringing coffee to Europe, it was the Dutch who brought coffee to the rest of the world including to the island of Java in the late seventeenth century.
- ⊙ Before 1900, in English the word *java* meant “nutmeg” (translated literally from Malay as “land of nutmeg”) instead of coffee.
- ⊙ Johann Sebastian Bach released his “Coffee Cantata” in 1734 to empathize with neglected women whose husbands spent considerable time in coffeehouses and in response to Frederick the Great’s attempt to ban coffee in Germany.
- ⊙ Before 1800, adding milk of any kind to your coffee was an unheard of event.
- ⊙ *Perspective: When you sip a cup of hot coffee, you continue a tradition of over five centuries.*



# Living History – where we go wrong.

Well, that's a title that will have the e-mails flying. Often that we see things that make us cringe but this is not a whinge about costume or gear. The point is to think about various we do in camp that is not quite to eras we portray and runs more to modern thought and practices. Before making any of the following points I would like to say that this is not a dig at anyone or a push to change anyone's ways (including mine) but just a thought piece.

The most noticeable thing we see at night is light. Next time you are at a feast or camping with your club, count the candles burning. Wax candles were expensive and a luxury item and in cases I've counted a dozen candles burning. This is the equivalent of burning a day's wages just for the light. The more authentic tallow candles are impossible to find, as are Rushlights, the more common source of light in most eras. The Past was a dark place after sunset.

The other source of light was fire and we all like (sometimes too much) a good fire. We have roaring fires burning half a forest for warmth, cooking and something to sit around. If we look at the past, all this wood belonged to someone and they wouldn't be happy. The court cases would drag on for years, or we would be fined, attacked or just told to buggie off depending on who owned the woods. Mind you, according to dark age Saxon law we have enough people (sometimes) to be called a war band (35 + people) and the army would be called out. All for the simple pleasure of poking a fire. The thing to think on is that almost everything was owned by someone in Europe, including firewood.

We live in the first time where iron is cheaper than wood and leather and labour is more expensive than both! Until the 1700's in the West, iron was first smelted into bloom iron and then kept hot and hammered for up to a week to get wrought iron. This is further heated and hammered to shape for the items we use. A lot of work, fire and skill was needed to craft many of the items we use and abuse. The good iron we use so carelessly was once a rare and costly thing.

Last two points are both close to my heart, (a couple of inches down), food and drink. Firstly food, we all enjoy the great meals, rich stews loaded with meat and spices or breakfasts of bacon and eggs, Yum! For most of the population throughout history meat was a luxury item. The best gauge is to look at the things people ate. All parts of a domestic animal were eaten or used until modern times; we get things like sheep's head soup, pork knuckles, tripe among other more grisly things from domestic animals. Then we move onto the wildlife, frog's legs, snails, whitebait, pigeons, larks, oysters etc. Basically anything that was below the notice of the Lords was eaten by the peasants. The greater the population and control by the Lords, the further across the food chain people look for protein, look at the Chinese food range. The French once called an egg "the peasant's reward". The average person ate less meat in the past and often went hungry.



The other food point neglected in our "living history" diet is that food was fresh only when it was in season, otherwise it was salted, smoked, dried, sealed in lard or pickled in vinegar. Diets were full of dried peas, beans or rolled grains (oats mainly), cooked as a porridge. Peas porridge was such a common English staple of the poor that it appears in an old nursery rhyme. I've only seen it cooked once in my many years of re-enacting. Most the foods we eat are too fresh for the times we portray.

The last point to think on is that we drink too little, yes, really. If we look to the temperance society of the 1600's calling for the drinking of only seven glasses of wine a meal, we can estimate the amounts drunk. Some doctors in the 16<sup>th</sup> century recommended drinking yourself unconscious once a month for the good of your health. Agricultural workers in England were partly paid in cider until the 1850's. The common rate was three rising to five quarts a day during harvest. The best comment on the drinking of beer is that the smallest legal measure until the 1800's was a quart. All of the above point to the large amounts drunk, everyday by everyone, which explains a lot of history.

By following the thoughts set out above for "real living history" we should be drunk, asleep, clutching a scrap of dried meat and bag of oats by just after sunset. Well, that would be fairly boring lifestyle and take the gloss off a weekend's fun, but it is just a few things to be aware of before you say "we're really living just like they did."

It makes one happy that it is just a reflection of the times as we relax next to the roaring fire, eating our hot fresh food by the light of few candles, sipping a quiet drink, that we live a modern lifestyle not an old style one.

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