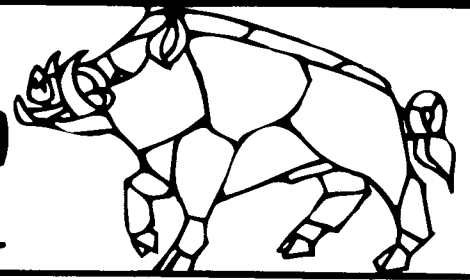


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Where Are The Princes?

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In the belief that many features of the traditional accounts of the character and career of Richard III are neither supported by sufficient evidence nor reasonably tenable, the Society aims to promote in every possible way research into the life and times of Richard III, and to secure a re-assessment of the material relating to the period, and of the role in English history of this monarch

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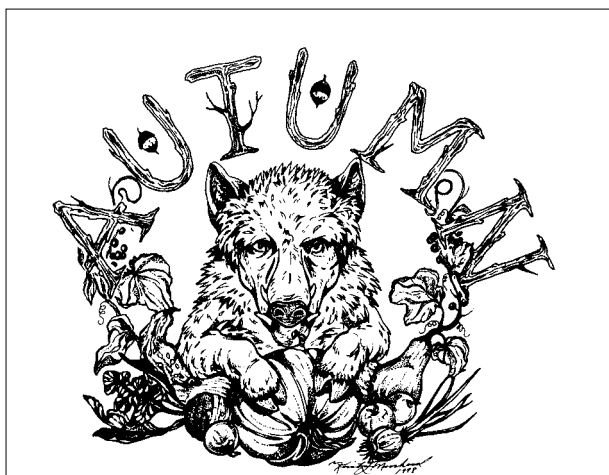
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EDITORIAL LICENSE

Carole Rike

I have all the usual people to thank:

- Sandra Worth for another feature on Richard's enemies, Morton.
- Laura Blanchard for her brilliant introduction to Colin Richmond's offering on the Princes, and the personal pictures of Richmond she shared with us.
- Myrna Smith, who in spite of a move from not only her home but one city to another, came through with her Ricardian Reading column as always.
- Ever-faithful Susan Dexter, whose cover drawing follows the Where's Waldo? theme on the Princes.

I also have an apology to repeat — I can only plead continuing lack of what must be mental carelessness. A couple of years ago I insisted on mixing up two Ellens for several issues. This year, I appear to be intent on insulting the two Geoffreys (Richardson and Wheeler) by incorrectly identifying them. I know both gentlemen, think highly of both, and can only assure them I will strive not to repeat such errors as in the June issue of the *Register*. Geoffrey Richardson often offers content for the newsletter and Geoffrey Wheeler is the source for Ricardian photographs and visual aids.

Past that, like all of you, words fail me. At press time, it appears our New York City members escaped physical injury, although surely not psychic. All our worlds are different after Tuesday.

I share here with you the following:

In a message dated 9/12/01 9:10:49 AM Eastern Daylight Time, elizabeth.nokes@ris.gb.com writes:

Dear American Members,
I am sending support and sympathies on behalf of all Ricardians in the UK — and I am sure I speak for all Ricardians world-wide — in the light of the terrible events of 11th September. I do hope that all New York members are safe, and if not, offer sympathies to all their families and friends.



Elizabeth M Nokes
Secretary Richard III Society London

God Bless America.

RICHARD & THE PARSON OF BLOKESWORTH

Sandra Worth

For most of his life, before Fortune showered him with favor, John Morton, future bishop, archbishop, cardinal, chancellor, and friend to kings, was commonly known as the Parson of Blokesworth. In Edward IV's Act of Attainder after the Battle of Towton in 1460, when he was around forty or fifty years old, he was described as 'John Morton, late Parson of Blokesworth, in the shire of Dorset, clerk.' Little did Edward guess at the time what a large role 'John Morton, clerk,' would play in his life, and in the events following his death that brought about the fall of the House of York.

John Morton was the eldest of five sons born to Richard Morton of Millborne St. Andrew and his wife, Cecilia Beauchamp in either 1410, or 1420. His parentage has been described as mean¹, though his family owned land and boasted an ancestor who had been Sherriff of Nottingham under Edward III. Morton received his education at the Benedictine Abbey of Cerne, where his uncle was most likely prior, and he went on to study at Oxford's Balliol College. His lot there was probably not a happy one. Students slept four to five in a room on lumpy straw mattresses crawling with lice, and were served rotten meat and fish. Riots over the food were common. No doubt he was glad when, as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University in 1446, he could enjoy a more luxurious lifestyle.

In 1451, Morton received his doctorate in both canon and civil law, with great distinction. Legal degrees have been described as the golden road to a mitre in 15th-century England, and in London's ecclesiastical courts, such as the Court of Arches², opportunity for fame and riches abounded. Possessed of great talent, and even greater ambition, Morton lost no time getting himself to London where he could win the notice, and secure the patronage, of the mighty.

With his formidable mind and eloquent tongue, he quickly achieved his purpose and came to the attention of Cardinal Bouchier, who in turn, introduced him to King Henry. He was appointed chancellor of the household of the young Prince of Wales, played a role in the infamous 'Parliament of Devils' that attainted the Yorkist leaders, and soon became one of Queen Margaret's most trusted advisors. It was at this point in his life that the rich living of Blokesworth was bestowed upon him. In 1460, the

Battle of Towton brought his rising star to an abrupt halt.

His biographer, Woodhouse, says he was most certainly in attendance upon King Henry at the fatal defeat of the Lancastrians at Towton, and that he probably defended his life with his sword. We are told by the historian, Grafton, that 'The parson of Blokesworth fled the realm with the queen and the prince and never returned but to the field of Barnet.' Morton appears to have been one of Margaret of Anjou's two hundred attendants in Bruges, where they were well-treated by the kind and generous Phillip the Good. Their circumstances deteriorated later, however, when Queen Margaret moved to France and she was subject to deprivations at the court of Louis XI. This must have left Morton with a bitter taste for future exile, and may have influenced his decision to submit to Edward IV after Tewkesbury.

Under the Yorkist Sun, Morton's star shot into ascendancy again. He rose to prominence as Master of the Rolls, and for a short while during the illness of Lord Chancellor Stillington, was entrusted with the Great Seal. Edward also dispatched him on embassies from Hungary to France, a sure mark of royal favor. The devious mind and lack of scruples that was to serve him so well under Henry VII, first displayed itself during this period. The historian Hook credits Morton with devising the underhanded, and hated, system of benevolences which Edward used to finance his invasion of France, and which he later developed into his infamous 'Morton's Fork' argument of Henry's reign, enabling Tudor to extract money from rich and poor alike.

In 1476, when Edward found himself in France and abandoned by his allies, he made a treaty with Louis XI that paid him a substantial sum to return to England. Edward may have seen the payment as akin to Roman tribute, but in the general view it was a bribe, and the treaty was considered shameful at the time. The Parson of Blokesworth, now 'Doctor Morton,' was one of only three royal officers Edward sent to negotiate its terms, and certainly this ingenious instrument of statecraft that cloaked Edward's failure as triumph is sly enough to be worthy of crafty Morton, whose brainchild it may have been. Later, when Louis, in gratitude, paid Edward's royal officers for their help with the treaty, Morton was high on the list and rode away from Picquigny not only with Louis' money in his purse, but with Louis' amity,

from which he would one day reap astounding dividends.

In sharp contrast, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, preserved his integrity by condemning the Treaty of Picquigny and refusing Louis' gold. Even though Richard had no way of knowing at the time that the long-term consequences of his action would prove fatal to him, he was no fool. He had to be fully aware that a king's enmity was not without its dangers, yet he would not compromise his principles. Louis was never to forgive Richard for his refusal, delivered bluntly at a private dinner that Richard departed in such haste as to border on an insult. As a result, Richard incurred an enmity that would one day finance an invasion against him and win the throne for Tudor.

In his biography, Hook says that although Morton was "munificent on great occasions, yet he was avaricious and grasping." Woodhouse states that Morton's "munificence was great and untainted by the vice of avarice, which disgraced the sovereign." However, Woodhouse then refers to Morton's "raising of early strawberries" as an example of this 'munificence,' which proves to what startling lengths biographers are prepared to go in order to paint their subjects in the best light.

The truth is that Morton's 'munificence' was self-directed. He beautified the Bishop's Palace, where he lived. He spent extravagantly on his own installation as bishop. He drained the marshy fens and cut a canal through to the sea at his own expense — which at first glance may seem an act of generosity. But Morton, a calculating character and far-sighted, may have simply been looking ahead to the day when his fortunes might change and he would be in need of an escape route.

In his grasping for money and power, and in his Lancastrian sympathies and disregard for justice, Morton had much in common with the Woodville Queen and her family.³ Like them, he was low-born and a former Lancastrian who didn't harmonise well with the old Yorkist families, since they had no sympathy for Lancastrians who had become loyal to Edward for lack of a Lancastrian pretender in the field, and resented seeing them elevated to the peerage.

In 1479, after he was consecrated as Bishop of Ely, Morton retired to private life and his gardens at Holborn, where he concerned himself with the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties. Either Morton's ambitions had been realized at this point in his life — at least temporarily — or he didn't anticipate any greater honors under Edward.

In 1483, he attended King Edward in his last illness and was appointed one of the executors of his will. Ever the politician, however, Morton refused to implement the will that named Richard as Protector

and deprived the Woodvilles of their dream of seizing power for themselves. Shortly afterwards, he master-minded Buckingham's rebellion and made his escape by means of the canal he himself had dug in the Fens. He has been named by many as Prime Suspect in the murder of the Princes,⁴ which helped to bring down Richard and secure the throne for Tudor. His involvement in the plots speaks volumes about the relationship between the two men.

After Richard's death at Bosworth, Henry Tudor raised him to Archbishop of Canterbury, procured him a cardinal's hat and made him Lord Chancellor. Under Henry, Morton reached his full flowering and gave Englishmen the taste of his quality.⁵ He had the ear of the king, and Henry's unabated trust, and is generally regarded as the author of his important legislation.

- Whereas Richard had labored hard to secure justice for the poor, both by edict and by personally presiding over courts of appeal, Morton extended the jurisdiction of the Star Chamber and converted it into a terrifying instrument of oppressive government under the Tudors.
- Whereas Richard enacted statutes to protect the buyers of land from unscrupulous sellers who had sold the same property many times over, Morton enacted a law that made possession the deciding criteria.
- Whereas Richard "dampned and annulled forever" the right of the King to taxation without authority of Parliament, Morton devised a clever dilemma, known as Morton's Fork, that allowed no man an escape. By this argument, royal commissioners told those who lived frugally that, obviously, they could afford the tax, because their parsimony had made them rich. Those who lived comfortably were told that, obviously, they were rich and could afford it.

Henry dated his reign from the day before the battle of Bosworth so he could hang for treason those who had fought for King Richard. Though it fits with Morton's character, this edict has not been attributed to him. Much later, however, Morton is connected to a similar, very important piece of legislation — a statute that protects from treason all who fight for a sitting king. As Woodhouse, puts it:

"... a belief had become very prevalent among the people that the Duke of York, younger son of Edward IV, still survived, and the apprehension that if he were restored those who fought for the present king, whose title was so defective, might be tried for treason... deterred many from joining the royal standard."⁶

Sir Thomas More has left us a slightly more flattering portrait of Morton⁷, but according to Francis Bacon, he was a stern and haughty man, much hated at court, and even more so throughout the country.⁸ In their rebellion against Tudor, the Cornish men raged against him, along with Reginald Bray, another of Henry VII's advisors, "as parricides and vultures praying upon the poore and oppressed."⁹ Morton was so hated, in fact, that he feared for his life and came up with a legal means of providing for his own safety. Bacon imputes to Morton the passage of an act in Henry's first Parliament that made it a capital crime for anyone to conspire the death of any lord of the realm or member of the king's council, and gave the Star Chamber full jurisdiction. Now, merely on a word, Morton could make short shift of anyone he considered a threat to himself.

Like Napoleon, this "man of mean stature"¹⁰ also believed in absolute power. Not even the Church was exempt from his autocratic rule. According to the biographer, Budden, whom Woodhouse quotes, Morton's object was to "give to the Pope despotic authority in things spiritual, and in things temporal, to concede the same despotisms to the king."¹¹

His will is particularly enlightening. He left to the Church of Ely his silver cross weighing over 200 ounces, set with precious stones. In exchange for this, and also in gratitude for many other favors conferred, both while he sat as bishop, and afterwards, the Prior and Convent of Ely were expected to "find at their own expense" a monk to say daily masses for his soul, and the souls of his family, friends, and benefactors for twenty years.¹² This contrasts with the prevailing custom of leaving a bequest to fund services. What we have here is a man who kept book and never gave something away for nothing. A despot, attempting to direct men even from the grave.

In assessing Morton's accomplishments and legacy, Woodhouse seems to accept Buck's assertion that More's *History of Richard III* was probably originally written in Latin by Morton, and translated into English by Sir Thomas More, and he concludes that "His (Morton's) literary attainments reflect still greater splendour upon him, and he is to be considered the author of the first prose composition in our language."¹³ Even if More had written it, Woodhouse says, "We have the story from the highest authority — Morton himself, who narrated it to Sir Thomas More."

Far from casting 'splendour' on Morton, Morton's authorship of the History reveals some of the man's worse traits. Richard had no withered arm, otherwise he could not have performed so valiantly on the field of battle, unhorsing massive Cheyney at Bosworth, and killing Tudor's champion, William Brandon.

Clearly, Morton had no difficulty twisting the truth when it was expedient for him to do so, and no qualms defiling the honor of the dead. Perhaps the task of rewriting history, and destroying documents that conflicted with the truth, which Henry VII undertook after Morton's death, was one of the ideas crafty Morton left his pupil.

In their aims, philosophy, and character, Richard and Morton could not have been more dissimilar. The way they lived their lives illustrates the differences between them and suggests what their personal relationship may have been like. The Treaty of Picquigny certainly highlights a dramatic difference: Richard lived by the rules, while Morton thrived by bending them. To Richard, principles, honor, integrity, meant everything; to Morton, besides money and power, only expediency mattered.

The two had little in common and were divided by a lengthy list of differences. On one side stands a man of honor; on the other an opportunist. It is probably safe to assume that Richard and the low-born Parson of Blokesworth who wiled his way to dizzy heights of power as Cardinal, and Lord Chancellor, and the confidante of kings, rarely saw eye to eye and probably disliked one another intensely.

'Morton's Fork' has become the little bishop's epithet in history, but perhaps we should pause now to consider what the Chronicle of London and the antiquarian, Guthrie, have to say of him:

*"in our tyme was no man lyke to be compared to hym in all thynges; Albeit that he lyved not without the great disdaynes and greate haterede of the commons of this lande."*¹⁴

Guthrie¹⁵ is more explicit. He says that Morton died of the plague and delivered the nation from a pestilence; that he neither inclined to, nor practiced, any moderation; and that there is no vestige on record of any virtue of humanity into which he deviated.

Contrast this with the cry of the heart from the men of York on learning of Richard's death at Bosworth Field.

References

This article is based on the following works:

Walter Farquhar Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*

Woodhouse's *The Life of John Morton*

Desmond Seward's *Wars of the Roses*¹⁶

1 Grafton, Richard, *History of England*, (London, 1809) p. 122.

- 2 So-called from the church in which it was held, St. Mary le Bow. The Court of Arches is a court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases under the direct jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury.
- 3 With the possible exception of her brother, Anthony Woodville. See Worth, Sandra, *Richard and the Queen's Brother*, *Ricardian Register*, Spring, 2001.
- 4 The question whether they were murdered or survived remains open to debate. Our own Geoffrey Richardson is one who argues that they were done away with, and probably by Morton and Margaret Beaufort. (See *The Deceivers*.) For a fascinating discussion of the possible survival of at least one of the princes, see Audrey Williamson's *The Mystery of the Princes*, and Diana Kleyn's *Richard of England*.
- 5 According to Woodhouse, "Although he appeared merely to execute the measures of the king, he was in reality the chief author of the system for controlling the power of the great feudal barons..." pp. 78-79.
- 6 Woodhouse, *The Life of John Morton*, 1885, pp. 82-83.
- 7 More says in *Utopia* that the doctor often adopted a caustic manner when talking to stranger in order to test their reaction, but that normally he was 'lacking in no wise to win favor'.
- 8 Francis Bacon's *Life of Henry VII*.
- 9 Williamson, Audrey, *The Mystery of the Princes*; Alan Sutton, 1981; p.157.
- 10 More's description.
- 11 Budden, John, *Life of John Morton*, as quoted by Woodhouse, p. 95.
- 12 Bentham, James, M.A. *History and Antiquities of the Conventual and Cathedral Church of Ely*, 1771.
- 13 Woodhouse, *Life of John Morton*, p. 102.
- 14 Cotton MS. Vitellius A. xvi. F.181 b. *Chronicle of London, 1225-1509*, in English, written temp. Hen VII and beginning Hen. VIII.
- 15 William Guthrie's *History of England to 1688*, 3 folio volumes, pub. 1744-1751.
- 16 As to be expected, Seward paints a more sympathetic portrait of Morton than even Woodhouse.

NEW IN THE RESEARCH LIBRARY!

Helen Maurer

We've got some new books; all are recent publications:

A.J. Pollard, *Late Medieval England 1399-1509* (Harlow, 2000)

A.J. Pollard, *The Wars of the Roses*, 2nd rev. ed. (Basingstoke/New York, 2001)

Keith Dockray, *Henry VI, Margaret of Anjou and the Wars of the Roses: A Source Book*
(Stroud, 2000)

The first two are well-written textbooks that together give a very solid overview of the fifteenth century in England and, more specifically, of the Wars of the Roses. The second title in particular pays frequent attention to the historiography of the Wars, noting how interpretations and emphases have changed over time and where the contested ground still lies. Readers will come away from it with a sense not only of what is at issue, but also of how history develops and is "done".

The third book consists of topically grouped excerpts from a variety of primary sources along with some explanatory commentary. It could comfortably be read in tandem with sections of Pollard's book on the Wars (and, of course, this is not the only Source Book that Dockray has published!). The only quibble I might have with it—or with any book of this type—is that in excerpting material the editor inevitably drops some of the more interesting parts. But one can always hope that some curious readers will be encouraged to find their way to the *whole* sources, which often have a larger story to tell.

Finally, a reminder to members: the library list is online (although these most recent acquisitions may not yet be on it). We have lots of books and articles to fit your 15th-century needs and interests.

PRAY TO ST. PENKET FOR COLIN RICHMOND

Laura Blanchard

When Carole Rike received the remarkable essay by Colin Richmond printed in this issue, she was puzzled for several reasons.

Why did Richmond, a widely-published *English* historian, send this essay, unsolicited, to the *American Branch* newsletter? What made him change his mind about Richard III? And why were there no footnotes?

One question can be answered fairly quickly: this provocative new theory on the death of the Princes might not have found a publishing venue easily without extensive source documentation (of which more later). Moreover, Colin Richmond, last heard on BBC Radio being positively chummy with the likes of Alison Weir, isn't exactly the friend of many English Ricardians — although *The Ricardian* often accepts book reviews bearing his byline.

For the full answer, though, I suspect we will need to go on an excursus as wide-ranging as any of Richmond's own.

Some years ago, Richmond published a collection of *varia* under the title of *The Penket Papers*. Several of its essays chronicle his journeys across Britain, Europe, and the Middle East in search of information on the elusive Saint Penket. In one, he speaks of a discovery by an eighteenth-century antiquarian near Ely. A wooden tablet, preserved by the peculiar chemistry of fen-water, bore the inscriptions

recto

*O sanctae saltatrices Penket et Pega,
orate pro nobis in hoc plano mariscosque
purgatorio; o virgines pudicissime,
transmutate nos aquosos in celorum
vinum; dolorosos ad karkarandum
convertite; o sorores hagagares, orato pro
nobis Edwardo et Ricardo et pro anima Anne.*

verso

*the eve of seynt sixburge. trust this fysychon.
we are kepyt streyght nowe. oure lyves are worthles.
yn the name off Jesu.*

Richmond quickly identifies the probable authors as the young Princes in the Tower, the “fysychon” as John Argentine, physician to Edward V, and the “eve of seynt sixburge” as July 5, 1483, the eve of Richard III's coronation. Further inquiries take Richmond to Prague, Cracow, Jerusalem, and Cana. Eventually he tracks down St. Penket — or more properly a cult, dedicated to St. Penket, that practiced ecstatic dance. This cult traveled from the Mideast to Florence,

where it was discovered by Sir John Tiptoft in the 1460s. Back in England once more, Richmond also discovers a recipe, annotated in Argentine's hand, for a potion composed of fermented wild plums. Was there a connection among all these things, he wondered? Did the Princes, spurred on by visions of St. Penket and a surfeit of plum potion, dance themselves to death?

Other scholars thought Richmond perhaps too ready to accept the validity of the Downham Tablet, which survives only in an antiquarian's notes, the original having been burned as firewood early in the nineteenth century. One historian, A. J. Pollard, wrote, “After careful consideration I have concluded that the Downham Tablet, which purports to be a last message from the Princes in the Tower, is a forgery. See Colin Richmond, *The Penket Papers* (Gloucester, 1986), pp. 61-75.” [A. J. Pollard, *Richard III and the Princes in the Tower* (Sutton Publishing and St. Martin's Press, 1991), p. 251].

Some of the *Penket Papers* connections also appear in the Richmond essay printed here — Argentine, Tiptoft, and the plum potion, joined now by Magdalen College, the Pastons, and the shadowy figure of Thomas Danvers.

Colin Richmond sips from a plum-colored Richard III Society mug shortly before giving his landmark talk at the Fifteenth Century Conference, University of Illinois, in 1995. Could Argentine's plum potion have made its way into Richmond's plum-colored cup and spurred the momentary suggestion that Richard III may have been less bad than he'd thought?



Distressingly, Richmond at his most inspired is also Richmond at his most footnote-free. Indeed, the participants at the 1995 American Branch conference on fifteenth-century history heard him deliver a groundbreaking essay based on a messy handful of

Intro: *The Truth At Last*

notes made on the backs of receipts, envelopes, and other waste paper. Only the presence of a tape-recorder saved the talk, “Richard III, Richard Nixon, and the Brutality of Fifteenth-century Politics,” from the fate of so much ephemera. In it, Richmond speaks about his study of Yorkist courtiers and their actions from 1483-1485, and says that he is disappointed “because Richard III is emerging in a more favorable light than I had thought of him over the last thirty years.” He recanted quickly, of course, but it was a moment to savor. (A transcription of the essay has been printed as part of Sharon D. Michalove and A. Compton Reeves, eds., *Estrangement, Enterprise & Education in Fifteenth Century England*, Sutton 1998, available from the American Branch research library). It is also possible that, filled with the spirit of scientific inquiry, Richmond brewed up and tested a twentieth-century batch of that fifteenth-century plum potion. Did plum potion perhaps inspire a theory but fail to provide the follow-through needed to produce an *apparatus criticus*?

So where does all this leave us with respect to the current work? No closer, I fear, although we have certainly identified some parallels and some fruitful lines of inquiry. But to pull all of this together, I think we need to look at one other issue — Colin Richmond and his attitude to “revisionist history.”

In 1994, I asked Richmond what he thought of some allegations in Alison Weir’s *The Princes in the Tower*. His reply, printed in the summer 1994 *Register*, began,

“Alison Weir cannot be a cigarette-card collector. Once upon a time I was. A few sets survive from a misspent boyhood: we flicked them against the broken walls of bombed-out houses in a blitzed London suburb, playing endless games in the hot summer of 1944, while German rockets rained down on Sidcup, the citizens of Warsaw fought in their sewers, and British and American soldiers died in Normandy. The set I have before me is one I treasured then and treasure now. Who knows what role it had to play in the formation of an historian? It is called ‘Kings and Queens of England’ and was issued by John Player and Sons in 1935....[Richard] looks as guilty as sin and should never have consented to have had his picture painted....On the reverse of the card are the words which would have saved Alison Weir, if only she had been a cigarette-card collector, from making her regrettable faux-pas about ‘those who believe Richard III guilty of the murder of the Princes but are afraid to commit themselves to any confident conclusions.’ I learned them by heart, even as exploding German rockets destroyed my parish church, gutted my local cinema, and blew-out the

windows of my school. They are why I have never minced words where Tricky Dickon is concerned.”



Korean War Memorial, St. Joseph, MI, overlooking Lake Michigan. Richmond has observed that the Korean Veteran has not received the same adulation as his World War II counterpart, although the situation has improved since his 1995 visit.

It is a long way from Tricky Dickon to the less culpable monarch in the essay you’re about to read.

It’s also a long way from Urbana-Champaign to Kalamazoo, and in the course of such a long road-trip many interesting things can be learned when Richmond is a passenger in one’s rental car. One such thing is his concern that, once the eyewitnesses to such a horrific event as the Holocaust can no longer offer their personal *j’accuse!*, the revisionists can deny the entire event with brazen confidence. Another is his desire to honor the war dead, seen in activities as diverse as his insistence on the proper recognition of Dadlington’s role in the Battle of Bosworth and his request that I stop the car to pay respects at the Korean War Memorial in St. Joseph, Michigan pictured here. It is revisionism of the most reprehensible kind to attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of someone demonstrably a villainous slaughterer of innocents — on the other hand, it is a monumental injustice to pay scant respect to the war dead, and the warrior-king Richard III is nothing if not dead.

Taking all these things into account, the essay begins to make a Richmondian kind of sense. In the six years since that 1995 conference where he had to look the fact of contemporary Ricardian loyalty among Yorkist courtiers in the face, Richmond has apparently wrestled with these conflicts and undergone a Ricardian conversion no less stunning than Desmond Seward’s — but blessedly in the opposite direction. At last, we have a Real Medieval Historian who is willing to come out unequivocally for Richard’s innocence, labeling him nothing worse than “killjoy” for his puritanical streak. As Ricardians, we can do no less than research Richmond’s claims and sources so that we can provide corroborative evidence in support of this inspired theory.

On second thought, perhaps we should wait to see what Pollard has to say about all this.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER: THE TRUTH AT LAST

Colin Richmond

when the whole of nature is suffused by the red glow of the sunset, against which is set off a cavalcade of gentlemen, riding on a twisting, sandy road after having escorted a lady on a trip to some gloomy ruin and now returning at a smart pace to a strong castle, where an ancient native would tell them a story about the Wars of the Roses.

Ivan Goncharov, *Obломov* (1954), p. 106

How difficult it is to get out of one's system what has been lodged there for so long is a truth known to all of us who have reached our sixtieth year. Can it be done? Can I successfully exorcise the shade of Richard III with this paper? It is, I feel, a final effort made more in exasperation than desperation. New evidence has come timely to hand; it is that new evidence which I shall present here. It is a blessed coincidence that it brings together many more of my early obsessions, if that is what they are, than simply Richard III and the Princes in the Tower. They are seven in number: is that all I hear you exclaim. I shall list them at the outset so that you may listen out for them in what follows and share with me the relief I have experienced as they have been ticked off. As you are no doubt aware, among my other obsessions are lists; here, therefore, is the list of those persons, places, and dates which have nearly continuously held my attention since I was a boy in short trousers at Chislehurst and Sidcup Grammar School for Boys too many years ago:

- 1 Richard III
- 2 1483
- 3 The Princes in the Tower
- 4 William lord Hastings
- 5 1478
- 6 Thomas Danvers
- 7 Magdalen College Oxford
- 8 1468
- 9 St George's Chapel Windsor
- 10 John Argentine
- 11 1470
- 12 Kirby Muxloe

The list is neither in order of importance nor is it exhaustive and other persons, places, and dates are bound to feature in what follows. Anthony

Woodville, earl Rivers, William Worcester, Sir Thomas Malory, John Forster, Elizabeth Lambert, William Shore, and Sir John Paston are some of the persons; the Tower of London, Waterstock, Peterhouse, St Paul's Wharf, and Sidcup are some of the places; 1469, 1475, and 1491 are a few of the dates. Only one woman I hear you complaining; I think it likely, however, that others will make an appearance if only to be seduced by one or other of the men on both principal and subsidiary lists.

I first came across the Princes in the Tower at Madame Tussaud's. There they are, twentieth-century wax-works looking sulky and uncomfortable with their page-boy hairdos, interrupted in their singing of a sentimental song from a grossly over-illuminated songbook, possibly from Eton, perhaps from St George's, Windsor, attentive to the tread of Sir James Tyrell on the stairs of the Byward Tower. They are modelled on Paul Delaroche's painting of 1830, Edward V and the Duke of York in the Tower, in which they seem both more innocent and more intelligent. Those images which we encounter as children we invariably encounter fortuitously, and for that reason they imprint themselves on our impressionable minds all the more powerfully. I was not taken to Madame Tussard's to see The Princes in the Tower; Mrs Birkett who lived next door did not have a reproduction of Millais's Boyhood of Raleigh on her front-room wall for my benefit; nor was And When Did You Last See Your Father?, which hung in a corridor of my primary school, put there to encourage me to become an historian. Yet, I have the feeling that without these historical images I would not be writing the present paper. That they are bad art is not at all the point. Nowadays I know better, never giving And When Did You Last See Your Father? a second glance as I head for The Meeting of Dante and Beatrice at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, not giving a second thought to Edward V and the Duke of York in the Tower while admiring his Execution of Lady Jane Grey at the National Gallery in London. While it is true to say that And When Did You Last See Your Father? haunted me for many years and that it may have had some part to play in a juvenile enthusiasm for Oliver Cromwell, The Princes in the Tower is the image which has persisted. I am here making a bid for freedom, attempting to write out of my life the two boys who have plagued it for fifty years or more.

Where to begin? I could virtually begin anywhere so closely knit are the strands of my story, so intimately connected are its characters, so circumscribed by habit, inclination, and feebleness of mind was the compact upper-class world of Yorkist London and Westminster. I use the phrase feebleness of mind with a certain trepidation, as some of its members were not without intelligence, John Tiptoft for one, Sir Thomas Cook for another, while John, lord Wenlock and Sir Thomas Malory must on all the evidence be credited with a strength of mind and a tenacity of spirit which left almost all the rest of our protagonists floundering in their wake. It is often said that London businessmen were clever, or that some bishops in the making were able to use their minds, even that certain politicians knew what they were doing, but it does not take long to realise that the overwhelming majority of the leading players in the short-running farce we have come to call Yorkist England would find themselves at home in any post-First World War British Cabinet, in the offices of a contemporary City of London finance house, or as a member of a twenty-first century English university. In other words they were average members of the English governing class, who notoriously have no idea how the rest of us live, think, and dream, and no sense of responsibility when it comes to doing anything on our behalf. Edward IV had as little understanding of governance as had that other play-boy king Edward VIII. Richard III was no play-boy; he was the reverse, a kill-joy, who menaced society for other reasons, few of them to do with good governance and none of them with intelligence.

There are always exceptions when generalization is the order of the day. I would make one, possibly two. John Alcock, bishop successively of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely was, as the record shows, an ambitious man, but in an Age of Ambition that should not be held against him. While the correct answer to the question What is Wrong with Ambition is everything, allowances for a certain sort of careerism have to be made, at any rate in Yorkist England.

Alcock was not only intelligent; he was also trustworthy, a quality as rare as intelligence among the governing elite of English society of any age, albeit notably so in the Age of York. Even Thomas More trusted the old man, as it was from Alcock that he obtained most of his information for his experimental documentary drama on Richard III, an experiment which, as the saying goes, blew up in his face, before, so to speak, he could be hoist with his own petard. Even Edward IV, who had trusted all the wrong people before 1470 and who trusted no one after 1471, trusted John Alcock, making him president of his eldest son's council, at the same time as he made

Anthony Woodville, the governor of the Prince of Wales household. In 1473 Alcock was appointed to keep an eye on Woodville, which he did until 25 June 1483 as the head of Earl Rivers was separated from his body on the block at Pontefract. Alcock was trusted not only because he could keep secrets; he was particularly valued because he could keep them. Most of them he took with him to his grave, a splendidly un-English one in Ely cathedral, begun in a time of deep personal gloom in 1488 and completed before his death in 1500; some secrets, however, he divulged and these Yorkist State Secrets will no doubt surface during the following narrative.

Thomas Danvers is buried at Waterstock. Or is likely to have been. He built the church there, perhaps employing William Orchard the architect of Magdalen College at nearby Oxford, but of any tomb there is no trace. Waterstock is still a beautiful place, lying close to the ravishing watermeadows of the Thames. For one of the most successfully made of self-made men it was a good place to retreat to from doing shady deals for Magdalen's founder, William Wainfleet, and procuring women for a wide-ranging clientele, which included almost everyone from the king himself to Sir Thomas Malory, the latter imprisoned in the Tower in a cell decidedly more comfortable than that occupied by Henry VI two floors below. Thomas Danvers is only a possible where intelligence is the issue. He was the foremost fixer of the Yorkist Age. It was not simply manors at ridiculous prices and persuadable ladies that Thomas traded in; he was pleased to turn his hand to anything: as he himself confided to Alcock on a famous occasion in 1478, an occasion we shall return to by another route, making other people happy was what made him happy. One of the items he dealt in, one which has escaped the attention of historians until very recently, was drugs, or what passed for them in a period as credulous as ours or any other when it comes to cures, especially cures for impotence and elixirs which enhance or prolong sexual performance. It was Thomas's Jewish contacts which put him in a powerful position, one in particular, the Jewish doctor who called himself Edward Beauchamp in 1482 and Richard Beauchamp in 1483; he was by then a resident of the Domus Conversorum in Chancery Lane; he had taken refuge there under an assumed name because his influential friends had been unable to continue to protect him after the death of the Duke of Clarence. Or was he their scapegoat? It is impossible to tell. Just as in the end it is impossible to gauge whether Thomas Danvers was clever, lucky, or simply had too many people in his pocket for any two or three of them to conspire against him: indeed, why should they have done, as Thomas was also a man who lent

money on easy terms. Thus he survived, outliving even John Alcock by a year or two.

We will, therefore, begin with Thomas Danvers. But where do we begin with him? Or rather when: in 1468 or 1483? It hardly matters as the story that has to be told may be narrated in either direction, back from 1483 or forward from 1468. Or perhaps we should say 1467. In London on 29 January 1467 to be precise. That is when Thomas Danvers wrote to Sir John Paston. It cannot have been the only letter he wrote to his friend; it is simply the only one Sir John bothered to keep. Why we might ask. Was it because Thomas Danvers, who signed himself 'With herte and servyse, youre T.D.', gave him that accolade of accolades among the circles in which Sir John moved: 'Ye be the best cheser of a gentellwoman that I know'?

Thomas, who knew a great many good choosers of gentlewoman, ought to have known what he was talking about. Or was it because of Lady Anne P., in whose lap, 'as white as whales bon', Sir John Paston 'purposed to falle hastely'. Lady Anne was the only one of Sir John's old flames whom he never forgot. Why and who she was will be revealed in due course. Thomas also mentioned the remarkable Mistress Gaydade, already an old flame of Sir John's by 1467. Remarkable as Mistress Gaydade's story is, it will not be told on this occasion. There was (finally so far as we are concerned, although there is much else of interest in the letter) a book, Ovid's *De Arte Amandi*, or actually two books as, writes Thomas, it was Ovid's *De Remedio* which Sir John would be requiring if he did fall into Lady Anne's lap. Alas, I have never read Ovid, nor do I know anything at all about sexually transmitted diseases, which, I fear, play a major part in our story. A few months after Thomas Danvers wrote to Sir John Paston, in March 1467 Sir John was Edward IV's partner in a tournament at Eltham. He was also the king's partner in the sexual contests which provided the evening's entertainment at tournaments, and in Edward's sexual pursuits which inevitably followed a day's hunting. Lady Anne was certainly one of those who was hunted down. To whom she first submitted is not known, but who she was is. More of Lady Anne P. at a later stage. Meanwhile, a little must be said about 1468, a year according to the late Charles Ross of alarms and intrigues, phenomena to which Charles Ross was himself only too prone: in the end they were too much for both Edward IV and his modem biographer.

In 1468 Thomas Danvers was arrested. The political turmoil in that year is generally agreed to have been more imagined than actual. Lancastrian plotting and Neville disaffection there may have been, yet Edward IV is considered to have struck out wildly in

all directions. To use torture to obtain confessions was a continental habit; Edward resorted to it in what came became known as the Summer of Panics. Those arrested were a mixed bag. Thomas Danvers eventually got off, as did a number of his London merchant friends, particularly John and Margaret Lenham, who when they came to make their wills some years afterwards remembered that it was William, lord Hastings who in their time of greatest need had proved to be the best of friends and most effective of patrons. We may be sure that the king's chamberlain did not deploy his influence on their behalf without remuneration. The same might be said in the case of Thomas Danvers, in the 1470s a retainer of Lord Hastings: 1468 was when they first realised that they needed one another. John, lord Wenlock was untouched. Sir Thomas Malory was not. Already imprisoned in Newgate and on the point of being freed Thomas now had to be kept in stricter confinement: to the inestimable benefit of English Literature, as it was during the eighteen months of life left to him in a prison where he was allowed pen and paper and was able to borrow books from booksellers around the comer in Paternoster Row that he wrote the *Morte Darthur*. The books Thomas used to create his masterpiece are a taxing issue for the devoted scholars who have actually read *Morte Darthur*. We may never know what they were, but we do know that most of them were recommended to him by Thomas Danvers and Sir John Paston, the most frequent of his many visitors during the years 1468 and 1469, as the Newgate Calendar attests.

There was, however, nothing for Edward to have feared from Lancastrian plotting. Nor were the Nevilles quite yet at the end of their patience with the incompetent king they had put upon the throne. Edward's fears might, nonetheless, have been real enough, but they were no more than a sub-plot, which, because the main action could not be discussed openly, has been raised to preponderant status by historians who pay too much attention to evidence deliberately planted to deceive them. Politicians are generally hopeless at everything except at saving their own skins. What, I am afraid, the turmoil of 1468 was really about was sex. A history of the sexual politics of Edward IV's reign will never be written; that does not mean to say that those politics were unimportant; on the contrary, they had a dominating importance, and produced the tragedy which engulfed the Princes in the Tower.

It is not yet time to discuss Thomas Danvers, William, lord Hastings and the bewildering events of 1483, let alone to elucidate the latter. One of the catalysts of the upheaval behind the scenes in 1468 was the death of Eleanor Butler, the widowed

daughter-in-law of Ralph, lord Sudeley. Eleanor was the culprit where sexually transmitted diseases are concerned. It is easy to forget that she was by birth a Talbot, the daughter of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the foremost English captains of the French War, easier still to forget that her father, whose military reputation was inflated from the moment the news of his senselessly heroic death at Castillion in 1453 reached London, had during his lifetime a less savoury reputation for the frequency with which he visited the brothels of the provincial capitals of France as well as the lengthy periods he spent in them. It had been Sir John Fastolf's moral objections to the earl's unseemly behaviour while on campaign which had led to the rift between them, a rift that had prevented them from being able to combine against Joan of Arc at Patay. There is a real irony here: the Maid of France capturing the Great Fornicator of England. Not that the earl's periods of captivity hindered his sexual activity, for it is believed that it was while a prisoner, and not in the well-conducted and medically-supervised brothels of Maine and Anjou, that he contacted the disease which he transmitted to his daughter. Eleanor duly transferred it to her royal lover. It was the discovery that Edward IV had gonorrhoea, and the disclosure of the grim news to a handful of his closest friends, which was the reason for his panic in 1468. Edward struck out wildly in all directions at phantom enemies because he had only himself to blame for his distress and discomfort. His friends worked hard to give his actions the appearance of rationality: they only partially succeeded.

It was this crisis which brought William, lord Hastings and Thomas Danvers together. Thomas was arrested but only as a matter of precaution. Because of his contacts in the drug market, which had necessarily made him the confidant of, as well as the supplier to, the leading doctors of the metropolis, Thomas had to be told of the king's plight if his help was to be enlisted in the search for a remedy, and he had to be told under conditions of the tightest security. Hence: his brief 'imprisonment' in the Tower. Thomas was good at keeping the secrets of those whom he served; in this case, however, he could not help revealing so salacious an item of Yorkist sleaze. The two people he informed were Sir John Paston, a connoisseur of gossip, and in order to cheer him up Sir Thomas Malory. Paston and Malory were men of unimpeachable integrity and Edward's secret went no further. Nonetheless, the dire pessimism which permeates the *Morte Darthur* undoubtedly springs from Malory's knowledge of the depths to which kings had sunk, while his antipathy to sexual promiscuity, which is so clearly signalled throughout the work,

particularly in the last two books, impelled him to take the dimmest of dim views of contemporary politics, and as all commentators have noticed the politics of the years in which Malory had spent his fruitless maturity lie immediately below the surface of his narrative. I have, however, wandered a little from my narrative. Whom, we need to know, did Thomas Danvers recommend to Lord Hastings as a doctor who might not only be trusted to keep silent, but who also might have a cure for the king's disease? He did not need to scratch his head. Nor do we. Dr John Argentine was undoubtedly the man for the occasion.

A typical product of Eton and King's, John Argentine was 26 in 1468. He was interested in theology as well as medicine and he was fascinated with those numerical games which at that time were becoming fashionable in Renaissance Europe, especially among learned men. Argentine was certainly learned. Quite what else he was is difficult to discern. His biography is well known so there is no reason for repeating it here, or at any rate repeating those aspects of it which are well known. In 1468 he was studying medicine intensively and, unusually for a fifteenth-century academic, not only in books. He had already made contact with Edward Beauchamp, and Beauchamp had begun to share with Argentine the accumulated practical knowledge of a doctor who had studied his craft in the Jewish Academies of Northern Italy. What he was unable to supply to his English friend was a cure for gonorrhoea. He was, nevertheless, convinced that there was one and that it was known at either Mantua or Padua, or at both places. Argentine would have to go there. And he was ready to go, his journey being a matter of the greatest urgency. His delay in going is unaccountable, unless we make English politics accountable. I am not convinced of the explanation put forward by everyone else interested in the subject, because I am suspicious of almost all explanations historians (and others) have offered for the more tantalizing problems raised by the Wars of the Roses. Times were bad in England between 1469 and 1471: were they bad enough to prevent travel to Italy? They were not. Besides, why was John Argentine's Italian journey delayed until the autumn of 1473? Fatally delayed.

I have no alternative explanation to offer. I suspect there may have been some in governing circles who, for all sorts of reasons both self- and dis-interested, did not want Argentine to go, or who did not believe his journey necessary, or who thought there was no cure to be found in Italy or anywhere else. The intensity of the power struggle around the apparently unailing king, a king who, while having had bouts of debilitating depression at critical moments in the summer of 1469 and the autumn of 1470, had

recovered his kingdom in energetic style in the spring of 1471, was complicated by those who queried whether he was in any contemporary sense ill. After all he was seldom indisposed and there were a myriad of explanations to hand for those bouts of melancholy, which at infrequent intervals overwhelmed him. Did he not eat too much, drink too much, not take enough exercise, and take too many women? He was only doing what kings had always done, the gentlemen of his household said with a shrug of their shoulders; after all, they were doing the same: Edward was behaving like any other English gentleman. I think that the execution of John Tiptoft, earl of Worcester in 1470 had something to do with Argentine's continued, probably enforced, stay in England. Tiptoft was a genius. Being more widely and wisely travelled than almost everyone else in England, anyone else who counted politically that is, he also had the very opposite of that Little Englander mentality which has been fateful for the history of the nation. But like many men of genius, he sought trouble rather than wait for it to come to him and he held extreme political views, especially about what should be done to enemies of the state. He was, as has been said of him by others than myself, a Machiavellian before Machiavelli. His enemies abounded. Their removal of him did damage to the cause of those advocating Argentine's journey to Italy.

It is also likely that the events precipitating the final compromise over the will of Sir John Fastolf had not a little to do with that journey's continuing postponement. William Worcester, as we know from British Museum, Cotton MS Julius F. vii, was friendly with Argentine. Through Worcester Argentine met Sir John Paston, who throughout the later months of 1469 and the early months of 1470 was being treated by the Cambridge doctor for what he had diagnosed as melancholia so acute as to be considered by him to be dangerously close to accidia; in a temperament as sanguine as Sir John's a bout of accidia was dangerous indeed. Thomas Danvers was probably involved at this point, and so at one remove was William Wainfleet. John Argentine and William Worcester were kept hectically busy trying to cope, in a kaleidoscopically changing political environment, with Sir John, a patient whose mood shifted from despair to euphoria and to despair again in the course of a single year, with his mother who was typically unsympathetic to what she regarded as a modern, and therefore trifling, complaint, with a well-intentioned bishop who had no notion of what was really going on so intent was he on saving Eton and founding Magdalen, with a whole gang of small-minded and even smaller-brained noblemen, who could not see any interest but what they were told by their equally

small-minded but slightly bigger-brained advisors was their best interest, and with Alice Chaucer, who was utterly impossible to deal with on any terms but her own. That they coped at all, that Sir John Paston recovered after the battle of Barnet, that the compromise over Fastolf's will held, that Magdalen was founded and Eton saved were all marvels, which, to give credit where it is absolutely due, were marvels accomplished by William Worcester and John Argentine, ably assisted at every turn by Thomas Danvers.

A consequence of the miraculous, nevertheless, was that John Argentine did not get to Italy until autumn 1473. It was not too late to save Edward IV; it was to save Edward, Prince of Wales and Richard, Duke of York. The death of Edward's daughter Margaret, born in April 1472 and dead by December, had been enough to impel the king at last to ignore every other voice but that of William, lord Hastings, who had been a supporter of Argentine's from the start, more than five wasted years before. Treatment, it now was evident to all but the old-fashioned, the xenophobic, the rabidly antisemitic, and those who had simply selfish reasons for opposing it, was essential, if not for Edward IV's sake then for the sake of the two princes, one aged three, the other aged three months. When we say it was not too late to save Edward IV, it is only temporary salvation that we mean. After Argentine had returned from Northern Italy he brought with him what was believed to be a permanent cure. Whether he himself believed that it was so it is impossible to be sure. My inclination is to think that he knew it was not for the obvious reason that the Jewish doctors whom he consulted at Padua knew it was not; there was little point in them deceiving a man they considered a colleague and who treated them as his equal, even as his superior: that was his character as a scholar of Eton and King's making itself felt. It also seems unlikely that he told anyone else on his return to England; such deadly information he kept to himself. After the king and the princes had been treated Argentine could only sit back and endure being the most nervous spectator of what he knew were the last years of Edward IV. It was only the king's robust constitution which kept him going for another nine years. His sons were frailer creatures, yet because they were treated at an earlier age and before the disease took a deathly grip, they outlived him. But it was not for long, and John Argentine, who on his return from Italy had become their doctor, knew in 1483 that they had only a matter of months to live. How many months was of course crucial, not least to their Protector, Richard, duke of Gloucester.

There has been more than one attempt to discover among Argentine's jottings in his books what the remedy for gonorrhoea might have been; Bodleian Library, MS Ashmole 1437 has been particularly studied with this in mind. One scholar believes that Argentine was on the track of a remedy before he left for Italy, and he cites the London gentleman relieved of constant vomiting in 1471 as evidence for such a view. Another has suggested that the following recipe, found in St John's College, Cambridge LL. 5. 14, might be relevant:

Take bolaces [wild plums] or they be fully ripe. Put them in an erthen pot and set the pot closed in the erthe ix or x days. Than take up your pot. Put the bolaces into a mortar and bray [crush] them. And put to them of strong ale. Meanelly medill [mix] them. Than streyne all by a cloth. Put that ageyn into a pot. And set it in the erthe x days. Than take it up. And kepe it clos. And drynke therof most in tyme of peyne.

It does not seem, however, that such a concoction would have been of much use in alleviating Edward's complaint. Much more work needs to be done on this particular topic, one where William Worcester's notebooks are more relevant than they have been reckoned hitherto. Bruce McFarlane wrote nearly fifty years ago:

His [Worcester's] deep and prolonged concern with medicine is amply attested by a mass of notes made in various years from 1459 to 1478. As usual, they were derived from many sources, from books, from doctors and barbers, and from the recorded experiences of sufferers. Sloane MS. 4 contains rich materials for a study of the theory and practice of healing in the reign of Edward IV.

No expert, I shall have to leave further enquiries to others. I am sure that there is a good deal to be yet discovered, if not about the treatment of gonorrhoea, then about the close links between Worcester and Argentine. This is where, I also believe, Peterhouse comes in, the library left to the college by John Warkworth in 1481 requiring more attention than that which M.R. James felt able to devote to it over a century ago. Cambridge college libraries undoubtedly are where scholars should be looking if an understanding of what was known of sexually transmitted diseases in Yorkist England is to be significantly advanced.

Before examining the events of 1483 there is a final pre-1483 matter to clear up. How much did George, duke of Clarence know? Did he know too much? Was that why he was killed? His death by drowning in a butt of wine might be reckoned as either whimsy on his part or irony on the part of his murderers. It was neither. George was simply

murdered in his bath, wine butts being commonly used for bathing by male members of the English gentry and nobility, for example by the Dinham family of Devon, who had 'ij vatis for the lordys bathyng y mad of a bot of malmesyn', as a surviving household inventory of the family from the fifteenth century records. The mystery surrounding the death of the Duke of Clarence is not about the manner of it, but about the reason for it. The idea that George was an unstable character and perhaps by 1478 of unsound mind has become a popular idea in recent years; historians have almost come to think of his utterly illegal dispatch as euthanasia: he was going off his head so it was in order to get rid of him. This is worrying as well as perplexing, not least for the historian's response to the murders committed by Richard, duke of Gloucester. Anthony Woodville, earl Rivers, and William, lord Hastings were both executed without trial by Richard. Bad habits are catching. It is true that Richard Neville, earl of Warwick began executing his opponents without any sort of trial from June 1460 onwards, most notoriously in July 1469 when he had Anthony Woodville's father and brother beheaded at Coventry. Yorkist England was a civilized society, but like civilized societies before and since barbarity if not kept in check by legal niceties and a code of good manners comes rapidly to the surface, and once in the open tends to remain there. Richard of Gloucester advanced to manhood at a time when brutalism had surfaced and he might well have acquired his peculiar ideas of morality from the example set by the Kingmaker, yet Clarence's death, a brother murdered by a brother we have to remember, exhibits all the characteristics of a rationalization of violence well out of control. Unless it was sheer cynicism. In either case the murder was appalling. It tells us everything we need to know about those implicated, and Richard, duke of Gloucester, as the work of Michael Hicks and Tony Pollard has demonstrated, was implicated up to the hilt. It was truly a case of two brothers murdering a third, which, had it been committed by a ruling family in the latter days of Imperial Rome or by a pope in Renaissance Italy, would make us shudder in revulsion. Clarence's murder, like those committed by Richard, duke of Gloucester in June 1483, ought to be seen in that sort of context: the last days of the House of York, when political morality included the killing of the closest members of one's own family. In such circumstances self-destruction is never far away.

Yet, Richard did not murder his nephews. He publicly called one of them a bastard, he publicly implied that his own mother was a whore, he publicly intended to marry his niece, but he did not murder the Princes in the Tower. That much has already become

obvious. What then happened in June 1483? We have finally come to the crux. Thomas Danvers, as we have come to expect, was involved. So was William, lord Hastings. So was Magdalen College. And so, necessarily was Dr John Argentine. The first thing we need to be aware of was that the thirteen-year old Prince of Wales became more obviously unwell day by day. His illness was, therefore, increasingly difficult to explain away as one or other of those complaints which afflict the young, as it had been explained away as 'le Mesyls' to the worthies of Canterbury when the queen and the prince visited that city in January 1483. Edward was, for instance, too ill to attend his father's funeral at Windsor on the following 20 April. After the death of Edward IV it was impossible any longer to conceal the condition of the new king from his uncle Richard of Gloucester. He had to be told. We can be sure it was William, lord Hastings who told him. Richard was faced with a truly awful dilemma. What was he to do with a boy of thirteen who only had months, possibly only weeks to live? Should the coronation go ahead? What if Edward were to die before he could be crowned? What if he was too ill to be crowned? Richard asked about Edward's younger brother: was Richard, duke of York also suffering from the same disease? When told that he was, and, although it was said that he would live longer than his brother, was also bound to die, probably in two or three years, certainly within four or five, Richard realised that he might have to be Protector for years to come. Indeed, if he choose to let the coronation of Edward V go ahead and Edward died soon afterwards, as Richard had been informed was certain to be the case, he would have to revive the Protectorship, which would have lapsed automatically on the crowning of Edward, on behalf of Edward's younger brother, yet it too would be a Protectorship that would never run its course: the younger of the two princes would die before he was sixteen. There was no precedent for the unprecedented, nothing in the recent or distant past to help Richard come to a decision. Should he have done the right, the legal thing? It is difficult to condemn him for not taking that course, and opting instead for what has ever since been called usurpation. I would not do so. I am critical of Richard for the murders he carried out to clear the way for his usurpation, but the usurpation itself was in my judgement (and in the circumstances I have sought to describe) a realistic choice. Not everyone thought so, however, and it is at this point that we come back to Thomas Danvers, William, lord Hastings, and Magdalen College, Oxford.

On Sunday 15 June 1483 Thomas Danvers wrote from Waterstock to Richard Mayhew, president of

Magdalen College. Among other things, he informed the president, 'I trust to be with you at London xxvj Junij [26 June] and thane shall I shewe you more of hastynges matieres'. William, lord Hastings had been murdered on Friday 13 June; his confidential agent, John Forster, had been arrested on Saturday 14 June and taken to the Tower; and his mistress Jane Shore, daughter of a London merchant and divorced wife of a businessman from Derby, was taken into custody sometime over the same weekend. Jane was never, it has to be stressed either Edward IV's mistress or the paramour of Thomas, marquis of Dorset, Thomas More on this matter having been deliberately dis-informed by John Alcock, who a decade later was continuing in a twenty-year habit of not telling the whole truth, like a late medieval George Smiley, whom Alcock also resembled in certain other aspects. It is not clear, however, whether Hastings shared Jane with Thomas Danvers, and even if he did, the room shewn to visitors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as Jane' Room, apparently the present bursary, was never likely to have been her's, whatever the latitude Wainfleet might have been obliged to allow to a man who was virtually a co-founder of the college.

There was a Jane Shore room at Kirby Muxloe, or rather there would have been had Kirby Muxloe been finished. The story of how the Kirby Muxloe building accounts were sold during the First World War to an American bibliophile cannot be told here, will surely never be told, the papers of Maggs Brothers who effected the sale having been destroyed during the Blitz. What is not generally known is that three folios of the accounts went missing even before Hamilton-Thompson edited them in 1917 for the Leicestershire Archaeological Society. It is on one of those folios that reference is made to a suite of rooms for the Lady Jane; the suite was to be on the second floor of the West Tower. If only there was evidence of the same sort at Caister in the 1460s for a suite earmarked for the use of Lady Anne P. Was she a Paston? An illegitimate Paston perhaps? Was incest the issue here? Was that the trauma at the centre of the Paston family saga? I digress from 'hastynges matieres', even if one matter on the mind of Thomas Danvers in the aftermath of that terrible long weekend in the middle of June 1483 was what he should do about his ex-patron's ex-mistress.

What chiefly occupied him was the 'fall out' from the violent death of William, lord Hastings on 13 June. There is no mystery about that murder: Hastings objected to Richard of Gloucester's proposition that he should take the throne himself. Richard could not, or would not, reveal the true circumstances of the case, but these Hastings had been aware of

from the start. That, however, was not the grievance between them. William Hastings had always taken objection to Richard of Gloucester, not on grounds of his military or political competence, but because he was a hypocrite who advocated a sexual morality he did not himself practice, yet wished to impose upon others, and because he abused those whom he ought to have treated with the utmost consideration, women particularly, his wife principally but also defenceless widows like Elizabeth, countess of Oxford, and Margaret, lady Botreaux. If Richard was capable of dealing with women in so unchivalrous a manner what might he not be capable of in his relations with orphans, his two young nephews? Hastings did not trust him. Nor, it has to be admitted, did Richard have any faith in one whom he regarded as a degenerate. He was also resentful, as well he might have been, at not having been told the truth about his brother and his brother's two sons. He had duly taken out his puritanical bile, his ineradicable suspicion, and understandable resentment on the body of William, lord Hastings on 13 June. For Thomas Danvers the death of Hastings meant danger for Magdalen. Wainfleet had been nervous about his foundation in April after Edward IV had died, as another letter in the archive of the college written by John Gigur indicates, he was sure to be more jittery now that the Protector was quite obviously intent on some other course than the succession of Edward V. A meeting of those who had the college's interests at heart was a pressing necessity. It may never have taken place: 26 June 1483, let us recall, was the day Richard III ascended the throne.

Yet, a meeting was held and a far more important one where the college was concerned than any envisaged by Thomas Danvers on Sunday 15 June. As we know from Dominic Mancini's account of events in England in the first six months of 1483 the princes were no more to be seen at the Tower of London before Richard's coronation on 6 July. Tony Pollard has taught us to regard Mancini's narrative as a 'story', but there are few historical truths to be found in what is essentially one of those lightweight occasional pieces Italian humanists were used to putting together almost overnight. The princes were no more to be discerned even gazing mournfully out at the window of their room, says Mancini, and he was right: they had been spirited off to Magdalen College, Oxford, where, alas, they were not even allowed to go near the window in the room which is now the McFarlane Library in the Founder's Tower. It is also true, as Mancini reported John Argentine telling him, that Edward V 'sought remission of his sins by daily confession and penance, because he believed that death was facing him'. As indeed it was. By the time

Richard visited the college on 24-25 July Edward was dead. Why did Richard stay two nights at Magdalen? It cannot have been to listen to the disputations in philosophy and theology which were stage-managed for his benefit on the second evening. By all accounts both he and Thomas Danvers fell asleep at more or less the same moment. They had reason to, and not only because Oxford academics in learned discourse would put anyone to sleep. For much of the previous day and long into the night they, Wainfleet, Richard Mayhew, Dr John Argentine, John Alcock, and Sir James Tyrell had been discussing what to do with the body. They decided in the end to be thoroughly conventional: Edward was buried in the tomb of his father at St George's Chapel, Windsor. The whole operation was secret and was entrusted to Tyrell, a man of limited ability but one who could (and did) keep his mouth shut. It is no accident that the only place where Edward's burial place is recorded is Worcester, John Alcock, being in 1483 bishop of Worcester, having made a brief entry in a register of miscellaneous items so unexceptional that no one has noticed it: Worcester Cathedral Library, Register A. 12, f. I 03v. Just as historians have wondered why Richard III spent two days at Magdalen, so they have been perplexed by the favour he showed the college, which unusually included a grant of land forfeited by Henry, duke of Buckingham after the uprising of October 1483. Now they know.

What about the younger of the two princes? Richard, duke of York, lived on at Magdalen until December 1491, when his body was taken to Windsor by Dr Argentine and buried in the same grave as his father and elder brother. The good doctor recorded his visit in a collection of tracts on herbs, a volume (Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, MS 198/104) he purchased from a widow of that town during an hour or two's respite from his official business. Are there other loose ends to be tied up? Argentine continued as physician to Henry VII's eldest son prince Arthur until the death of the latter in 1502. It has sometimes been thought odd that he should have been employed by Henry, having lost, as has hitherto been believed, his three most illustrious patients in the course of a few months in 1483. Now we know otherwise, and as we also know that Henry was told the truth as soon as he had reached London after the battle of Bosworth, the employment of Argentine, who had continued to care for the ailing Richard of York until his death at Magdalen, makes sense. Who else was told? Neither his mother nor his sisters, it seems, women being kept out of what was seen as a matter only for men to deal with, apart that is for the nurses, laundresses, and bedmakers at Magdalen, who thought that they were looking after an illegitimate son of the founder,

The Truth At Last

a deception contrived by Danvers and Mayhew, which caused Wainfleet, who was not a humorous man, unexpected amusement.

The few traces of the story I have told here have been noted above. There is, I believe, one other. Argentine was from 1498 until his death in 1508 Master of the Hospital of St John at Sherborne in Dorset. The late fifteenth-century altarpiece which to this day adorns the hospital chapel's altar is considered by art historians to have been painted by a quite skilful imitator of Roger van der Weyden working in Picardy. What has puzzled them is when and how did the altarpiece, whose central panel depicts appropriately enough the Raising of Lazarus, come to be there. I am sure that it was the gift of Dr John Argentine. Two final, inconsequential thoughts. First, that the future Edward VIII was not the first Prince of Wales to be at Magdalen. And second, that there is a pleasant impiety in the idea that the college was founded not only out of the revenues of the richest bishopric in England and of the proceeds of an Englishman's wellgotten gains in the French war, but also, in the case of Thomas Danvers, from the profits of a traffic in drugs.

LISTSERV REPORT

Muriel Williamson

Helen Hardegen made the first posting of this new quarter, continuing a thread about the book *Treason* winning the Simegen Reviewer's Choice Award. There were 307 postings in the second quarter of 2001, the first message being #4897.

A total of 56 members posted messages over this period. The most welcome message received was one from Maria Elena Torres, reporting her own safety and that of several of her fellow New York Ricardians. This was a note of good news during a stressful and worry-filled week. The Most Frequent Posters were Laura Blanchard, followed distantly by Peggy Allen. There were about 29 different message threads. Many of these threads concerned either Lollardism or the accuracy of Weir and Seward.

During the past quarter the listserv held steady at 105 listserv subscribers (some drops, some gains) and one loss for the digest to 17 subscribers. The listserv is a free service open to all Society members worldwide. To join, send an email to Richard3-subscribe@plantagenet.com. Or, to subscribe to the digest only, send an email to: richard3-digest-subscribe@plantagenet.com. If you have any difficulty, email questions : richard3-owner@plantagenet.com.



If, as Society historian George Awdry claimed, all people who are right-thinking about Richard III are also right-thinking about steam, Richmond's presence in the cab of a diesel locomotive (Spring 1995) may indicate that his train of thought may not yet be on the right track.

R3 ANNOUNCEMENTS LIST

Have e-mail? Want to keep up with the Society between *Register* issues? Subscribe to the free American Branch e-mail announcement list.

The charter of the e-mail announcement list is to send out occasional messages of Ricardian interest, especially when time is of the essence. We will try our level best to keep these messages SHORT, too!

Anyone who is interested in Richard III, 15 C. English history and culture, or the Society may subscribe online at:

<http://www.r3.org/form/subscriber3announce.html>

If you later decide to unsubscribe, use this same address. Be sure to check either the "SUBSCRIBE" or "UNSUBSCRIBE" box.

Subscriptions to this list are open to anyone interested in Richard III, 15 C. English history and culture, or the Society, whether a member or not. If you have a problem subscribing via the above form, send an inquiry e-mail to peggyall@home.com.

Note: This is a different project from the Society's discussion Listserv, which is only open to members. To subscribe to the discussion Listserv, e-mail richard3-subscribe@plantagenet.com. You'll be able to post and receive messages as soon as the Listserv Manager verifies your membership.



RICARDIAN POST

Dear Carole:

I am sure that you will receive a formal report on the Ricardian 2001 Tour. However, I would like to cue other members in on the delights and rewards of participating in one of these tours.

My daughter Marie and I were fortunate enough to be part of the 2001 tour and it would be impossible to express our complete satisfaction with and enjoyment of the whole experience.

As a very senior citizen I was not sure that I should venture to join the tour, but how mistaken I was. Whether it was the friendliness of the other participants, the dedicated work of our "fearless leader," Linda Treybig, or just that interest in Richard brings out the best in people I cannot tell. All I can say is that it was a delightful experience from Newark Airport, through the magical area of northern England, and thence to London - one that will remain with me.

I don't know whether there are other members who are not sure as to joining a tour, but if there are I would strongly urge them to go along and meet some of their fellow members. For me, this trip was most rewarding and was the means of my meeting eight wonderful members whom I would like to feel are now friends.

Peggy Mayce

Hi Carole, I am simply writing to you to inform you that my name was spelled incorrectly in the Ricardian Register under the Welcome page. My name is Craig C. Bradburn not Craig C. Blackburn. Please correct in the next issue of the Ricardian. I normally would not care but my name is so often misspelled you would not believe it. Did you know that there is a town in the county of Derby in England that is called Bradburn, it means "by a broad stream". Thank you for your time.

Craig Bradburn

Enthusiasm from a new member . . .

I was so very impressed by the materials you sent to me. I have an M.A. in British Literature/History and an MBA in Human Resource Management, and have been thinking about going to school for my Ph.D. in British History - my special field is the Plantagenets and have always felt that Richard was unjustly maligned. I was so thrilled to find this Society which is a venue for

defending him and I hope someday to be able to volunteer for a committee and also offer any services I can to the Society.

Rita Milo

. . . And gladness and appreciation from returning members:

Glad to be back on board. I'm planning a trip to England next month (September) and have several Ricardian sites on my visit list. Thanks for doing the work that most people take for granted.

Rick Mattos

Glad you got it (the renewal). I've been a member, off and on, since 1983. Sporadic, yet sincere!

Cheryl Elliot

Am looking forward to finally renewing my acquaintance with the Society — I was a member back in the mid '80s but lost track in a move from Connecticut to Vermont and in the years intervening. I check in occasionally and always "mean" to rejoin, but you know how that kind of thing goes.

One favor I would request—if you could note on my file somehow that I needn't receive the mailings from England? I would just as soon the Society save its money on postage and printing costs, and I certainly don't need the extra paper. The way I see it, I can keep up with research news online and through the American Branch. I made the pilgrimage once (in those same mid '80s) and sometimes I fear I'll just never make it back!

Pam Metzger

(We really appreciate the desire of our members to help the Society's budget; unfortunately any saving in postage would be negligible when compared to the disruption to the packaging procedure which would be required in order to remove the unwanted publications. Our suggestion to Pam was that she donate the parent branch publications to her public library. Her reply: "...you're absolutely right...I hadn't thought about the process of separating me out from a mass of mailing...nightmare time. And, oh, yes, the Carnegie Library needs to get itself a donation of "Ricardians." (Maniacal laughter))

LEST HE BE FORGOTTEN

Margaret D. Hellyer

Anyone under the delusion that an all-female tour would lack spice or end in the disaster of cat-fights should have been along as we explored England, reviving memories of Richard III. We were ten of varying degrees of conviction that his reputation had been tarnished and by whom, but nary a dispute occurred.

London greeted us with a June heat wave, but undeterred we followed our leader, Linda Treybig, pounding the pavements and plunging into the underground to the New British Library. After pointing out the King's Library, shelves of bound leather, several stories high, preserved behind glass under cold light, Kathryn Johnson, a curator who had written her thesis on Richard's Book of Hours, led us to an inner office. Here she explained how medieval books were made and the difference between parchment and vellum. It was a thrill to see the Visions of St. Matilda, the only surviving book commissioned by Richard, and the amazing preservation and beauty of Hasting's Book of Hours. The original note from a young Richard, requesting a loan (written from Castle Rising) and a portion of another bearing the signatures of Richard, Edward V and Buckingham (probably from Stony Stratford) were only yellowed by age. An unscheduled fire drill herded us out of the building and stole a chunk of our time. Disappointed, we took it philosophically: we'd seen inner workings of the Library unknown to the general public. Maybe the coincidence foretold more unexpected adventures to come.

Our next stop was the Society of Antiquaries, where we were joined by Kitty Bristow and John Ashdown-Hill from the London Branch of the Richard III Society. There, among some Tudor portraits, were several of Richard, including a repainted one which gave him a withered left hand and distorted shoulder. The curator, David Evans, described in chilling detail the investigation of Edward IV's tomb at Windsor and showed the lock of his hair which, lacking follicles, cannot be used for DNA testing. He held up a large silver cross, pointed out details of its structure, use and rarity, then reversed it. Delighted cries of "Sunbursts" rang out as they were discovered on the back of the roundels. The Society's plans for further investigation into the mystery of where this cross was found and its possible connection to Richard tempts us to return. Our guest, John

Ashdown-Hill, has also eagerly volunteered to research its provenance.

Our full and satisfying day in London was rounded off by a visit to the National Portrait Gallery. Richard's placement amongst the Tudors was forgiven for the family connection through his niece, Elizabeth of York.

An early rising set us off by coach to see the Cutlers' Guildhall and the Guild-financed church in Thaxted, Essex. Here we craned our necks to search the bosses of the church vault for the eagle, the lion, the bull and the falcon, emblems of Richard's time. Easier to locate was Edward IV's likeness in a stained glass window of the Lady Chapel.

On to Framlingham Castle in Suffolk, home of John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who fought and died with Richard at Bosworth. Little is left standing except the unusual, asymmetric outer walls and portions of their thirteen towers; but an excellent audio tour made it easy to imagine the original interior and follow the castle's history. That night we slept comfortably in the first of all the pleasant country hotels that Linda had selected for our journey.

The following morning took us to Norwich, where we were joined at the cathedral by Annemarie Hayek of the Norfolk Group. She delighted us by pointing out on the wall to one side of the presbytery the smug, smiling face of a Norman baron and across from it the woebegone features of a Saxon peasant. These simple cartoons contrasted sharply with the elaborate carvings of the Green Man in the cloisters. Before leaving, Annemarie led us to a plaque installed by the local Society in the last standing wall of Whitefriars Priory, where Lady Eleanor Butler's tomb once stood. It provides the one formal tribute to this key player in one of the Ricardian mysteries.

That afternoon Blickling Hall, a well-preserved manor house filled with authentic furnishings and treasures, jumped us ahead in time to Jacobean times. The yew hedge on either side of the main driveway is a masterpiece of botanical skill. Although there is a fine modern shrine at Walsingham, little remains of the Augustinian priory, our next stop; but the story of Our Lady of Walsingham, a picture and a chart of its original magnificence shows why it became a focus of pilgrimage and royal patronage and remains so today.

On our fourth day, though it has no direct Ricardian connection, Castle Acre Priory was a general favorite. Many of the walls still stand. Another

outstanding audio helped recreate life in a medieval monastery, giving the illusion of a possible encounter with a procession of chanting monks. Next the great square keep of Castle Rising, with its former moat, now grassy ramparts and murder hole through which boiling water or oil could be poured on an invader, showed why Richard and Edward could stay there in safety while developing a strategy to subdue rebellious northerners. We rounded off the day at Crowland Abbey, the only intact portion now the large parish church. Famous for the Croyland Chronicles, it offers yet another attraction nearby: Trinity or Triangle Bridge, built where the River Welland once divided into two streams. Now on dry land, the bridge stands like a small pyramid beside a crossroad. By whichever of the three ramps one mounts, one has a choice of two continuing routes. Its probable use by both Edward and Richard lent a special significance.

The oppressive heat had diminished as we moved northward, but on our visit to Bosworth the weather seemed to portray the emotions of the day of battle. All stayed calm and sunny through our examination of the recently expanded and well-presented exhibition at the Battlefield Centre. As we climbed Ambion Hill, wind and rain swept in over the valley to drench even those with rain jackets and render umbrellas almost useless. Dripping and chilled, we scanned the landscape from Norfolk's position and mulled over that tragic day with its sad mistakes. On arrival at the monument which marks the place near which Richard is believed to have been killed, the skies cleared and the wind lessened. Was death a release from his turbulent life? We hoped so, as we took our American Branch wreath to Sutton Cheyney church and hung it there beside the Society's memorial plaque. With Richard still in mind, we went on to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, home of William, Lord Hastings. Enough of the castle remains to show that he probably knew how to make life between those cold, gray walls much more comfortable than most. Luck betrayed us twice, for scaffolding prevented both our seeing the kitchen wing and our exploring the tunnel that runs from it to the Hastings Tower.

On the sixth day after a struggle to locate Stoke Battlefield, which is privately owned and ill-marked, we went on to the glory of Lincoln Cathedral. Sadly, we missed an unexpected re-enactment of life during the Wars of the Roses; but some of us came upon a performance of medieval music and dancing in the chapter house. Then, one of the local guilds clad in medieval garb took us back in time with their chants as they processed through the aisles of the cathedral. After finding the tombs of Bishop John Russell, Richard's Chancellor, and Katherine Swynford,

third wife of John of Gaunt, we went to the Angel's Choir in search of the Lincoln 'Imp.' It is very high and tiny, but now a floodlight locates it easily.

We completed the day with a colorful view of life in the 15th century, from great hall to cellar to bed-chamber at Gainsborough Old Hall. It boasts one of the few intact medieval kitchens left in England. Notable for a visit by Richard in 1483, its use as a place of worship by the Pilgrims before their departure in 1773 came as a surprise.

Middleham at last, and an introduction to long-standing friends from the Yorkshire Branch. Full of information on its history, its architecture and the origin of medieval terms such as 'garderobe,' they helped to conjure the spirit of Richard as we toured his favorite castle. It seems the basilisk and the demon on the back of Richard's statue do not represent traits of his character, but the twin mischiefs of legend and imagination which have twisted his history. After a pleasant lunch together, we took a quick look at Middleham Church with its stained glass window of Richard, Anne and Edward, the White Boar pennant, and the alter frontal bearing the Plantagenet and Neville arms — all given by the Society. Bidding farewell to these kind friends, we went on to Fountains Abbey.

The Abbey, now a World Heritage site, is a massive ruin today; but enough remains to illustrate its transformation from a place of prayer, meditation and manual work practiced in poverty and humility to a wealthy and powerful force in the world of its day. Unfortunately, no audio is provided here, and even the numbers designating the areas described in the booklet have been removed.

The following day was devoted to York and began with an absorbing talk by Rita Freedman of the City Archives, revealing Richard's concern for that city and their admiration in return. She reinforced her points with documents such as one of his appeal to



Ricardians at Glastonbury Abbey

Edward regarding ecclesiastical fish traps impeding navigation in the Foss and another listing gifts to Richard on one of his royal visits. From there we went our separate ways to explore this fascinating city. Everyone, those who had never seen the Minster and those who already love it, allowed the time to stroll its length before we regained our nearby coach in mid-afternoon for the drive to Shropshire.

Today Shrewsbury Abbey lives more in the Ellis Peters' books than in fact. Only the lovely Abbey Church remains. Group members who were looking forward to visiting Brother Cadfael's "Shrewsbury Quest" nearby were disappointed to find that it is apparently permanently closed. Nearby, Stokesay Castle, a medieval fortified manor house, was a typical home of the wealthy and is one of the finest such buildings in Britain. Pictures show its early strong defenses of higher walls, a moat and a stone tower gate house, all "slighted" in the Civil War. A highlight of the day was mighty Ludlow Castle, seat of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, which overlooks the River Teme and the Welsh Marches. It was here that the "Little Princes" spent much of their childhood. The size and extent of the remains is impressive, though our explorations were somewhat hampered by the stage set for Ludlow's annual Shakespeare production.

Our last day but one took us to Sudeley Castle and its beautiful grounds, once a possession and residence of first Edward IV, then Richard. Partial occupancy by its current owners has restored Sudeley to first-class shape, but this does deprive it of any medieval atmosphere. The portraits and Katherine Parr's tomb in the church draw one back only as far as the 16th century.

Tewkesbury Abbey and the nearby battlefield truly mark the rise of the brief Yorkist control of England. The sun bosses inserted by Edward after winning the battle may be seen by peering into the choir, which was unfortunately closed to visitors. However, with some tactful negotiation we were shown the vestry door, which is still full of holes made from the spears used to batter it down and is reinforced with strips of metal taken from armor found on the battlefield.

Though not quite as well preserved, Chepstow Castle like Ludlow is an early Norman fortress on the border between Wales and England. Built above the River Wye, it too grew in successive stages. Its connection with Richard occurred in July, 1469, when Earl Rivers and his son, John Woodville, fled to the castle after their defeat at Edgecote by Warwick.



Chepstow Castle: A view from the curtain wall across the middle bailey and the gatehouse

The unpopular pair were quickly handed back to their pursuers for execution.

Our last day took us to Wells Cathedral, famous for its 'scissor arch' and its West façade, which once held 400 figures in full color. Visitors are amused by the two mechanical clocks, one outside where figures in armor strike the quarters with their battle axes and the other inside, where mounted knights circle in battle, the same one perpetually knocked to the ground. The radiant beauty of the Chapter House is awe-inspiring. The eye is drawn heavenward up the central pier to vaulting ribs which cascade down in a circle like a multi-petalled lily. By chance as we left, a rehearsal of a fine school orchestra in the nave again lifted the senses with its flowing harmony.

Legends abound about ancient Glastonbury, from being the probable burial place of Arthur and Guinevere to the hawthorn tree derived from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. The first church built of wattles and lead is long gone. Few walls still stand from its stone replacement and the remainder of the Abbey. Almost intact is the Abbot's kitchen, possibly used on special occasions. Outlines of the former buildings marked in the greensward allow imaginary recreation of its former glory. This site of our final visit, though with no tie to Richard, held a different allure through its origin in the 7th century.

That evening in London, we went out for a final dinner together, complaining of the continuing heat wave. As we left, it broke. With no umbrellas we ran and slipped the few blocks to the hotel, arriving a laughing group of drowned rats. It had been an outstanding trip. All were well pleased with the schedule, the choice of lodgings and restaurants, and the comfort of the coach. We could have only wished that every site had been endowed with the truly superb audios provided at many of the places we visited.

TWO-YEAR MEMBER PROFILES

(Compiled by Eileen Prinsen)

Richard III reigned for only a little over two years. In commemoration of that fact, this regular column in the Ricardian Register profiles people who have renewed their membership for the second year (which does not, of course, mean that they may not stay longer than two years!). We thank the members below who shared their information with us – it's a pleasure to get to know you better!

Joanne Barrera writes: "Years ago while I was in school, I was interested mainly in the Angevins (earlier Plantagenets). I quickly became an admirer of Richard's when I began studying the *Wars of the Roses* period—his honesty and integrity and his just rule. I've always known about the society and [eventually] decided to join!" An administrative assistant, who lives in Flushing, New York, Joanne's leisure interests include medieval history and music, and travel. Tel: 718-886-3077. Email: Bar1114@aol.com

Joan L. Byrne, an Office Manager in Brooklyn, NY, whose leisure interests include Reading, Sightseeing, Painting and Cooking, became interested in Richard III after seeing Lawrence Olivier's performance in the movie. She started noticing references to the Society in various articles, and then: "The New York Times did an article on visiting sites associated with Richard, and gave the address of the Society!"

Gary Conelly, while in college read Shakespeare's Richard III and became very interested in Bosworth Field since "it basically changed life as we know it. If Richard [had] won we wouldn't have had the Tudors. Look at all the things they did that Richard would have done differently!" Gary is a swim coach in Lexington, Kentucky, whose other interests include working with computers and raising his Scottish Terriers. Tel: 859-223-5563. Email: Conelly@pop.uky.edu

Lisa Dornell, writer/editor of Millbrae, California, whose leisure interests include hosting a world music/jazz radio show, writes that she was a member in 1980 but let her membership lapse. But, as she says: "I'm back now, prompted by a spirited debate at a party with someone who used the old hunchback phrase in regard to Richard. After leaping to his defense, I knew it was time to become a member again!" She adds: "Currently I'm protesting a new rule where I work requiring all employees to wear a photo ID badge. I've pasted the Richard III portrait over my picture. I love it when people ask me why I chose Richard!" djdecca@aol.com.

George A. Martinez, university administrator of Phoenix, Arizona, became interested in Richard III while studying the British monarchy. He believes: "Richard III presents us with a wealth of unanswered questions, while representing the contradictions that make history far more interesting than fiction." He adds: "Skepticism about Richard's innocence—or guilt—is a good thing if it forces those of us who care to continue asking questions of all things Ricardian." In addition to history, George's leisure interests include choral music and golf. Tel: 602-543-5308; 602-712-0377. george.martinez@asu.edu

Maureen Marullo, Social Studies Teacher for Grades 6, 7 and 8, learned of the Richard III Society through the *New York Times*. She adds: "I've always been interested in his innocence."

Maureen's leisure interests include reading (of course!) and swimming. 561-852-1671. Email: jmaru73282@aol.com

Herb Rassman of Louisville, Kentucky, says he became interested in Richard enough to do research on him, following a performance of Shakespeare's *Richard III*. A professor in his college told him about the Society. 502-897-2289. Email: HTR208@aol.com

Robert T. Rath of Maryland Heights, Missouri, whose interests include reading, writing, and collecting coins and stamps, became interested in Richard III after reading Shakespeare's play. He found the Society when he was surfing the Web. Robert adds: "I would like to be penpals with anyone who has an interest in Ricardian history." 314-739-9649.

Michael Reid, recruiting specialist for a market research company in San Francisco, CA, found the Society through the internet although he had known of its existence for many years. As a student in London, England, the Wars of the Roses as they were taught in school left many doubts in his mind, which doubts were confirmed as he became able to research the subject for himself. In addition to his interest in medieval and renaissance history, among other things, he currently finds himself "heavily involved with Japanese history, especially the 250 year dynasty of the Tokugawa Shoguns and their eventual collapse. Also their immediate precursors Oda Nobunaga and Hideyoshi Toyotomi." 415-955-9160. Michaelreid99@hotmail.coms



American Branch Members Who Joined Between June 1, 2001 And August 31, 2001

Sarah Badders
Brandy Barton
Kathy Bolger
Pamela J. Butler
Stephen B. Clay
Christopher Corn
Frances Davilla
Dolores Doyle
Floyd W. and Patricia K. Durham
Pamela Fenn
Katherine A. Ferguson
Bobby Fishkin
John French, III
Mary F. Glover
Cheryl Greer
John J. Hartwell
Lynda Hickox
Karen Ladniuk
Catherine Langrehr
William S. Lee
Leslie S. B. MacCoull

Kim Malo
Amber and William McVey
Rita S. Milo
Jane A. Munsie
I. J. Payne
Raymond Russell
Michael and Suzanne(Sue) Sandahl
Jeffrey Schlesinger
Gina Stonebraker
Nancy J. Wagner
Penelope Warren
Nan F. White
Kurt F. Wissbrun
George G. Zabka, D.I.C.

Correction to the Summer issue list of new members. The second line of the first column name should read Craig C. Bradburn, and the first line of the second column should read Christina Livesey and Steve Jones. Sincere apologies from Eileen Prinsen, Membership Chair—if I can't get it right who can?!

MOVING OR TEMPORARILY AWAY?

Your quarterly Ricardian publications are mailed with the request to the U.S. Post Office to notify the Society of changes of address and forwarding addresses. This service costs the Society extra money, but we think it's worth it to ensure that as many members as possible receive the publications to which they are entitled.

A recent issue of the Ricardian Register "rewarded" us with an unusual number of postal returns marked "Temporarily Away" or "Moved – Left No Forwarding Address," greatly adding to the consternation and perplexity of those of us who must deal with these cases.

So, please, please, *if you are moving, let us know your new address as soon as possible.*

If you will be away temporarily, please ask your Post Office to hold your mail for you. If you miss an issue because your Post Office returned it to us, please notify the Editor of the *Ricardian Register* when you are able to receive mail, so that your issue can be re-mailed.

Mail that is returned to us as "Temporarily Away" or "No Forwarding Address" costs the Society \$2.97 for the return, plus approximately \$2.53 to mail it to you a second time. Donations to cover these extra costs are, of course, welcomed.

Your change of address notices should go directly to the Membership Chair: *Eileen Prinsen, 16151 Longmeadow, Dearborn MI, 48120*, or e-mail address changes to *membership@r3.org*. Please don't forget to include other changes that help us contact you, such as new telephone number, new e-mail address, or name changes.

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT... More and more of the Society's business is being done by e-mail, when possible. As postage costs rise, this makes good economic sense. For many of us, our e-mail address changes much more frequently than our mailing address. If yours does change, please notify the Society by e-mailing the details to: *membership@r3.org*. If you are also subscribing to the listserv, e-mail *richard3-owner@plantagenet.com* to have your listserv e-mail address changed, too.




RICARDIAN READING

Myrna Smith

Most books reviewed here can be purchased at www.r3.org/sales.

C jqtug, c jqtug, oa mkpifqo hqtug

 *The Code Book* – Simon Singh, Doubleday, NY, 1999


The subtitle of this book reads “The Evolution of Secrecy from Mary Queen of Scots to Quantum Cryptography,” but it goes much further back, even to ancient Egypt, on up through the Middle Ages, (Geoffrey Chaucer was a cryptographer) and the Renaissance, a heyday of cryptography. The author makes a distinction between stegography (hidden writing, as with invisible ink) and cryptography (hidden meaning), between ciphers (where one letter stands for another) and codes (one word stands for another), though the scope of the book includes both. Besides the technical consideration of the subject, there’s enough intrigue and derring-do for several thrillers, and a cast of hundreds, if not thousands. Aside from those mentioned, there’s the Man in the Iron Mask, Jules Verne, Edgar Allen Poe, a dog named Muffin (only an extra, I hasten to add), Captain Midnight, and one who was a whole cast of characters all by himself, Charles Babbage. A polymath, Babbage was not only the father of the computer but also invented the speedometer and the cowcatcher, discovered tree-ring dating, and is responsible for the postal system as we know it.

If the reader is so inclined, he or she can turn a hand to the ciphers Singh has included in the book, or try to solve the Beale cipher and maybe discover hidden treasure.

(My thanks to my son the computer maven for introducing me to this book, and indirectly suggesting the theme for this column. Try your skills on the simple substitution ciphers here. Nothing fancy; if you can do Cryptoquotes you should be able to solve these.)

Li brx vshdn wr dq hajovpdq ri d pdfklqh iru
mddolqj d srwdwr, kh zfoo surqrxfh lw lpsrvleoh;
li brx shho d srwdwr zlwkw lw ehirh klv hbhv, kh
zfoo ghfouh lw xvohovv ehfdrvh lw qrw volfh d
slqhdssoh. – fkdouhv edeedjh.

Wkhuh zhuh vrph gdqflqj lq wkh frxuw dw qlqh
r’forfn whdw zhuh ghgdg dw hohyhq. – sdsdo
qxqflr, 1517

 *A Plague On Both Your Houses* – Susanna Gregory, Werner Books, London; St. Martin’s Press, NY, 1996

The suicide of Sir John Babington, Master of Michaelhouse, that is part of the newly formed University of Cambridge, baffles those of the College, including Matthew Bartholomew, physician and teacher. And that’s not the only thing that puzzles him. What was Augustus aged former master, now senile, talking about when he raved about devils coming into his room and trying to burn him alive? Why did Bartholomew, indeed, find a scorched blanket and marks on the underside of the man’s bed? Did Babington actually kill himself or was he murdered? And who killed Brother Paul and drugged other members of the College? What part did Bartholomew’s own family play in the plot that has Oxford aspiring to destroy its rival? Did Bartholomew’s love, Phillipa, have anything to do with it?

Bartholomew struggles with all of this and more as he tries to untangle the plot and the killer or killers behind it. He can trust no one and everyone is a suspect, even friends and family. The burden of not being able to tell anyone nearly overwhelms him and he has the coming of the Black Death to contend with as well. If the plague doesn’t kill him, there are men who are willing to do the same.


This is the first adventure in this series, though it was not promoted as such in the States. It is the third one I’ve read and I recommend this series to anyone. It didn’t bother me that I read this book after I read the other ones, but for those that haven’t yet had the pleasure of meeting Bartholomew, this would be the place to start.

— Anne Marie Gazzolo, ILL

While we are on the subject, a cheerful volume called *The Encyclopedia of Plagues And Pestillances* (George C. Kohn, Ed., Facts on File, NY, 1995) is a handy guide to epidemics and pandemics of all types. Not all are necessarily fatal or serious. “The African and Asian Conjunctivitis Pandemic of 1969-1971” is an example of one that was self-limiting. Some epidemics may have claimed only a few hundred victims. The sweating sickness, though more virulent, was unique in the 15th-16th centuries, and even today, in that it was never cured or controlled – it simply vanished. It’s sobering to realize that pestilence can be spread unknowingly and


with the best of intentions, by pilgrims returning from Mecca or elsewhere, by Stanley looking for Dr. Livingstone. The dust jacket is rather garish, but the book is, thankfully, not illustrated. It contains a table of plagues from the 11th century BCE to now, although the earlier ones are frequently marked by ??'s.

Wkh pdlq remhfw ri d zhdsrq lv dw ohdvw wr glvvdgh
dq dwwdfnhu, dw zruvw wr nlou klp. Wkhlu xsusrvh ri
xqsodvdqw, exw wklv grhv qrw phdq wkdw zhdsrqv
duh zlwkrxw lqwhuhvw ru xqdwwufwlyh dv duw
remhfwv. - I. Zlonlqvrq.

 *Arms And Armour* – Frederick Wilkinson,
published by Hamlyn 1978, reprinted by
Chancellor Press, London, 1996.

Written by the President of the British Arms and Armour Society, this guide-book spreads itself pretty thin, covering hand weapons from prehistory to modern times, and is thin to begin with, only 156 large pages. But it is not intended to be more than an overview. As the author points out: “Some (weapons) have been ingenious, some have been ridiculous, many have been effective, and a few have been more lethal to the user than to the victim.” One wonders into which category the Apache pistol (combination gun, dagger and brass knucks) the palm pistol, or the whip with a concealed pistol, fit. Very many illustrations, most in color, or colour.

Zkb vwrw lq wkh plgvw ri d vhw? – pxulho
zlooldpprq

 *The Magnificent Century* – Thomas Costain,
Doubleday & Company, 1959, buccaneer Books
1997

Sequel to *The Conquering Family* in Costain's History of the Plantagenets, this book doesn't quite cover an entire century. While some of the side topics Costain uses to create the background may extend into the past and future of the main topic, the book, for the most part, covers from the death of King John in 1216 to the death of Henry III in 1272.

Sometimes chided as being a novelist, not an historian, Costain has done something in his History of the Plantagenets that laymen think about but don't try to pull off and historians don't seem to attempt. He has written the history of England throughout the reigns of its longest-lived dynasty, and while his books are centered on the monarchs, he has managed to include all factors that affected the health and wealth of England, both internal and external. He has traced the paths of learning, the development of a parliamentary system of government, the repeated gain and loss of huge territories outside of Britain, the developments in land and sea warfare and in scientific and religious thinking, to name but a few.

No one seems to want to use Costain as a reference but no one states why, beyond “novelist.” If he has

gotten any facts wrong, I've yet to notice it or see it pointed out. He has presented a few hundred years of history in a manner that is highly entertaining and as far as I can tell, accurate, and has done it in such a way that it intrigues the reader to look for more detailed histories of the side issues that he brings up. His books are valuable from several viewpoints, including being good references for more detailed research into particular topics, and the way that they entertain without giving bad information. One would think it would be a great compliment to an historian when the reader comes up for air from one of their books with more knowledge but also having been entertained and engrossed.

The Magnificent Century starts with the minority reign of Henry III. William the Marshall is still alive. To his dismay, he is appointed Protector at the insistence of Stephen Langton. As with *The Conquering Family*, the pages are a parade of the important, interesting and occasionally forgotten. The title appears to refer to the great strides taken in architecture (as Henry III built so much and a particularly English style was invented during this time), to the great strides taken toward a parliamentary system of government, and to the great things that happened in the Church.


Of the great church figures are found Adam Marsh, Robert Grosseteste, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon and Thomas Aquinas. Also mentioned are the Knights Templars, whose banking system calls across the centuries to a time when money is not as safe in a bank as it was in the 13th century.

The travails of Simon de Monfort are here. Henry III is pretty much all that can be expected of a son of King John, the saving grace being his son Edward, who, although starting out as a reckless youth becomes a capable leader and skilled military tactician. Forgotten person with an integral part to play: Margot the Spy.

This book is a worthy successor to *The Conquering Family*, carrying on the adventure where the first left off, with the same breadth of scope. Highly recommended.

— Muriel Williamson


L kdyh exw wkh ergb ri d zhdn dqg ihheoh zrpdq,
exw l kdyh wkh khduw dqg vwrpdkf ri d nlqd
...dqg wkh ihhw ri d gxfn. –Holcdehwk l yld
Ehqqb Kloo.

 *Kings, Queens, Bones And Bastards: Who's Who in the English Monarchy from Egbert to Elizabeth II* – David Hilliam, Sutton Publishing, Gloucester, 1998

The title says it all —s a guide-book, not very deep but exceptionally wide, for the use of American and other


tourists, this puts in one volume what might otherwise run to several: Kings and Queen Regnant, their burial places, or lack thereof, mistresses and “irregular” offspring. (Richard III is ‘credited’ with seven. Three we know about, but who are the other four? No information is given.) No depth of scholarship here; Hilliam’s sources are secondary ones of the ilk of Agnes Strickland’s *Lives Of The Queens Of England*. One should not even expect overmuch grammatical or factual accuracy. The author refers to Harold II being “pressurized” to support William I. Maybe it’s different in the U.K., but American English would prefer “pressured.” He also calls Mary II the sister of James II in the list of rulers, although this is corrected in their biographies. (She was his daughter.) The Cromwells are listed among the Stuarts – Old Oliver would spin in his grave if he were in it – but most such lists don’t include them at all.

As are most of his historical sources, Hilliam is hostile to Richard III, though he does admit there is another side to the story. This is strictly “Alfred and the Cakes” type of history. He admits this story is probably a legend, but includes many others just for the sake of a good story, some of which are hard to believe. Did the Duchess of Windsor really not sleep for the last eleven years of her life? With some interesting sidebars on royal palaces, this a book for the trivia buff.

 ***Women Who Ruled*, Guida Jackson, Barnes and Noble, 1990 & 1998**


This book has a more serious purpose, and Elizabeth I as a cover girl. It includes not only ruling queens but also those who only reign, such as Elizabeth II, those who acted as Regents, and those who wielded real power even without a title of any kind, as well as women elected to power.

In her Appendix, Ms Jackson states rather critically, “The United States remains the largest country on earth never to have had a woman ruler.” Given its population, the US is the largest country in a great many categories, including being the largest country never to have been a monarchy. However, if Margaret of Anjou is admitted because of acting for her husband during his incapacity, Edith Wilson should be there on the same terms. Ms. Jackson does mention an American Indian “Princess” (her quotes) named Mary Bosomworth — just the name is worth the price of the book! (\$9.98 remaindered.)


 ***Uppity Women Of Medieval Times* – Vicki Leon, Copari Press, Berkley, CA, 1997**

Ms Leon makes no pretence of being scholarly or even serious (except very briefly, when writing about the witch craze). She goes for the laughs and most times brings them back. The usual suspects are here – the Paston ladies, various queens, etc., but also women in humbler circumstances and in Muslim and Oriental

lands, even in Africa. Copiously illustrated with Medieval woodcuts.

 ***She Captains* – Joan Druett, Wheeler Publishing, Inc, Rockland, MA, 2000**

The title is somewhat misleading in this case. Though some of the women celebrated here did command vessels, for others their only connection with the sea was having the misfortune to be shipwrecked and, in some cases, sold into slavery. For others, there is a connection, but an indirect one (e.g. Lady Hamilton.) Ms. Druett covers not only the better-known female sailors – Mary Read, Anne Bonney, Grania O’Malley – but also many who are largely unknown, giving evidence of assiduous research, but not dry-as-dust research. The book reads much like an adventure novel. The period covered is from mythic times to modern times. It is printed in clear large print and charmingly illustrated with old engravings and contemporary ones by Ron Druett, obviously related somehow to the author.

 ***Labels For Locals: What to call people from Abilene to Zimbabwe* – Paul Dickson, Merriam Webster, Inc, Springfield, MA 1997**

Finally, not at all Ricardian or historical, but useful if you come across a term such as ‘Cantabrigian’ and don’t know what it means, or wonder what the difference is between Kentishmen and Men of Kent. Most of the examples are from the English-speaking world, but there is a sizeable contribution from France. What, for example, would you call someone from the town of Y? No, not a Y’s guy – a Ypsilonien. Mr. Dickson says a person from Paris is a Parisian, but I beg to differ. Yes, if he lives in France and speaks French, but a monoglot who lives in Paris, KY, or Paris, TX. Are they parasites? Paranoids? Perish the thought! They are simply normal people who live in Paris — paranormals.

Please forgive me for that, and for any reviews I might have overlooked in the process of moving to a new address. Check the masthead, and keep them coming.

— M.S.

In order, the ciphers are:

- A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
- If you speak to [an Englishman] of a machine for peeling a potato, he will pronounce it impossible; if you peel a potato with it in front of his eyes, he will declare it useless because it will not slice a pineapple. – Charles Babbage
- There were some dancing in the court at nine o’clock that were dead at eleven. – Papal nuncio, 1517

- The main object of an a weapon is at least to dissuade an attacker, at worst to kill him. Their purpose is unpleasant, but this does not mean that weapons are without interest or unattractive as art objects. – F Wilkinson.
- Why stop in the midst of a set? – Muriel Williamson
- I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king ... and the feet of a duck. – Elizabeth I via Benny Hill

**LEADERSHIP CONTRIBUTORS,
04/01/2001-06/30/2001**

Honorary Middleham Member Level:
Marianne G. Pittorino

Honorary Fotheringhay Member Level:
Jacqueline F. Bloomquist
James J. Dyer
Paul E. Gemmill
Robin Mailey
Molly J. Slack
Jeffrey R. Sommer

**GENEROUS RICARDIANS,
04/01/2001-06/30/2001**

Wendy Burch
Virginia V. Chanda
Bobby Fishkin
Charlie Jordan
Lawrence J. McCarthy
Roxane Murph
Marcia K. Stone
Patricia Watson
Frances E. Westerfield

**SAVE A STAMP WITH ONLINE
PAYMENTS**

All over the Internet, sites are springing up for people and businesses to send and receive money online. The Society now accepts payments of all kinds — dues, donations, Sales Office purchases — at one of these sites, Paypal.

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The Plantagenet Connection

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SCHALLEK REPORT

Laura Blanchard

From a field of seven qualifying applicants, the Branch made three awards of \$1,000 each, to the following scholars, for the 2001-2002 academic year:

Beth Allison Barr,

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

“Gendered Lessons: Priests, Parishioners and Pastoral Care in Fifteenth-Century England.” Late medieval English priests were faced with a difficult challenge: how to provide effective pastoral care for female parishioners who needed their guidance but who also potentially threatened their clerical celibacy and sacerdotal purity. In this project, I seek to understand the role pastoral vernacular literature played in helping priests to wrestle with this challenge, and how, as a result, the pastoral care of women might have differed from the pastoral care of men. Using the writings of John Mirk, I plan first to analyze gender differences in his two pastoral guides; second to compare Mirk’s treatment of gender issues to other sermon collections; and third to contextualize Mirk’s advice within the world of fifteenth-century England.

Lisa H. Cooper,

Columbia University

“‘Unto our craft apertenying’: Representing the Artisan in Late Medieval England.” Previous scholarship on the image of artisans and their crafts in medieval English literature has largely focused on the role of the guilds in the production of the urban Corpus Christi cycle plays, on the artisan as but one small part of the genre of “estates literature,” or on the craftsmanship of one very particular kind of artisan, the poet himself. My dissertation expands this field of study significantly, situating itself between the poles of matter and metaphor to examine the way that the most concrete of acts — the making of an object with a tool — *becomes* a metaphor as it is represented, adapted, and co-opted in and by the language and literature of education, secular entertainment, spiritual instruction, and public record.

Julie Noecker,
Oxford University

“For my thesis topic, I intend to investigate the concept of brotherhood or “fellowship” as it is articulated in the war/peace and public/private debates in Malory’s *Le Morte Darthur* and compare it to concurrent historical sources. Malory’s idea of “fellowship” is a complex concept. For example, the MED lists eight senses of the word “fellowship,” six of which Malory uses in his text. I believe the Round Tale and its fellowship can be perceived as a political ideal that has links to fifteenth century political thought. Some of the historical sources with which I wish to start my investigation are John Fortescue’s *The Governance of England*, the Middle English Translation of Christine de Pisan’s *Livre du Corps de Policie* and also the Stoner, Plimpton and Paston Letters. Some of the other works with which I would like to begin are *The Great Chronicle of London*, *The Chronicle of John Hardyng*, and *The Brut*.”

I would like to thank the members of the selection committee — Lorraine C. Attreed, Barbara A. Hanawalt, A. Compton Reeves, Shelley A. Sinclair, and Charles T. Wood — for reviewing the applications on an accelerated timetable after an unconscionable delay on my part in sending them out. I would also like to thank the many generous members of the American Branch whose contributions made it possible to make almost the entire award from current giving.



Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire
(from Ricardian Tour)

The Ricardian Rover

In the Footsteps of Richard III

June 22 – July 2, 2002

- June 22: Morning arrival at Manchester Airport and transfer to our comfortable hotel in Yorkshire. Remainder of day and evening to relax and become acquainted with Richard's favorite corner of the world.
OVERNIGHT (3 Nights): North Yorkshire
- June 23: Up bright and early, this morning we will make our way to the lively little market town of *Middleham*, where we have ample time to explore Richard's castle, the parish church and the town with members of the Yorkshire Branch. After lunch with our friends, we will visit the splendid castle at *Richmond* and will end our day at fascinating Mt. Grace Priory. The finest of the Carthusian foundations, Mt. Grace is a sort of medieval "condo" where each monk lived in private quarters, one of which is furnished as it would have been in medieval times.
- June 24: This morning, we will first explore *Pickering Castle*, a intriguing castle once used as a hunting lodge by medieval kings, then the parish church to view its outstanding medieval wall paintings. Next, a short stop at *Sheriff Hutton church* to see the tomb believed by any to be that of Richard's son, Edward. The remainder of the day will be spent at leisure in the marvelous ancient city of *York*.
- June 25: Today, turning south we begin our day with a visit to the impressive 12th C. castle at *Conisburgh*, the birthplace of Richard III's grandfather and property of the Dukes of York for several centuries. Our other venue today will be "Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall". This *nonpareil* that time and history have miraculously preserved since the 16th century, was built by the tough and powerful "Bess of Hardwick" and contains a notable collection of furniture, needlework and tapestries. Finally, we make our way to our charming hotel near Leicester.
OVERNIGHT (1 Night): Melton Mowbray
- June 26: On this, our annual observance of Richard's life and death, we will enjoy an excellent, in-depth tour of *Bosworth Battlefield* and hang our lovely American Branch memorial wreath at *Sutton Cheney church*. After lunch, we make our way to *Kenilworth Castle*. One of the grandest ruins in England with a chapel and Great Hall built by John of Gaunt, Richard III stayed here on his 1483 progress. Finally, we continue on our way to the beautiful Malvern Hills and *Great Malvern Priory Church*, where Richard is known to have been personally involved in considerable reconstruction.
OVERNIGHT (2 Nights): Gt. Malvern area
- June 27: Today will be devoted to exploring the Welsh Border country. Although there are few specific Ricardian sites in this area, we know that a young Richard III was often in this area in his various official capacities and would have been well acquainted with this scenic area. We begin with a stop to view the obelisk at *Mortimers Cross* where, in 1461, Edward defeated a Lancastrian army and saw the vision of three suns. Today will also include a tour through the famous medieval black and white villages of this area and visits to the marvelous little Norman gem of a church at Kilpeck and the magnificent red sandstone ruins of Goodrich Castle.
- June 28: Bidding farewell to the Borders, we now make our way to the West Country, first stopping for a morning visit to historic Berkeley Castle, England's oldest inhabited castle and scene of the murder of Edward II. Richard III visited Exeter in 1483 when dealing with the uprising in the West Country; and our afternoon will be spent exploring *Exeter Cathedral*, the *Bishop's Palace* and the *Guildhall*.
OVERNIGHT (1 Night): Exeter area
- June 29: Today, we make our way to the attractive old city of *Salisbury*, where Richard is known to have stayed in 1483 when putting down the Duke of Buckingham's rebellion. Our sightseeing today will include stops at beautiful Sherborne Abbey in Dorset and the picturesque ruins of Old Wardour Castle, built in the 14th century by John, 5th Lord Lovel. The day concludes with a visit to glorious *Salisbury Cathedral*, where we can view the tomb of Henry VII's gigantic standard-bearer, Sir John Cheyney.
OVERNIGHT (2 Nights): New Forest area

June 30: The lovely, unspoiled county of Dorset is our destination today. In the morning, we'll explore the rugged remains of *Corfe Castle*, standing high in the Purbeck Hills. Here a 9-year-old Richard was appointed Constable and Clarence was granted the manor house by Edward IV in 1462. Next, to *Bere Regis*, the birthplace of Cardinal John Morton, who built the church tower, gave a fine timber roof and founded the Morton Chapel in the north chancel aisle. Built in the year of Richard's death on the site of King Athelstan's Palace, Athelhampton is one of England's finest medieval manor houses. We'll end the day exploring this beautiful family home and its great garden featuring a fine 15th C. dovecote.

July 1: Our last two days will be spent in the southeast, the "Garden of England". Today, our first venue will be Arundel Castle, home of the Dukes of Howard since the Norman Conquest. Rich in history and still occupied as a family home, Arundel is one of England's most interesting castles. Second on our agenda today is Alfriston Clergy House, a picturesque thatched medieval hall house with cottage gardens which was the first acquisition of the National Trust in 1896. Our final venue will be Battle Abbey, built by William the Conqueror in thanksgiving for his victory at the Battle of Hastings. The abbey remains include an imposing gatehouse and impressive remains of the dormitory.

OVERNIGHT (2 Nights): Kent/East Sussex

July 2: On this, our final day of together, we'll begin with a visit to the peaceful ruins of *Eastwell Church*, burial place of Richard Plantagenet, according to legend an unacknowledged illegitimate son of Richard III. Our second venue will be Ightham Mote, a fine 14th-16th century moated manor house which once belonged to the Haute family, who were related to the Woodvilles. (If closed, we will visit famous Hever Castle, reputed meeting place of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII.) Our final venue will be *Eltham Palace*, only recently opened to the public. Once a favored residence of Kings, who enjoyed archery, bowling and jousting in the grounds, Eltham's masterpiece is its magnificent Great Hall built by Edward IV. On to London where our memorable tour concludes.

OVERNIGHT (1 Nt.): Central London

** Sites having known connections with Richard III and the Plantagenets are in italics and bold. Others are underlined.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

Estimated cost of land tour: \$2,595.00 (\$280.00 Single Supplement) - Air extra (see below)

Land tour includes: 11 days of touring in comfortable midi-coach (18-19 seats) for 7 or more, mini-coach (10-12 seats) for less than 7
Services of driver/courier and tour escort throughout tour
10 nights' accommodation while touring – full English breakfast and 3-course dinner daily
1 night's accommodation in London – Continental breakfast only
All admissions and entrance fees
Baggage-handling throughout tour
All service charges and Value Added Tax
Driver's gratuity

Not included: Airfare (offered at reduced prices – help with post-tour plans; delayed returns allowed)
Lunches, snacks, beverages not included with meals
Dinner in London on final night of tour
Airport transfer for return flight
Laundry, telephone calls or other personal expenses

MORE DETAILS:

Our accommodation will be in charming smaller hotels and coaching inns with the highest ratings in their class. Emphasis is placed on quality, individuality, comfort, good food and a warm welcome. All rooms will have private facilities and full amenities. Most lunches while touring will be at character pubs recommended for their food. On several occasions, we will meet with members of the English Richard III Society and enjoy informal chats on the subject of Richard III. Your tour manager/escort will be Linda Treybig, a Ricardian since 1979 and leader of 11 previous Ricardian tours. Group size is limited to 12 persons (minimum of 7), and there are already several committed tour members. If you wish to experience England on an intimate scale, traveling along beautiful back-roads and through lovely old-world villages with a small, friendly group of persons who share a keen interest in Richard III, this outstanding tour is for you! You'll return with happy memories of a truly special experience!

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Anyone looking to reactivate the Southern California Chapter, please contact Pam Mills at Shakespeare.@prodigy.net for guidelines on chapter formation and related assistance.

SOUTHWEST

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Total Enclosed: \$ _____

Family Membership \$30 for yourself, plus \$5 for each additional family member residing at same address.

Make all checks payable to Richard III Society, Inc.

*Mail to **Eileen Prinsen, 16151 Longmeadow,
Dearborn, MI 48120***