

Events 2007



Linlithgow Palace July 2007

Scout Camp, Fife 26th & 27th May

The excitement was palpable as our intrepid band of knights and 'wee folk' approached their appointment with destiny. Never before had our army faced insurmountable odds that were due to be ranged against us! Blood ran like quicksilver in our veins, coupled with the nervous energy existent at a primordial level.

Stood in a depression, the lack of campfires from the army of darkness inspired questions from the 'wee folk'; who were gently hushed. With the consummate ease from many years of campaigning, our army quickly assembled a defensive encampment, whilst the wee folk foraged for food in the surrounding area.

Mindful that the putrid spawn that was the enemy would have scouts out looking for us, our encampment remained on high alert, with our commanders refusing to allow us a fire, which may have betrayed our position to the enemy. At one point, Joanne thought that she had spotted an adult bear, but it turned out to be only a cub.

A menagerie of wildlife approached our encampment, including one or two beavers, but the sounds of our warriors practising their battle cries soon drove them away – some were even heard to be screaming, *"Mama, I just killed a man"*.

The scene was set, the injuring and serious maiming ground set out before our very eyes! There was nothing left to do but sleep and await the dawning of what could be our last day under the sun.

Whilst most of the knights slept soundly, a lot of the wee folk exhibited signs of stress due to the approaching fight. Hideous noises reverberated throughout the campsite, mindful of the sound of a thousand trees being sawed down. Dawn approached far too fast and if we thought the noises from our army were bad, we were soon to realise that we were seriously mistaken. As the enemy roused itself like a leviathan from the depths, cacophonous noises rang out like screams of a thousand harpies, every one intent on shedding the blood of our noble few.

We soon realised that one of our number was missing and fearing the worst, started calling out *"Fintan, where are you?"*
But alas, Fintan was gone and has not been seen since.

As the sun crested the rise of the hill in front of us, the first line of the enemy started to appear. At first, their silhouettes appeared strange and we feared the worst. Wave after wave threatened to engulf us as we were still in the first stages of our preparations. Alan bravely tried to meet the whole of the horde head on, but was soon swallowed into the gaping maw of inquisitiveness.

Soon the whole of the army was engaged in countering each thrust, regrouping when necessary but it soon became apparent that the armies of darkness were too much. We fought in the shade, we fought them on the beaches, we fought like warrior poets, and we never surrendered!

At one point of the battle, our brave wee folk (Jacqueline, Leslie, Emma and Emily) risked their very souls by coming to our aid, supplying us with water that has never tasted so good (although scrumpy might have been preferable). Even our standard bearers Alisha and Cameron were caught up in the battle for our very existence. Don and Ro stood back-to-back, exhausted beyond belief, and yet unable in their very cores to give in and retire from the battlefield. One by one our troops were cut down in their prime, lights extinguished like moths in the firelight.

As the day waned and the battlefield became slick with the promise of more horrors to come, our commanders pulled us back. Enraged, the leaders of the enemy army tried to smoke us out by setting fire to the one patch of long grass that may have hidden us for the briefest of moments. Unperturbed, our

commander took us on a force march (?), tactically withdrawing us to a harbour where it looked possible that our Navy could have rescued us.

After one and a half hours of waiting though, it appeared that we had been abandoned to our fate. Stuffing provisions quickly down our throats, some of us had the luxury of saying farewell to our family members and with heavy hearts, we forced ourselves to return to the place beyond misery.

Magnanimous in their victory, the enemy left us alone to sing our songs of lament. The cold unfeeling night sky was split asunder with the songs of our forefathers four fathers, traditionally used to remember times past. The form of the body, the pie of the Americas and the name confusion during the baptism of Sue the boy.

With every muscle and sinew aching from the hell of battle, we deduced that at the end of the day we came, we saw and we were soundly drubbed by approximately 1,500 scouts, cubs and beavers!

To all accounts they had a brilliant time at the Fife jamboree and so did we (though I still twitch uncontrollably when someone shouts "*dib, dib, dib*" in my ear).

So ends the recounting of the rout of the Historic Saltire at the battle of 'scorched field'.

Written by Dave



Evanton 2nd June

The group's second show of the season took place in Evanton, a small village just north of Inverness. We again went with the *Andrew de Moray* theme, with John L taking the lead role.

The show began at 1pm, by which time many of the locals had turned out to see us. Beginning with the kiddies' army, the chance to kill our mail-clad boys generated the usual eager response and the battle involved the lads and Emily being massacred by miniature warriors brandishing foam swords and axes. However, their menacing glares appeared too much for Dave, who soon escaped from the arena and attempted to blend in with the crowd before being finally chased down by the wee ones.

Next, we moved on to the dressing of the knight, with Dave and John on their knees before Jamie and Adam...After our two squires had wrestled with the gambesons and chain mail, the two men were ready for the battle which followed.

The Scots and English once again squared up for the final battle and, after laughing at the English army waltzing across Stirling Bridge, the audience was able to see the weaponry in action. Soon only three men were left standing as John and Simon asked the audience if they should spare a grovelling Dave.

The resounding '*NO!*' told them everything and soon cheers were heard as the English commander went the same way as his troops. With our narrator having been killed in the battle, it was left to Simon to announce the fatal wound contracted by de Moray and John soon dropped dead beside him, leaving him to conduct the cheers to rouse the dead knights.

This show differed slightly from the others in that it was a 'Fun Day' organised by the town itself and so the end of the day saw most of the group parading through the town in full kit to join the procession of bagpipes, gnomes and floats.

After Mexican Waving at passing cars and listening to the pipe band, the procession headed back towards the camp for the traditional evening entertainment.



Written by Emma

Clan MacLean in Mull 23rd June

Clan MacLean 2007: Two T'umbs Up

The long and winding road led us eventually to Mull for our second *Clan MacLean Gathering*. How can the same sh*t happen to the same guy twice? Well, those sober enough to remember the last one (not I, admittedly) waxed lyrical about the midges and, more importantly, the Craignure Inn. On arrival tents were erected, demolished, stitched and erected again. Congratulations to Don and Justin for persevering with an ultimately pointless task!

Satisfied, we retired back to the Craignure for an evening soiree of fruit juices all round. We certainly did not invade the pub and impose the Saltire's own brand of 'entertainment' upon the hapless clientele.

Our show proper started promisingly enough with a typically ad lib performance of 'dressing the knight.' Special mention goes to wee Jamie for a stunningly proficient act(?) as glaikit pageboy. Less of a special mention goes to me for spectacularly not joining in the spear charge, bad knees (and too many said fruit juices) don'tcherknow. Huge thanks to the Clan itself for not

just standing there smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo like they'd nothing to do but really getting behind us as vocally as lungs allow. Once again, the loudest shouts of 'Yippee Kay-A' came with Don getting his helmet beaten vigorously by Alan, LOL.

Act two opened -- after a great lunch prepared by Sue -- with the usual pleasantries being exchanged between this shows main protagonists: Red Hector (whoop, whoop) and the Earl of Marr (boo, hiss). Clan history tells us that Hector was the greatest living swordsman of his age and John really got into showing Simon a world of pain reminiscent of the great man himself.

Simon, in turn, passed the karma onto Peter by bashing his thumb in. All respect to Peter who, despite having no feeling left in his thumb, wanted to stay on and fight in true Spartan style (but clothed, obviously). Ending, as these things do, with much pulling of hair, kicks to the groin, inevitable death, changing of history and subsequent resurrection we gladiators of the re-enactment arena took our bows to what has proved for a second time to be a fantastically hospitable and enthusiastic audience.

Packed, showered (yes, people, showered) and happy most spent a second evening at the Craignure Inn. Fortunately, for the locals in any case, there was a real duo playing and a steady crowd of MacLean's, locals and other visitors to keep us entertained.

Big shout out (Radio 1 style) to the staff at the Craignure Inn and, of course, the band for allowing us to sing a Deafening rendition of '*Bohemian Rhapsody*' conducted Fervently by Dave.



All in all a superb weekend and many thanks to the MacLean's of Mull and from around the world for allowing us once again to perform at Castle Duart. *C'mon 2012!*

Written by Ian

Linlithgow Palace 14th & 15th July

We knew the English, with horse and lance, could not be far away; in this downpour, though, we felt sure they would stay hidden until the very last minute. So we trudged through the unending drizzle and occasional monsoon, setting our position for the battles we knew would come the next day. It was after 11:00 PM before we could find a spot slightly drier than most, find a dram of something warming and be entertained with renditions of "*Hey Jude*" and other such by the ever obliging and talented Ro.

Saturday morning broke to a cool start. Everything was soaked through, and water oozed up about our feet with every step we took. But at least the rain had stopped. By 9:00 Spikes made an appearance, just long enough to promise us he would be back later today, and that on Sunday he would be his usual summery self. Some were sceptical, but I for one believed.

At 12:00 Noon, the tannoy woke with a "*Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen...*" and the heavens opened on queue. Just for a few minutes though, then Spikes kept his promise.

Children dodged balls, the winner becoming Andrew Murray for the next half hour. They fought bravely in battle, killing then beating senseless all the Knights who faced them. *Fire and Sword* together with *Carrick 800* took control of the battle field. The crowd had by now swollen to over 3800 strong.

As expected, the English horse made their presence felt, and the foot soldiers respectfully gave them their due. This would not be the first time this day that the horse would take command of the field. We discussed using schiltrons to drive them off, but agreed that it would be impolite.

The afternoon session was bathed in glorious sunshine, though the footing remained wet and slippery. Saltire, Carrick and F&S troops took to the field in unison, battled our way through **Dunbar**, **Siege of Urquhart** and the **Battle of Stirling Bridge**. Many died terribly along the way, only to be brought back to life in order they die again.

The fighting was brutal, with no quarter asked or given, though the odd high spear caused split lips and hickeys to be explained later to disbelieving wives and girlfriends. In the end there could be only one, so we had two. Andrew Murray and William Wallace stood triumphant on the battle field. Andrew Murray fell over and died, he didn't want to but it was in the script. To make matters worse, the horses returned and we had to scarper.

The last battle of the day, once the horses had left for an early bath and a soft bed for the night, saw all comers fight to a last man standing. Alan was meant to say "Make it last a little, chaps", but too late, all were dead, except for Hugh and Dave, only because they had agreed to fake each other's death at the very beginning.

Dave, being the gentleman he is, stabbed Hugh in the back and took the honours. Our hero.

Saturday evening was warmer and drier, and guitars were played till about 2:00 AM. Sunday morning broke, and Spikes kept his promise. It was a scorcher. Over 4000 people swarmed through the gate and all but overran our positions.

Sunday was similar to Saturday, but with fewer injuries and Scot won the final battle, having learned a thing or two from Dave the previous day.

Historic Scotland's Nick Finigan reported that this Weekend returned that largest ever number of spectators to Linlithgow Palace. They were hoping for 6000 over the weekend and received over 8000 visitors.

Written by Don



Archaeolink Prehistory Park 21st & 22nd July

Focusing on the battle of Harlaw, which took place in 1411, right about where Archaeolink is. More details on their website www.archaeolink.co.uk

Clan Munro in Foulis 29th July

This will be the Clan gathering for the Munroe's, with distant relatives all across the world coming over to visit

Celts to Kings in Nairn 26th August

A "history through the ages" type event, with groups illustrating different periods throughout our history. We will be covering the time, 1307, when Robert the Bruce visited Nairn and accepted the Ross's back into the Scottish cause

Tain Academy 17th, 18th & 19th September

& Invergordon Academy 20th & 21st September

These two events have been set up so that school kids from all around the area can visit our camp and have a close up, hands on experience of what medieval life would have been like.

Archaeolink Prehistory Park 28th October

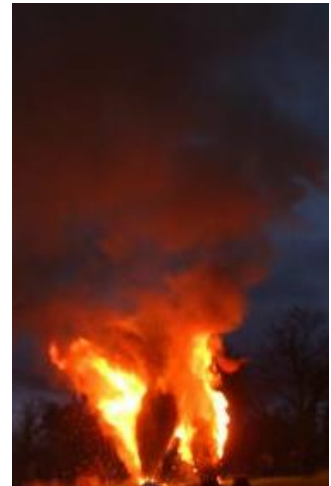
Wickerman Burning of the Wickerman, a day of ghosties and ghoulies in time for Halloween...



Dave looks mean...



Leslie does her washing...



Wickerman heats up...

