

La Sociedad de la Entrada

After Action Report for Renaissance Fair 9/20-21/14

The Event

The event was the Renaissance Fair at la Museo de Las Golondrinas. Many vendors and performers also attended. The weather was very nice this year, not too hot and not too cold. We set up the Spanish Camp on Friday, behind the hacienda, as usual. Visitor attendance to our camp was moderate. I made signs for the camp but we still need more. David fixed our new flags to fine poles and brought the pole stands to display them. He even sewed gold fringe on them. We had also purchased a new shade fly for our dining and resting area. David made poles and ropes with sliders for it. A very fine addition to our camp.

Friday

David Kubica and Austin Dimick came over to my house in the morning (Dave). We loaded up my truck and Dimick's car with all the gear and headed up to Las Golondrinas. David's truck was full to the gunwales also. When we arrived we began to set up camp. The museum had installed an extended goat corral so we had to move to the east, which was not a problem since the Vikings weren't there. The goats weren't either. David set up a cooking spit but did not dig a fire pit. He had brought a propane stove to use instead, so we didn't need one. Since he was only making breakfast it was not a problem to use modern equipment. We decided to set up camp by starting on the right. Austin and I helped David get his tent started, then he finished it up. Then we set up the big square tent, and the new fly with David's 'coffin,' the large table. Soon, Vic Kubica arrived and was able to pitch-in. We got my round tent started, and then Vic and Austin set up the pike rack. Later, Tony arrived with his gear and moved into a corner of the square tent. The Encampamento Espagnol was complete. Finally, the four of us went out to eat. Back at camp the evening was comfortably warm. We took turns reading from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" by candle and flashlight and made it through the character introductions. Tony brought out his New Mexico mission wine, olives, and cheese for a light snack. Austin went home for the night and the rest of us hit the sack.



Our camp, from the West; our new shade fly.



From the East; the sign says "La Sociedad de la Entrada, New Mexico Colonists".



In the center.

Saturday

Muster

On Saturday we mustered Tony Campisi, Blaine Bachman, Dave Poulin, David and Vic Kubica, and Austin Dimick. Although we very much missed our other friends, it was a small but enjoyable group.

Morning

That morning David cooked eggs and bacon on his camp stove and had tortillas and hot sauce to make breakfast burritos. It was a very good start. David regaled us with the spectacle of his new hand-made outfit. He did a fantastic job sewing himself from a pattern. Austin returned. We geared up and donned our new Castilla tabards and went to the fair entrance to greet early morning visitors with the King's entourage. In the absence of El Bibolero (who was unable to attend) David served as Alférez (Ensign). We missed Barbara too, gracing our camp with her Spanish food displays.



L-R: Austin, Vic, Tony, Dave, and David



El Reyes, Fernando y Ysabel, and part of their very large entourage in their Royal Pavilion.



Teniente Antonio, receiving Royal instructions.

For the first time we had been placed on the official schedule with weapon demonstrations at 11am and 2pm. So, at 11, Teniente Tony announced a pike formation and we geared up for that, armor, helmets, swords, and pikes, sans tabards and proceeded to Baca Plaza. Blaine arrived and picked up a pike. For once, I was extremely glad to wearing a helmet when Vic accidentally conked me on the head! Tony drilled us a while then fired his musket a few times while the rest of us rested in the shade or talked to visitors. Lunch was by individual. Angelina arrived and helped taking pictures. We ate and toured the vendors. Again, we bought a few mugs.



Baca Plaza, our drill field.



“¡Trochen las picas!”



“Eh....your other left!”



“¡Sésguen las picas!”



“¡Adelante!”



“¡Fuego!”

Afternoon

We drilled again at 2pm. Then it was time to escort the Royal Couple to the jousting piste to watch the games. But only the King was going to the joust so we escorted him there. However, after ten minutes he rose and said, "I'm roasting, and I'm sure you are too. Let's go!" So we pushed our way through the crowd and returned him to the Royal Pavilion. Then we gladly went back to our own camp. It was hot! Then the wind began to pick up. It gathered strength until we were worried about our tents, especially me. I spent some time resetting poles and roles. But the good news was that it had blown the Scotsmen away. We didn't have to listen to their howlings and screams and loud rock and roll music half the night! It was very, very nice.



El Rey at the Jousting Piste, Royal Banner behind.



Once back in camp Tony, Austin, and Vic decided to go on patrol. They were gone for a long time and returned later, feeling good – if I had that much energy! They even went up to the shrine to San Isidro, and over to the pond.

That night the SCA invited us to have dinner with them again. They had cooked a lamb and vegetables. We spent the evening lounging at David's large table (the coffin) and eating more of Tony's bread and cheese and drank some of his wine. This time we read Dante's "Inferno," the abridged version, and got all the way through it. The night was warm again.

Sunday

Muster

On Sunday we mustered Tony Campisi, Dave Poulin, David and Vic Kubica, and Austin Dimick.

Morning

The next morning I was amazed that my tent was still intact. David made breakfast burritos again - another very good start. We went to the gate to greet the visitors for the opening at 10am. Then, sans tabards again, we proceeded to pike drill/arcabuce demonstrations.



A thousand thanks for David and his delicious burritos!

That Afternoon

After lunch we had a sword drill at 2pm. Tony continued to demonstrate the workings of an arcabuce. I was surprised to learn from the visitors that many of them had showed up because we were on the schedule. Next year we hope our camp is shown on the map.



La Verdadera Drestreza



“¡Listo!”



“¡Parry!”



Back at camp, Austin and Vic explained the weapons to visitors.



Potential new recruits from Silver Springs.

At 3pm we met the king again, this time he had a companion as queen. We marched to the lower fields but instead of turning into the joust we turned left at the fork and stopped at the small field behind the blacksmith's shop. Two musicians were flailing away on their guitars and were singing a very strange duet, "I'm number one!...And I'm number two!..." and so on. After they finished they turned around and found the King standing there. They were very surprised to say the least. The King hassled one for a bit for higher taxes since he was doing so well, and then asked for his son who had a birthday that day. The king gave the boy a toy. Then one of the nobles wanted to kill a troll, so we proceeded to the bridge. The green troll was stopping people on the bridge, demanding that they tell him a joke. After teasing a couple that was attempting to pass the King turned his attentions on the Troll. He asked for higher taxes since the troll was making so much gold and threatened to behead him – but finally he pardoned him and we escorted the nobility back to the Royal Pavilion. On the way back we passed through the SCA camp. I completely forgot to take pictures.



The SCA camp.



View of the SCA camp from the other side.

We began to break down the tents about 5pm. Then at 6 we could bring in the vehicles, pack up, and return home.

Conclusion

We had a small turnout this year, but everyone was so great we didn't feel our small numbers. Our group was again appreciated by the museum and the SCA. Amanda Crocker, the museum's event organizer, wrote, "Thank you for everything. You guys were great, as always. Our final number was 7,990 visitors. You know, that's a bit smaller than last year but it's about as many people as the ranch's infrastructure can handle, so we are pleased." Many thanks to David and Austin for helping me with my tents, and loading and hauling some of my stuff. ¡Viva!

Dave



La Bandera Real, bearing the Escudo de Felipe III.



"Pabellón Real de los Reyes Católicos" (Royal Colors of the Catholic Kings) from 1492-1506.



Dave with the banner.

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