

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

ALL CHANGE!

TAKE A SPIN IN
VICTORIA VANE'S
CONVERTIBLE FASHION

AFTER THE BALL

STAY FOR SUPPER
AFTER A NIGHT OF
DANCING

DESPERATE DAUGHTERS ANTHOLOGY

SNEAK PEEK READS

LOVE CLEVER WOMEN

Interview

A Dash of INGENUITY

MEET THE WOMEN DETERMINED
TO MARRY WELL

INSIDE:

- ON TOUR: WALK THE WALK IN YORK
- ON FILM: EIGHT MOVIES ABOUT MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

LOVE'S GREAT
ADVENTURE

Issue 17 March 2022

AUTHOR'S DESK

DON'T DESPAIR - YOU SHALL GO TO THE BALL!

I'm delighted to present a very special edition of Love's Great Adventure this month. It is all about Desperate Daughters, the new anthology from the Bluestocking Belles and Friends which comes out in May.

The anthology tells the tale of a young widow who has inherited seven marriageable daughters, and the lengths she and they go to to have a season in York and try to land a husband.

This edition takes a sneak peak behind the stories and introduces you to the cast of characters.

I have to tell you, it was a very fun anthology to be a part of. And quite challenging too! Each character has a personality of her own and whenever they make an appearance in someone else's story, we had to make sure the characterisation was correct.

Then there was getting joint events correct - for example, what did the Assembly Room look like at the ball? What happened at the races?

I've had the pleasure of reading all of these stories already. I know you're in for a treat!

To help whet your appetite, in this edition of Love's Great Adventure, you can take your own walking tour of York from the comfort of home, sample dishes from an authentic 18th century cook book, and discover how the heroines of the Desperate Daughters series make do on a budget.

Check out the parallel 'convertible fashion' feature from our very own Fashion Correspondent, Victoria Vane.

And enjoy a special feature on movies about mothers and daughters, and fun and games around York and the subject of weddings.

Elizabeth Ellen Carter



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from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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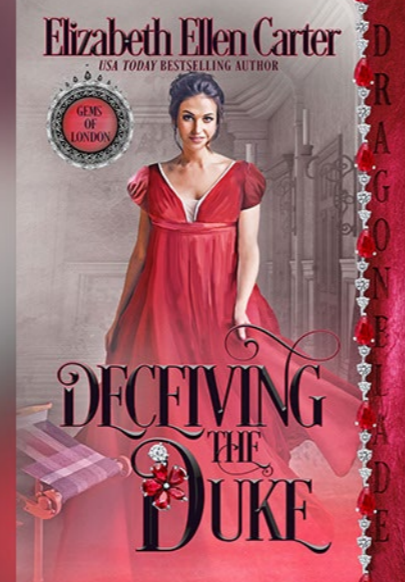
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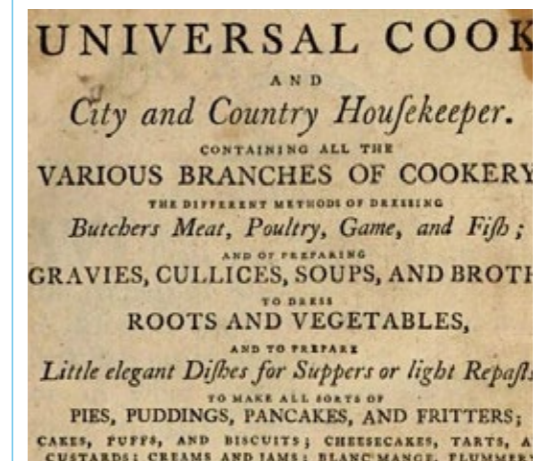
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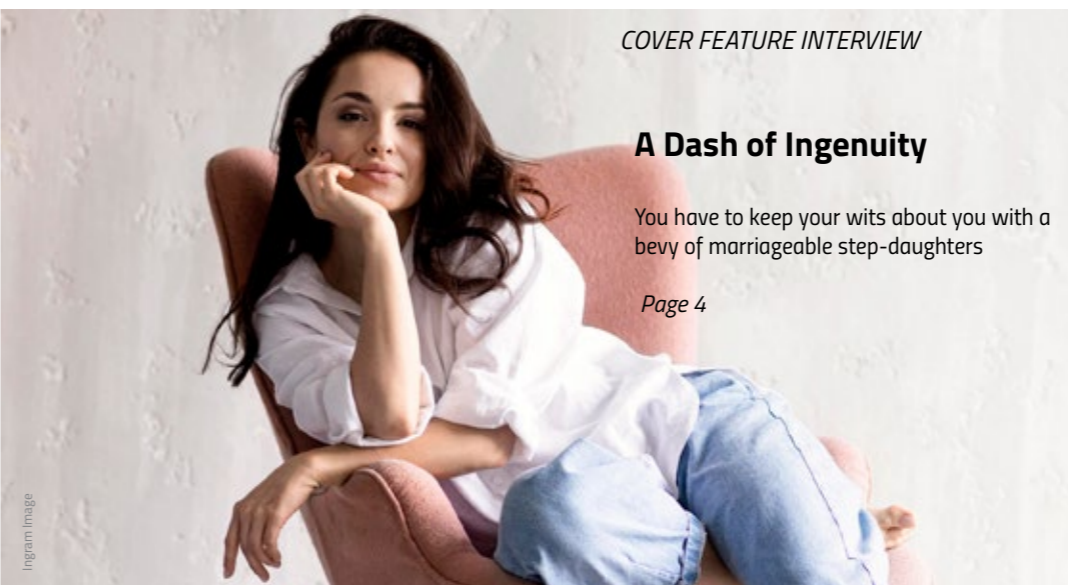
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IF THE WIDOWED COUNTESS OF SEAHAVEN IS TO SEE ALL HER BROOD WED, SHE'LL NEED HER WITS ABOUT HER

When a lady is widowed young, it's difficult enough. But when her previously wed husband leaves her with a bevy of marriageable stepdaughters and no income, what's a Countess to do?

by
A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Today we are delighted to welcome to the pages of Love's Great Adventure, Patience, Countess of Seahaven.

My lady, thank you for sparing the time for this interview. I know you and your family are just getting settled into the townhouse here in York. How were your travels from Starbrook where you normally live?

Everything with respect to the journey went very well, thank you, but it does take some coordination when I'm traveling with all of my stepdaughters and a young toddler. We were very thankful when my aunt offered her townhouse here in York for the Season. We shall reside here for about six weeks.

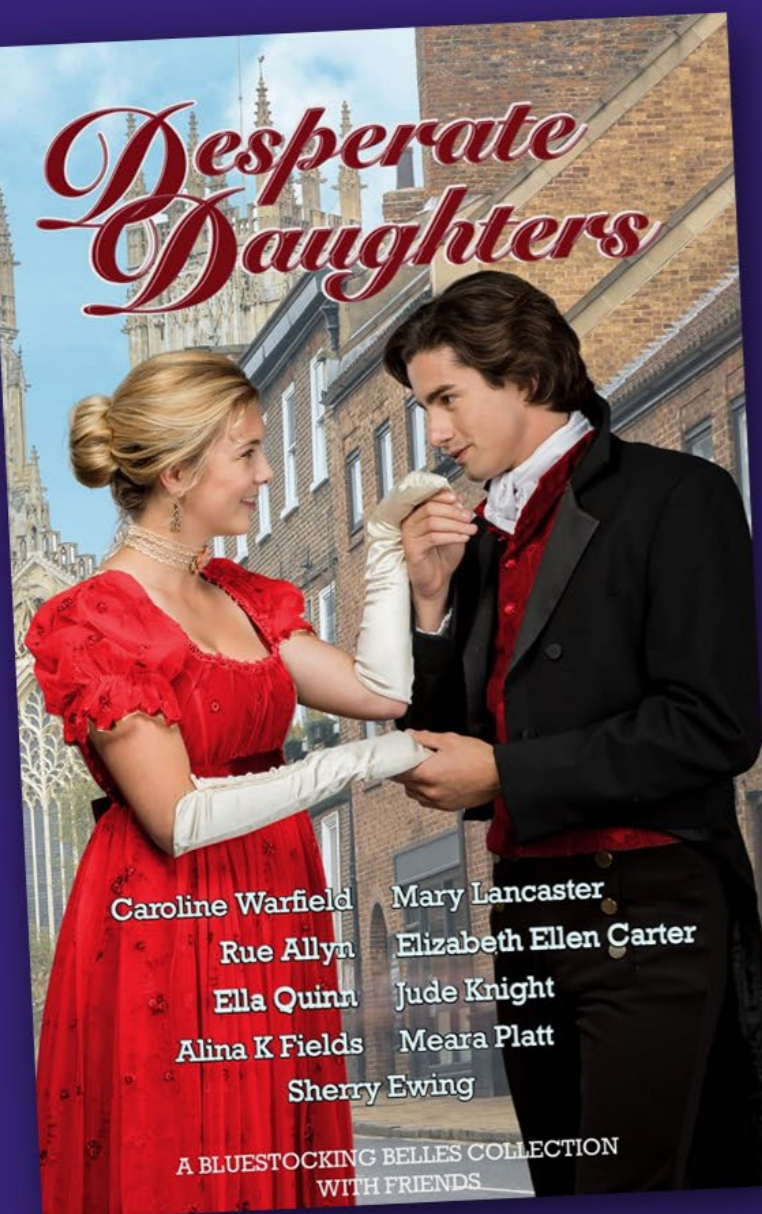
It must be a full house.

Indeed it is with nine stepdaughters. Nonetheless, we've managed to see all of them settled. It's a good thing they all get along, since several have to share rooms.

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A DASH OF INGENUITY

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR
LOVE
 AGAINST THE ODDS



The Earl of Seahaven desperately wanted a son and heir, but died leaving nine daughters and a fifth wife evicted by the distant cousin who is the new Earl.

Offered the use of a townhouse in York during the Season, the Countess rallies her stepdaughters.

If the youngest marriageable daughters can make successful matches, it might save them all.

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COVER STORY



“MY FEAR IS THAT ALL OUR EFFORTS WILL BE FOR NAUGHT”



VIEWS OF THE CITY OF YORK INCLUDING THE MAGNIFICENT YORK MINSTER AND AN EARLY MAP SHOWING THE WALLED ROMAN TOWN'S ORIGINS



A DASH OF INGENUITY

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You certainly should have your pick of invitations to various outings.

Yes. My aunt was kind enough to leave several letters of introduction. However, there being so many of us, we wouldn't want to overwhelm our hostesses.

My eldest daughters and I will most likely visit in small groups. Perhaps even just one at a time. It wouldn't do to have all the Bigglesworth women in the same room!

Without wishing to be indelicate, Countess, rumour has it nonetheless that the family is somewhat - how can I put this? - impecunious? The undertaking of a Season, even in York, can strain the budget. Gowns, for example...

There is no delicate way to put our situation, I'm afraid. We have made our way through the world with some difficulty

since the death of my husband. You're quite correct that we face a challenge even just with dresses for the various events.

But my girls are capable seamstresses. We have had to learn to mend and make do, after all. And I'm sure that with a dash of ingenuity, we can rise to the challenge

Are you hoping for all of your daughters to find a match this Season?

I would like nothing better for all my marriageable girls to find someone to love, but we are concentrating on giving the younger ones the best possible chance while here in York.

My fear is that all our efforts will be for naught, but I pray that, at the very least, Josefina, Ivy, and Iris will each find an eligible candidate for husband.

We have been able to give them a small but respectable dowry, and they are all lovely young women, so I believe we have every chance of success.

Indeed, I have told the older girls that they, too, might expect to be courted. Many men - or so my aunt tells me - prefer a more mature bride, and no one can deny that any of my stepdaughters would be a prize for any man.

And what of you, Countess? Are you also looking for love?

I suppose if love were to find me, I would be open to the possibility. I cannot deny that. But my main objective and concern is for my daughters. As much as I would enjoy the chance to be courted myself, they will always come first in my heart.

LGA

TAKE A WALK IN YORK

In a country steeped in history, there are few cities in England in which the past comes to life more than the city of York.

From the ancient Britons, the Romans, the Vikings, the Normans to the Plantagenet family of Richard III fame, York has it all.

Come this me on this very brief walking tour where you can see some of the sites mentioned in the Bluestocking Belles and Friends anthology, *Desperate Daughters*.

Walking from place to place on our tour is less than 2 miles, but be sure to earmark a whole day to see it.

So much history in such a tiny area!

by
ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER

This tour begins at York Castle, more popularly known as Clifford's Tower. The earliest castle was built on the orders of William the Conqueror himself in the 11th century becoming a major fortification until an explosion in 1684 rendered it uninhabitable for the garrison - but not for prisoners...

Clifford Tower was used as a jail and debtor's prison.

Just across the way you have to visit the York Castle museum founded in 1938, but which itself was a prison constructed in 1705.

Built in the neoclassical style with two wings separated by a gallery using stone from the ruins of York Castle, the prison's most famous inmate was the highwayman Dick Turpin.

One of the big attractions is Raindale Mill, a reconstructed early-19th-century flour mill which was moved from the North York Moors to the grounds of York Castle Museum in the 1960s.

Now we have a little walk ahead of us. We cross Tower Street, walk down Castlegate past Fairfax House and turn left into Friargate until we get to Nessgate to check out York Dungeon.

If you enjoy *Horrible Histories*, you'll love this reenactment of some of the grim and gruesome parts of York's past.

The show is a bit over an hour with tours starting every seven minutes!

We leave the Dungeon and head down Coppergate to go even further back in time to the Jorvik Viking Museum.

You'll be taken on a time capsule ride back to 866AD when Vikings captured York.



TAKE A WALK IN YORK



The museum is an absolute trove of items excavated from the area over the years - clothing, leather shoes, jewellery - even socks!

Some of these remarkable items are more than 1000 years old.

Now we get to stretch our legs by walking along Coppergate and turning right down a laneway until we get to Lady Packett's Yard, then we reach Fossgate and our fifth destination.

Here you'll find a location featured in my Desperate Daughter's short story, The Four-to-One Fancy.

The location is the Merchant Adventurer's Hall and is one of the best preserved medieval guildhalls in the world.

The majority of the Hall was built in 1357 it is the largest timber-framed building in the UK still standing and used for its original purpose.

Back along Fossgate turn left onto Coppergate and then right into arguably the most wonderful little street in York, The Shambles.

Here you will be walking medieval streets with overhanging

timber-framed buildings dating back to the 14th century.

Once home to no less than 31 butchers, the street is now a mix of cafes, bookstores and other shops.

Every building tells a story so be sure to make time to see each one as you head towards Newgate and at the end you see No. 1 The Shambles which is the oldest structure.

Lace up those walking shoes, we're now going on a walk along Goodramgate, past Holy Trinity Church until you meet with the awe-inspiring site of the York City Walls.

York has more miles of intact wall than any other city in England.

The original walls were built in wood around 71 AD, when the Romans erected a fort occupying about 50 acres or 21.5 hectares near the banks of the River Ouse. Sadly, the walls weren't up to the might of the Vikings.

A new wall was built on top of the Roman walls between the 12th and 14th centuries.

The only entrances to the city are via the four main gates, also known as "bars" - these are Bootham Bar, Monk Bar, Walmgate Bar and Micklegate Bar.

We now double back and turn right onto Ogleforth, then left onto Chapter House Street then right onto Minster Yard.

No, no. Not York Minster, not just yet. We're going to visit the Treasure's House.

The first Treasurer for York Minster was appointed in 1091 when the office was established by Archbishop of York Thomas of Bayeux, but all that remains of his original house is an external wall which forms part of Grays Court.

Following the Reformation the role of treasurer ceased and was sold to Archbishop Robert Holgate and passed down through private hands. The house also hosted a visit from King James I.

The house was built directly over one of the main Roman roads leading out of Roman York to the North. During major structural changes, carried out by Green, four Roman column bases were uncovered, one of which remains in-situ in the cellar and one of which was used as a base for a modern set of columns in the main hall.

Walking along Minster Yard gives us the opportunity to appreciate the scale and grandeur of York Minster. We'll turn

TAKE A WALK IN YORK



right and walk down The Queen's Path to the entrance.

The first church on this site was built in the 7th century. King Edwin was baptised here. From a small stone church in 633, York Minster grew and grew starting in 1088 and expanded again in 1154 and 1225.

The Minister as it stands today was completed in 1471. It is the second-largest Gothic cathedral in Northern Europe. It has the finest medieval architecture including a Gothic nave and a Perpendicular Gothic choir.

And even today the 35 church bells ring at 10:00 am on Sundays.

Once you've taken in the splendour of this magnificent Cathedral, past the Roman column, we cross onto Stonegate. Take your time and soak up the atmosphere and admire the architecture eras gone by and explore the shops along the way.

The Romans walked this road and it was one of the few paved roads in the city, having earned the name Stonegate by at least 1119 AD.

And remember, remember *the* Guy Faulkes was born at a house on this street in 1570.

Now we reach St Helen's Square and its magnificent Georgian buildings built in 1745. You'll have earned a rest and an excellent cup of tea and cake at the famous Betty's Cafe Tea Rooms.

Once refreshed, we are close to our final destination. Head up Lendal street to the Yorkshire Museum.

Opened in 1830, it is one of the oldest museums in England

The geology collection includes fossils, minerals, and rocks. The astronomy collection is housed in the observatory located in the museum gardens. The archaeology collection has almost one million objects dating from 500,000 BC to the 20th century. Items are from York and Yorkshire and represent the Roman, Anglo Scandinavian, and Medieval eras.

The Roman collection includes a statue of the god Mars, inscriptions from the Roman Ninth Legion, and an interactive display showing daily Roman life. There are also several hoards of various ancient Roman coins. A Medieval shrine of Saint William of York, the Middleham Jewel, and the Cawood sword are all found in the Medieval collection.

Finish your walking tour by taking in the magnificent gardens, but it is not just plants you'll see, but also several historic buildings.

They include the remains of the west corner of the Roman fort of Eboracum which contains the Multangular Tower and parts of the Roman walls.

Most of the other buildings dating from the Middle Ages are associated with St Mary's Abbey, including the ruins of the abbey church, the Hospitium, the lodge and part of the surviving precinct wall. The remains of St. Leonard's Hospital chapel and undercroft are on the east side of the gardens.



UP FOR THE

Learn who's who among the Bigglesworth girls and enjoy extracts from the tales of Desperate Daughters.

SEASON



A Countess to Remember by Sherry Ewing

The unseen woman was still in the carriage, as if she was still preparing to collect whatever had been left behind. A small dainty shoe poked out onto the edge of the step and Richard heard her heavy sigh that she made no attempt to mask.

Richard stepped forward, offering his hand. "May I be of assistance, my lady?"

"You are most kind," the lady inside said. She put her hand in his and Richard swore he felt a tingling sensation rush up his arm.

"Where are my manners?" Lady Barbara exclaimed. "May I introduce my stepmother, Patience, Lady Bigglesworth, Dowager Countess of Seahaven. Patience, this is Lord Cranfield and his sister Lady Josephine."

Richard was prepared for a matronly woman to reveal herself as she alit from the carriage. But when she lifted her head once upon solid ground to acknowledge their introductions, he was unprepared for the young beauty he faced. Blue-grey eyes that could rival the sky above met his. Wisps of strawberry blonde hair had escaped her bonnet while her porcelain skin was set in a lovely round face. But when her small bow mouth turned up into an enchanting smile, Richard became lost.

"Lord Cranfield," her voice reached into his soul. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Richard bowed, completely bewildered in the spell she had captured him in with just one glance. At a loss for words, he could only stare at the woman before him, even while he continued to hold her hand in his. What had she done to him?



Richard, Viscount Cranfield

Currently, I have no desire to find a wife. My parents who are... *difficult* - to be polite... have charged me with finding a suitable husband for my sister, Josephine. I'm traveling to York for the Season in order to obey their objectives since they feel that Josephine has rejected anyone suitable in their eyes from London.

I must admit I didn't expect a chance encounter with an enchanting young widow to have me questioning my motives to stay single. Can I look past a ready-made family to possibly find love to fill my own heart?

Lady Patience Bigglesworth, Dowager Countess of Seahaven

I have no time to look for a husband for myself, not when I have a bevy of stepdaughters under my care following the death of my husband, not to mention my own child by the late Earl of Seahaven.

I was excited when help arrived with an invitation from my aunt who offered the use of her townhouse. With the help of my family, we'll scrape up enough money to see to a Season in York.

But meeting a certain Viscount wasn't in my plans. I can't get this handsome stranger out of my mind. Indeed, he has quickly owned my heart.

Patience's Special Talents

Patience Bigglesworth has been baking bread and pastries to sell at the local market near her cottage in Starbrook. She inherited the cottage after the passing of her parents. She didn't imagine living there, but was turned out by the new earl after the death of her husband.

She learned how to bake from her parents who were also bakers. Her connections at the local markets were made through them, along with a seller she ran into in York.

She sells her baked goods to keep funds coming into the crowded Bigglesworth household and sustain herself, her stepdaughters, and her own young toddler Jane.

Lady Dorothea Bigglesworth

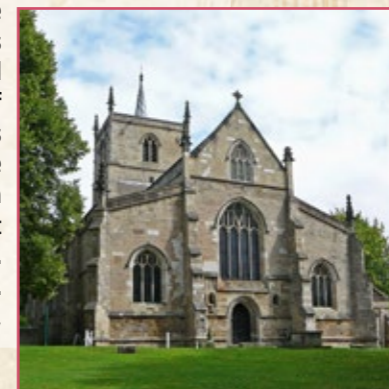
My father's death was a tragedy, but like many sad events, good things came from it. As one of nine sisters, I had always understood the value of cooperation, but our poverty gave me the freedom to pursue skills I love—baking and cooking to feed my family—without the weight of societal expectations. The nearby spa town of Harrogate provided other opportunities. Hired as a cook at the Hampton Hotel, I discovered I could earn my living doing what I loved. The freedom of that was exhilarating. They hired me as a cook's assistant, but I made myself useful in many ways. Soon I was overseeing the catering operation and keeping the books. All of that would come in very handy in York. I discovered my real joy on my half days off, however. I volunteered at Pilgrim's Rest, a charity serving poor travelers. It was there that I met Ben Clarke. Good things indeed!

The Honorable Eustace Benedict Clarke

I was blessed with a privileged childhood. As the younger son of a viscount, I was encouraged to seek ordination, and it suited me. I would likely have drifted into a comfortable living as vicar of the home parish, a holding in my father's power to give, close to family and wealth. An incident that happened while at Oxford changed the trajectory of my life, however. The death of a small boy and his mother's grief taught me more than any lecture could about the plight of the poor and my true calling. Pilgrim's Rest in Harrogate suits me well for now, if I can keep it open. My brother Harry, who is viscount now, tells me I've done penance enough, but I can't go back to drifting. I don't need wealth. I do need to be able to support a wife.

Harrogate

Discovering the spa town of Harrogate was key to this story. It had hotels aplenty and therefore work for a good cook. It did not have a parish church of its own, however. Harrogate had what's called a "chapel of ease," a nearby place of worship so the elderly and infirm didn't have to go all the way to Saint John's in Knaresborough for services. It had a "perpetual curate" until 1831. Unlike more fashionable spa towns,



Dorothea's Curate by Caroline Warfield



"I made an appointment with a tailor for you." Harry dropped that gauntlet on the table without warning, and went on before Ben could object. "You can't make morning calls, much less attend a ball in that suit. I thought the major domo was going to swallow his tongue when he saw you."

Ben had no defense. "Thank you."

Harry's stunned expression tickled his brother. "No argument?"

"None. It may help my standing with the archbishop, if I appear in a decent black suit." He waved off Harry's attempt to interrupt. "And I promised to socialize. You could have brought the formal clothes I left at Stanbeck Hall."

"They would never fit. I'm guessing you've engaged in physical labor since I saw you last." The viscount gave a dramatic shudder, causing Ben to laugh.

"You know I have. A new suit and evening clothes it is."

"Two suits and formal wear—I won't even take it out of

your allowance. I'll never get you married off dressed like that!"

Married. There it was at last. "You're the viscount in need of an heir. You marry."

"I will. Eventually. I don't have to marry to come into my inheritance. Your bequest from our grandfather requires that you do."

Ben let the challenge go; the words were true enough. He wasn't ready to confide in his brother about the one woman who had caught his eye.

"I heard there's a decent crop of debutantes out in York this year. You might take a look at the Seahaven Diamonds."

Ben snorted. "No thank you. I found female "diamonds" to be as hard and cold as the gemstones when you trotted me around London four years ago."

"For heaven's sake, Ben. Don't judge the young women before you even meet them."

"My distaste isn't for young women, Harry. It is for society and the way it forces them to hunt for husbands." Besides, Ben feared he'd already met the only woman he wanted to marry. He doubted he would find another.

Concerto

by Mary Lancaster

There, in front of the piano, she beheld the three Haston children clustered around a strange man in his shirt sleeves. He held a tuning lever in one hand and was shoving out both elbows in an exaggerated kind of way, as if to clear himself a space, while the children laughed up at him in delight.



The man, who seemed amused by the children, sensed Barbara's presence first and lifted his gaze, a smile just dying on his lips and in his sparkling eyes.

He must have been on the wrong side of thirty, and not conventionally handsome, his features being just a little too irregular, as though heedlessly slung together rather than carefully placed. Deep set eyes and dark hollows beneath his cheek bones, lent him a slightly shadowed, mysterious look that might have been menacing save for the engaging smile. Even so, as Barbara's sudden jolt of awareness testified, the overall effect was pleasing to the eye.

The children turned to follow his attention and squealed, deserting their new friend to rush upon her in a babble of words so muddled, it was impossible to separate the speakers.

"Lady Babs! Lady Babs! Come and see! Mr. Jack is fixing the piano and it sounds different! Do you like it? Is he doing it right? Is it better?"

Barbara had many younger siblings. And although she was secretly touched by the Haston children's affection and informality, she was also, it seemed, their only source of good manners. So, she looked down her nose and said pleasantly, "Good morning, children."

At once, tugging fingers let go of her gown and her hand. Two hurried curtsies and a bow accompanied a subdued chorus of, "Good morning, Lady Babs."

She then allowed herself to be dragged by the hands toward the piano. She seemed to be magnetically drawn in that direction in any case.

Lady Barbara Bigglesworth

Good day. I am Barbara Bigglesworth, the second eldest daughter of the late Earl of Seahaven, by his second marriage.

I am seven-and-twenty years old, sensible and down to earth. I was never some empty-headed simpering miss and if you try to treat me as such you will receive an immediate set down. I am known to be sharp-tongued, and when the need arises, a quelling look is usually enough to keep my pupils – and my younger sisters! – in order.

My dream in life was never to be married, but something equally impossible - to study music and become a concert pianist, playing with all the best orchestras in Europe.

I sometimes feel starved of musical company, but I make the most of what skill I have to teach and pass on what I love, while earning a little money to help keep us in the cottage – and even to save a little for the York adventure!

Barbara's talent

Barbara's love and great talent is music. She plays several instruments and teaches music to the children of friends and neighbours in order to earn a little money.

But her dream of becoming a world-renowned pianist could never have happened, even with money behind her for study.

An earl's daughter would not have been allowed to play in public - except as an amateur at society gatherings where playing the pianoforte was regarded as a genteel "accomplishment" designed to attract a husband rather than to impress the musical cognoscenti!

Teaching was one of the few respectable work opportunities for a girl of good family.



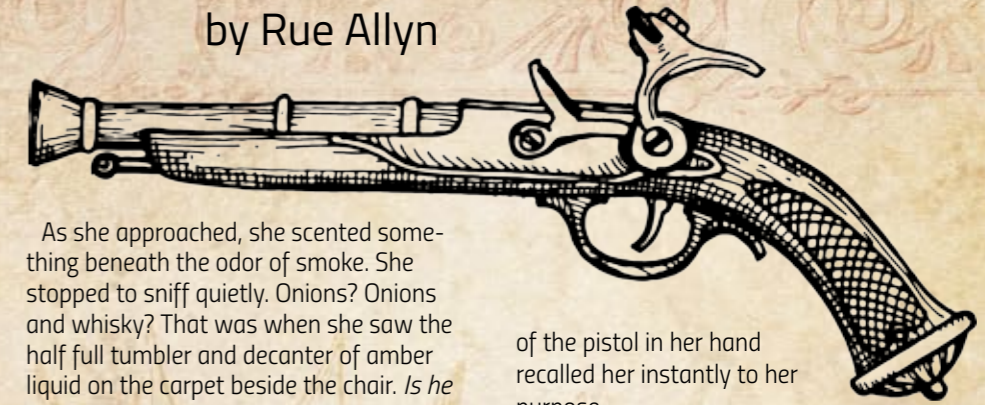
The Butler and the Bluestocking

by Rue Allyn

Approaching the door, she took a deep breath and prayed she would find nothing. Ready at last, she entered the room but stopped just over the lintel. The room was warm, and...

Is that smoke I smell? Her heart began to race. She forced herself to make a quick visual survey. She could linger on the fascinating objects later. Right now, she must make certain all was safe. She found the source of the smoke burning in the fireplace at the opposite end of the room. Before she could release a relieved sigh, she froze where she stood. Stretched toward the fire were a pair of booted feet and long limbs encased in fawn-colored pantaloons. The sound of soft snores issued from the same vicinity.

She considered making a rapid silent retreat. Surely Mrs. Crewe and the watch would be here soon. Thank heaven the family was not here. She could well imagine the noise and kerfuffle that would ensue if her sisters had discovered the stranger. She shook her head. No need to wait for Mrs. Crewe. The pistol gave Bess an advantage. Thus, she decided to confront the intruder on her own. She paced the length of the room until she stood beside the chair where the man slept.



As she approached, she scented something beneath the odor of smoke. She stopped to sniff quietly. Onions? Onions and whisky? That was when she saw the half full tumbler and decanter of amber liquid on the carpet beside the chair. *Is he drunk? Drunken men could be dangerous. Good thing I have a pistol.*

Avoiding the tumbler, she came to stand beside the sleeping intruder. His head lay cocked against the side of the chair. A couple of bruises adorned his high forehead. His night-dark hair lay in mused contrast against the light-colored upholstery. Save for a small scar that twisted the left corner of his mouth he could have posed for Michelangelo's David. His throat was exposed, his cravat being removed and tossed to the floor on the far side of the chair. He'd removed his coat too and loosened his waistcoat, so his shirt lay open exposing a large V of curl-dusted chest.

A log shifted in the fireplace, stirring Bess from the distracting sight before her. She blinked. *What was I doing?* The weight

of the pistol in her hand recalled her instantly to her purpose.

She lifted the weapon, pointed it at the stranger's head, then pulled back the trigger. "Don't move, or I'll shoot." She spoke loudly enough to be heard over the slight snuffling snores he emitted.

"Huh?" The man started, lifted his head, turned to look at the muzzle of the pistol and stilled. His body's position had not changed. Nonetheless, it was easy to see he was no longer relaxed but alert and wary.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my cousin's house?"

A warm caramel-colored gaze traced upward from the barrel of the pistol past her arm and shoulder to her face. Despite knowing she held the upper hand, Bess' cheeks heated.

Lady Bess (Elizabeth) Bigglesworth

I never wanted to go to York for the season, I despise the waste and empty frivolity of most social events. I'd much rather spend my time working on the translation of the Rosetta Stone that I am verifying for Mr. Young of the Royal London Society. However, I do wish to support my step-mother and sisters and given the opportunity to attend they York Antiquarian Society annual meeting, I agreed to go. Am I ever grateful that I did. Why? Well it has to do with the stranger I hired as a butler for our stay in York. I was suspicious of him from the start, but inexplicably decided to trust him when he claimed he would work for room and board. It was clear that he'd no interest in money or robbery. Sadly, he was a very bad butler, but he turned out to be a very good man. My stay in York is now one of my fondest memories.

The Honorable Malcolm Kentigern Marr

I am the younger brother of the Earl of Strathnaver--an old and highly respected Scottish title and family. I don't envy my brother his position at all and am truly grateful that my path led me into scholarly pursuits, specializing in ancient civilizations--Egypt in particular. It was my expertise in this field that led the York Antiquarian Society to invite me to speak at their annual meeting. I arrived in York for a short stay with my god-mother before attending the meetings. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at her townhouse to find the knocker up and the place locked tight. In all probability my God-mother forgot my visit in the preparations for an unexpected trip to Egypt. She loves to travel and can be quite single minded where her journeys are

concerned. Circumstances being what they were--I arrived very late--I decided to remain at her townhouse rather than search out an inn, which I intended to do later, after some rest and making myself more presentable. Imagine my surprize when I awoke to find a woman as beautiful as Nefertiri holding me at gunpoint and asking what I was doing in her cousin's home.

Why Ancient Egypt?

The original concept for this tale had my scholarly heroine and hero being devotees of the botanical sciences. However, as I delved into the history of the period for suitable information about botany, I discovered that while plants and flowers held great interest for many, it was the Rosetta Stones that garnered the most popularity. Those stones would become the key to understanding Egyptian hieroglyphics. At the time of our story the inscriptions had not yet been translated. In fact there was an international debate (including England, Denmark, and France among other nations) as to exactly how the stones should be translated. Mr. Thomas Young of the London Royal Society was among those whose contributions eventually established a viable translation. To give my bluestocking credibility, I had her working for this highly respected scholar in the capacity of a sort of copy-editor. Her own work--while not widely known--was the equal of Young's. Hence the reason for his employment of her.



A Duke for Josefina

by Meara Platt



Josefina regarded him as though he were demented. "Marry you? Marry you? You are asking me to marry you?"

She did not realize their steward had just come up behind her and had heard her repeat his proposal. The man rushed to the major domo to report the news, was overheard by several other stewards who were now reporting it to the patrons they were charged to serve.

It took no more than a minute for the whispers to swell to an excited buzz around the tea room, as though a thousand bees were buzzing around their hive.

Josefina was now laughing at the preposterous notion, a response the other patrons mistook for joyful acceptance. After all, who would not be overjoyed to marry the Duke of Bourne?

Was he not the catch of the season?

The catch of a lifetime?

Well, he had truly gotten himself into a fix.

He had meant to say, a *pretend* marriage...or rather, a *pretend* engagement. Then he could scoop her away to meet his sister and aunt, all proper since everyone would believe she was his betrothed. After she had reaped her plants and turned them into medicinal powders and tinctures, he would have dumped an enormous monetary settlement on her and allowed her to quietly end their betrothal.

But he had said 'marry'.

Forgotten that crucial word...*pretend*.

There was no help for it now.

He took Josefina's hand in his and raised it to his lips. "Smile, Josefina. Everyone is looking. And yes, I am going to marry you."

Lady Josefina

My first love is plant lore and I am especially knowledgeable about their medicinal, healing properties. I met the handsome Duke of Bourne in an apothecary shop in York's Shambles, and he has offered me a tidy reward as well as the use of his estate grounds for my plantings if I will cure his sister's illness. But as I grow closer to the duke, I find that plant lore may not be my only passion.

Gareth, Duke of Bourne

I am desperate to find a cure for my sister's illness. Lord help me, is the beautiful and a bit chatty Lady Josefina just the person to save her? I've offered her a fake betrothal to bring her to my estate without causing scandal, but as I watch her cure my sister, I find my heart is also healing, and I would be a fool not to make this fake betrothal real.

Josefina and Gareth's special talents

I loved writing Josefina because I, like Josefina, have always been fascinated by the medicinal healing properties of plants. This is especially timely as people become more aware of how foods and natural medicines can provide them a healthier life.

Among my favorite research books are many about plants and their healing properties, so I had only to dig into them for Josefina's knowledge. As for Gareth, he is a duke and Josefina's hero, therefore he only needs to be intelligent, compassionate, and wealthy. He also respects Josefina's knowledge and is determined to support her in her passion for these plants and their power to heal.



Ivy and Iris Bigglesworth

The 18-year-old twin daughters of the late Earl of Seahaven are alike in almost every way. Sharing their auburn hair and fair skin from their late mother, they, along with their sister Josefina (who is a year older) are considered beauties.

And yet they do have slightly differing, but complementary personalities, Ivy is more serious than her sister, perhaps slightly more reserved. Iris, on the other hand, has a lovely sense of humour and a quick wit.

Ivy and Iris are completely unaffected by other people's perceptions. They have accepted their genteel poverty and do their best to contribute to the household and not be a burden to their adored step-mother.

While the twins are excited for the upcoming season in York, they are also nervous. They know they must marry but to do so would mean living apart for the first time in their lives.

Captains James and John Bentley

The young men are cousins who are as close as brothers. They have served in His Majesty's cavalry with distinction and have now returned to civilian life.

John learns that he has inherited a Viscountcy from a late elderly cousin and is now the owner of a title and a rather rundown estate called Tyrell House.

The place needs work, and the men need funds, so James comes up with an audacious idea - together turn the estate into a first-class training facility for horses.

To prove themselves, they need a great showing at the York Races with their new acquisition, a colt named Crimson Lad.

And to get the support they need, they have throw themselves in to York's social season.

Special talents

Ivy and Iris are accomplished watercolourists. They specialise in miniatures and have accepted commissions to paint anything ranging from portraits of ladies, to decorating plate to immortalise a prize pig!

They are competent seamstresses, having learned to live frugally for many years.

James and John can turn their hands to anything. A life in the army has taught them to be adaptable and practical. They will need their skills to bring Tyrell House back to its former glory.



The Four-to-One Fancy

by Elizabeth Ellen Carter



Silence fell between the twins for good long minutes before Ivy asked. "What kind of gentleman would you like to marry?"

Iris considered the question a moment before shrugging a shoulder.

"He must be kind. I'd like him to be handsome. Most of all, he must love family because I would want you to visit me often."

"That worries me as much as not finding husbands," Ivy confessed. "What if we do? We would marry and be apart for the first time in our lives."

The notion caused Iris to stop. She turned to her sister.

"I... I can't imagine not seeing you every day," she said.

They remained there on the pavement, each lost in their own thoughts.

"Do you think there may be brothers in attendance?"

"There might," said Iris, tilting her head. "We would need to see an invitation list to be sure. Why do you ask?"

Ivy raised her chin in firm resolve. "It is the only way forward. By marrying brothers, we would be sure to see each other more often than if we married anyone else. We have to marry brothers. It is the only way."

The twins found the stationers. They sought out the most colorful paper in stock and tallied it up. It was slightly more than they could afford.

While the clerk looked at them expectantly, Iris and Ivy exchanged a glance. Each knew what the other

was thinking—they had a few coppers they'd intended to spend on new paint brushes. If they reused the ones they brought with them, they could afford it.

Ivy pushed the paint brushes aside on the counter and handed over the coins for the paper.

Now the basket was exceedingly heavy. Each twin took the handle, carrying the load between them. It was awkward, but it was the only way it could be done.

Iris returned to her contemplation. Brothers.

Yes! That was the only solution. She and Ivy would simply have to find brothers to marry. Surely it stood to reason male siblings of suitable standing would attend this season. After all, there was a clutch of Bigglesworth sisters in York, should there not be a goodly number of families with an equally large number of sons?

"You never told me what kind of husband you would like," Iris asked her sister.

Ivy cocked her head. "In truth, I've not given it much thought. Like your dream beau, he must be kind and must love you as much as I love you."

"How do you think you'll know him?"

"I think it will be in his eyes."

"I think it will be in his kiss," whispered Iris.

Ivy's mouth dropped open a moment before she giggled. "A kiss," she said. "Yes, I would certainly think that would do it."

Lord Cuckoo Comes Home

by Jude Knight



Chloe took his hand and allowed him to aid her balance as she climbed up to the seat. "I hope you don't mind, Lord Dom. I had to leave Rosario at home this morning while I was at Lady Seahaven's writing thank-you letters, since the schoolroom party were not home to entertain her, and the poor beast was shut in her cage until I got home."

Lord Dom went around to his side of the curricule, took his own seat, and held out his hand for Rosario to shake. "You are very welcome, Sister Rosario." He grinned at Chloe. "She adds a certain air of adventure to our outings, do you not think?"

Chloe blushed at the sly reference to Rosario's escapades. Earlier in the week, she had climbed a tree in Tower Gardens and refused to come down until Lord Dom had borrowed a ladder from the gardeners' shed, whereupon she had climbed down the other side of the tree. If Emma and Merry had not cornered her, she would have

been up another before Chloe could have reached her.

Two days ago, she had stolen an ice from a passing waiter, tasted it, then thrown it with unerring accuracy at the back of the waiter's retreating head. Lord Dom had soothed the man's irritation with a large gratuity.

Then there was the concert, where Rosario conceived a passion for the brooch on the hat of the dowager in the next row, and reached out to snatch it when Chloe became lost in the music. Had it not been for Lord Dom's quick action—the monkey's hand was within an inch of the target when he jerked her back by her leash—the ensuing apologies for Rosario's complaints would have been for a much worse offence.

Lord Dom's smile warmed away her embarrassment. "She does not mean to cause mischief, I know. We will endeavor to keep her out of trouble, you and I."

How Rosario got her name

Chloe is both a pet lover and a rescuer. These traits came together in the person of Rosario, the capuchin monkey, who burst onto the scene in the story's first sentence. "The monkey did not want to stay in the basket."

Then I had to research monkeys. Capuchin monkeys, so called because they appear to have a cowl like a capuchin monk, used to be so popular in Europe and the United Kingdom that they are also known as organ grinder monkeys.

They don't make great pets. They're cute and bond easily as babies, and they're very intelligent. But they are also strong, self-willed - and very intelligent.

Because Chloe's monkey was a capuchin, I went looking for the popular 18th Century Gothic, *The Monk*, and discovered that the villainess was a woman, who entered the monastery disguised as a monk. Her alter ego was called Rosario. A perfect name for a troublesome capuchin.



Lady Twisden's Picture Perfect Match

by Alina K Field



"Where is the footman?" Wes asked. "We need him to fetch in our trunks."

We?

Looking past the broad shoulder she saw another figure approaching and...

Good God. Heat swamped her and flamed in her cheeks. Dark eyes

shot darts at her over a grimly set, thin-lipped mouth. The palpable sternness of Wes's companion sent a shiver of awareness through her. It was a familiar shiver, one she'd indulged during her tedious days at Twisden Manor when she'd found herself fighting off mad imaginings.

Wes's laughter shook her tongue loose. "My goodness, sir," she said. "You bear an uncanny resemblance to—"

"Old Ebenezer Twisden," Wes said. "Yes, it is as if the old Warden has come back to life, Mother. As soon as I laid eyes on him in Brampton, I knew he must be a relation. And do you know who he is, Mother?" He laughed again. "I've written to Granny to tell her. She'll be in alt when she reads the news."

A man of perhaps forty, he was about the same age as Wes's ancestor, the Warden in the painting at Twisden Hall who'd been in the King's service for many years when that portrait was done. This new incarnation of Ebenezer wasn't a particularly tall man, not as tall as Wes, but he still towered over her.

Old Ebenezer cleared his throat.

"But of course," Wes said. "Where are my manners? Mother, may I present my cousin, Major Augustus Kellborn. Gus, this is my dear stepmother, Lady Twisden."

While she curtsied, managing not to wobble, he dipped his head, never taking his gaze away.

Good holy heavens.

Honorina, Lady Twisden

I am the widow of a baronet. After devoting the last fifteen of my three-and-thirty years caring for him, his estate, and his rowdy friends—and heavens, so many dogs!—I've taken a house in York for the season. And just perhaps, I might finally finish a painting. The one bright spot in my marriage was my dear stepson, Westcott, now a fully-grown man of one-and-twenty. Though I love him dearly, I was disconcerted when he appeared on my new doorstep planning to stay—and with a handsome stranger in tow, one who happens to look just like the baronet's ancestor, the man of my wild imaginings.

Major Augustus Kellborn

I served the Crown all through the Napoleonic Wars and thought retirement to a peaceful estate on the Scottish border would satisfy after so many years of battle. However, finding myself restless, and after a cold, isolated winter, a bit lonely, I accepted the invitation of a distant young cousin to visit York for the horseraces and the social season; and perhaps I might even dip a toe in the town's marriage mart!

Characters' Talents and Author's Research

Honorina's special talent is her painting. She's an admirer of the work of J.M.W. Turner (pictured), so I focused my research on him—what sort of paints did he use, where would his paintings have been available for viewing in our Regency era, what was distinctive about his work. On her journey to York, Honorina was able to stop at Farnley Hall and view some of Turner's pieces displayed there.

While serving the Crown, Augustus had a knack for shaping young nodcocks into officers. He's no longer a soldier, but he can still plan a successful campaign as he does in pursuing Honorina's hand.

My research focused on the location of bookstores in York and on the travel guides of the period that Augustus used to convince his lady that he was the picture perfect match for her.



MOVIES ABOUT

MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS

The relationships between mothers and daughters have always provided rich pickings for filmmakers.

And not all the moms and their female offspring up there on the silver screen have been angels. In fact, some have been utter devils.

But what's a movie without conflict?

Here are eight films about mothers and daughters (plus a bonus flick that was a real shocker...)

by LGA Associate Editor
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

Mildred Pierce (1945)

A classic film noir with Joan Crawford in the title role as a housewife who turns to waitressing when her husband walks out and leaves her with two young daughters.



Mildred doesn't just get by - she opens her own restaurant then a whole swanky chain of them. The fly in the ointment is daughter Veda (Ann Blyth). Sixteen and spoiled rotten, she has a taste for the high life that ends in her shooting a local playboy. What's a protective momma to do? She tries to pin the murder on her ex-husband's shady business partner...

Crawford scooped a best actress Oscar for her performance as the dotting mother - ironic considering the book/movie *Mommie Dearest* (1981) exposed the actress as a monster mom in real life.

James M Cain penned the originating 1941 novel as a not particularly violent psychological study. The film added the murder because the studio wanted a thriller. They got it. It's a compelling film worth searching out on DVD.

Official trailer: https://youtu.be/KoOr_OoHbv4

Gypsy (1962)

A musical comedy-drama, the 1962 movie *Gypsy* had its origin in the 1957 autobiography by Gypsy Rose Lee.

Domineering stage mother Rose dreams of daughter Louise becoming a vaudeville star, but the years pass and they're on their uppers when a burlesque house seeking to outsmart the vice squad books Louise's singing act. When one of

the house dancers is arrested for shoplifting, Rose offers Louise as a replacement. She only goes through with it to please her mother - and ends up becoming an internationally famous burlesque star and stripper, famous for her casual performing style and sense of humour.

Rosalind Russell plays mama and Natalie Wood sparkles as Louise.



Steel Magnolias (1989)

Sally Field and Julia Roberts play mother M'Lynn and daughter Shelby in this comedy drama. It also features Dolly Parton, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Shelby is preparing for her wedding when she suffers a diabetic episode. She shouldn't have children but does all the same and suffers kidney failure. Her mother donates one of hers, but Shelby ends up on life support and dies. M'Lynn gradually comes to terms with her daughter's decision risk her life for motherhood and pledges to help her husband raise the boy.

With its themes of friendship between women and the circle of life, *Steel Magnolias* was a crowd-pleasing tearjerker in the day and won Roberts a Golden Globe.

The character in the original play was based on writer Robert Harling's late sister. The house in which much of the movie was shot is now a B&B.

Official trailer: <https://youtu.be/v2IGgZgWjOk>



SALLY FIELD. PHOTO: ALAN LIGHT (COCA 2.0)

Terms of Endearment (1983)

Comedy-drama following the three decade relationship of Aurora Greenway (Shirley MacLaine) and her daughter Emma (Debra Winger). A big hit, not just at the box office but also at the Oscars where it took five awards.

Widowed Aurora fobs off suitors in favour of controlling her daughter's life so Emma runs off with a young college professor, has three children, and they get in money trouble and have affairs. Emma stays in touch with mom though, who breaks out herself and has a fling with the astronaut next door. Then Emma is diagnosed with terminal cancer.

An unabashed tearjerker with a decent screenplay by the film's director-producer, James L Brooks, of *The Simpsons* fame, adapted from Larry McMurtry's novel. But, proving you should quit while you're ahead, a sequel with MacLaine and Jack Nicholson (as ex-astronaut Garrett Breedlove) was a flop.

Official trailer: <https://youtu.be/sSY3YUrdSII>



DEBRA WINGER. PHOTO: ALICE ATTIE (COCA-SA 3.0)

MOVIES ABOUT MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS

Continued from previous page

Freaky Friday (1976 & 2003)

Oft-filmed children's comedy which started in 1976 with Mary Rodgers's screenplay from her novel. Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster play a mother and daughter who switch bodies on Friday the 13th, and learn their lives are just as fraught as each others.

Critics bemoaned the Disney screenplay being 'too well-behaved' and could have been 'more sophisticated'. Audiences liked it enough, however, for Disney to remake it twice (1995) for TV with Shelley Long and Gaby Hoffmann, and 2003 with Jamie Lee Curtis and Lindsay Lohan), and even pop out a musical TV version.

It's light fun, and, dependent on your own vintage, you'll enjoy either the '76 or the '03. Interesting facts about author Mary Rodgers - she was the daughter of composer Richard Rodgers of Rodgers and Hammerstein fame (South Pacific, The King and I, The Sound of Music). A composer in her own right, she penned many successful musicals before moving into writing children's stories.

Incidentally, a recent (non-Disney) horror version spun the tale into that of a serial killer who switches bodies with a bullied high school student after he stabs her then goes on to wipe out her tormentors. Released in 2020 as *Freaky*, the film's working title was *Freaky Friday the 13th!*

Excerpt: *Freaky Friday* (1976)
<https://youtu.be/9bot7RWyz8A>



JAMIE LEIGH CURTIS WITH HER OWN MOTHER, ACTRESS JANET LEIGH, IN 1960. IN THE SAME YEAR, LEIGH STARRED IN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SEQUENCES EVER FILMED, THE SHOWER SCENE IN ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *PSYCHO*.



The Joy Luck Club (1993)

Four women, all Chinese immigrants living in San Francisco, meet regularly to play mahjong, eat, and talk about the past. Each has a grown Chinese-American daughter. The film looks at how their lives and family bonds are shaped by a clash of cultures.

Although only moderately successful at the box office, the film has garnered a loyal audience over the years and deserves a look today if you haven't already seen it.

On release, critic Gene Siskel praised the film for its depiction of how the harshness of women's lives in China could influence the lives of their American daughters.

The film from Amy Tan's 1989 novel, like *Imitation of Life*, is preserved in the US National Film Registry by the Library of Congress.

Official trailer: <https://youtu.be/OnYDMp1LdT8>



DEBBIE REYNOLDS, CARRIE FISHER, EDDIE FISHER, AND TODD FISHER IN 1958

Postcards from the Edge (1990)

Actress Suzanne, who can't say no to men and is recovering from drug addiction, has a manipulative mother, Doris, who's also an actress. What could go wrong does hilariously in this adaptation of Carrie Fisher's semi-autobiographical novel.

The half that was autobiographical was the drug addiction and bipolar disorder, not the relationship with her mother. Fisher said she wasn't surprised people thought it was about her and her mother, Debbie Reynolds. "It's easier to think I have no imagination, just a tape recorder with endless batteries," she said.

Reynolds actually wanted the role of Doris opposite Meryl Streep as Suzanne. Director Mike Nichols told Reynolds she wasn't right for the part and gave it to Shirley MacLaine.

Streep puts in an entertaining frenetic performance. MacLaine is as amusingly acerbic as you might expect from most of her outings in various mother-daughter films of the time.

Fisher, was apparently asked why she didn't play Suzanne. She replied: "I've already played her."

Official trailer: <https://youtu.be/gSm7CJNzEFY>

Imitation of Life (1959)

A powerful drama dealing with race, class, and gender, this was the second movie version of Fannie Hurst's 1933 novel of the same name.

Sarah Jane, born to a single mother who is black, discovers she can 'pass for white' after they briefly look after a white girl who has become separated from her own single mother at Coney Island.

The girls and their mothers become friends, but, as their daughters both pursue show business careers, Sarah Jane rejects her own mother and her racial identity.

The 1934 version of *Imitation of Life* was added to the US National Film Registry in 2005, and the 1959 version with Lana Turner and Sandra Dee, joined it in 2015, deemed 'culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant'.

Original trailer: <https://youtu.be/HaanE7v6uJI>



Carrie (1976)

If you thought the mother and daughter relationships in the likes of *Postcards from the Edge* and *Terms of Endearment* were fractious, meet Margaret White and her 16-year-old daughter, Carrie.

Widely regarded by audiences and critics alike as the best version of Stephen King's debut novel, Lawrence D Cohen's screenplay and Brian De Palma's stylish direction of resulted in a superb movie - quite possibly the best adaptation of any of King's books. It grossed more than \$33M for a production budget of \$1.8M.

Sissy Spacek's *Carrie* is tormented not only by her peers but also by her religious extremist mother, played by Piper Laurie. Blaming Carrie for punishment they deserved, her schoolmates plot humiliation at the prom. The cruel stunt backfires as Carrie unleashes her newly discovered telekinetic powers then goes home to deal with mom.

The film starts and ends with scenes that begin in slow moving, dreamlike serenity then climax in abrupt unpleasantness. The end sequence's climax quite literally made audiences - including me! - jump out of their seats.

Official trailer: <https://youtu.be/j9Mg-GRS46Y>



ALL CHANGE

One dress? Many dresses!



Take a spin in convertible Regency fashion

What is a girl to do when she has multiple events to attend and a limited budget? Not to mention half a dozen sisters who are similarly invited? She gets clever!

One of the hallmarks of Regency fashion is its versatility. An addition of a spencer or a waist coat... perhaps an overskirt and some ribbon. Little bits and bobs can completely transform the look of a gown.

This is something the Bigglesworth girls know only too well in *Desperate Daughters*. When they're not evaluating the best invitation for this season in York, they are busy picking apart and reassembling gowns to ensure they look entirely different to ensure they have the perfect look for every occasion – while on a very limited budget.

The wonderful Victoria Vane, of Sew Vane Couture, has showcased the principle wonderfully in this suite of completely different looks based on one evening gown. Aren't they spectacular?

- Elizabeth Ellen Carter



ALL CHANGE

Continued from previous page

One dress? Many dresses!



Got a passion for fashion?
Make it real...



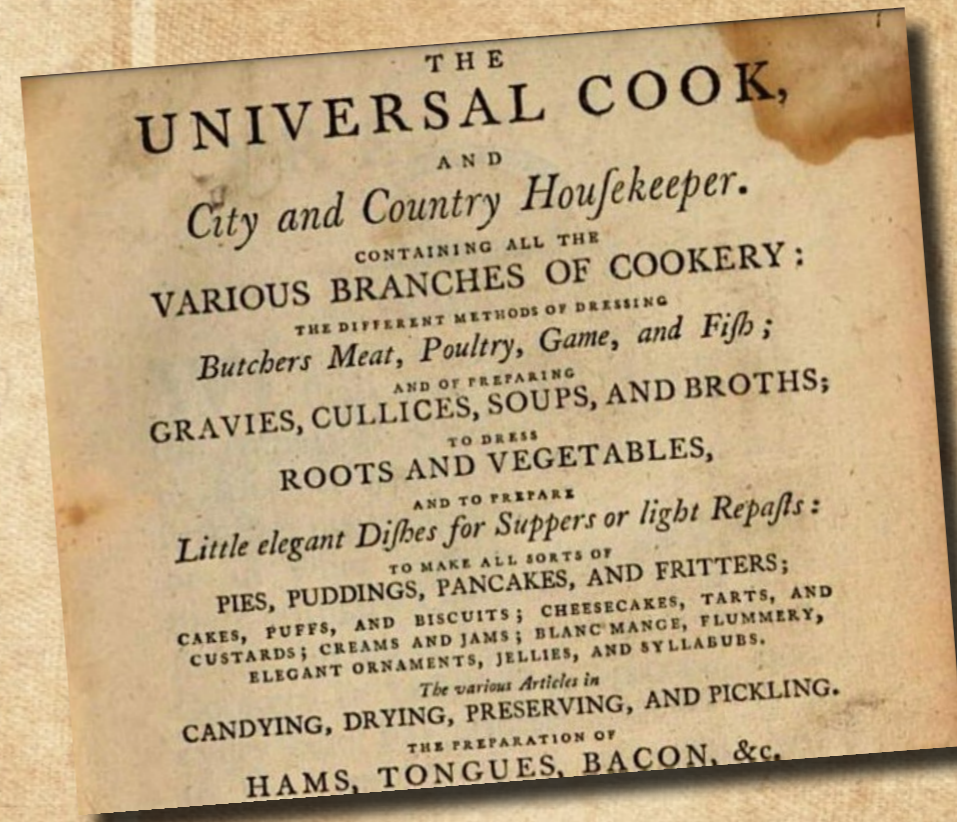
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AFTER THE BALL

LOVE FOOD

FOOD FEATURE COMPILED BY
ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER



The Universal Cook and City and Country Housekeeper was published in London in 1792.

The authors were John Francis Collingwood and John Woollams, the two principal cooks at The Crown and Anchor Tavern on The Strand in London. Their book, which featured the meats, produce, and fruits that were in season during each month of the year, had the distinction of also being printed in France.

A volume perfect for a March ball in York!

Turn the page to see what's on the menu.



AFTER THE BALL

First course: Vermicelli soup

Quick and simple Vermicelli soup is always a crowd pleaser.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 x 250g packet of Vermicelli Egg Noodle
- 200g onion, diced
- 200g carrot, peeled and diced
- 200g celery, washed and diced
- 1 tbsp olive oil
- 2 chicken breasts (approximately 600g), diced
- 1 tsp dried oregano
- 4 litres chicken stock

METHOD

Cook pasta according to packet directions, then drain. Heat olive oil in pot, add chicken and cook over a medium heat for 5 minutes. Add celery, carrot and onion. Add chicken stock and oregano and simmer for 15 minutes with the lid on. Add pasta back into the pot and serve immediately. Season to taste with salt and pepper if desired.



First course: Fricando of Veal

Essentially this is a hearty beef stew originating in Spain. After a night of high spirits, this is sure to sate the appetite!



INGREDIENTS

- 1 kg Veal rump (finely cut)
- ½ litre Beef stock
- ½ kg tomatoes
- 1 Onion
- 4 Small potatoes
- ½ kg Mixed mushrooms (champignon, porcini, portobello, etc)
- 1 glass Red wine (plus one for the chef)
- 1 Bay leaf
- 2 Garlic cloves
- Flour
- Salt
- Pepper
- Olive Oil

Picada

- 100 gr Toasted almonds
- 1 Slice of stale bread (or use equivalent in breadcrumbs)
- 1 tsp Parsley
- 1 Garlic clove
- Saffron
- Salt
- Olive Oil

METHOD

We start with the picada, this will be used to thicken the fricando. Add a generous amount of olive oil in a saucepan and fry all the ingredients of the picada (except for saffron and parsley) for 2-3 minutes until golden brown. Remove from the pan and add saffron and parsley. Use a mortar and pestle to mash the ingredients together until you get a soft paste obtaining a soft paste.

Flour the veal and season. Remove the excess flour then seal the meat in a cast iron saucepan for a few minutes, then set aside to rest. Add more olive oil to the saucepan to fry off the onion and garlic. When onion is soft, add the wine and let reduce for a few minutes. Add the tomatoes and the bay leaf.

When the tomatoes change colour, add the meat and the stock. Let it simmer until meat is tender.

In the meantime, peel the potatoes and cut them in slices ¼ inch thick. Fry them in a saucepan with very hot vegetable oil.

Half way through the cooking the meat, add the mushrooms. Add the picada just a few minutes before the meat has finished cooking.

Everyone said the ball was magnificent! A triumph! Revellers has been dancing since nine o'clock and now the midnight hour approaches and our guests are ravenous! Many of the guests will retire after supper, others will keep dancing until dawn's first light. What are we to serve them?

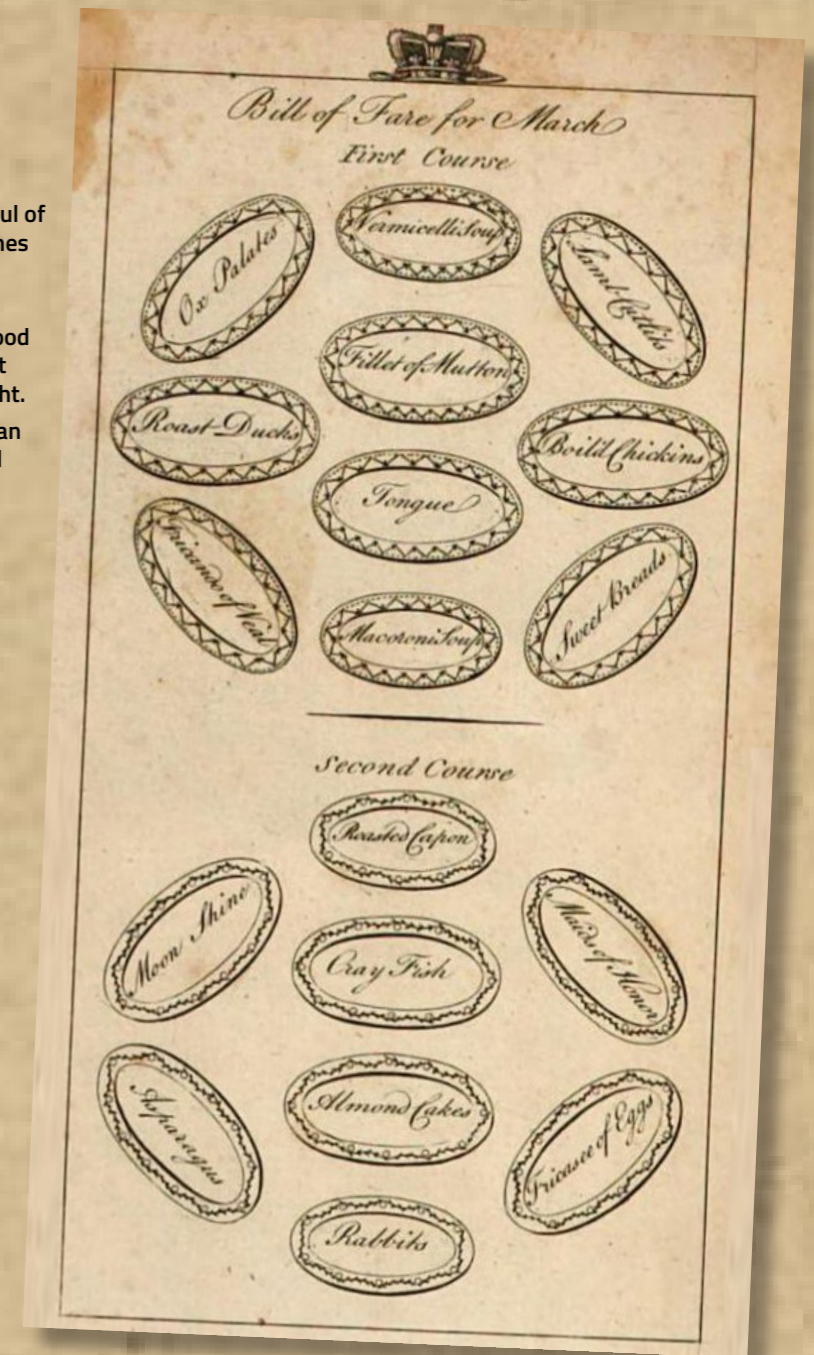
Thankfully Doro Bigglesworth has been working hard to make this a success for her beloved family. She has taken inspiration from her work in the kitchens of a very upmarket hotel in Harrogate, and she has brought with her from Starbrook to York her personal copy of *The Universal Cook and City and Country Housekeeper*.

Still, there is a lot of hard work to do. After ball suppers are usually two courses with up to 15 dishes each!

Doro, however, being mindful of economy, elects for ten dishes in the first course and eight courses for the second.

Following Messrs Collingwood and Woollams's guide, what she serves is pictured at right.

Some of these dishes you can try at home. We've selected two from each course.



Second course: Egg Fricassee

Another simple but tasty and filling dish – not too much for stomachs that are nervous with excitement (or who have imbibed too much champagne!)

INGREDIENTS

- 4 hard-boiled eggs, shelled
- 1 cup of Bechamel sauce
- 1 tsp chopped parsley

METHOD

Cut the eggs into quarters and heat thoroughly in the sauce. Serve with fingers of toast

Bechamel sauce

- ¼ cup plain flour
- 2 cup milk
- 50g unsalted butter
- ¾ cup grated cheddar
- pinch nutmeg

METHOD

Melt butter in a medium saucepan over medium heat. Add flour and cook, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon, for 2 minutes or until butter and flour form a bubbling paste.

Gradually whisk in milk, then bring to the boil. Simmer for 2 minutes, stirring with a wooden spoon, or until slightly thickened.

Add cheese, if using, and stir for 1 minute or until melted. Stir in nutmeg, if using. Season.



AFTER THE BALL

Second course: Maids Of Honour

This sweet treat is most appropriate since we're talking about weddings! This dish dates back to Tudor England.

INGREDIENTS

- 375g puff pastry
- 50g butter, softened
- 50g caster sugar
- 1 free-range egg, beaten
- 1 tbs plain flour
- 50g ground almonds
- ½ tsp grated nutmeg or ground mace
- 2 lemons, zest only
- 100g curd cheese

METHOD

Preheat the oven to 180C. Roll the pastry out to 2mm, then stamp out twelve 9cm rounds and use to line a 12-hole non-stick patty tin. Place the tray of pastry discs in the fridge while you make the filling.

Cream together the butter and sugar in a bowl until pale and fluffy. Beat in the egg, flour, ground almonds, nutmeg (or ground mace) and lemon zest. Stir in the curd cheese, being careful not to overwork the mixture as it can split.

Spoon the mixture into the tart cases and bake for 25 minutes, or until risen and lightly browned on top. Transfer to a wire rack and leave to cool completely before serving.



The Strand or Strand?

Messrs Collingwood and Woollams, principal cooks at The Crown and Anchor Tavern on The Strand, may have answered many questions about food and its preparation with their 1792 publication of *The Universal Cook, And City and Country Housekeeper*, but one vital question remains.

Is it The Strand or simply Strand? Purists say it's Strand alone, and some suggest they'll have your guts for garters if you insist on adding the definite article before this famous London street name.

Certainly, the local government authority and the street signs fall on the side of no 'the', but common usage and popular culture have it as The Strand - as does Wikipedia in most of their entry on the three-quarter-mile thoroughfare in the English capital (although they open their listing with 'Strand (or The Strand)').

The Strand (now you know which side we come down on) stretches 1.2km from the

City of Westminster into the City of London where it becomes Fleet Street. This is highly appropriate.

The road's name comes from the Old English *strand*, meaning the edge of a river (it used to

run along the bank of the River Thames) while 1185 as *Stronde*, then in 1220 as *la Stranda* - *The Strand*.

The definite article was cemented in place in the 1890s by the music hall song *Let's All Go Down the Strand*. The song was popular with British soldiers during World War One. The chorus was often interposed with the words 'have a banana', which were not included in the 1909 published lyrics.

You can listen to a recording of the song (including 'have a banana') by the late Stanley Holloway (who played Eliza Doolittle's father in the film version of *My Fair Lady*) here: <https://youtu.be/aNalxKwua6I>

The British band Blur recorded a version with the original lyric - unadulterated by fruit - in 1993. Listen to it here: <https://youtu.be/pe4e0-JAmUs>

Comments on the recording bemoan the lack of the banana. Were Blur brothers in arms with non-definite article *Strand* purists?

- Duncan Carling-Rodgers

STRAND
WC2

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

run along the bank of the River Thames) while Fleet Street - one-time capital of the English newspaper industry - which was named for the River Fleet, now a subterranean sewer. Did The Strand arise from *The Strand Magazine*, first published in 1891? No, the name was first recorded in 1002 as *strandway*, then in

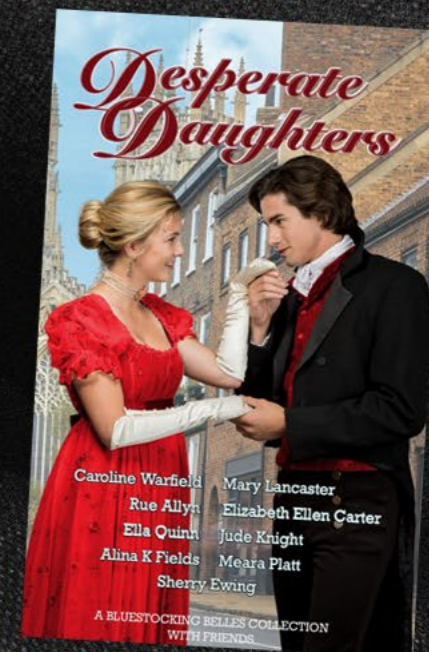
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Whirlwind Wedding Crossword Clues

ACROSS

- 3. "Going to the ___ and we're going to get married".
- 6. The music that plays as bride walks down the aisle.
- 8. A thank you treat for your guests to remember the day.
- 12. The structure at the front of a house of worship.
- 15. What the happy couple enters into.
- 17. Wooed to be wed. 18. The state of being married.

DOWN

- 1. A man in want of a wife.
- 2. The music that plays as the newlyweds walk back down the aisle.
- 4. A garment that covers the head and face.
- 5. A public announcement of a proposed marriage.
- 7. Flowers carried on your wedding day. 9. Large plate used as base of a placesetting.
- 10. A holiday taken by newlyweds. 11. Your chief attendant may be a maid or matron.
- 13. A role often for young men to help with seating. 14. They do after the "I do".
- 16. Someone who takes care of horses... and brides..

D	S	A	E	A	H	E	E	S	U	O	I	N	S
I	D	L	Y	E	L	R	E	V	E	B	M	V	L
G	R	G	G	W	A	L	M	G	A	T	E	I	Y
E	W	S	A	G	A	A	Y	L	M	L	I	K	G
L	Y	O	U	O	L	S	U	A	B	D	R	I	R
M	E	S	L	O	V	M	S	V	D	A	S	N	K
H	L	Y	L	D	N	R	H	E	L	E	A	G	K
O	W	S	A	R	S	E	A	I	M	M	V	S	R
W	R	E	H	A	E	T	M	D	L	B	V	D	O
A	O	V	D	M	V	S	B	E	A	D	L	A	Y
R	M	S	L	G	I	N	L	M	A	H	L	Y	M
D	A	I	I	A	G	I	E	H	I	V	E	T	M
K	N	U	U	T	C	M	S	E	D	V	S	E	L
T	S	I	G	E	S	R	U	O	C	E	C	A	R

OUSE
GOODRAMGATE
WOLDS
ASSEMBLY
HOWARD
YORK
MINSTER
SHAMBLES
ROMANS
MEDIEVAL
WALMGATE
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Across 3 Chapel 6 Processional 8 Favour 12 Altar 15 Marriage 17 Courtship 18 Matrimony
Down 1 Bachelor 2 Recessional 4 Veil 5 Banns 7 Bouquet 9 Changer 10 Honeymoon
11 Honour 13 Usher 14 Kiss 16 Groom



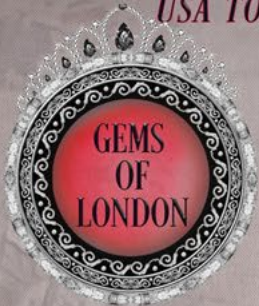
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HATE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER. WILL LOVE TEAR THEM APART?

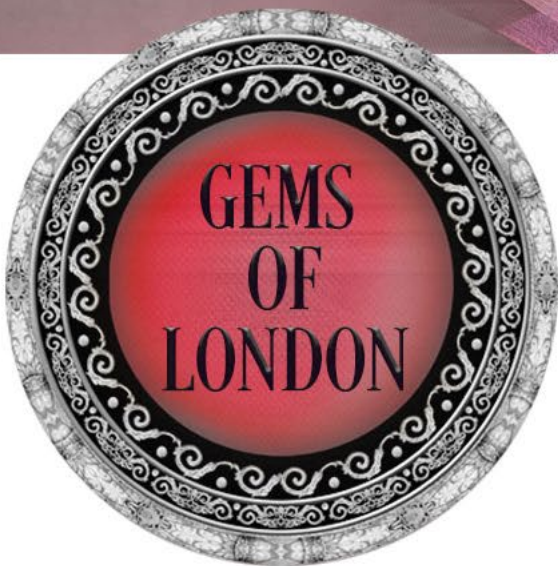
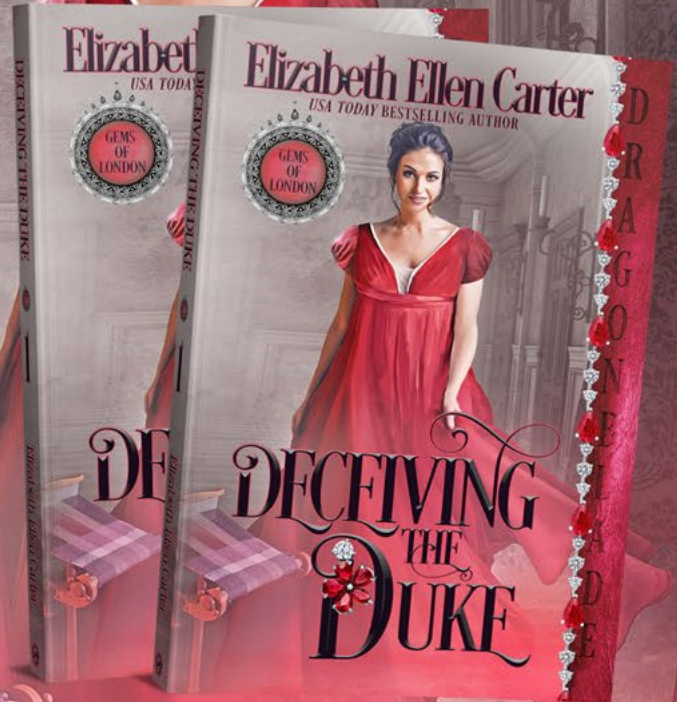
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