

The Ricardian Register

Newsletter of the American Branch
Richard III Society



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EDITOR: Miss Linda B. Ragazzini, 836 Weaver Street, Larchmont, New York 10538

NEW EDITOR:

I would like to briefly introduce myself to all members of the Richard III Society. My name is Linda Ragazzini; I am currently studying sociology on a graduate level at New York University. Possibly my studies might lead to some interesting findings on 15th century English society and customs. With this issue, I am taking over from Mrs. Jean Airey as editor of the Ricardian Register. We all thank Mrs. Airey for her hard work in putting out such fine Registers every two months. I hope I shall be as good an editor as she has been.

To any of you who have comments, creative ideas, interesting interpretations of Ricardian history, reports on trips and meetings, research notes--please send all such materials to me so that they can be shared with other members.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Ricardianly,
Linda B. Ragazzini

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY:

I was very sorry to have missed the Annual Meeting, but hope to see you all next year. This issue introduces our new Editor. Those of you who have news or changes of address can write to Linda or me; we will be in fairly constant communication.

Jean Airey
Secretary-Treasurer

DUES ARE DUE!! DUES ARE DUE!! DUES ARE DUE!!

It is time for the payment of dues--which is the purpose of the envelope attached to this issue. If you joined before June of this year, YOUR DUES ARE DUE! If you're not sure when you joined, check your membership card. Dues rates are:

REGULAR MEMBERS: \$4.00
STUDENT MEMBERS: \$2.00
FAMILY MEMBERS: \$7.00

(Next Page, Please)

If you're not sure if you've paid or not, write to me, and I'll be glad to tell you; or, send a check and I'll credit you with the proper year.

Jean Airey
3323 Rocky Den Road
Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

THE WASHINGTON, D.C. CHAPTER GOES TO THE ANNUAL MEETING

by William H. Snyder

John Barleycorn's red nose gleamed in the New York sun, but he wasn't talking. He couldn't. He was merely an adornment on the pub where the American Branch of the Richard III Society was having its annual meeting on Saturday, October 4.

Six of us, fully one third of the Washington, D.C. Chapter had gotten up in the pre-dawn darkness to take the Penn-Central Metro (the new 120-mile-an-hour train to New York) to attend the meeting.

Upstairs in the John Barleycorn about 50 members were happily chatting in surroundings which (in the muted light) provided a medieval ambience--except for some disruptive but pleasant mini-skirts. Martha Hogarth had thoughtfully provided name tags, intertwined with tiny white roses. Glasses of syllabus were passed around, enhancing the medieval flavor, as Chairman Bill Hogarth called the meeting to order.

He announced that, because of a complaint from a member about the poor quality of our sound tapes at last year's meeting, he had asked the complainant to provide the music for this year's meeting and introduced Dr. Madalein Pelter Cosman.

Dr. Cosman, with her two pages--her very young daughter and son--all in medieval costume, presented a delightful hour-long lecture-recital of medieval and renaissance music, to the accompaniment of her lute. These twelfth- through sixteenth-century songs (some sung in their original languages) are rarely performed, and held the assembled Fellowship of the White Boar spellbound. Dr. Cosman, a medievalist, is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English, City College of the City University of New York. Her articles of scholarly interest (on medieval literary and medical-historical subjects) have appeared in professional journals.

We then descended to more mundane things, such as polishing off a delicious dinner. Following the dinner, we were treated to a color-sound film from the Bibliotheque Nationale on illustrations from a fifteenth-century Book of Hours.

Libby Haynes, our Librarian, gave an impromptu but informative answer to a query about the differing uses of a coat-of-arms and a cognizance.

So ended the meeting--short on business but long on entertainment and enjoyment. Upon reflection, not the least benefit of our Society is the opportunity to meet so many interested and interesting members and to make so many worthwhile friends--here in our nation's capitol, in New York City, and in London. Loyalte Me Lie applies today as it did in 1452-1485.

THE BOSWORTH MEMORIAL

Since no other members applied for the tour this year (Mrs. Aganita Kuo and I were the only Americans present this year), I was understandably nervous at finding myself entirely alone in England. But Miss Schloss notified the English Ricardians, and when I arrived at my hotel, I found a bouquet of white roses and note of greeting from Miss Mireille Kerr-Ritchie, who, during the next couple of weeks, was wonderfully kind in showing me the obscure places where London has remained unchanged for centuries. I owe to her the happy success of this first trip to England.

Saturday, August 23, I was able to meet some 50 members of the English Branch; Miss Valerie Giles, in charge of the party, was much harried, trying to make sure that everyone was back on the bus after each stop. I spoke briefly with Mr. Bacon, and with Mrs. Lamb, the author of The Betrayal of Richard III.

Our day was overcast, but dry. The bus took us through narrow country lanes, with signposts out of Plantagenet history. Just after noon we arrived at Sutton Cheney and shivered through the windy churchyard into the Norman church, where Rev. Boston greeted us warmly. He offered an excellent memorial service, unexpectedly touching as he reminded us that the door we'd entered was the one King Richard had walked out of to his death. He spoke warmly of the king as a kind, responsible, and Christian man and recited King Richard's prayer. It was difficult suddenly to keep back tears as the choir sang and a wreath was placed over the memorial plaque.

Besides the Society members, the service was attended by local people, who show real interest. A local artist had made an illuminated map of the district showing villages and battlefield. Another man remarked that, when he was in the police, he used to wonder if he guarded a royal grave. It's a shock to find a place where Richard III is spoken of in such unquestioningly affectionate terms.

We then travelled the obscure road which puts you rather literally on Bosworth Field. A long, steep lane ends with a gate admitting you to a farmyard. We crossed the yard and a pasture beyond, and while a couple of men of the party raised the bottom strand of barbed wire fence, the rest of us rolled under.

Beyond the fence is a small stone monument containing a green-scummed well, surrounded by an iron fence, and a tangle of white roses gone wild. The rest of the field lies peacefully clothed in deep golden wheat, but this corner where a king fell is a stretch of untamed roses, nettles, and high grasses. I wondered if, in the late summer silence, I might hear imaginary hooves of galloping steeds, the clash of weapons and shouts--and above all the outraged cry of "Treason! Treason!"

Another hour's ride brought us to Maxstoke Castle, where tradition says Richard slept the night before reaching Bosworth. This charming little castle has belonged to the Dilke family since 1521 and has been occupied continuously. The castle is in nearly its original condition and contains the chair, now much changed by Victorian refurbishing, used for Henry VII's coronation on Bosworth Field. But its chief interest lies in the fact that it is not a museum but has been continuously in use as a home and possesses the warmth that occupation bestows. Although it has been much changed since the day Richard III rode away, it is not impossible to imagine him passing through the dining chamber, which still has much of its original look, or to see, when you glance out the window that used to light the staircase from the Great Hall, something of the view that Richard saw over the water-filled moat and green trees beyond.

It was a graceful conclusion to a very full day, and I thought it exceedingly kind of Commander Dilke to allow us to invade his home for so satisfying a climax to our journey.

Mary Louise Dodge
93 Vosper Street
Saranac, Michigan 48881

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY:

- Books: The Golden Longing, by Francis Leary (biography)
The Lord Jasper, by Betty King (novel about Jasper Tudor)
John of Gloucester, by Wenty Miall (novel about Richard III's son)
Memorial to the Duchess, by Jocelyn Kettle (novel about Alice
Chaucer, Duchess of Suffolk)
Richard, by Grace of God, by Brenda Honeyman (novel about Richard III)
(all above are gifts of Andre Norton)
The Reign of Edward IV, by Eric N. Simons (biography)--gift of
Malvina Pyles
- Pamphlet: "Choir Stalls and Misericords, Christ-church Priory, Hampshire,"
gift of Edith Newman
- Xerox Texts: Parliament Rolls, Reign of Henry VII--gift of Anthony Stokes
Photograph of the arms of Richard III displayed in Windsor Castle--gift
of David Handler

ARE THERE ANY SKELETONS IN YOUR FAMILY CLOSET???

Mr. David Bethell, a fellow Ricardian, is a palaeographer and genealogist who would like to offer his services to American members of the Richard III Society in order to supplement his research grant. If you are interested in having some genealogical research rendered to you, write to Mr. Bethell at the following address:

Mr. David Bethell
10 Australia Court
Huntingdon Road
Cambridge, ENGLAND

S.O.S. FROM THE EDITOR:

Does anyone have the recipe for syllabub, such as is served at the John Barleycorn at our Annual Meetings? I would like to be able to serve syllabub at festive occasions during the coming holiday seasons. I am sure that other members would also like to have this recipe.

NEW MEMBERS:

Mrs. Charles H. Toll, Jr. 19 Kensington Road Concord, New Hampshire	Mrs. Maynard Shipley Ambassador Hotel San Francisco, Calif.	Moirá Wade Dooley 4 Stuyvesant Oval N.Y., N.Y. 10009
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94102

Mrs. Susan Patrizio
2000 South Eade St.
Apartment 516
Arlington, Va. 22202

Mr. & Mrs. John C. Fox
309 North Broadway
Yonkers, New York

Joseph A. Clarken
29 Canterbury Lane
Short Hills, N.J.
07078

John C. Lassiter
721 Morrison Residence
College, U.N.C.
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Joanne Koeller
10 Lehn Farm Rd.
Westport, Conn. 06880

Miss Ani Atamian
700 Closter Dock Road
Closter, N.J. 07624

Sharon Thomas
375 W. Passaic Ave.
Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Mireille Kerr-Ritchie
52 Evelyn Gardens
London, S.W. 7
ENGLAND

Miss Serene Nakano
4101 N.W. 59th Street
Oklahoma City
Oklahoma 73112

MEDIEVAL MUSIC:

In her concert at the General Meeting, Dr. Cosman sang several songs of the 15th and 16th century. The lyrics to two of these songs are printed below:

Tobias Hume

Tobacco, Tobacco
Sing sweetly for Tobacco.
Tobacco is like love,
O love it,
For you see I will prove it.

Love maketh leane the fatte men tumor,
So doth Tobacco.
Love still dries up the wanton humor,
So doth Tobacco.

Love makes men sail from shore to shore... Down in yonder green field...
Tis fond love often makes men poore... There lies a knight slain neath
Love makes men scorn all coward feares... his shield
Love often sets men by the eares... His hounds they lie down at his
feet

Tobacco, Tobacco
Sing sweetly for Tobacco.
Tobacco is like love,
O love it,
For you see I have proved it.

Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a
tree
(Down a down, hay down, hay down)
They were as black as they might be
(With a down)

Then one of them said to his make
O wher shal we our breakfast take
(With a down, derry, derry, derry,
down, down).

So well they can their master keep.
His hawks they flie so eagerly...
Ther is no fowl dare him come nigh...
Down there comes a fallow doe
As gret with yong as she might go...

She lift up his bloody head...
And kissed his wounds that were
so red...

She got him up upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake...

She buried him before the prime...
She was dead herself ere evensong
time...

God send every gentlemen
Such hawks, such hounds, and such
leman.

PART II

The following doggerel, in the form of a secular asking and a friar answering at the grave of Dame Joanna of Acres, second daughter of King Edward I, consort of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, delineates the claim to the throne of Richard, Duke of York, through the Honour of Clare, and was clearly written for political purposes during his lifetime. Elizabeth, first mentioned, was daughter of Joanna's daughter, Elizabeth de Burgh.

"Had she any issue?" "Yea, sir, sikerly."

"What?" "A daughter." "What name had she?"

"Like her mother, Elizabeth, sothely."

"Who ever the husband of her might be?"

"King Edward's son, the Third was he,

Sir Lionel, which buried is, her by,

As for such a prince too simply."

"Left he any frute, this prince mighty?"

"Yea, sir, a daughter, and Phillippa she hight;

Whom Sir Edmond Mortimer wedded truly;

First Earl of the March, a manly knight,

Whose son, Sir Roger, by title of right

Left heir another, Edmond again:

Edmond left none, but died barren.

"Right thus did cese of the March's blode

The herire male." "Whither passed the right

Of the Marches landes, and to whome it stode,

I woulde faine lerne, if that I might?"

"Sir Roger, middel Erle, that noble knight,

Tweyn daughters left of his blode roial;

That one's issue died, that other's hath al."

"What hight that lady who's issue had grace

His lordship t'attaine?" "Dame Anne, I wys,

To the Erle of Cambridge and she wife was

Which both be dede. God graunte hem blys.

But her son Richard, which yet liveth, is

Duke of Yorke, by descent of his fader,

And hath Marches landes by right of his moder."

"Is he sole or married, this prince mighty?"

"Sole, God forbede; it were great pitee."

"Whom hath he wedded?" "A gracious lady."

"What is her name, I thee praie tell me?"

"Dame Cecile, sir." "Whose daughter was she?"

"Of the ERle of Westmoreland, I trowe the yongest

And yet grace hir fortun'd to be the highest."

"Is there any frute betwixt hen two?"

"Yea, sir, thanked be God, ful glorious."

"Male or female?" "Sir, bothe two."

"The number of this progeny gracious,

And the names, to know I am disirous:

The order eke of birth, telle if thou can;

And I will ever be, even thyn own man."

"Sir, after the tyme of lang bareyness,
God first sent Anne, which signyfieth grace;
In token that all her hertis heavynesse
He (as for bareyness) wold fro hem chase.
Harry, Edward, and Edmonde, eche in his place
Succeeded; and after tweyn daughters came,
Elizabeth and Margarate; and afterwards William.

"John after William next borne was,
Which both be passed to God's grace.
George was nexte; and after Thomas
Borne was, which sone after did pace
By the path of death to the heavenly place;
Richard liveth yet. But the last of alle
Was Ursula; to hym would God list call.

"To the Duke of Excestre, Anne married is
In her tender youthe. But my Lord Harry
God chosen hath, to inherite heaven's bliss;
And lefte Edward to seccede temporally;
Now erle of Marche; and Edmonde of Rutland sothely
Conute both fortunabile to right high marriage.
The other foure stand yet in their pupillage.

(Conute: Knit, or
knotted, Saxon.)

"Longe mote he liven to God his plesaunce,
This high and mighty prince in prosperitie;
With virtue and victory, God him advaunce
Of all his enemyes; and graunte that hee
And the noble princess his wife may see
Her childres children, or thei hens wende
And after this outclary, the joye that never shall ende."

Cited with earlier sources in Richard the Third as Duke of Gloucester
and King of England by Caroline A. Halsted, Carey and Hart,
Philadelphia, 1844.

"Boy! What some fellas will do for a kingdom!"

MAKE WISE CHOICES.

