

The New
Trencherman
Volume I Issue I
April 2012



Richard III Society
Lincolnshire Branch

Hello and welcome to the re-issued Trencherman, entitled The New Trencherman. Marion set a very high standard with the original publication, which I shall endeavour to live up to!

This initial issue is very me, me, me – but I am hoping that you will all contribute and offer feedback so that future editions will be more of you, you, you. Please see the inside back cover for how you can contribute to future issues – the more you submit, the less of my nonsense you'll have to put up with!

We have a bumper edition for you, packed with a wide variety of articles. Robert Penhey has submitted the first part of a very interesting article about Bosworth Field.

There's a What's On Section – I hope you will let me know of future events you are involved in, so I may include them- as well as jokes, a quiz, recipe page, recommendations and an abridged short story by the late Alan Coren.

I've even become a centrefold, with a Meet the Editor feature – but I have kept my clothes on, you'll be relieved to hear.

Finally, I've included a copy of King Richard's Prayer – the original is written in the front of Richard III's Book of Hours.

Hope you enjoy it! All the best,

Tracy

A Fenland View of the Research of Peter J. Foss into Bosworth Field.

Part I

The Battle of Bosworth Field is one of the central events in the field of interest of Ricardians and little by little, contributions of research and thought are making our view if it clearer. The following is aimed at further working out the disposition of action during the battle. Given that I am not an historian, I rely on the research of those who are, for my historical data, in this case, mainly that of Peter J. Foss published as *The Field of Redemore: The Battle of Bosworth, 1485*, 2nd edition, Kairos Press, 1998. It was Gool Mugaseth who introduced the book to me.

Most Ricardians will be able to assess his work in regard to the texts better than I. However, where the specific skills of an historian are not required, I may be able to contribute a little. Where it is possible to get an understanding of the ecology of a site at the relevant time, it is sometimes possible better to understand the behaviour of the contemporary people.

Foss draws attention to the wetness of the central site of the Battle but is tentative when determining its precise nature. The solid Geology of the area was laid down on land in the Triassic period when it was in the latitude of the Sahara. So generally, it has some of the rust-red colour of the laterite soils now seen in Africa. It is tempting to see this soil colour as an origin of the Redmore version of the name. But, as he concludes,¹ the Redemore version probably gives the better indication of the name's origin - in modern English, reed moor.² We still are left with the distinction between Redemore and White Moors. He considers the possibility that this arises from differences in soil colour. The problem is that a moor is peatland. The mineral ground beneath is not visible. There are however, two main sorts of peat-land, fen and moor proper. It is true that English usage has wandered away from this now somewhat pedantic use of the word moor, but we are looking to understand the nature of the land as it was seen in the Middle Ages. The problem is to know the extent to which the distinction was made in the period when the names were applied in what was to become the battlefield. The likelihood is that this naming was done in the early period of Anglian settlement in Mercia, by people for whom 'moor' meant acid peat. The following argument assumes that the distinction was clear.

¹ p. 32 ¶ 1. (p.7 ¶ 3).

² This is slightly complicated by the fact that it is not unknown for a peatland to be called "red" when confusion between red and reed is not likely. e.g. *Cors-goch Glan Telfi* (Tregaron Bog) Grid reference SN6964. Here it is not the meaning of *coch* (in the soft-mutated form *goch*, red) which is in question but the implications of *cors* which does not clearly distinguish between fen and moor.

Both moor and fen are composed of peat but the species of the plants which form it are distinct. Fen peat is known to gardeners as sedge (*Carex* species) peat and is composed of plants which grow in mineral-rich fresh water. In other words, the water comes from springs or streams from the mineral soils below or adjoining the fen³. If this land water does not contain enough hydroxyl ions, in other words, if the land it comes from does not contain some sort of limestone, or if the prevailing rainfall is sufficient to wash the land water out of the surface layer, then the rain's slightly acid nature⁴, combined with the vegetable acids produced by the plants forming the peat, changes the species of plant which dominates to *Sphagnum* moss. With an adequate water supply in the form of rain, the peat can grow above the level of the surrounding land-water streams - hence the term raised bog. This acid peat landscape is moor proper as opposed to fen⁵. The words bog and moor are respectively from Irish and Germanic roots but mean fundamentally, the same thing.

We are used to thinking of moors in places like Yorkshire, as being rough ground on hilltops but in origin, it is not the hilltop itself which is strictly the moor but the peat ecology which develops there in the relatively level, very rainy conditions which prevail on the tops. In places like this, even where limestone is close to the surface, the humous soil above it can be very acid. There were once many lowland moors, in Somerset and Cambridgeshire for example as well as Yorkshire.⁶ Place names such as Morton usually indicate the former presence nearby, of a moor at least partially of acid peat. In the lowlands, it came to be regarded as waste, of little value except as a source of turves for fuel or more recently, baling for horticulture. Particularly when combined with the view that to destroy the moor was to improve the land, extraction has meant that most lowland moors have long gone from England and are now unrecognisable except by a soil specialist or by their lingering names.

Very often, fens had patches of raised moor within them while the mineral rich land water flowed through strips of lower-lying (sedge) fen in between. This can be seen at the western end of Malham Tarn in Yorkshire⁷ and is very likely to have been the case in

³ e.g. p.20 ¶ 3, *Segwelle* (sedge spring).

⁴ As it falls, the rain dissolves carbon dioxide so forming the weak acid, carbonic acid. This has little to do with the modern concern about "acid rain" which relates to the solution of sulphur and nitrogen compounds in the same way. These produce much stronger acids.

⁵ A bog is a moor viewed in the light of the Irish (*bogach*) rather than a Germanic language. The modern German for 'the bog' is *das Moor* or where the peat is to be emphasised, *Torfmoor*.

⁶ One such is commemorated in the name Holme on Spalding Moor SE8138.

⁷ SD886672. This combination of fen and moor was, at least, true when I last saw it in the 1970's.

Bosworth Field. In the latter case, there is a fan pattern of streams flowing into the flat area of the plain and converging on Shenton. Part of the area is known as White Moors. Note the plural. This is consistent with there having been patches of moor divided by strips of fen. The distinction between white moor and reed moor is also indicative. Reed (*Phragmites australis*) survives in a range of conditions from quite basic (loosely speaking, alkaline) to slightly acidic. It will even tolerate brackish water but to grow well, needs to be in shallow water which excludes some of its more vigorous competitors. Cotton grass (*Eriophorum vaginatum* & *E. angustifolium*) grows only in distinctly acid conditions. Such acid patches, covered in cotton grass, look white at some times of year at least, as a result of their numerous cottony seed heads.

On the other hand, reed is also readily recognisable. There was generally, no need for a medieval villager to be a botanist to be able to distinguish between the habitats. Reed (for good thatch) and sedge (for poorer thatch, strewing and fodder) came from the fen, heath (for bedding and honey, *Erica* sp.) and cranberries (*Vaccinium* sp.) from the moor, were all cropped.⁸ Suitably managed, the fen provided pasture and fodder. Remnants of this management can be seen preserved at Wicken Fen and Chippenham Fen⁹. Fish and wildfowl provided meat. But without an accessible market for these, commercially-minded landowners sometimes sought to "improve" the land to pasture in the same way as botanically, highly productive tropical forest (but not commercially so) is felled to make way for beef, banana or coffee production today.

However, hybrid names such as Sedgemoor,¹⁰ Reedshaw Moss¹¹ and Redemore itself, are reminders that though this sort of mixed nomenclature may be explicable in terms of intermingling habitats, caution is needed when interpreting names by making a strict distinction between the moor and fen ecologies. People do not always think so rigorously.

Continues.

R.J.P

⁸ Heath (*Erica* sp.) and heather (*Calluna* sp.) do grow on dryer moorland but heathland is not moorland as the terms are used here. It too is acid but it has a largely mineral soil, usually some form of sand or gravel which is therefore free-draining so that where the water table spends a significant part of the year below the surface, allowing humus to oxidise, no peat forms. In hollows of heathland, where the water table stays above the surface of the acid mineral horizon, moor will form and grow upwards and sometimes outwards, raising the water table as it does so. Basic (limestone) heath e.g. the Lincoln Heath, has an entirely different natural flora. It is similar only in its nutrient poverty and summer dryness.

⁹ TL560703 & TL650693, near Newmarket.

¹⁰ ST33 & 43.

¹¹ SD950420)

What's On

I hope to use this page to let folk know about any non-Branch events which may be of interest. Please let me know of anything you'd like to share with your fellow members.

1 May – 14 July at Lambeth Palace, London.

An exhibition entitled Royal Devotion. Items on display to include Richard III's Book of Hours. www.lambethpalacelibrary.org or 07432 044820 for enquiries and 0844 847 1698 for tickets.

5 May – Katherine Swynford Study Day at Lincoln Cathedral.

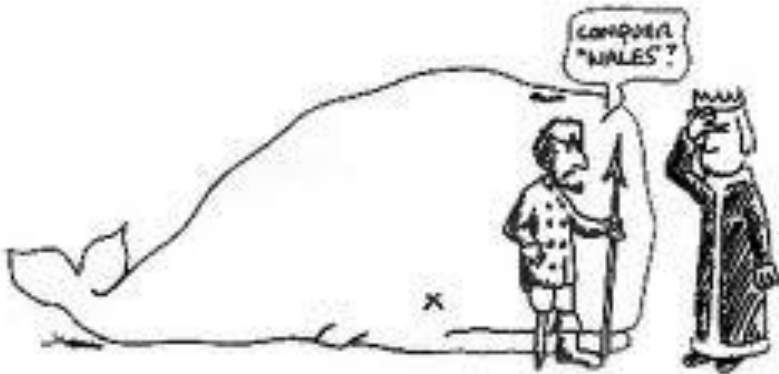
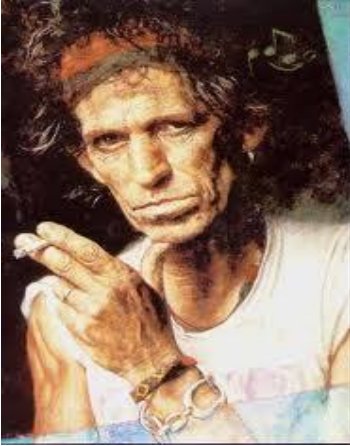
A lecture at 11.15 a.m. by Professor Emeritus Tony Goodman 'Philippa Chaucer – Katherine Swynford's Enigmatic Sister' followed at 2 p.m. by The Hollow Crown - an anthology providing an insight into the minds of the ancestors of John of Gaunt and the descendants of his children by Katherine Swynford. www.lincolncathedral.com or tel : 01522 561640.

20 – 30 June – Lowdham Literary Festival.

This year's programme has not been published at time of going to press, but the last few years have been brilliant. A wide variety of speakers – my favourite last year was about writing historical fiction – featuring author of The Owl Killers, Karen Maitland. On the final Saturday, all talks are free and there is a large selection of bookstalls in the Village Hall and surrounds. A grand day out! www.lowdhambookfestival.co.uk or tel 0115 966 3219.

Historical Titters

Back to Ancient Egypt with the mummy of Rameses II and his twin – Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones. Can you tell which is which?



COUNT ARNOB FAILS TO PLEASE EDWARD I.

Quiz Page

The following are all clues to Lincolnshire place-names. The number of letters is shown in brackets. You may need a road atlas, as some are fairly obscure! Part 2 next issue, unless someone else sends me a quiz to include instead!

1. Du Beke's affliction means Strictly No Dancing. (6,4)
2. You'll never light a candle with this. (10)
3. Sounds like a grapple. (7)
4. Did Enid come from here? (6)
5. Have a drop of the black stuff? Not I! (7)
6. Spoil former Liberal leader. (11)
7. Place of worship for our Marion? (7,6)
8. Archbishop with a Fork? (6)
9. Author Jane's ditch. (10)
10. Refuse admittance to actor Ian. (7)
11. Bovine got snappy. (6)
12. Macbeth's Wood. (7)
13. Place to buy dried fruit. (6,5)
14. Scientist boating through Newark? (6,2,5)
15. Casual name for Henry IV. (3,11)

16. Value of Crossroads character? (10)
17. Rising Damp landlord. (6)
18. Tearing beer. (10)
19. Quarrel. (6)
20. Green Knowe author. (6)
21. Ship's prison. (5)
22. Rentaghost character. (8)
23. Thirteen pigs cast a spell on holy man. (8,2,11)
24. Overflowing stream? (7)
25. Insect from Birmingham. (6)
26. What a pickle. (8)
27. First husband of Corrie's Deirdre. (7)
28. Pull together at bedtime. (6)
29. Original maker's of Monopoly. (10)
30. Arsenal's Theo. (7)
31. Fools gold. (9)
32. Renting a joint? (9)
33. Sews a neat edge. (8)

Answers next issue.

Meet the Editor - Tracy Upex

I have a coaster which gives the meaning of Tracy as 'Latin for courageous. She is bubbly, happy, confident, fun to be with and a good organiser. Seldom down-hearted'. Mmm – not sure that's me, but they wouldn't sell many coasters with 'grumpy old cow' on them!

Star sign: Cancer

Moody and emotional inside, but smooth and confident on the outside.

Chinese horoscope: Dragon

Says it all, really!

Favourite school subjects:

English and history. One school report says 'Her written work is particularly good and her vocabulary wide, due largely to the prolific amount of reading she manages to do.' Some things don't change. Comments for P.E., however, range from 'tries hard' to 'not a natural athlete'!

The day after a trip to Fotheringhay, when I was 10, I

woke up with a stiff neck. I was convinced this indicated I was a re-incarnation of Mary Queen of Scots, and took to wearing my nightie, in lieu of a gown, and demanding to be addressed as Your Majesty.

Little known fact:

I was a huge fan of rock star Alice Cooper. One year, I went to 23 concerts in 31 days all over Europe. I couldn't hear anything for about a week afterwards. He even introduced me to his mum! I got him to send Ben a postcard which read 'Wish you were dead' signed Alice Cooper. Ben sold it.



Ghostly happenings:

My mum worked at The Talbot in Oundle. Although employed in the kitchen, she used to clean Room 4, as none of the chambermaids would go in. The room lay at the top of the famous staircase, down which Mary Queen of Scots descended to her execution, and had a reputation for being haunted. During my school holidays, I went along to find my mum who was in Room 4. I had an overwhelming sense of dread and got a surge of static electricity which made my hair stand on end! Mum put it down to the huge amount of nylon I was wearing – it was the 1970s. My Auntie Ann, on the other hand, was convinced I was a bit fey and could pick up vibes. She is a definite believer, and states she was chased along the road from Elton to Warmington by a ghostly coach and horses when a young girl. As she was about 20 stone when she told me, I was more enthralled at the idea of her being able to run at all!

Our house was at the top of a hill, and running water could be heard

after heavy rain. The road at the bottom of the hill was Springfield Road, so there were obviously underground streams in the area. An experiment at water-divining, with my cousins, ended in me getting spooked because my rods went haywire, whilst no-one else felt anything. They still think I was making it up.

Why a Ricardian?

Richard III was my local King. I come from Oundle, and all my ancestors are from the Fotheringhay area. My 4 x great-grandparents were married in Fotheringhay church in 1768. I am also descended from a Richardson from Woodnewton!?! Who knows??

An interest in history and my innate common-sense told me the accepted 'facts' do not add up.

Branch activities: Books.

I sell books to raise money for Branch funds.

I have also taken over the production of the New Trencherman.

Getting the Hump by Alan Coren

Although, on the morning of April 6, 1471, the bright spring sun may have been warming the narrow London streets and cheering the spirits of the teeming citizens, its heartening rays unfortunately penetrated neither the dank and tatty premises of Master Sam Rappaport (Bespoke Metal Tailoring Since 1216) Ltd, nor the sunken soul of its hapless proprietor.

Master Rappaport had staff shortages. True, Rappaport's had had staff shortages ever since that fateful day in 1290, but this week was particularly bad: his vambrace cutter was off sick, his hauberk finisher was in labour, and the heads of his two best riveters were currently shrivelling on the north gate of London Bridge for dishonestly handling a church roof which they had hoped to turn into a natty spring range of lead leisurewear.

The shop-bell jangled and a tall, good-looking young man filled the doorway. 'I am the Duke of Gloucester,' he said, 'and I should like a suit of armour. Nothing flash, and plenty of room in the seat.'

Master Rappaport beamed.

'Wonderful!' he said. 'Formal, but also informal, smart for day wear, but if God forbid you should suddenly have to kill somebody at night, you don't want to be embarrassed, am I right?'

'You read my mind, sir!' cried the young Duke.

'I have been in this game a long time,' said the master tailor. 'Nat, the swatches!'

The senior assistant bustled across with a number of clanking plates gathered on a loop of chain. Master Rappaport flicked over them.

'Not the Toledo, too heavy - it's fine on an older man who doesn't have to run around too much. Too much glint in the Sheffield for a tall man such as yourself, and cast-iron would make you look like a walking stove. For my money, I see you in the non-iron. It's a synthetic, 20% copper, lightweight -

ideal for summer battles. A lot of people couldn't get away with it, but you're young, with broad shoulders and a nice figure, you can carry a thinner metal.'

'I shall be guided entirely by you,' the young nobleman smiled. 'I've just returned from exile with His Grace the King, and have little notion of current fashion trends.'

'With Edward IV?' cried Master Rappaport. 'So Saturday week you're fighting at Barnet?'

The Duke nodded.

'Eight days, and he'll need at least three fittings, but I'm sure we'll manage.' cried Master Rappaport. And, lowering his eyes respectfully, the master tailor, tape in hand, approached the comely crotch.

'We should never have outsourced the work - the greaves are a good two inches too short.' moaned Rappaport's assistant two days later. 'Maybe he'll agree to crouch a bit - we'll tell him it's what the smart set are doing. He said he's out of touch.'

The bell jangles. The two tailors bowed.

'I can't get the leg pieces on without crouching' the Duke panted, after a short struggle.

'Wonderful, just as they should be. Everybody's crouching this year.'

'You're sure?' enquired the anxious young man, hobbling uncomfortably before the pier-glass.

'Would I lie? The breastplate should be ready Tuesday,' smiled Rappaport.

Tuesday arrived. Rappaport measured the breastplate for the tenth time. Then they measured the two shoulder pieces again. One shoulder was definitely lower than the other.

'It hurts my shoulder,' complained the Duke after a minute or two. His left hand hung six inches lower than the right and his neck was strangely twisted.

'To be fashionable, you have to suffer a bit,' explained Rappaport gently, 'and when you get the backplate and gorget on Friday it will make the world of difference.'

On Friday, the backplate arrived. It was bowed in shape, like a turtle's carapace. The Duke took the finished suit in to the fitting room. The tailor and his assistant waited. Eventually, the curtains parted, and the Duke slouched through, dragging his leg, swinging his long left arm, his head screwed round and pointing diagonally up.

'It looks – as though – I have – a – hump,' he croaked through his tortured neck.

'Thank goodness for that,' cried Rappaport. 'You'll be the height of fashion – I know you wouldn't like to look dated.'

The young Duke of Gloucester paid his bill, and, wearing his new armour, lurched horribly out into the street. And, as he walked, so the pain burned through his body; and, before very long, an unfamiliar darkness spread across his sunny face, and a new sourness entered his disposition, and angers he had never known, and rages he had never believed possible, racked the flesh beneath the steel.

And, suddenly, strangely, the world began to look a different place altogether, until, penetrating to the very innermost recesses of his soul, there fell across him on that soft spring day, a deep, black discontent, like winter.

Recipe Page

Peti Pernantes

Take and make thin Coffyns as hit is a-for said; then take rawe yolkes of egges, tryde in sugur, powder of Gynger, and resons of Corans, and mysed mary, but not to small, And caste all this into a faire ball, and medel all to-gidre, and put hit in coffyns, and bake hem, or fry hem as thou diddest be the tother.

Take and make thin coffins as it is aforesaid, then take raw yolks of eggs, sift in sugar and ginger powder and raisins of Corinth (currants) and minced-marrow, but not too small, and bring all this to a steady boil and stir-all together, and put it in coffins and bake them, or fry them as you wisk.

Currant Custard Tarts

Short crust pastry
12 egg yolks
2 cups currants
¼ cup cream
2 tbs shredded suet
1 tbs sugar
1 tbs powdered ginger

Preheat oven to 375° Gas mark 5

Roll the pastry out thin and use to line four 4" tins. Bake blind for about five minutes.

In a bowl, beat together egg yolks and cream. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon the mixture into the tart pans. Bake for twenty minutes or until a toothpick draws out clean.

Serves eight to twelve.



Taken from a booklet entitled Coffyns, Caudells & Comfits –
Medieval sweet dishes, kindly submitted by Kate Needham.

Recommendation of the Month.

I should like to use this opening issue to recommend the Historic Houses Association – Ben and I have been Friends of the HHA for a number of years, and have already introduced a number of you to its benefits. Over 300 historic houses and gardens are Members, and Friends are offered free access during normal opening hours. Membership costs about the same as the National Trust or English Heritage but HHA has far more properties in our area. Belvoir Castle, Stanford Hall, Burghley House, Doddington Hall, Easton Walled Gardens, Ellys Manor House, Grimsthorpe Castle, Boughton House, Deene Park, Rockingham Castle, Southwick Hall and Holme Pierrepont Hall are all properties within an hours drive of us, so its really possible to get your money's worth!

Our annual jaunts to the Snowdrop weekend at Easton or Deene Park, the Christmas week at Rockingham and a day out at Burghley more than cover our membership fee, and any visits after that are a bonus!

There are also special private visits organised by the Regional Organisers – Jean and I were fortunate enough to visit Crosby Hall, which does not open to the public.

If you do decide to join, do let Jean know – she is sometimes able to use your Membership card to get you in on our visits, which saves the Branch money.

See www.hha.org.uk or ring 020 7259 5688 for more details.

A Wars of the Roses Calendar

9 April 1483 – Death of King Edward IV.

14 April 1471 – Battle of Barnet, and death of Richard Neville.

25 April 1464 – Battle of Hedgeley Moor.

28 April 1442 – Birth of Edward IV at Rouen.

April 1454 – Start of the Duke of York's first Protectorate.

April 1484 – Death of Richard III's son, Edward of Middleham.

4 May 1471 – Battle of Tewkesbury.

15 May 1464 – Battle of Hexham.

21 May 1471 – Death of King Henry VI in the Tower of London.

22 May 1455 – First Battle of St Albans.

11 June 1456 – Birth of Anne Neville.

15 June 1467 – Death of Philip The Good, Duke of Burgundy.

16 June 1487 – Battle of Stoke.

26 June 1483 – Richard, Duke of Gloucester accepted the Crown.



ost merciful Lord Ihesus Christ as thou
didst wish to relieve those burdened with
sore afflictions, to redeem the captives, to
free the imprisoned, to bring together
those who are scattered, to restore the
concrete in heart, to comfort the wretched
and to console those who grieve and moan,
deign to release me from the affliction,
temptation, grief, infirmity, poverty and peril in which I am held
and give me aid. Extend this arm to me, pour Thy grace over me
and free me from all distresses with griefs by which I find
myself troubled.

Free me O Lord, by Thy most holy merits by thine
incarnation, by Thy nativity, by Thy fasting, by Thy
labour and suffering, by the blows and by the noises, by
the crown of thorns, by Thy most cruel and worthy death on the
cross.

Thou saidst, O Lord, "It is finished," showing that the labours
and griefs which Thou hadst undertaken for us wretches were
now completed. I ask Thee, O most gentle Ihesus, to
keep me and defend me from all evil and from all evil and from all
danger, present, past, and to come, and deign to console me Thy
descent into hell, by Thy resurrection, by Thy grace of the
holy Spirit, and by Thy coming in the day of judgement.

O Lord hear me, by all thy benefits for which I give and
returned redeemed me by Thy most wonderful love and
mercy from damnation to everlasting life. I ask Thee,
O most gentle Ihesus Christ to save me from all perils
of body and soul, and after the God, who livest and reignest,
O God, through Ihesus Christ the living and true Lord.

Amen

Help to make this YOUR New Trencherman, by contributing articles and suggestions. Newspaper cuttings, magazine articles or anything else about Richard III or Lincolnshire would be ideal. Write a ghost story, or share anything you've enjoyed with the rest of us – exhibitions, books, films, meals etc. Don't worry if you do not have a computer – I can transcribe handwritten pieces for you.

I would also welcome an article about each of you, along the lines of the Meet the Editor feature. Any format you like – and you can even set your own questions!

You can submit your pieces or ideas to me, Tracy Upex, in person at a meeting, by e-mail to ricardian.lincs@btinternet.com or by post to:

32 Heathcote Road, BOURNE, Lincs, PE10 9JT

Tel: 01778 424563

Items for next issue to be received by me on or before

1 June 2012 to ensure publication.

Thank you.