

The New Trencherman

Volume II Issue I
January 2013



Richard III Society
Lincolnshire Branch

This issue kicks off with a letter from Jean, which includes her thoughts on the finding of Richard III's grave. Perhaps, if you do not agree with Jean, you could let us have your views for the next issue?

Jean has also set a dialect quiz – please send your answers to Jean at Westborough Lodge Farm, Westborough, Newark, NG23 5HP. Those of you who listened carefully at John Titford's talk will be at a distinct advantage. I attended a talk on Lincolnshire dialect by Loretta Rivett some time ago, and many of the phrases cross-over. I am from Northamptonshire and managed to work most of them out, so don't be frit you frim folks! Have a go.

Barbara Pizzey has contributed an interesting article and Steph Bowes has kindly provided another cracking short story. She dictated it over the phone so any mistakes are down to my cloth ears and inability to read my own version of shorthand!

Thanks also to Sally Henshaw who passed on a recipe for Galette des Rois via Jean. I have to confess I cheated, and cut and pasted the recipe from the BBC Food website, rather than typing out Sally's! There is also a poem about Gainsborough Old Hall, which I discovered in an old newspaper.

As many of you are aware, I am hoping to move house in the near future. I would ask that all those who kindly donate books to be sold for Branch funds, either hang on to them or find another outlet until further notice. I am busily down-sizing to facilitate moving, but will hopefully be able to accept donations again soon. I'll keep you informed.

Finally I'd like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy 2013.

Tracy.

A Letter From The Branch Secretary:

Hello Everyone

Well done and many thanks to Tracy for resurrecting The Trencherman. This is your magazine so please support it. Tracy needs contributions from you, please.

We are just beginning a new Branch year – our 37th!! May it prove to be as successful as our previous years have been. The success of a Branch does not only depend on a good programme and a dedicated committee. The roots of success rely upon the loyal support of its Branch members. We are very lucky in that respect. We have an amazing set of people in our membership.

It never ceases to amaze me what talent we have in the Branch. We could put on a first class exhibition featuring the work of our members – now there's a thought!! We have artists, metalworkers, woodturners, writers, musicians, people who embroider and knit beautifully, first class cooks, expert gardeners and craft workers. Along with all the talent, you have kindness, intelligence, wit and energy. A big thank you to all of you for making the Branch the success it is.

Our new Programme got off to a good start with John Titford who is an inspired speaker. I knew you would enjoy 'Eh Up Me Duck'. The Christmas visit to Burton Agnes has proved popular and the Christmas dinner was packed to capacity. The weekend in Sussex is selling fast so book your rooms now if you want a place – thank you for being so prompt with the money.

Sadly we lost two of our oldest members this year – Margaret Ogden and Rona Shearer. Margaret had been a member for over twelve years, Rona a staggering 30+ years. We will miss them very much.

We are delighted to welcome several new Branch members. It is a pleasure to have you with us and we hope you will enjoy your membership. Branch membership stands at around 65 at present. Some of you will be aware that I do not agree with the Leicester excavation. But it was a Branch decision to send a donation and I was more than happy to go along with your wishes. My reservations are complex and personal but basically Richard III was a very private and deeply religious individual – all contemporary accounts show us this. I feel that exposing his body to a media circus would be offensive and demeaning to such an individual.

He will be re-buried surrounded by another media circus in a place that he would not have chosen, away from family and royal recognition.

I also objected very much to the fibs that were told when the body was discovered. The discovery was kept quiet for days while hoards of ‘fans’ – described in the Press as ‘anoraks and nerds’ – poured through the gates in the hope of seeing the grave. I will spare you the rest of my discontent. At least now you are aware of my feelings. I know that many of you do not share my views and I respect this.

We will be holding our Requiem on 22nd August as usual. We really must thank Ann & David Markham for the use of their beautiful little chapel at Spital for this event and Bishop Howard

Weston-Smart for arranging this beautiful service. Richard III would approve of this!!

The press as usual got it wrong when they announced 'We now know where all of our monarchs are buried'! Do we?? News to me! James II is still missing – somewhere in Paris I believe. Henry I is probably underneath a car park in Reading Gaol (bet they don't dig up this one!). Harold II has a few reating places but none have been positively identified and some of our Saxon kings are probably not accounted for.

And now a personal plea:

The Wragby Film Society are showing the Olivier version of Richard III on 14th January at Wragby Community Centre 7pm. They have asked me to give a talk to the audience following the film and would very much like some of our Branch members to attend in Medieval costume to add a bit of colour to the occasion. If you would be willing please let me know ASAP. It will help publicise the Branch and I will be glad of a friendly face in the audience!

Once again thank you for all your help and support.

Have a wonderful Christmas and a happy and healthy New Year.

With love to you all.

Jean.

Happy Birthday

1 March – Mike Needham

4 March – Kate Needham

14 March – Glynis Crooks

22 March – Ruth Hackett

And the birthday of the month :

20 February – Ian Townsend

Ian was born under the sign of Pisces, and in the Chinese horoscope is a Rooster – quite appropriate given his love of poultry!

The great strength of the Piscean is their compassionate and charitable nature. They are generally gentle, easy-going folk who are on the shy and reticent side. The danger is that they will be taken advantage of by less well-meaning souls. At times, Pisceans can have difficulty distinguishing fact from fantasy and tend to appear lethargic to more focused signs.

In contrast, Roosters are practical and resourceful. It is hard to slip anything past a Rooster, as they appear to have eyes in the back of their heads. A keen attention to detail means they make great lawyers, brain surgeons and accountants. They are very straitforward and honest. The proverbial open book, they tell the truth and keep their word. They tend to be perfectionists and are very interested in looking smart and stylish – the strutting peacocks of the Chinese Zodiac.

On this day:

Born – Gloria Vanderbilt, Robert Altman, Sidney Poitier, Jimmy Greaves, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Mike Leigh, Brenda Blethyn, Patty Hearst, Anthony Head, Gordon Brown and Kurt Cobain.

Died – Ferruccio Lamborghini, Anthony Asquith, Percy Grainger, Joseph II, Holy Roman Emperor, and Nicholas Bacon.

1472 – Orkney & Shetland are ‘pawned’ by Norway to Scotland as dowry for Margaret of Denmark.

1547 – Edward VI crowned at Westminster Abbey.

1673 – First recorded wine auction held in London.

1816 – Rossini’s ‘The Barber of Seville’ premiers in Rome.

1856 – ‘John Rutledge’, Liverpool-New York steamer hits iceberg; many die.

1872 – Metropolitan Museum of Art opens in New York.

1933 – US Congress proposes Twenty-First Amendment to the Constitution, which will end Prohibition.

1944 – Batman & Robin comic strip first appears.

1947 – Lord Mountbatten appointed as last Viceroy of India.

1962 – John Glenn becomes first American to orbit Earth.

1971 – Idi Amin appoints himself President of Uganda.

1975 – Margaret Thatcher elected leader of Conservative Party.

1986 – Mir Space Station launched, and Britain and France announce construction of Channel Tunnel.

2003 – during a concert by US rock group Great White, a pyrotechnic display sets the club ablaze. 100 killed.

2010 – mudslides and floods in Madeira result in at least 43 deaths.

Galette des Rois

The Galette des Rois, or Cake of the Kings, commemorated Twelfth Night – when the Three Kings arrived in Bethlehem bearing gifts for the baby Jesus. Traditionally, the cake is eaten on the Feast of Epiphany – January 6th - but is now on sale in France for most of January.

The earliest mention of the Galette des Rois is in 1311, in a charter of Robert, Bishop of Amiens. The name was changed during the French Revolution to the Galette of Equality.

A 'feve' or bean is hidden in each galette and person who finds the bean becomes King or Queen for the day. The dried bean has nowadays become a small ceramic figure, which is quite collectable. Available to buy at Paul's Patisseries in London or online at www.frenchclick.co.uk.



Ingredients

For the puff pastry

- 400g/14oz ready-rolled all-butter puff pastry
- 1 free-range egg yolk, for glazing

For the almond cream

- 75g/2½oz unsalted butter, at room temperature
- 75g/2½oz icing sugar
- 75g/2½oz ground almonds
- 1 free-range egg
- 1 free-range egg yolk
- 1 tbsp dark rum, cognac or Amaretto

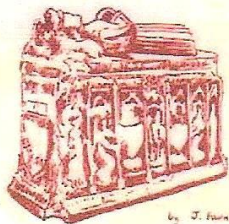
Preparation method

1. For the puff pastry, cut a 20cm/8in diameter circle from one sheet of pastry for the base. Cut a 22cm/8½in diameter circle out of the other sheet for the top. Wrap the pastry in clingfilm and refrigerate for a minimum of one hour. (If you roll out a block of pastry then you must rest it to prevent any retraction while cooking.)
2. For the almond cream, in a large bowl, whisk all the ingredients together to a smooth texture; set aside in the fridge until the pastry has rested.
3. To make the galette, place the pastry base onto a plate. Spoon the almond cream into the centre of the puff pastry. With a palette knife

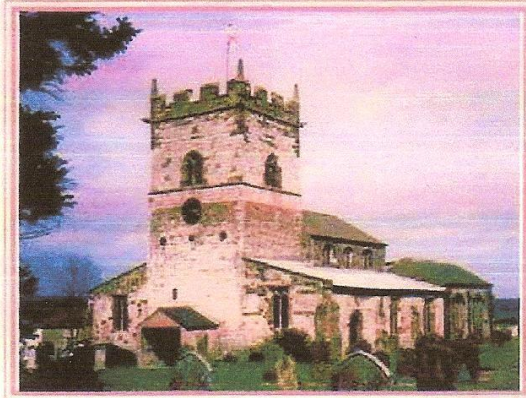
spread the cream into an even circle leaving a 2cm/1in gap from the edge.

4. Brush some of the beaten egg yolk mixture around the edge and carefully drape the top circle of pastry neatly over the almond cream. Press gently to expel any air bubbles and using your thumb seal the pastry all around the edge.
5. Chill the galette in the fridge or freezer for one hour to firm up the pastry.
6. Place a pizza stone, or heavy baking tray in the oven and preheat to 180C/375F/Gas 4.
7. When the galette has chilled, remove it from the fridge. Trim the edge with a sharp knife so that it rises evenly. If the pastry is warm, you will compress all the layers of dough and butter and the pastry will not rise – for this to happen you have to cut it cold.
8. With the blunt edge of a knife crimp the outside edge of the pastry all around. This will completely seal the two rounds of pastry and also give an attractive presentation. Here you can use your artistic flair.
9. Brush the galette with the beaten egg yolk. With the side of a fork or blunt edge of a knife, start from the centre of the galette and score a spiral right up to the edge of the pastry. Repeat this to achieve an attractive design (if you feel unsure you could just simply criss-cross the top of the galette).
10. Transfer the galette carefully to a peel or thin baking sheet, slide onto the preheated pizza stone and bake in the oven for 45 minutes.
11. Leave it to rest for five minutes before serving in slices.

A Royal Weekend at Sherriff Hutton



The alabaster tomb of Edward Prince of Wales son of Richard III and Anne Neville died 9 April 1484



The Parish Church of St. Helen and the Holy Cross, Sheriff Hutton

Following considerable preparation and planning, a village celebration, marking the links to Richard III, was held during the weekend of 20 October 2012, supported by extensive coverage in the *Ryedale Gazette Herald*.

On Saturday evening in the church a concert of 15th century music was performed by the York Waits Band [the original York Waits played regularly for Richard when visiting York, and also played him off at Micklegate Bar on his final journey to the Battle of Bosworth]. The programme also included a selection of English and French songs sung by Deborah Catterall, a Welsh mezzo soprano, interspersed with short presentations by the Church Warden of the Ricardian connections with Sheriff Hutton and Church History.

Sunday celebrations commenced with a 'medieval' act of worship, sung in Latin and English by the Cantor, Michael Stallybrass of Old Malton Priory, based in some respects on the pre-Reformation prayer book, with the Rev Chris Ellis preaching on the theme of Richard's love of hunting in the nearby Forest of Galtres, and the symbolic association of the hart with the relationship of Christ and the Church. During the service roses were laid on the tomb of Edward by members of the Society of Friends of King Richard III of York.

Lunch was partaken with only 15th century food, during which the Towton Battlefield Society, and their enactment group *Frei Compagnie* demonstrated their fighting skills relating to this period.

Celebrations continued with a parade with drums and rallying calls to the Yorkist cause, led by the Towton Group through the village and back to the church, where a lecture was delivered by Helen Cox, a member of the Richard III Society, concerning

Richard's connections with the Battle of Wakefield. A further session, chaired by local historian Cynthia Batten included a second lecture delivered by Professor Anthony Pollard, Emeritus of Teeside University, who explored Richard's connections with Middleham and Sherriff Hutton .

The weekend of events had been well supported, and the Churchwarden, Cheryl Smith thanked everyone for their hard work, which raised nearly £2,000, to be utilised in the renovations of the Stuart and Georgian pews at St Helen and the Holy Cross Church.

As a matter of interest ,if it is proved that Richard III remains have been found underneath the modern car park in Leicester, The Richard III Foundation have opened an on-line petition, to bring back his remains for re burial in York Minster.

Ref: Three recent articles in Ryedale Gazette Herald

Barbara Pizzey 7 November 2012

Historical Lookalikes

This issue has a Christmassy tone with Henry Tudor looking very much like Basil Rathbone in the role of Scrooge!



Dialect Quiz

Jean has set a little quiz as a follow up to John Titford's wonderful talk in October. She grew up in the Nottinghamshire countryside and the following words and phrases were in common use when she was a child. What do they mean?

The person who gets the most correct answers will receive a superb prize from Jean. A bit of advice... read them out loud! The phonetic sound helps... Answers to Jean, please by 31 January 2013. Good luck.

1. Mesen
2. An all
3. Ah gorrolloron
4. Charlies dead
5. Essa
6. Popped his clogs
7. It fair guz thro yo'
8. Gone aht
9. Get shut
10. Frozz
11. Mytherin
12. Jiggered
13. Lawp
14. Ockud
15. Piggie
16. Rammel
17. Tat-ar
18. Yawp
19. Lug
20. Ju-ju
21. Cobbled
22. Appen
23. Clack
24. Oh-arr?
25. Swag

The Key-Keeper

By Stephanie Bowes.

Well, you hear about some strange things in this world, and my story is one of them. We've all heard of a baby being born with a silver spoon in its mouth, or even clutching its mother's IUD device in its tight little fist. Well, I had to be different, didn't I? I was born with a small silver key under the skin of my left butt cheek.

How it got there, we'll never know. My gran said it was bad luck and should be thrown away, but mum said it was part of me and should be kept safe. And so it was placed on a bed of cotton wool in a small battered tea tin and kept on a shelf at the back of my wardrobe, and gradually was forgotten.

In my bedroom stood a wardrobe. It was very old and an oddity in itself. Made solely from polished walnut, it stood in the corner and from being a small child I feared it as in the wood was the form of a devil, standing about 6 feet tall. It had everything, from horns to fingers, from male genitalia to hooves. I laid at night, shaking under the covers.

My mother said 'Don't be silly, it's only wood', but she wouldn't swap wardrobes with me. We gave the form a name – Sunshine – because how could you possibly be afraid of something with a name like that? Well, we'd find out, wouldn't we?

The dreams came at about the same time that I noticed Sunshine – just snatches. A woman stood in a glade, gold lights flying from her fingertips, a man crouching at her feet, writhing in pain. Sunshine's face would appear, a keyhole where his mouth should

be. The woman would look at me and speak, but I couldn't hear her for the man's agonised screaming.

My mother would hug me, and say 'We all have dreams, love. Don't worry.' But I did worry because the dreams were full of whispering voices, and in the morning, when the dream faded, the voices were still there. They interfered with my school work and friendships. My only joy was our old dog, a scruffy black and white mongrel called Charley, who – as if he knew – would lie on my bed at night, ever on guard.

About the time that I was eight, the whispering turned to voices I recognised – the soft Irish lilt of my Auntie Kathleen, who had been dead these last two winters, and my Grandad Geoff. I would smell the unmistakable whiff of Redbreast pipe tobacco. And, sadly, when Charley had to be put down due to fits, even he would still give a ghostly woof from the end of the bed, still on guard. Mum would see me talking to fresh air and shake her head. The vicar would pray over me and my gran disowned me when I told her Grandad had said he didn't like the fact she'd painted their bedroom blue and given his War medals to her new husband. And still, after all these years, the wardrobe was there giving me the shivers and the little key remained entombed in its metal coffin.

Childhood slipped away and I became a teenager. I even made friends - I'd learned to keep my mouth shut, never letting on that I had the strange ability to talk to the dead. I spiked my hair, wore torn jeans, pins in my ears, smoked John Player's and was always drunk.

One night when I came in, drunk, singing and dancing around the bedroom, I slurred to Charley 'Who's a good boy then?'. As usual, he was sitting on my bed. I looked at the wardrobe. 'What

are you looking at?' I said to Sunshine and walked slowly towards the wardrobe, my face peering at his wood-knotted eyes. I banged on the door. 'Goodnight' I said, drunkenly, as I reached up and kissed Sunny's face. The lightbulbs blew on the landing and in my bedroom all at once, and the outline of Sunny grew darker, more defined. The room filled with spirits.

'Get out, Jenny. Run. The key, the key, she must have the key.'

I ran down the stairs as Sunny stepped on the soft red carpet, stretching his wood-knotted form. With horror I heard him say in rhyme 'You fools, the key's the key? She must have the key? Well I've had it all along, she keeps it with me'.

I couldn't open the front door. Sunny was at the top of the landing now, about to descend the stairs. 'God help me, someone help me, please'. I banged on the glass pane of the door.

'God's far from me. Nobody's coming to help you. The keepers are all dead. I've waited so long to be free.'

Screaming, I saw a ghostly woman beside me. She was the woman from my dreams. 'Have faith, Key Keeper, have faith.'

Sunny was walking slowly down the stairs. Auntie Kathleen moved the chair in the hall. It hit the glass in the door, but it didn't break. And then, there was Charley, holding a small square object in his jaw, he leapt passed Sunny and landed at my feet. 'A tin? What bloody good is a tin?'

'Open the tin' the woman said.

'A key? How's that going to help?'

Sunny stood in front of me, mouth open, and raised a long claw-like hand to strike me.

Screaming my head off, I put the key in his mouth as I'd seen in my dreams. A shrill piercing cry filled the hall and before me was nothing – just a key on the chequered tiled floor. Sunny was gone.

I picked the key up and put it back in its tin. I felt a cold dampness envelop me – it was my dear Grandad and Aunt hugging me. The woman was fussing Charley – he was wagging his tail profusely. She took my hand in hers and the hall melted away. We were stood in the glade watching a scene from long ago. She turned and said to me 'I'd imprisoned Sunny...'

'Sunny?'

'Who you call Sunshine... many years ago. He can't be killed, but he can be kept away from everybody.'

'What is he?'

'He is a spirit. Oh, not like the ones which talk to you. A spirit of nature turned rotten, just like the wood that encased him.'

The glade faded – we were back in the hallway. She handed me the tin. I asked 'Is he back in the wardrobe?'

'Yes, and yes you may move him to the shed.'

I took the key and fastened it to a chain hanging round my neck and never took it off again.

To The Old Hall

By Cecil Christian, August 1959.

Oh Gainsborough Town I come to thee,
To see what treasures fair thou hast,
To see what binds thee with the past,
Oh Gainsborough Town!
I come to see thy noted Manor House,
Linked with early knights so bold,
Which means thy site is very old.
Oh ancient Manor House!
Within thy brick and timbered walls,
Historic pages from the past are found,
Famous names are legion that abound,
Oh Gainsborough Town!
Thy kitchen fireplaces and beacon light,
Thy banquet hall with barrel roof so high
Conjure up merry feats of days gone by,
Oh feudal Manor House.
For King Henry VIII with lady fair,
Long years ago did herein dwell,
Whilst later came the stern Cromwell,
Oh Gainsborough Town!
King Richard III was also entertained
By Sir Thomas Burgh, Yorkist knight,
Who rebuilt thy walls after siege and flight,
Oh fortress Manor House!
John Smythe, Baptist, here took refuge,
And the great John Wesley, so 'tis avowed,
Preached to an enthusiastic crowd,
Oh Gainsborough Town!
Standing as thou dost, a noble heritage,
Thy charm has surely won a part
Within the depths of Gainsborough's heart,
Oh stately Manor House!
In grounds which enhance with dignity,
Thy rightful place in the Domesday book,
'Tis glad indeed I came to look,
Oh Gainsborough Town!

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.

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:

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

1 March 2013 to ensure publication.

Thank you.