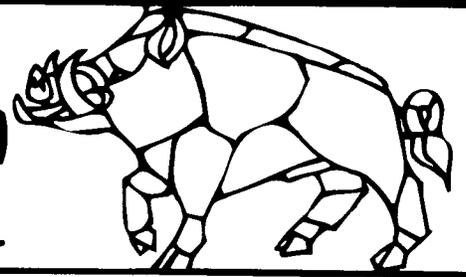


# Ricardian REGISTER



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## Warwick & The Modelmaker

— Photos and montage by Geoffrey Wheeler

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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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**2003 AGM: October 3-5, Phoenix, Arizona**

**Thanks to Elizabeth York Enstam  
for the great AGM photos!**



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## COVER ILLUSTRATIONS:

The colourful heraldic arms of Warwick ‘The Kingmaker,’ found in various arrangements on his existing seals and manuscripts, have long been a source of inspiration for artists and modelmakers, with the particular challenge of incorporating the complex quarterings of the family’s coat of arms, as can be seen from these few examples:

(a) 9 feet high relief modeled and sculpted panel by Gilbert Bayes for the New York Worlds Fair 1939, which inspired the Portuguese pottery firm Fabrica de Loiça to produce this faience figurine

(b) in 1954.

(c) Illustrates a 90 mm. mounted figure from ‘Tradition’, manufactured in the 1960’s.

(d) The exclusive range of 90 mm. pewter figures by the Armoury of St James’s <sup>(1)</sup> includes this figure of Warwick at the tournament or tiltyard.

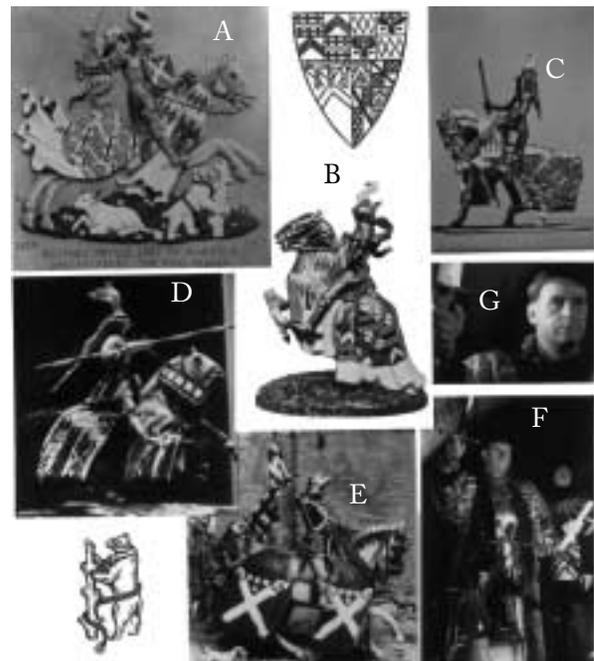
(e) A recent figure in the ‘Border Miniatures’ range <sup>(2)</sup> available in kit form, displays the simpler Neville coat, and with some artistic licence, has Warwick carrying his own standard.

(f) The full-size wax figure of Warwick, from the climatic tableaux of ‘The Kingmaker 1471’ display by Madame Tussauds, installed at Warwick Castle in 1994.

(g) and detail

<sup>(1)</sup> 17, Piccadilly Arcade, London, SW1Y 6NH  
(www.armoury.co.uk/home) — mounted figures range from £800 - £1,200!

<sup>(2)</sup> ‘Romanby’, Manor Park, Keswick, Cumbria, CA12 4AB  
(www.borderminiatures.com)



# WHY I MOVED THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH TO ATHERSTONE

*Michael K. Jones*

It seems audacious to transport a battle some eight miles from its long-established environs, and particularly this one, for Bosworth 1485 is central to any debate on Richard III as man and king. But if something as basic as this is in need of re-appraisal, a lot else might be too. The true story of this famous battle remains frustratingly elusive.

Henry Tudor's victory set the seal on a change of dynasty and was soon portrayed as God's endorsement of a rightful cause. The tale we know is one told and re-told by the Tudor victors. Richard III's preparations are overshadowed by a fear of treachery, his army is committed in piecemeal, haphazard fashion and his charge towards his opponent appears a desperate gamble. The last Plantagenet king of England reacts to events always outside his control, and his end, overwhelmed by his enemies, is somehow grimly inevitable.

The geography of the traditional battle site plays a key part in these events: the king huddled defensively on the summit of a hill, the narrow west-facing escarpment from which he makes his ill-judged charge. If Richard were passive, fearing the approach of Henry Tudor, we would expect to find him on a hill, where he would anxiously survey the manoeuvres of his opponent. And if he were unable to command the loyalty of magnates in his own army, we might understand him choosing a site where the nature of the terrain disallowed their easy participation in the forthcoming clash of arms. Ambion Hill in Leicestershire, the home of the present day battlefield centre, provides a convenient setting for this drama to be enacted. But it is a version I now wish to challenge.

What if our assumptions about the defeated commander are wrong? The Richard I see takes a pro-active role in the imminent encounter. He believes he can win, and wishes to do so in the most emphatic manner possible. He creates the time and space to prepare his army, which is loyal and motivated. This is done through the use of powerful ritual, to inspire his men and communicate the cause for which they are fighting. And this cause is no less than the legitimate succession to the throne of England.

Up until now, the suggestion that Cecily Neville's eldest surviving son, Edward IV, was a bastard, has never been taken seriously. We learn from the testimony of Dominic Mancini, an Italian visitor to London in the summer of 1483, that Cecily herself 'fell into a frenzy' and in her rage, made the astounding accusation, adding that she would be prepared to testify before a public enquiry that it was indeed the case. How has this incredible disclosure been explained away by historians? Edward, of course, was born abroad, in Rouen on 28th April 1442, and slanders of this kind attached themselves more easily to a birth outside

the country. But for the mother herself to make the acknowledgment was unprecedented. It has been dismissed on two grounds. Some have believed Cecily's disclosure was mischievous, vindictive and intended to discredit her son the king because of his marriage to Elizabeth Woodville, a liaison she could never accept or forgive. Others assume that Richard callously intimidated his mother into making the admission, or even worse, disparaged her behind her back in his ruthless pursuit of a crown not rightfully his. I wish to argue that the disclosure may have been true.

In my new book, I gather the evidence to sustain this revolutionary point of view. One crucial new piece of evidence establishes that the Duke of York, Richard's father, was away from his wife at the time of Edward's conception. This brings Richard forward in a new light, as the only true heir and successor of the house of York following the death of his brother Clarence, and the only man able to restore the honour of that house following the shameful intrusion of a bastard line. For the first time, Richard has a cause to fight for, shared by his mother. It was one which could be powerfully communicated to his soldiers on the field of battle.

A number of near-contemporary sources refer to Richard wearing the 'most precious' or 'priceless' crown of England at the time of battle. This seems to have been a reference to the coronation regalia itself, the richly jewelled crown of Edward the Confessor. This would have been far too heavy to wear during the fighting, indeed, its weight was such that magnates and bishops would have supported it on the king's head as he processed before his troops. Such a ceremony must have made a profound impression on those who witnessed it.

This alerts us to a very different possible sequence of events as the battle was about to begin. Instead of the wholesale rush and disorganisation inflicting his army, Richard has time to unify it through ritual drama. His military acumen was acknowledged even by his enemies, and it is hard to imagine such a man boxing himself into a corner as the traditional narrative suggests. The slopes of Ambion Hill are an unlikely place to find him.

I believe that Richard had a vision of the way he wished to win this crucial encounter, by leading a massed cavalry attack against his Tudor challenger. I argue from the presence of the experienced Spanish war captain, Juan de Salazar, in the royal division, close to Richard's person, a vital link with an earlier battle, that of Toro in March 1476, which had been won by Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, through just such a feat of arms. And I have discovered an entirely new source for Bosworth, an eye-witness account by one of the French mercenaries in Tudor's army, describing the charge itself in stirring fashion. It was not the hasty act of a reckless king and a few diehard

supporters. Rather, Richard prepared carefully and led forward his entire division, numbering several hundred horsemen, to deliver the knock-out blow.

On Ambion Hill there is simply not enough room to effect such a manoeuvre. But if we move Richard some eight miles further west, close to the small market town of Atherstone in Warwickshire, its low-lying fields are ideal cavalry country. Surprisingly, many of the closest contemporary accounts point to such a scenario. One, the *Crowland Chronicle*, tells us that Richard gained accurate intelligence of Tudor's whereabouts as close to the Abbey of Merevale, situated a mile southwest of Atherstone itself. This well-informed source, which drew on testimony from those who had marched in Richard's army, then relates how Richard camped nearby and names their encounter the following morning, 'this battle of Merevale.' Another, the Warwickshire antiquarian John Rouse, tells us the battle took place on the Warwickshire/Leicestershire border, which is exactly where Atherstone lies. And a newsletter to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, gives the nearest town to the engagement as Coventry, not Leicester, again placing the action further west. Most telling of all is a grant of compensation for crops trampled by Tudor's victorious army, made by Henry VII in the months following his victory. In the first he recompenses Merevale for crops damaged as his men marched towards the field of battle. In the second, he gives money to Atherstone and its neighbouring parishes, for damage inflicted at the field of battle itself. Henry's grant delineates a clash taking place on the open fields northeast of Atherstone.

There is one fascinating detail which makes no sense in the traditional location — the position of the sun. It has always been noted, but set aside on the assumption that those who recorded it must simply have made a mistake. The Tudor court historian Polydore Vergil spoke to those who had fought in Tudor's army. He gleaned from them a crucial piece of information, that Tudor's captains undertook a flanking manoeuvre to gain the advantage of the strong August morning sun directly in their opponents' eyes. They must therefore have been facing west or northwest. On Ambion Hill this cannot be, since it was Richard who was charging down the west-facing slope. If we follow the route set out in Tudor's compensation grants, we at last find a setting that allows this. Henry marched out to the east through the fields of Merevale, then swung north across the parishes adjacent to Atherstone. Accepting that Richard's encampment was to the north of the town, for the first time we find a scenario that works, with Henry Tudor's men approaching as the sun climbed in the sky behind them.

Only one key factor seems to work against such a re-location of this famous battle — the known burial site of some of the slain at Dadlington, a mile or so south of Ambion Hill. This known place of burial was of such significance that the very naming of the battle seems to have derived from it, Market Bosworth being the nearest town. Such a link has convinced the majority of historians that

the action must have taken place either on Ambion Hill or close by.

But an alternative explanation exists. In a deliberate act of remembrance, Henry Tudor chose to move the slain of his army en masse to consecrated ground, because they had died saving his life. It was this very public commemoration of a debt of gratitude that was to inspire the battle name, rather than the exact geographical location. This provocative new argument is based on both detailed research and a different way of reading medieval battles. Only the bare bones of it can be given here.

Atherstone may now be the setting for one of the most epic battles of our history. And if we travel to this startling new location, the Richard we find there is entirely different from the Shakespearean caricature. He has a cause in which he truly believes, and has prepared his battleground, both actual and psychological, accordingly. He will take the fight to his opponent. My new eye-witness source shows the reason for his defeat as extraordinary chance, a manoeuvre by the French pikemen opposing this that he had never seen before and thus had no way of anticipating. The pikemen formed a square, to shatter the impact of the king's heroic charge, while Tudor dismounted within it and kept his head down. The king's almost superhuman efforts to break through, which came so close to success, at last give us the vista of courage that even his harshest critics have always acknowledged.

In August 2002 I walked the traditional battle site at the time of its annual re-enactment, and discussed my ideas with some of the participants. I have visited many battle sites and have often found them intensely moving places where one can easily sense the drama and emotion of the life and death combats which have marked them. The tranquil surrounds of Ambion Hill felt to me curiously lacking in such qualities, but I wondered whether my own beliefs about the location could be causing me to miss something. Then one of the re-enactors turned to me and said: 'I've camped out on lots of sites from the Wars of the Roses. Some of them are really spooky. It's like it all happened yesterday — you can almost hear the horses. But this place has never felt to me like a battlefield.'

#### **About the Author:**

Michael K. Jones, an independent scholar, is the co-author, with Malcolm Underwood, of *The King's Mother*, a biography of Margaret Beaufort. His rationale for siting the battle at Atherstone can be found in his new book, *Bosworth 1485 - Psychology of a Battle* (Tempus/Arcadia, 2002) ISBN: 0 7524 2334 7 Hardback UK £25 USA \$29.99.

Members of the American branch receive a 10% discount by calling Arcadia toll-free at 888-313-2665 and mentioning the secret code — "Atherstone."

Or go to the American Branch website ([www.r3.org](http://www.r3.org)) and use the link to Amazon Books, and your purchase will benefit the American Branch.

# THE BATTLE OF BARNET

*Martin Reboul*

*Editor's note: media attention has been focused of late on re-evaluations of the last battle of Richard III's career, Bosworth. The first battle of his career, Barnet, also raises any number of interesting questions.*

*This article was posted to the newsgroup soc.history.medieval by Martin Reboul and is reprinted here by permission. His opinions of Richard III do not match those of most Ricardians, and some will quarrel with certain characterizations or interpretations of one or another of the dramatis personae. Those members who closely analyze battles and battlefields of the Wars of the Roses, however, may be intrigued by some of the theories he presents here.*

*Due to the length of the article, Part II will be published in the Spring, 2003 Register.*

*Mr. Reboul will be providing his references and maps at a later date and they will be posted on the <http://www.r3.org/> website — check the “what's new” section for the link.*

## 1 : The 'Re-Arrivall' of Edward IV

Edward returned to England in force, grimly determined to regain the throne after spending nearly a year in exile. For most of that time, Edward, along with his youngest brother Richard and a few friends, had been the guests of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Charles had married Edward's older sister Margaret some years before, and was therefore under some obligation to his brother-in-law. Charles had to finance the invasion, as Edward had left everything behind when he fled, even his heavily pregnant wife Elizabeth. She had given birth in Westminster sanctuary during his absence, and Edward had yet to see his baby son. The departure from England had been so unexpectedly hurried, he had been obliged to pay for hire of a ship with his fur cloak, revealing a serious 'cash flow problem' in the Royal Accounts.

Fortunately for Edward, Duke Charles was bitterly opposed to the man who had effectively forced him out of England, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. Warwick and Duke Charles had taken an instant personal dislike to each other at their first meeting many years before, and been enemies ever since. Warwick was also on very friendly terms with King Louis XI of France, to the point of offering Louis military support in the form of archers for use in the long running feud between France and Burgundy — a very serious threat to Duke Charles indeed.

Charles was put in an awkward spot even so. He outwardly supported the Lancastrian cause, and was already harbouring the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset and other prominent Lancastrians when Edward arrived, causing him no little inconvenience and embarrassment. Nevertheless, he welcomed them to stay at his court, no doubt seeing an excellent opportunity to use them to disrupt or destroy Warwick, and provide a good excuse to dump many expensive house guests into the bargain. Exeter and Somerset had duly been sent back to England well before Edward's invasion, after solemnly promising Charles to do their utmost to undermine Warwick. Warwick

reluctantly had to welcome these two bitter personal enemies back into England, as he was now officially a Lancastrian.

Now, after months of preparation and secret correspondence with prospective allies in England, drumming up support and smoothing the way, the time had come to send his Yorkist guests home too. At great expense, the Duke provided Edward with a fleet of ships, horses, equipment and extensive mercenary support, including the latest hi-tech Burgundian hand gunners (who didn't come cheap!).

At the start Edward's venture seemed ill-starred. The planned invasion nearly ended in disaster before he even landed, as a storm sank a ship full of valuable horses and scattered the rest of his fleet in the North Sea. Their reception on the east coast was unexpectedly hostile, and Edward was forced to give up any hopes of landing in East Anglia, when local forces loyal to the Earl of Oxford prepared to attack his scouts. He sailed north, and eventually managed to disembark safely at Ravenspur, a small port on the mouth of the Humber estuary, long since washed away into the North Sea. After landing his battered forces and re-grouping, Edward continued to receive a rather unenthusiastic response from the locals. Most refused to join him, and some were actively hostile. Towns closed their gates and refused him entry, and the substantial support he hoped to get from Henry Percy in Northumberland failed to materialise. He vacillated and made unlikely excuses to avoid joining Edward, despite the fact that Edward had returned him the Percy estates and restored to him the title of Earl of Northumberland (still in the possession of the Percy family to this day). It must have been a bitter blow to Edward, for he had taken the coveted title away from his former friend and loyal supporter John Neville, deeply insulting and offending him by doing so. The very reason Edward had been forced to flee from England had been the aggrieved John Neville's sudden and unexpected defection, to side with his brother Richard, Earl of Warwick.

Percy, still holding the Northumberland title, promised only to stay neutral — better than nothing, for the Percies were Lancastrian supporters by tradition. It says little for Henry Percy that he failed to actively support either side in the campaign. He sat back to wait and see what happened, no doubt hoping to ingratiate himself with the eventual victor without taking any risks. Although he managed to hold on to the Northumberland title, his weakness was noted, and Henry Percy paid dearly for his timidity in the end. He was killed while collecting taxes some years later, neither respected nor feared even by his own tenants.

Deciding on a more cautious and clandestine approach, Edward proclaimed that he had no intention of re-taking the throne, having returned only to claim his

rightful inheritance, the Dukedom of York. The City of York was prepared to believe him, and opened the gates on condition he swore a solemn oath that this was indeed his purpose, which Edward duly did. To persuade the citizens of York of his intentions, he even sported the red and black colours and ostrich feathers of Prince Edward of Lancaster, son of King Henry VI, parading outside the walls with cries of allegiance to “King Harry”, accompanied by his brother Richard.

Edward was never too bothered about keeping such oaths of course, as many discovered to their cost after accepting his carefully worded and worthless pardons. Messages were dispatched by courier to potential allies throughout the land, and as support began to roll in his confidence grew. Edward soon marched south, hoping to deal with Warwick and the other prominent Lancastrians before they could join forces and form an overwhelmingly large army. He bypassed Marquess Montagu, John Neville, who had a force of unknown size at Pontefract. Montagu failed to engage or pursue, for reasons unknown. Meanwhile Warwick was in the Midlands, also desperately trying to raise support. This campaign took place long before there was a standing army for the Crown to use, and armies had to be raised as and when needed by marching on recruitment drives, and sending out Commissions of Array, orders, urgent requests, and pleas for help. One of these survives, with a touching postscript from Warwick himself, the writing showing obvious signs of strain and great urgency. It was sent to Henry Vernon, a minor landowner and gentleman who could raise a small force of armed tenants – the essential bread and butter forming the bulk of English armies in the 15th Century. The support of such men was vital but not always easy to obtain. Although on first name terms with Warwick, Vernon seems to have ignored his request, as well as orders and requests from Clarence and Edward to join them.

Warwick was no doubt very dubious about the loyalty of his fickle son-in-law George, Duke of Clarence, Edward’s treacherous and untrustworthy brother. Clarence sent assurances that he was on his way with a large force, as indeed he was. He failed to mention he was on his way to join Edward, however. As mentioned before, his defection had been arranged well in advance by correspondence, while Edward languished in Burgundy. That explains how Clarence managed to have so many troops ready for battle (some 7000 according to Warkworth), when the rest of England seems to have been caught on the hop. After an uncomfortable but successful reunion with brothers Edward and Richard, Clarence’s men hurriedly covered up their Lancastrian “SS” collars. Some might well say that was a very appropriate symbol for the treacherous, ruthless, and murderous Duke with hindsight. It appears that their hasty needlework was not of a very high standard, for their poorly concealed collars were noticed and remarked upon later.

Suddenly faced with Edward’s greatly enlarged force, Warwick quickly went onto the defensive and refused to be drawn. He took refuge in Coventry with around 4000 men, one of the most securely walled cities in England at

the time, and wisely turned down Edward’s challenges to meet him in battle. He also scorned his promises and offers of pardon, well aware that Edward’s pardons often came with strings attached, such as failure to mention summary execution following shortly after acceptance! Warwick seems to have been quite rattled by the defection of Clarence (always so predictably untrustworthy and treacherous), though it is difficult to believe he was that surprised, considering his own extensive personal experience of betrayal and being betrayed.

Not a patient man, and never one to endure the tedium of sieges (having always delegated such work to others in the past), Edward and his army suddenly departed and marched south, having even failed to provoke his cousin by occupying Warwick Castle itself. The confidence of the Kingmaker was at a low ebb, probably not a bad thing from his point of view, as it made him unusually cautious when he followed Edward. After inconclusive skirmishes with the forces of Oxford and Exeter, who both rapidly withdrew, Edward found himself welcomed into London on April 10th by Warwick’s youngest brother, another shifty George, the Archbishop of York. George Neville took the precaution of obtaining a full pardon first, his agile mind no doubt thoroughly checking the small print before delivering the City, Tower, and the hapless King Henry VI without any resistance. To be fair, although George Neville’s actions appear treacherous and underhand, he was in a very difficult position indeed. The population of London were traditionally Yorkist, and all his attempts to drum up support for the ailing and discredited King Henry had met with a dismal lack of enthusiasm. Like everyone else in 15th century England, he had to consider his own neck when the chips were down.

As King Henry greeted Edward, with genuine fondness it seems, he said with relief, “I know, dear cousin, that my life is safe in your hands . . .” or words to that effect. Poor Henry, the simple old soul no doubt much preferred the idea of comfortable imprisonment with his books and prayers to another spell as a fugitive on the run. His trust that he would be safe shows once again how pitifully inadequate he was to cope with fifteenth century politics, or the job of being King.

## 2 : Good Friday, Busy Saturday

Warwick waited uneasily within the walls of Coventry after Edward’s sudden departure. Only after Oxford, Montagu, and Exeter had joined him was he satisfied that their combined strength was enough to face his former pupil in battle. They followed Edward south, an army of between 10,000 and 20,000 men, with a large and well provisioned artillery train. It is very difficult to gauge the size of this force accurately, as no estimation of their fully assembled number was recorded by any independent observer. In fact the true number has been concealed and confused by chroniclers both biased towards the Lancastrians and against them, who boosted or diminished the figures for various reasons. As an example, “The Arrivall” declares that the Yorkists were vastly outnumbered (only 9,000 against 30,000) in order to magnify Edward’s achievement. This is clearly absurd, as Warwick

## Battle of Barnet

would certainly have won with 3:1 odds in his favour and Edward would never have willingly taken the field at such a disadvantage. The chronicler Warkworth however, though mildly Lancastrian in sympathy, extended the odds even further in Warwick's favour, stating that Warwick had more than 30,000 men — probably to show the popularity of his cause! On the whole, contemporary chroniclers tend to avoid the question, but the majority seem to have said that the Lancastrian army was larger (Holinshed, with lost accounts of the battle to refer to, adds “..though others affirm the contrary.”) Generally speaking therefore, all these estimates should be considered unreliable, and the best that can be done to estimate the approximate size of the Lancastrian force is to add up the probable numbers of men each of the individual lords and gentlemen brought with them. The Lancastrian army marched into long suffering St.Albans (after two battles there during the last few years, it is unlikely that there was much left to pillage in the town, even if it were allowed), and camped just outside on the night of Good Friday. The next morning they marched a few miles down the Great North Road towards London, and halted at Gladsmuir Heath, just north of Barnet.

Here Warwick decided to make his stand. He had plenty of time and daylight to choose his ground carefully, and he chose well. Once the best position was decided, the rest of the day was spent setting up camp and preparing for battle. The formidable Lancastrian artillery array was carefully deployed, probably centered around Old Fold Manor, using the moat around the house as part of their defence. The majority of the guns were trained and ranged on the Great North Road leading north out of Barnet — the only convenient route Edward could take to approach. With the guns set up in front of the line (15th century soldiers usually kept well clear of artillery), the infantry were deployed across the plateau that Monken Hadley is situated on, about half a mile north of High Barnet as it is known today.

“High” is a very good description. The ground rises rapidly from the plain of London to the south, a huge mound of boulder clay once pushed before a glacier that ended near Potters Bar during the last ice age. Strange though it may seem, a fragile link thus associates the outcome of the battle of Barnet with prehistoric glacial movement, as the waterlogged boulder clay of this high ground, still covered in ponds and bogs which are shown on the earliest maps available, indirectly caused one of the earliest recorded ‘friendly fire situations’ (to use the rather revolting terminology of the late 20th Century).

A full analysis of the initial positions of the two forces, together with early maps of the battlefield and details of the geology of the area, are included in Appendix 1.

At first glance it may appear that Warwick, considering his extensive military experience, chose a rather odd position. A quick look at the terrain shows even the most amateur “table top General” that Barnet itself would have been the perfect place to array his force. With his heavy artillery dominating the only approach, Edward's army would surely have been decimated as it laboured up the

steep hill. That is the reason that Warwick did not take up that position however.

Used as we are nowadays to the idea of street fighting and all out mobile warfare, it seems absurd he chose to position his army in a place that allowed the enemy plenty of room to form up and attack. The Earl of Warwick knew exactly what he was doing of course, and knew his enemy well too. Edward, no matter how keen to lock horns, would never suicidally attack such an impregnable position. Warwick was also acutely aware that time was running short, for armies in those days were liable to melt away quickly, especially if they were getting hungry and saw no prospect of pillaging ahead. He had to tempt Edward to battle immediately. That was the way things were done. Edward could stay comfortably in well provisioned London if he wished, gathering strength all the time as support rolled in (which it was, as his army growing hour by hour at this time). Warwick therefore gave him a chance to engage by choosing a convenient spot for a battle and waiting. There was great pressure on Warwick to engage as soon as possible for other reasons. His force, already demoralized by uncertainty and suspicion, were in great danger of breaking up if faced with any more delay. Some sections had already been forced to retreat in disarray in the last few days of the campaign and the situation was now critical. In another day or two confidence would evaporate and the men would be off home . . . or off to join the other side.

Warwick banked on the hot-headed and aggressive Edward soon responding, suspecting he would be unable to resist the opportunity to engage. He was right. A more relaxed and thoughtful commander may well have waited safely behind the walls of London until the Lancastrians just melted away. But not Edward — he wanted bloody revenge, and he wanted it now. And Warwick seems to have had a more subtle, tactical reason to tempt him as well. Formal letters of challenge arranging the date, time, and place to fight were unnecessary (although such written challenges did occur, notably before Flodden in 1513). That is not to say that ambushes, nasty surprises and devious concealments were ‘not allowed’ — such things happened fairly often. Even so, a certain amount of convention still existed when fighting in those days, as well as an unwillingness to abandon tried and tested methods or formations, even amongst the most far sighted and enlightened commanders. Looking back at what happened, it seems likely that Warwick planned to use his superior artillery to soften up or even destroy Edward before he had a chance to array for battle.

Edward marched from London as soon as he could after receiving reports of Warwick's position, and the Yorkist army approached High Barnet as dusk was falling. To sidetrack for a moment, there is a detail about the dates and times of year of all battles fought in Britain before 1752 (all save the battle of Britain in fact!), which is seldom mentioned. In 1752 the calendar was adjusted to the Gregorian system we use today. The Julian calendar used before that date took no account of the 11 minutes and 4 seconds difference between the solar year and the

calendar year. Not a lot, true, but it meant that the calendar date had gradually moved out of step with the sun and the seasons, and this was becoming quite apparent by the 15th century, as the thousands of 11 minute ‘extra bits’ added up to 11 days or so. Effectively, April 14th 1471 was seasonally like April 25th is today. In other words, the sun set a bit later, rose earlier, and perhaps the weather was a bit warmer — although the English weather seems to have been just as unpredictable then as it is today.

As another intriguing distraction, it would also affect the traditional anniversaries of battles and events that ghost hunters might well think about. After long watches on windswept battlefields, or stakeouts at murder scenes and so on, do they go home disappointed 11 days before the “event” perhaps? Or maybe ghosts still keep an eye on the current calendar date when organising their appearances?

Edward left London in the late afternoon, at about 4 p.m. <sup>(1)</sup>, allowing some four or five hours of daylight to cover the twelve mile journey. The best estimate of their number was made by Gerhard von Wesel, an experienced German military man who was in London on a trade mission, and the only independent observer who saw the battle and left an account of it. There is no reason to question his estimate of 12,000 plus. The timing also seems correct, as we know they carried artillery up the steep hill to Barnet. Edward’s advance guard, a sizeable light cavalry force, briefly skirmished with some of Warwick’s scouts in Hornsey park. They were quickly chased off, and headed north towards Barnet to tell Warwick that Edward was on his way. The Yorkist advance party reached Barnet well before the rest of the army, and found the town lightly defended. The small Lancastrian force stationed there put up no significant resistance and were soon dislodged, probably having been instructed to do so. They headed up the Great North Road, hotly pursued by Edward’s fore-riders. About half a mile to the north, at a point somewhere just to the south of Dury road, they encountered a large body of Warwick’s men “by an hedgesyde”<sup>(2)</sup>. This is one of the few clues that helps to place the Lancastrian forces on the field. Edward’s men quickly turned back rather than face a hail of arrows, and raced back down the North Road to report back.

This incident has led to some odd ideas about the exact place where the battle was fought, which are fully discussed in Appendix 1. The speedy withdrawal of Warwick’s men from Barnet, considering what happened next, may well have been part of an attempt to lead the Yorkists into a trap — an early use of the ‘killing zone.’ This is a technique often used in modern defensive positions to destroy or break up tank and infantry attacks, by leading, encouraging, or forcing the enemy into an area covered by hidden artillery, mines and mortars. Warwick’s substantial artillery train was covering the North Road, which was and still is the only easy route north out of Barnet.

Warwick now knew Edward was getting close, and there was even a possibility of battle being joined that very evening. He ordered the guns to be loaded and all men to

their battle stations. It may be at this moment that Warwick made the traditional commander’s speech to his troops, if he had not already done so. His actual words were not reliably recorded, although some chroniclers have embellished lost early versions with their own ideas<sup>(3)</sup>. Carrying on that tradition, it is not difficult to guess at the contents of his speech, knowing Warwick’s character and the position he was in. He wasn’t afraid to admit making errors of judgement (when it suited his purpose), and perhaps part of his charm and persuasiveness when speaking in public was due to this unusual ‘honesty’. That is not to say that Warwick would cheerfully eat humble pie however — he did have his carefully tended image to consider — 15th century troops would not have been encouraged by humility and self-effacement on the part of their leader.

He probably apologised for letting himself be deceived by the treacherous Edward and turning his back on the “truly anointed king Harry,” followed by a list of Edward’s more obvious faults, doubtless mentioning the highly unpopular Woodvilles. He almost certainly mentioned the current position of those with him on the field, and the vital importance of sticking together and putting aside differences or quarrels remaining from years past. He would have appealed to the men’s pride, emphasizing that they were superior in skill, experience and number to their opponents, and emphasised that they were fighting for a better cause, legally, historically, and ethically (whether he believed it himself or not). Perhaps he then followed up with vague promises of good things to come and so on — not unlike any modern politician. He could even have made a show of backslapping unity with Oxford and Exeter, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness from the three, and maybe his brother Lord Montagu joined them as well . . .

That is pure speculation, of course, but it would have been a typical “Warwick gesture”, clever as he was at publicity and propaganda. Whatever he said it seems to have had the desired effect — unifying his force. This most uncomfortable alliance of old and bitter enemies performed very well together in the event, all considered.

Edward’s army had to climb Barnet hill at the end of their march, a formidable obstacle in those days. Even today it would be no easy task to ascend the slope in heavy armour, dragging guns and heavy equipment, but in 1471 there was no earth ramp to level the gradient, no tarmac road, and no bus service! This stretch of road was notoriously bad - treacherously icy in winter, and, according to fines imposed and complaints to the Abbot of St. Albans, frequently blocked with rubbish at the top of the hill. Ice would not have troubled the Yorkist army however, cursing the heat and dust as they laboured up the steep incline with all their heavy gear on the warm Spring evening.

Dusk was falling by the time they reached the top, and it was obviously too late for a battle that evening. The sun set at about ten past seven, and within an hour it would have been almost completely dark. Edward wisely ordered his troops to keep moving, unwilling to let them stay in Barnet. It is a fair assumption that the taverns were shut and stoutly boarded up, and the whole town looked

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deserted. Despite the excellent discipline that both he and Warwick usually maintained, towns in the immediate proximity of a 15th century battle were not a good place to be, particularly when the only main road ran through them. Any bold inhabitants who did remain would have battened down the hatches, probably praying the Yorkists would win and the chase would be northward, away from Barnet. If the Lancastrians won there would be a ghastly Yorkist retreat through the town in disarray, followed by hordes of bloodthirsty and beerthirsty Lancastrians intent on pillaging and plundering anything in their path.

So Edward's troops marched through the town, no doubt looking wistfully at the profusion of tavern and inn signs and licking their lips at the thought of the cellars full of drink, unattended, and so close. After trudging up the steep hill on a very warm afternoon it must have been agonising, but Edward was insistent. He appreciated that his soldiers would perform better in the morning without having spent the night quaffing free drink, since he liked a drop himself (to say the least!), and must have been very familiar with the debilitating effects of a hangover. Since this could well be their last night (as indeed it was to be for many of them), the likelihood that they would be tempted to over indulge and not feel quite so keen to display their martial skills first thing next morning was one good reason that Edward attempted an ambitious and very difficult deployment in the dark.

It has often been said that Edward boldly arrayed his army to the north of Barnet in a cunning and brilliant manoeuvre intended to outwit his highly dangerous foe. That is possible, but there are more likely reasons for his move, the temptations in Barnet being only one. Neither side seems to have had much idea of the position of the other on the field, which meant that by the time the Yorkists had passed through Barnet and spread out east and west across the Great North road in "three battle" formation, visibility was almost nil. Young Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in his first command, was extended hundreds of yards too far to the East, unaware that there was no enemy to his front, just a muddy bog. On the left, Lord Hastings had no idea he was outflanked by the Earl of Oxford's formidable force, including heavy cavalry. Edward centered his army on the eastern side of the Great North Road, something he certainly would not have done on purpose. He was also recklessly close to the Lancastrian line, which actually saved him from destruction during the night, though more probably because of luck than by clever design.

Warwick ordered his artillery to open fire, shooting blindly into the darkness and trained on the approaches to the south. Edward may have taken a few losses as he hurriedly deployed his force, and ordered them forward in silence, showing no lights. Edward also told his gunners to hold their fire so as not to give away the Yorkist position. The Lancastrian guns continued to fire, their shot now falling behind the enemy. Few of the Yorkist troops could have had much sleep that night, hearing shot whistling overhead and wondering if and when Warwick would discover their actual position and shorten the range. It must

have been a very unpleasant night 'under the guns', in full harness, anticipating the dawn and what it might bring. Warkworth said the Lancastrian guns fired all night, and the Yorkist artillery hardly replied. In view of his position, Edward may have arranged for some of his guns to open fire from positions well to the rear of his army, specifically intending to draw enemy fire and encourage them to continue overshooting. There is no mention of this anywhere, but it would have been a good idea, and Edward was never short of those — not on the battlefield anyway. It would also have helped to cover the noise of his force as they deployed, as armoured men make an incredible racket when moving, however carefully they try to keep quiet.

### 3 : The Fog of War. a Greate Mystery

The air temperature dropped quickly after dark, and moisture that had evaporated from the wet clay of Gladsmuir Heath during the day condensed into a thick mist. Gladsmuir means "grey moor" in Old English, which may well come from the heavy mists which still occur there to this very day. However, during the night before the battle the 'myste' developed into something rarely seen in Britain until the Industrial Revolution. Smoke and shockwaves from Warwick's thundering artillery caused water vapour in the air to condense around microscopic particles of partially burnt carbon and sulphur, the residue of exploding gunpowder, and produced a thick chemical fog, so that when morning broke an unusually dense "pea souper" enveloped the battlefield.

Fanciful attempts to blame the strange mist on a sorcerer (working for Edward) are sadly a myth. A certain Friar Bungay (specifically accused by Halle) was supposed to have been responsible, using sorcery to raise the mist and being paid for his sinister work handsomely. But Friar Bungay had been dead for many centuries by 1471 (unless he really did have astonishing powers!), having been a contemporary of Roger Bacon, centuries before the battle of Barnet. This link with the alleged inventor of gunpowder is intriguing, even so — perhaps more than just a coincidence? Whatever, when dawn broke, Edward was certainly as irritated and dismayed by the poor visibility as his opponent, as a clear view of banners and troop positions was vital to take effective command in battle at the time. If anybody was responsible for the mist, it was the Earl of Warwick and his enthusiastic use of gunpowder.

The Sun rose at about five o' clock on Easter Sunday 1471. Although there has been debate about the time the battle actually started, it would not have concerned the men who took part — they had other things on their mind, and nobody was looking at their watch! Observation of misty dawns on the battlefield indicate that it would probably have been well after five o' clock before visibility was good enough for battle to commence, although both sides would have been in harness and ready for action well before first light, if not throughout the night. Even then, as the sun began to lighten the eastern sky, little was visible on Gladsmuir Heath. The "moste thicke myst" that had concealed Edward's night manoeuvres now hid everything. Although nervous soldiers on both sides could hear the enemy somewhere in front of

them, they were invisible - as were most of their friends, only a few yards away. A frightening prospect, indeed.

In the damp and chilly dawn they prepared for battle, checking and loading weapons, donning helmets and gauntlets, and warming up stiff muscles with practice swings. Their sense of well being was improved by the hasty blessings and automatically mumbled absolutions received from the (sometimes) dubious priests who accompanied 15th century armies — many were prepared to die that day. Whether their souls were received into Heaven in a State of Grace is unknown. They were probably also cheered by a final drink and whatever cold food they had with them, if they had the stomach for it. Warwick surveyed the Lancastrian position with unease. In view of his military and political position he had probably slept little, if at all during the last few days. He was greeted by his household men and fellow commanders, many of whom were also worried about what the day held in store. It was reported by Phillipe de Commynes that an anxious John Neville took his brother Warwick aside and told him he was greatly concerned about their troops. Rumours of possible betrayals within the alliance were shaking their confidence badly. He suggested that the best way to boost the confidence of their men and demonstrate the Nevilles' absolute dedication to the cause of Lancaster, was for the pair of them to fight on foot. Considering the situation, that probably would have been the mood in the ranks, and Warwick realised his brother was right. Knowing only too well it meant he would have little chance of escape if things went wrong, Richard Neville abandoned his horse and sent him to the rear. As Warwick's charger was led away he must have thought once again how crucial this battle was going to be for him personally. It was a noble gesture and a brave act indeed, whether at Montagu's suggestion or not.

With another rousing speech, probably along a “with you to the end lads!” theme, he no doubt raised a mighty cheer as he joined the ranks of his household men on foot. Such a speech probably suited his mood anyway, for he had now burnt all his bridges, having even discarded any hope of taking refuge in France if he failed — King Louis XI, Warwick's friend and ally for so many years, had just betrayed him by signing a truce with Duke Charles of Burgundy out of the blue. That had effectively allowed Edward to return to England with Burgundian support, and the letter Warwick sent to Louis in his fury was a bit rude to say the least, certainly not the way to speak to any King, particularly a Medieval French King — even from a Kingmaker!\* Lord Montagu was said to have been almost suicidal that morning, caring little whether he lived or died. Both brothers finally realised that any hope of happiness or success in the future depended on the next few hours - they had to win the battle of Barnet. This time it was all or nothing, victory or death.

On the other side, Edward seems to have been in high and angry spirits. He would probably have addressed his troops with a fiery denouncement of the traitors and villains they faced only two or three hundred yards away in the mist. His men were well motivated, with scores to

settle and the prospect of claiming great rewards if Edward won the day with their help. Warwick had detained several Lords who now accompanied Edward, amongst them the Duke of Norfolk (John Mowbray), the Earl of Essex (Henry Bourchier), and the Lords Cromwell and Mountjoy. They now stood with their men at Edward's side, having been released from the Tower by the treacherous failure of George Neville, left in charge of London.



*Detail, The Battle of Barnet, by Martin Reboul*

The rewards and positions that Warwick had allowed them during his brief period in power had not been enough to gain their support. He would have been wiser to execute them.

The actual details of Edward's speech are of course also a matter for speculation and supposition, though it is easy enough to guess the points he would have raised. Apart from derision about Warwick's military achievements and his treacherous return to the pathetic Henry VI and his cronies (and did his beady eye perhaps fix itself on Clarence for an uncomfortable moment as he mentioned this, while his fickle brother awkwardly pretended to be distracted and looked innocently away?). He almost certainly mentioned the wicked Margaret of Anjou, the likely illegitimacy of Henry's son Edward, Prince of Lancaster, (a rather likely rumour actually started by Warwick) and the turmoil and injustice their regime had caused in England previously, and the loss of France. Maybe he mentioned that they were now supported by the French (bound to raise a good response of boos, catcalls, and rumbles of outraged indignation).

Edward had so much ammunition, he probably didn't know where to start. Not renowned for eloquent speech making, he probably kept it short and pretty bluff, inflamed with indignant anger and self-righteousness. For the first and only time during the Wars of the Roses he didn't order mercy to be shown to any man on the other side, even the common soldiers, and may have gone further and ordered no quarter. This was to cost him very dear, and helped to make Barnet one of the hardest fought battles of the century, with an extremely high casualty rate. A tactful and sincere offer of mercy and free pardon to the opposition may well have broken the fragile alliance, provoking a mass desertion of old Yorkist troops and could have prevented a battle altogether. But Edward was not in the mood. Impulsive as ever, his blood was up — only violent revenge was going to satisfy him, whatever the consequences or the risk.

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The Lancastrian guns ceased fire when dawn broke, as the gunners and the rest of the army tried to get some idea of what the enemy were up to and where they were. Whether the actual range of the Yorkist line was finally discovered is unknown, but it seems likely that neither side ever really knew much until they actually saw each other. Battle commenced with the usual artillery exchange, and Edward's guns were probably ranged more accurately, since the Yorkist gunners probably had some idea of the enemy position from observing gunflashes and fall of shot. Archers would have been unwilling to waste their precious stock of arrows against unseen targets, and crossbowmen and hand gunners were very unlikely to have fired blind, every shot being precious because of the time it took them to reload.

Whether Warwick's hastily re-aimed guns began to take a toll in the Yorkist ranks or may have looked likely to do so soon, Edward decided to take the initiative and attack. His aggression and martial zeal alone made him eager to get to grips with the enemy, but he may well have been galled into action by enemy gunfire. His own guns, smaller in number as well as calibre, seem to have had little impact. Once the first few rounds were exchanged everyone suddenly realised how horribly close the two armies were. Edward signaled "Advance Banner!" — the order to attack.

In the fog, the signal was passed down the line by trumpet call, and the Yorkists surged forward with great gusto, shouting "Á Edward!" This sort of battle cry, often recorded, probably became traditional during the Hundred Years War, indicating to the terrified French (in French, very considerably) exactly who their enemies were, and who they were working for. This cry was a familiar feature throughout the Wars of the Roses, and was heard for many years afterwards — please note, those who accuse the English of not bothering to learn foreign languages!

From the "off," it probably took less than a minute for the first dim shapes of enemy men at arms to appear from the fog. It must have been a dreadfully tense and very long minute for the Lancastrians, who stood firm nonetheless as the war cries and clanking armour got louder and closer, and they braced themselves to receive the charge, shouting back their defiance. On Warwick's right flank, with favourable ground ahead of him, the Earl of Oxford decided to stay on his horse unlike his fellow commanders. Outflanking his opponent Lord Hastings, his heavy cavalry smashed into the side of the Yorkist rearward battle, somewhere just to the southwest of where the Golf Club is today. Hastings' men, obviously not expecting such a ferocious onslaught, broke almost immediately and retreated in disarray down the Great North Road towards Barnet. Oxford's men slaughtered many in the pursuit, and as so often happened in those days, gleefully chased their enemies right off the field. As a result, Edward managed to reinforce his shattered left flank with reserves. Fortunately for him, the complete collapse and rout of his left wing was concealed from the rest of his army by the fog, and failed to demoralise or unnerve them unduly.

Meanwhile, on the eastern side of the field, young Richard of Gloucester had also signaled 'advance banner', and moved forward. However, his men were quickly disconcerted and confused as they found the ground dropping away rapidly and their feet sinking into boggy ground. As they tramped determinedly onwards, the clash of steel and noise of battle could be heard to the west. They struggled on uneasily for a short while, but still made no contact with the enemy. Richard called a halt and listened. The sound of battle was now almost to his rear, so he decided to head his force towards the noise of fighting. With an admirable feat of generalship for one in his first real command, he turned his men around and trudged westward until they found themselves climbing uphill onto firmer ground as the sound of battle came closer. Surging out of the marsh, they surprised Exeter's flank guard and attacked them from the side and probably behind, surprising them completely.

The seemingly excellent position Warwick chose to protect and anchor his left flank, relied on this treacherous swampy ground which nobody in their right mind would ever normally have attempted to lead an army through. Exeter's men may have been a little over confident of their safety, quickly crumbled, then fell back in the face of Gloucester's unexpected attack. The sudden arrival of Gloucester's force also caused panic and suspicion in the Duke of Exeter as well as his men, highly suspicious of Warwick and Montagu as he was. The entire Lancastrian rearward flank (on the eastern side of the battlefield) began falling back in disorder toward the northwest. Visitors to the battlefield can relive this sticky moment today, though without a hail of arrows and gunfire from the cricket pitch. The area is still very boggy despite modern drainage and a covering of trees (which were probably absent in 1471). Visit at your peril; it is immediately to the east of Hadley Green.

Warwick quickly sent substantial reinforcements from his reserve, anxious to reassure the temperamental, untrusting Exeter that he had not been betrayed. It saved the situation as Gloucester was soon stopped, his men weary after their swift advance following the climb out of the marsh. The Lancastrians then slowly started to push them back in a welter of swinging poleaxes, bills, hammers and swords.

In the centre, Montagu and Warwick were up against the best of Edward's soldiers. After giving some ground to accommodate the reinforced rearward flank, the lines stabilized, and then began the grim, exhausting slogging match the battle of Barnet was to be. Many of the archers, having fired blind in the early stages and still hampered by poor visibility, gave up their bows and advanced to the front wielding hand weapons. Crossbowmen and hand gunners stayed back, picking at targets of opportunity in the enemy ranks or firing at their opposite numbers behind the enemy lines. The effort of swinging battleaxes and war hammers in full or even partial armour is enormous. A system must have existed to relieve men at the forefront of the fighting every few minutes or so, as even the very fittest could not

realistically have fought continuously for much longer than ten minutes or so.

Frustratingly, there are no surviving records of details such as how deep the line was or exactly how troops were organised at the battle of Barnet. The first 'military manual' describing such things was printed in Burgundy (for Duke Charles) some years later, and recommends quite a complicated structure of multiple lines with facilities for mopping up breakthroughs

At Barnet things were probably much simpler. Knowing the approximate size of the two armies and their likely deployment, it can be assumed the lines were between five and ten men deep over the whole front. If any military drill was used, no details of it have survived. Most men at the front would have wielded a pole weapon, the majority likely to have been bills. It doesn't seem as if any 'standard drill' was adhered to, though routines for close quarter combat with spear and bill would have been practised by units organised from towns and villages. They stood side by side in battle if possible, closely supervised by their local lord or 'gent' and his henchmen (a splendid old word replaced by "henchmen" today, though without the modern implication of thuggery). Once battle was joined, it was a question of slogging away to the bitter end, which is why morale, confidence, and the steadying influence of veterans and valiant commanders were so important in deciding the day. Apart from sending in reserves to reinforce weakpoints in the line, the commanders could do little to affect the eventual outcome, apart from setting a good example by their own personal courage.

The artillery pieces that were arrayed across Warwick's front played no further part in the battle after the two sides met, it being impossible to hit the enemy alone. The guns probably fired their last rounds of "grapeshot" or sharp lumps of flint when the charging Yorkists appeared from the fog, at point blank range. After that, the battle was over as far as they were concerned. Edward's guns were left way behind in the mist, and although on a clear day they may have been able to hit Warwick's reserve formations, they were of no use in such poor visibility. Warwick soon received news from the vaward flank which must have cheered him considerably. Oxford had outflanked Hastings and delivered a crushing blow, routing the Yorkist left. Most of Hastings men had broken and run without putting up any significant resistance. Edward must have sent a considerable portion of his reserve to save the situation, though probably not on such a scale as Warwick had on the other side of the field.

Warwick was unlucky on two counts — firstly, the mist concealed the rout of Hastings from the rest of Edward's army, secondly, Oxford's men pursued their beaten foes all the way to Barnet and had at this point effectively left the field. Oxford, who should have known better, seems to have led the chase. Although his men inflicted heavy casualties on the fleeing Yorkists (some of whom found horses and soon arrived in London with tales of disaster), they were already beaten. He should have stayed to keep up the pressure on Edward's centre. He should perhaps be

forgiven for this, however, as in all his 29 years, he and his family had lost time after time to the Yorkists, and his father had been barbarically executed by order of Edward's evil "J.P.", John Tiptoft (a.k.a. "The Butcher of England"). This was his first chance for revenge.... though not his last (see Epilogue).

Besides, in such poor visibility it was very hard to know what was going on at all. His men gave up the chase at Barnet and turned to the more financially rewarding business (normally the top priority of medieval soldiers) of looting the town. Oxford then remembered his duty, and sent a messenger to Warwick with the good tidings. After the initial confusion and Exeter's panic stricken request for help, Warwick realised that although he had been forced to commit the bulk of his reserve, the line was holding and the situation was stable for the time being. Now he had an unexpected trump card to play too, for if Oxford returned with even a small force and hit Edward hard in the rear, the Yorkist army would almost certainly be finished. Warwick sent a courier to find Oxford with a message to gather his men and return to the field and do just that. It probably also informed him that things were not too desperate and told him to gather a sizeable force together and hit Edward as hard as he could from behind, rather than drift back in dribs and drabs. Whether ordered to or not, this is what Oxford did, as he spent two or three hours collecting up his men, now merrily pillaging and plundering Barnet in the age old tradition of victorious English soldiers. As Barnet was (and still is) well served with taverns and inns (being effectively on the "medieval M1"), they would have been in high spirits indeed, in an age when breakfast time drinking was encouraged for adults and children alike.

Meanwhile, back on the battlefield, Edward was starting to feel the pressure of re-organised Lancastrian might. Whether he was heavily outnumbered as some sources claim, or his hastily assembled troops were inferior to Warwick and Montague's veterans, the Lancastrians started to push uncomfortably hard<sup>(4)</sup>, and inch by inch the Yorkist line began to give ground.

At this grim moment Edward came into his own, and arguably had his finest hour. In 'The Arrivall' there is a unique account of a real fifteenth century hero in battle. With a little imagination the impressive sight of Edward's gigantic armoured frame mounted on a great white charger can be pictured. 'The Arrivall' puts it thus . . .

"(Edward). . . manly, vigorously and valiantly assailed them with great violence and beat and bore down afore him all that stood in his way." Edward led an elite force of heavy cavalry, numbering only a few hundred or so, probably including Clarence (under close surveillance) and his brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville. Again and again he led them into the heart of the fighting, rallying his troops and stopping the Lancastrians from breaking through the hard pressed Yorkist line. And led meant just that — Edward was at the very front, at great personal risk. On the vaward flank, Richard of Gloucester was running into trouble however. Exeter and his remaining men, now reinforced with crack troops from Warwick's reserve, slowly

## Battle of Barnet

advanced across the ground they had taken in the first few minutes of the battle. He steadfastly refused to ask for help from Edward however, aware that his brother was hard pressed himself. Pride in the first ever command entrusted to him, combined with his foolhardy yet courageous determination, resolved Richard to show his beloved brother that he could do the job without help. It appears that two of his squires were killed fighting alongside the young Duke, clearly showing how ferocious the fighting was at this time.

Meanwhile, half a mile to the south, Oxford had gathered a substantial force, almost a thousand men. With the De Vere battle standard at the front, they headed in column towards the sound of fighting. Visibility was still very poor, and they followed the Great North Road. Had the positions not changed so dramatically, this would have led them up behind Edward's centre, but Warwick and Montagu had pushed the Yorkist line back across the Great North road, which Oxford was unaware of. He advanced cautiously and his men peered nervously through the mist for a sight of the enemy, unaware they were heading straight towards Warwick and Montagu's vaward. Oxford's banner was spotted through the fog by the Lancastrian flank guard. Seeing the 'Starre with Streymys' of the De Vere family, some nervous archers mistook it for the 'Sunne with Raeyes', Edward's battle standard which he had adopted after three suns were seen in the sky just before he won the battle of Mortimers Cross. Once again, the Three Suns of York were to prove incredibly lucky for the three surviving sons of York . . . Assuming Edward had detached a force to outflank them or Oxford's men were latecomers from London arriving to support the Yorkists, Montagu's flank guard loosed off a volley of arrows, killing several of Oxford's men, and fire was returned before anyone realised that a catastrophic mistake had been made — too late. The damage had been done. Both Oxford and Montagu's troops assumed they had been betrayed, and outraged, dismayed cries of "treachery!" and "treason!" went up. These did untold damage, as the army Warwick had kept together with such great skill and leadership was still highly vulnerable, even at the point of victory. At the back of every soldier's mind lingered the possibility that their allies would betray them, however preoccupied with fighting they were. The cry of "treachery!" passed quickly down the line, and the Lancastrians hesitated, wondering anxiously what was going on, and (more to the point) whether they were about to be attacked from behind . . .

Oxford assumed that Montagu had turned traitor and hurriedly withdrew his force, who scattered and headed for home. It was each man for himself, the usual case in such desperate retreats. With only a few close supporters, Oxford headed for Scotland in dismay and disgust. What should have been the final blow that broke Edward's collapsing army backfired, and now proved fatal to the Lancastrians instead . . .

### 4 : The Twist in the Tale

As his troops faltered and hesitated, Warwick realised that a critical moment had arrived. He knew only too well

that battles are often won and lost in a few seconds of panic and confusion. Edward was equally aware of this too, and saw what was likely to be his last chance. Rallying his exhausted troops, he exhorted them to attack with all their remaining strength, then charged the faltering Lancastrian line, throwing in any remaining reserves he still had — all or nothing.

The calls of "Treason!" and "Treachery!" turned the tide. Although no betrayal had even taken place, the underlying unease and suspicion in the Lancastrian ranks finally decided the day, and spelt their doom. As they looked anxiously around them for non-existent attackers concealed in the fog, the Yorkists assaulted them with renewed vigour from the front. Messengers racing down the line to assure everyone that all was well were either ignored or failed to arrive in time. On the point of victory only seconds ago, the Lancastrians began to retreat in panic, some dropping their weapons and running northward as the rest fell back in increasing disarray.

First to crumble seems to have been the rearward flank, and here young Richard of Gloucester can scarcely have believed his luck. About to be thrown back into the marsh whence he had surprised Exeter several hours before, his men now found themselves advancing rapidly, back across the same ground they had already won and lost that morning. The grim slaughter began, as it always did (and still does) when orderly retreat turns into desperate flight. Squelching through the sticky, churned up mud, blood and gore, tired, heavily armoured men had little chance of escape. They were either knocked down and killed, or overwhelmed and captured. Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, tried to rally his men, and seems to have made a valiant last stand. For all his faults he was no coward, and his brutal, thuggish nature was well suited to the battlefield as was his stubborn tenacity and unwillingness ever to give in. He fought on foot alongside his men like Warwick and Montagu and paid the price, for wearing heavy armour meant no chance of outrunning his enemies. He was beaten to the ground and probably concussed by a heavy blow to the head. However, although his armour was taken, Exeter wasn't recognised by the Yorkist soldiers, and they left his unconscious body in the mud, probably thinking he was dead. Had they known he was Henry Holland, they would certainly have made sure he was.

In the centre, Warwick knew what was coming and made a last desperate attempt to rally his men as Edward charged. Alongside his friends and the loyal men of his household, he moved to the front of the line. Raising his visor (at considerable risk) to show his troops that the illustrious Earl of Warwick was alive and well, he called to them to stand firm — he would stay with them come what may. It is written that he shouted:

"This is our last resource! Withstand this charge, and the field is ours!"<sup>(5)</sup>

He may have been right if he had but a few reserves left. Whether he actually said those words or not, Warwick tried to save the situation with a dramatic gesture, typical of the man — he wasn't dubbed "the bravest

man of a brave age” later on for nothing. Even so, he was probably unaware of his collapsing left flank, still hidden from view by the fog. Whatever the case, more grim news was on its way — his brother John, Lord Montagu, was dead. Warwick’s men held back the Yorkist onslaught for a short while, but when it became clear that the left flank had collapsed and Oxford was not coming back, they knew they would soon be surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered. They began to fall back, in good order to begin with even though they knew the battle was lost.

Veterans would have been painfully aware that soon the moment would come to run for their lives, and at that point they were most likely to die. As panic set in and the remaining Lancastrians broke around them, men began to drop their weapons and head north. The moment would inevitably come when all order was lost and it was each man for himself. Tired after fighting for hours, the most exhausting thing a man can do both physically and mentally, they finally discarded weapons and armour, and ran for their lives, hotly pursued by the equally tired but jubilant Yorkists. Men in full armour could not hope to shed it or run very far, and those who had not wisely withdrawn early and reached their horses were quickly overwhelmed. The rest mostly escaped, but a number of the least fit, wounded or most exhausted could go no further after about half a mile. Running downhill, they found themselves bogged down in a muddy dip, nowadays known as Dead Man’s Bottom. Slowed down or stopped altogether, they were overtaken by the fittest and strongest of their pursuers, and slaughtered.

It is not known exactly where Warwick’s brother John (Lord Montagu) was when he was killed, but whether Warwick actually saw it happen or not, he probably wasn’t very far away. Precisely what happened remains one of the unsolved mysteries of Barnet. As mentioned before, it is highly likely that Warwick posted one or more trusted agents close to his brother, probably with orders to kill him at any sign of treachery or desertion to his old friend Edward. Warkworth, in his chronicle, claims that the Marquess was “agreed and appointed with Edward”, i.e., his defection was prearranged, and that he wore Edward’s livery beneath his outer clothing. Apparently, one of Warwick’s men spotted this, and killed him at the moment of crisis. That is possible, but seems unlikely in view of the situation. It would have been a considerable risk to wear such clothing undetected. Besides, a commander of Montagu’s experience would have seen the moment to defect during the initial confusion, and would hardly have pressed on with the fight until the side he was intending to join was almost beaten.

Henry Holland may also have had an agent beside Montagu, and so might the Earl of Oxford. Heavy handed though it may seem, it would have been a wise move on both their parts in view of their previous relationship with the Nevilles. After John Neville had failed to attack Edward’s tiny force in the North and had the opportunity to meet him secretly and plot, it could be said that Oxford and Exeter would have been negligent not to have protected their interests so. Whatever the truth, at some point

during Edward’s final attack, Montagu died — whether by the hand of an agent from his own side or a Yorkist soldier will always remain a mystery.

It is of course possible that Montagu did attempt to defect, and some chroniclers have stated that this was indeed the case <sup>(6)</sup>. It seems unlikely in view of what is known of him as a man however. As already mentioned, a man with Lord Montagu’s military experience would have seen his moment to defect at the start of the battle (assuming he had an opportunity), and would hardly have left it so late. Furthermore, had he decided to throw in his lot with the Yorkists and considering what is known of John Neville’s nature and personality, he would have been much more likely to openly join Edward during his march South. Subterfuge and clandestine activities were not in the nature of John, who seems to have been an honourable and loyal fellow, unlike his more Machiavelian brothers.

There is another possibility, which concerns Montagu’s state of mind at the time. It was said that he “appeared not to care if he lived or died...” before the battle <sup>(7)</sup>. John Neville, unwillingly forced to fight against his oldest and dearest friends and probably feeling that even his own brother no longer trusted him, was the sort of character who may have chosen to die in battle. Perhaps he pressed suicidally into the fiercest fighting and died — Marquess Montagu would have seen that as an honourable death? Edward was upset by the death of John Neville following Barnet, and probably regretted his hasty, high tempered words at the start of the battle, even though it seems unlikely they were directly responsible. Montagu’s death will always remain mysterious, but what happened to his brother has become obscured in legend and fanciful fabrication.... As the tide of battle turned inexorably against the Lancastrian hard core, Richard Neville must have felt disappointment bordering on disbelief. He had seen victory within his grasp, suddenly snatched away by Dame Fortune as he closed his fingers. It was a bitter blow for one whose fortune had always seemed so assured, one who never gave up whatever the odds.



*AGM 2002:  
Wayne Ingalls,  
Laura Blanchard,  
& Sharon  
Michalove*

# DIARY OF A RICARDIAN TOUR

— *Mary Jane (Jayney) Mack*

The idea to join the Ricardian Tour for 2002 came to me while I was listening to a fellow English history major (modern England, but I don't hold it against her) relate her adventure of traveling to London. She felt that, as a student of English history, she couldn't properly understand it without having traveled to England at least once. Being in the same situation (but as a medieval English history major), I agreed. I set out that very day for the campus computer center to see if the Richard III Society offered any kind of tour of Richard III sites. I found Linda Treybig's name on the website and called her to sign up that night. I was set!!!

I was very fortunate in that the other members of the tour, Nancy and Joan along with Linda, were just as excited as I was to be going and being part of a group, and we had a lot of fun! The first three nights we spent in the North at a really quaint inn. We went to the city of York; and we were joined by members of the Yorkshire Branch for our tour of Middleham Castle. This was, for me, one of the highlights of the trip — getting to meet English members of the Society. It was not only a terrific chance to learn more about Richard III, but also an opportunity to learn more about English society and culture. It was an experience I will treasure for the rest of my life, and it greatly enhanced the educational value of the trip.

We also visited, while up North, the castles of Sheriff Hutton, Conisburgh, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Richmond. The visit to the Mount Grace Priory was wonderful, as was our tour of Haddon Hall, a perfectly preserved medieval stately home. As we moved on, we spent the night in Loughborough at a guest house named for Simon DeMontfort, where we were treated to a dessert called "Spotted Dick" which they renamed "Spotted Richard" in our honor.

The next day was Bosworth Field where we were joined by our guide (not a member of the Society but entirely sympathetic to Richard III), who gave us a wonderful and insightful tour of the battlefield. We laid our white roses at Richard's memorial stone and hung the American Branch wreath in the church at Sutton Cheney. Next came a visit to Kenilworth Castle, and then we were joined by members of the Worcestershire Branch at Worcester Cathedral which Linda, knowing that one of my special areas of study was King John, graciously included just for me so I could see his tomb there. A visit to Great Malvern Priory brought the day to an end, and we retired to a cute B&B set high in the Malvern Hills. It was absolutely beautiful.

The next day, joined once more by our friends from the Worcestershire Branch, we were off to Ludlow Castle, and I am eternally grateful to Nancy for asking that it be included and to Linda for being so accommodating. Next came the little

Norman church at Kilpeck, Goodrich Castle, and a really fun dinner with our new friends.

The following day found us at Tintern Abbey and then in the city of Exeter. We toured the cathedral and even had some time to explore the city. We stayed the night in Exeter and traveled the next day to Salisbury with its wonderful cathedral. This was especially exciting for us since Nancy had just finished reading *Sarum*, and I had the chance to see one of the four original drafts of the Magna Carta (not to mention the tomb of King John's half brother, William Longsword)! We stayed over two nights in the seaside town of Bournemouth, and had a chance to see and walk along the coast of the English Channel. It was beautiful.

The next day we set out for Corfe Castle. I must say here that this was a real treat for me not only because the castle is so closely linked with King John, but also because it was so incredibly beautiful. The castle sits very high up and the views were spectacular. It is easy to imagine King John, or later the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, riding up the stone road to the castle. This was followed by lunch with local English members of the Society and then a trip to Athelhampton manor.

We detoured from the medieval world to the Roman the next day with a visit to Fishbourne Roman Palace. It was fun to have a chance to see a reconstructed Roman villa, and to compare their style of living with that of the people of the castles we had been touring. The question of whether one would rather live in the medieval or the ancient world is always a popular debate in history classes. After a visit to the moated manor house of Ightham Mote, we stayed the night at a truly charming B&B in Rye.

Our final day of touring was spent first at Battle Abbey, where William the Conqueror won his great victory, and finally at Hever Castle. This made me think once again of the friend I mentioned in the beginning. She is really a student of Scottish history; so as I stood in Hever Castle looking at an actual letter written by Bonny Prince Charlie, I couldn't help but think she must have felt



*Nancy Detrick, Jayney Mack, Linda Treybig & Joan Lymon at King Richard's Well, Bosworth*

## Josephine Tey

cheated at having only come to London for a few days and then having spent most of those in the library.

As we rode together for the last time into London, I had a chance to reflect upon the trip. I can honestly say that taking the Ricardian tour was the best decision I could have made. I saw England. I met the people. I ate in real English pubs and tried English drinks like Shandy, a mixture of beer and lemonade which is surprisingly good. (No one would mix Country Time with a Bud here? Not even in Vegas!) I had the chance to see the sites that were most important to me as a student of Richard III. Linda told me that it was important to see the different medieval castles and houses since it gave you a sense of the everyday life of Richard's England. She was right, and it is a feeling that can not be found in any book. I don't know how good a historian I will turn out to be, but I feel I can now study Richard III with a greater understanding, if not of the man, then at least of the world he lived in.

*Note: Jayney, a college student with a really inquiring mind and the youngest member of our group, was tremendously enthusiastic and eager to fully experience England. She was an excellent traveling companion, and I am grateful to her for sharing with us her thoughts and impressions of this year's Ricardian tour.*

— Linda Treybig, Tour Coordinator



*Nancy Detrick hanging wreath at  
Sutton Cheney Church*

### THE 2003 RICHARD III SOCIETY AMERICAN BRANCH TOUR

## The Last of the Plantagenets

*King Richard III of England*

July 5 – July 16, 2003

**IT'S NOT TOO LATE** to join our friendly little band of travelers for a truly unique touring experience, as we explore the England of Richard III! This delightful tour is perfect for those with a keen interest in Richard III and England's medieval period in general — particularly our newer members who have never visited Ricardian England. We are especially pleased that we will have the opportunity to attend both the Middleham Festival and the Tewkesbury Medieval Fair this year; and the itinerary also includes a veritable feast of Ricardian sites — more than twenty! Included among others: the ancient city of York, Barnard Castle, Middleham, Bolton, Richmond, Raby, Warwick and Ludlow castles; the parish churches at Middleham, Sheriff Hutton, Sutton Cheyney and Fotheringhay churches; Lincoln Cathedral, the abbeys at Crowland and Tewkesbury, Great Malvern Priory; Minster Lovell Hall and Gainsborough Old Hall. We will enjoy both a re-enactment of the Battle of Tewkesbury and our always-excellent guided tour of Bosworth Battlefield, where Richard III lost his crown and his life. At several venues, we will be warmly received and accompanied on our sightseeing by Ricardian friends from various English branches and groups — always special occasions for all of us!

You will enjoy two nights in London and ten days of leisurely touring in a comfortable mid-size coach. Our accommodation, located in attractive market towns or villages, will be in charming smaller hotels and coaching inns with an excellent rating, where you'll be met with a cordial welcome, a comfortable bed and delicious meals. Most of our lunches will be at village pubs of character, which are recommended for their food. Your enthusiastic tour coordinator/escort will be Linda Treybig, member of the Richard III Society since 1979, specialist on travel in Great Britain, and tour coordinator of 13 previous Ricardian tours. **Note: Tour registration deadline is February 20th, and group size is limited to a maximum of 12.** This year's congenial group is adding new members on a regular basis and may soon reach its maximum size, so please request your brochure and full details right away!

**A Final Word:** Our exceptional tour for 2003 is just jam-packed with Ricardian sites you won't want to miss! Traveling through England's beautiful countryside and villages with a small group of friendly people who share your interest in the man called King Richard III, exploring places off the beaten track, enriching your knowledge of Richard and his times, discovering the best of both medieval and contemporary England — it all adds up to a truly serendipitous experience! Won't you join us?

**Please contact:**

**LINDA TREYBIG**

340 Sprague Rd., # 303, Berea, OH 44017

Phone: (440) 239-0645; E-mail: [treybig@worldnetoh.com](mailto:treybig@worldnetoh.com)

## BEST LINES FROM AGM 2002

*Peggy Allen*

**Fourth best line:** “Sir Thomas Mallory spent 12 of his last 20 years in jail. He must have written *Le Morte d’Arthur* there, because he didn’t have time to write when he was out of jail.” At the Sunday morning Schallek breakfast, Dr. Edward Wolff recounted some of Mallory’s sorry (and active!) criminal history along with parallels he felt Mallory noticed between the Arthurian tradition and Mallory’s own time, the fifteenth century.

**Tie for second/third best line:** “The Middle Ages was BORING.” This was part of Sofia Malynowskyj’s explanation for the appeal of various medieval entertainments. At the eleventh hour, Sonia was asked to fill in when the scheduled speaker took ill. Sonia dutifully chained herself to her Internet browser and turned in a truly brilliant and enthusiastic performance.

**Tie for second/third best line:** For the medieval serf, the dietary regime could be as boring as the entertainment opportunities. Hence this: “The cheese was so hard and dry, it circulated as currency. To actually eat it, one had to boil it and then hammer it first.” Along with that cheese quote and also describing the richness and variety of the lord’s table, Tom Coles gave another stomach-rattling example of the serf’s diet: the trencher bread. The favored diners in the great hall used this tough dry bread as a plate, but did not actually eat it. After dinner, the used “plates” were given to the serfs.

**The best line:** “A Porsche! A Porsche! My kingdom for a Porsche!” This was one of the many riffs on scenes from Shakespeare’s play improvised by the amazing Miller South School Commedia del’Arte players at the Saturday night banquet, under the direction of Wendy Duke. Wish I’d thought of that one.

This list is shorter than a typical David Letterman list, not for lack of good lines at the AGM, but from your humble reporter’s poor memory and note-taking skills. To get the full AGM experience, you just have to attend. I hope to see you at the 2003 AGM in Phoenix.



*What a Boar!*

## GREAT COSTUMES AT THE AGM 2002



*Barbara Vassar-Gray*



*Janet Trimbath*



*Wayne Ingalls, current Treasurer*



*New PR Chairman,  
Pamela Butler*



*Ellie Pierce, Detroit Chapter, who  
headed Decoration Committee and  
worked in the Used Book Sale*



*Judy Betten, Detroit Chapter, who  
handmade bookmarks given as table favors*

# ANNUAL APPRECIATION AWARD CITATIONS

## OCTOBER 5, 2002 — DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Background: The Board together with Dianne Batch, 2002 AGM Chair, and with Ex Officio Board members Webmaster Laura Blanchard and *Ricardian Register* Editor Carole Rike decided to cite active Committee Chairs and other individuals and groups who had given generously of their time and services in furtherance of the Society's goals during the past Ricardian year and at the 2002 AGM, as follows.

- **Sandy Bartkowiak**, “for her services in organizing and hosting AGM 2002.”
- **Dianne Batch**, “for dedicated service as the Society's Secretary, 1998 – 2002, and for chairing the 2002 AGM.”
- **Dawn Benedetto**, “for dedicated service as the Society's Vice-Chair, 1998 – 2002.”
- **Judy Betten**, “for her services in organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Katharine Charboneau**, “for her AGM 2002 workshop presentation *Medieval Architecture – Domestic Bliss*.”
- **Thomas Coles**, “for his AGM 2002 workshop presentation *The Medieval Kitchen – Recipes Fit for a King*.”
- **Tina Cooper**, “for ongoing contributions to the Society's American Branch Web site.”
- **Susan Dexter**, “for designing the Society's new *White Rose* jewelry and for ongoing graphic design services to *The Ricardian Register* and to other Society endeavors.”
- **Jim Doyle**, “for his services in organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Jeanne Faubell**, “for dedicated service in the position of Fiction Librarian, 1997 - current.”
- **Charles Fickeau**, “for his services in organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Sara Fiegenschuh**, “for her services in organizing the AGM 2002 raffle.”
- **Karl Fiegenschuh**, “for his services as photographer at AGM 2002.”
- **Valerie French**, “for preparing materials for presentation on the Society's American Branch Web site.”
- **Peter Gulewich**, “for presenting the Morris McGee Keynote Address, *Tracing the History and Origins of Medieval Manuscripts in the DPL Rare Book Collection*, at AGM 2002.”
- **Larry Irwin**, “for his services in organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Charlie Jordan**, “for creating the Ricardian Puzzles features for *The Ricardian Register*.”
- **Nancy K. Laney**, “for preparing materials for presentation on the Society's American Branch Web site, including those parts of the Holinshed Chronicle pertaining to Edward V and Richard III.”
- **Sofia Malynowskyj**, “for guiding the tour of Greenfield Village as part of the AGM 2002 activities.”
- **Helen Maurer**, “for long-time, valued, and dedicated service as Librarian of the Judy R. Weinsolt Memorial Research Library.”
- **Tamara Mazzei**, “for preparing materials for presentation on the Society's American Branch Web site.”
- **Rania Melhem**, “for dedicated service on the Sales Team, 2000 - 2002.”
- **Peter Michalove**, “for his AGM 2002 workshop presentation *Plainchant, Polyphony, & Minstrelsy*.”
- **Sharon Michalove**, “for dedicated service as the Society's Chair, 1998 – 2002.”
- **The Michigan Chapter**, “for organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Pamela Mills**, “for service in the position of Chapters Coordinator.”
- **Linda Peecher**, “for her services in organizing and hosting the AGM 2002.”
- **Ellie Pierce**, “for her services marshalling and deploying the outstanding favors and decorations for AGM 2002.”
- **Eileen Prinsen**, “for her services in organizing publicity and promotions for AGM 2002.”
- **A. Compton Reeves**, “for his AGM 2002 workshop presentation *Fun and Games in the 15<sup>th</sup> Century*.”
- **Yvonne Saddler**, “for dedicated service in the position of Audio-Visual Librarian, 1995-current.”
- **Myrna Smith**, “for ongoing dedicated and tireless service as Book Review Editor of *The Ricardian Register*.”
- **Janet Trimbath**, “for continuing to gather and organize Ricardian books and materials to be donated to schools in the Society's name, and for her services in organizing AGM 2002.”
- **Linda Treybig**, “for organizing and leading the highly enjoyed and well-regarded 2002 Ricardian tour.”
- **Barbara Underwood**, “for her AGM 2002 workshop presentation *Fashion and Finery in the 15<sup>th</sup> Century*.”
- **Barbara Vassar-Gray**, “for her services in organizing publicity and promotions for AGM 2002.”
- **Rose Wiggle**, “for her services as AGM 2002 Registrar and other work organizing the 2002 AGM.”
- **Muriel Williamson**, “for ongoing service in the position of On-Line Member Services Manager/Listserv Moderator, and for maintaining the Index to Books Reviewed in *The Ricardian Register* on the Society's American Branch Web site, 2001 - current.”
- **Edward Wolff**, “for his AGM 2002 Schallek Breakfast presentation on Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*.”

As a policy, Board members receive an award for their Board service only at the end of their terms, not each year, though they may be cited from year to year for other activities in addition to their Board duties. If you know of a member who has performed a service for the Society, please bring it to the attention of the Board.



# RICARDIAN POST

November 4, 2002

Dear Selection Committee:

I wish to offer my sincerest gratitude for the honor you have accorded me by selecting me as a recipient for the Schallek Memorial Graduate Fellowship Award. The continual erosion of the boundaries between traditional disciplines and periods hints at exciting new possibilities in the foreseeable future for research into and writing about the fifteenth century. And the opportunities to participate in these new enterprises occasioned by the generous support of the Richard III Society are most appreciated by this would-be scholar. Having just completed my comprehensive exams, I look forward to working in earnest on my dissertation, which explores the interstices of religious drama and mystical treatises within the context of a program of lay education in late-medieval East Anglia.

The Schallek Award will undoubtedly be a great support during my research as I embark upon the next step in my own educational program.

*Most gratefully yours,  
John T. Sebastian  
Cornell University*

Many thanks to everyone who offered to help transport the books to Janet Trimbath. They are now on their way, thanks to the generosity of Sandy Bartkowiak and her daughter Laurie, who is moving to America from the UK this month. Laurie is putting the box in with all her furniture and Sandy will arrange for them to reach Janet once she has them in America. A brilliant example of international co-operation between Ricardians! I'm very grateful to Laurie and Sandy for all their help.

*Pam Bernstead*

*Carole: (from Eileen Prinsen)*

Re the following from member Alaisande Tremblay:  
By the way, an odd little bit of obscurity. While researching the origins of Victorian rubber clothing, I saw Sir Clement Markham was one of the very first Brits to get rubber tree seeds to London. He was very interested in it as an investment. Further: "I just went looking for my history of rubber Ethnobotany links, and couldn't find it. However, when putting the (im)pertinent information to Google, I came up with quite a few references. I never knew Sir Clement had such a important role in 19th century Botany. No wonder he delved into Richard and his pals and defamers, it must have been a diversion. All of those Ricardian roadside attractions must have been an adjunct to botanical field trips to view the mosses in Yorkshire... poking around Middleham's ruins and old stones churches to collect samples for preservation in London. A wonderful fantasy to indulge in. I now am curious what mosses grew on Dickon's Well...

*Sandy Tremblay*

*[Editor's note: AGM attendees will recall Sharon Michalove's description of yet another side of Markham's multifaceted life: polar explorer.]*

*From: R3 listserv:*

October 22, 2002

The November edition of *Oprah* magazine contains an article to do with a woman planning a surprise 50th birthday party for her husband. She decided to ask all invitees to purchase a copy of their favorite book and send it along with a few lines describing why they chose that book. In listing some of the selections that some of her friends knew immediately they would chose she includes this: "*The Daughter of Time*, by Josephine Tey," said Jean."

*Nancy Grigg*

October 25, 2002

Re: Sharyn McCrumb, *Missing Susan*.

"Susan and Rowan argued for an hour over the guilt of Richard III in the murder of the little princes in the tower. Susan, citing Josephine Tey's *Daughter of Time* and Elizabeth Peters' *The Murders of Richard III*, argued the king's innocence. Rowan quoted a few historians of the era and insisted that Richard was guilty. Neither succeeded in convincing the other."

*Cheryl Rothwell*

*To the Membership Secretary:*

Dear Eileen:

Yes, I know about the New Zealand branch but I would like to join the American Branch because I would like to receive your publication *The Ricardian Register* as I have seen some articles from it and like the look of it.

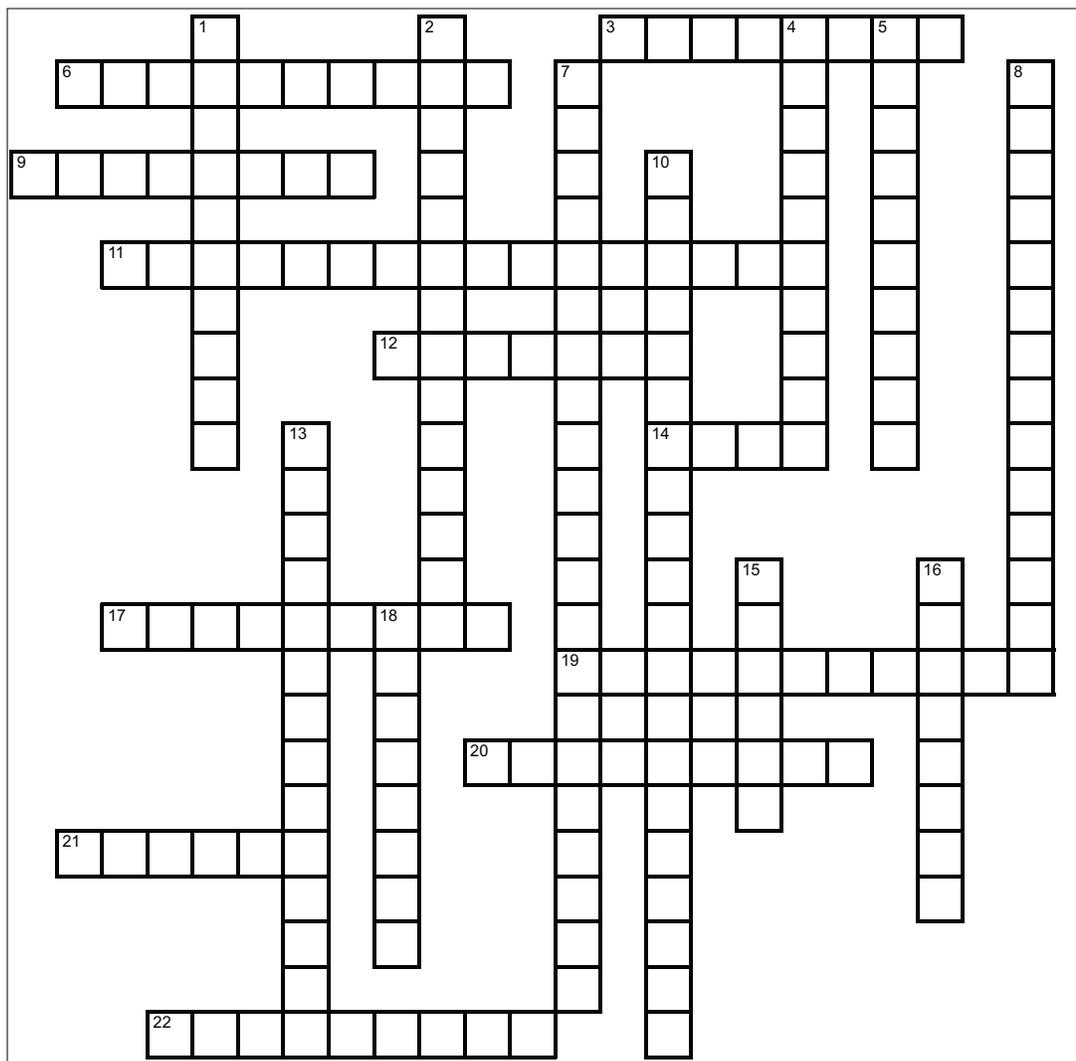
I was fortunate enough to visit Middleham, Bosworth, York, and Barnard Castle last year and felt that I would really like to join the Society. I am very impressed with the information and resources on your website. Thanks.

*Andrea Morley*

I belong to the Cromwell Association in England as the result of a long interest in Oliver C. However, it is difficult to make events in UK as I normally go there in the summer (Oxford University) and most of their events are in September or April. I am taking a seminar course this coming summer at Oxford University on *The Wars of the Roses*, and for the past year have had an intense interest in Richard III. I have been reading numerous books on Richard III, and his era, in preparation for the Oxford course.

I look forward to the benefits of membership in the Richard III Society.

*Dave Luitweiler*



## RIII SOURCES

*The Ricardian Puzzlers are Charlie Jordan, Jeanne White, Lorraine Pickering, and Nancy Northcott. The Ricardian crossword puzzles are intended as a fun method of learning about Richard and his life and times. Each puzzle will have a theme and clues are drawn from widely-available sources. Suggestions for themes and feedback about the puzzles are welcomed; please send comments to Charlie at [cjordansprint1@earthlink.net](mailto:cjordansprint1@earthlink.net).*

### Across

3. Surname of vicar's wife who wrote a favorable biography of Richard III.
6. No middle initial; long-time editor of "The Ricardian" journal, she co-edited *The Coronation of Richard III - the Extant Documents*.
9. He wrote *Historia Regum Anglie*; AJ Pollard dismisses him as biased and "out of touch." Although earlier commending Richard, this Warwickshire chantry priest later compares him to the Anti-Christ.
11. One version was edited by James Gairdner; a collection of letters generally to and from members of a Norfolk family.
12. Late biographer and professor at Ohio University; his *Richard III* was published in 1955.
14. Exchequer \_ rolls were the written record of the audit process of the king's accounts for one financial year, which ran from Michaelmas (29 September) to Michaelmas.
17. Generally known as Warkworth's \_\_\_\_\_; described by the Society as a "contemporary chronicle with Lancastrian leanings."
19. His *Richard III* is described as the definitive biography of Richard although many prefer Kendall's work; he also wrote a biography of Edward IV.
20. By Rhoda Edwards; The \_\_\_\_\_ of Richard III 1483-1485 is a chronicle of Richard's travels 1483-85 and was published by the Richard III Society. It contains a listing of dates and locations and offers sources documenting each.
21. Surname only; at one time a sheriff of London, this chronicler compiled *The New Chronicles of England and of France*. He acknowledged that he "gathered without understanding"; his chronicles are valued for the detail of life in London.
22. Surname only; his *Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande* were relied upon by Elizabethan dramatists, including Shakespeare.

### Down

1. Sympathetic 17th century chronicler of Richard III's life and reign.
2. Author of *Anglicae Historiae*; an Italian cleric who served as a sub-collector of Peter's Pence in England beginning 1502. Generally seen as an anti-Ricardian writer. *Anglicae Historiae* (or *Twenty-six books of English history*) was published 1534-55 and is said to have been relied upon by Holinshed.
4. His *History of King Richard III* was not published in his lifetime; executed by Henry VIII.
5. Her popular histories of York and Tudor are maligned as inaccurate; acknowledges Desmond Seward's work as a "constant inspiration."
7. Surviving signet register of Edward V and Richard III; an edition was published by the Richard III and Yorkist Trust, edited by Rosemary Horrox and PW Hammond
8. City council records for York; in these are found the city's expression of sorrow at the loss of Richard, who "was piteously slain and murdered..."; an edition was published by the Richard III and Yorkist History Trust.
10. Latin for 'rolls of parliament'; these record the proceedings of "parliament" including statutes, petitions, and answers; a six volume set was issued in 1767 with an index added in 1832
13. Briefly stayed in England in 1483; his account of the stay is, according J. Potter, mistranslated as *The Usurpation of Richard III*. Unable to speak English, he is said to have relied upon John Argentine as the source of his information.
15. The \_\_\_\_\_ of Bosworth Field; supposedly an eyewitness account of Bosworth written as a poem.
16. The \_\_\_\_\_ Chronicle Continuations; much doubt exists as to the author of the Continuations who may have been a monk at the \_\_\_\_\_ Abbey or an official familiar with events. Sometimes spelled with a "y."
18. Surname only with a "y"; wrote an account of the reign of Louis XI, *Memoirs*; in service to Charles of Burgundy before switching allegiance to Louis.

Solution on page 31

Ricardian Register

# TWO-YEAR PROFILES:

(Compiled by Eileen Prinsen)

*Richard III reigned for only a little over two years. In commemoration of that fact, this regular feature 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.*

**Stephen B. Clay**, Foreign Service Officer with the US Embassy in Manila, Philippines, whose leisure interests include Heraldry, Genealogy, Golf, Medieval English History, and Sailing, was researching aspects of Medieval English History on the Internet, when the Richard III site came up. He subsequently learned more about the Society and decided to join. Stephen goes on to say "Interestingly, through my genealogical research, I learned that an ancestor of mine was knighted on the field of battle by Edward IV, following the Battle of Tewkesbury in May 1471. As my ancestors moved to Wales after the fall of Richard III, I believe their loyalties lay with the Plantagenets!"

**Laine Lubar**, Adjunct Professor (English Composition and Creative Writing) from Endwell, New York, says: "This is almost shameful — I came to RIII through H7. I find him almost as fascinating as RIII! As I read the history, however, especially of the "incident" in the Tower, something seemed out of place. Too much propaganda led me to a study of the House of York. As they say 'the rest is history'. Laine goes on to say, "I firmly believe Margaret Beaufort arranged the murder without her son's knowledge. (At least, at the time)." Among her other interests, Laine lists hand drummer, soap making, reading and singing! E-mail: laine@stny.rr.com

**Leslie S. B. MacCoull**, a Papyrologist and resident of Tempe, AZ, has leisure interests encompassing Early Music, Japanese Art and Science Fiction. She says: "As a child I was swept away by the Olivier movie. I'll never forget the review which suggested that Olivier's performance made one feel for 'one

who dared so greatly.'" Then, in boarding school, I was given *The Daughter of Time* to read, and that wrapped it up! I found the Society on the computer."

Leslie continues: "As one who deals professionally with ancient account books, I often quote Tey's dictum 'Truth is not in accounts, but in account books.' I also wear a ring engraved 'Loyaulte me lie' - a motto I adopted as my own after reading DOT-in memory of my lover (deceased)." Tel: 480-731-3201. E-mail: haflele@imap4.asu.edu.

**Dr. George G. Zabka**, D.I.C. Adjunct Professor at Palo Mar College in San Marcus and resident of San Diego, says he became interested in the Richard III Society while preparing an historical novel about the King. He goes on to say: "I decided to check the Richard III website and was amazed at the large membership in the U.S. The website was most impressive and informative. I felt an immediate kinship with those in the society whose goal was also to promote the true image of Richard III."

Dr. Zabka continues: "My wife, Paula, and I purposely chose to wed on August 22, the anniversary of Richard's battle in 1485. We made many pilgrimages to that site on that day, a few with our daughter Alisa. Alisa and I decided to prepare a novel based on the lives of Richard III and his Queen Anne from Paula's manuscript after her passing, which she has entitled *Desire of the Kingdom*, a reflection of her love for England and her empathy for Richard and Anne." Tel: 858-453-6925. Email: GZABKA@aol.com

[Ed. Note: *Desires of the Kingdom* was reviewed in our Fall, 2002 issue.]

*Reminder: If you joined the Society within the last two years but did not send in a profile, it's not too late to do so. If you need a member profile form you may request one by E-mail to: prinsenec@comcast.net or write to Eileen C. Prinsen, Richard III Society, Inc., 16151 Longmeadow, Dearborn, MI 48120.*



SEPTEMBER 1 THRU NOVEMBER 30, 2002

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## FOR MEMBERS, A SPECIAL BENEFIT IN 2003

Members of the Richard III Society normally receive the quarterly publication *The Ricardian* as one of the benefits of membership.

In 2003, the Society is celebrating editor Anne F. Sutton's twenty-five years at the helm of the journal with a special *Festschrift* to be published in March. This special publication will replace the four issues of *The Ricardian* for 2003.

This volume will contain 37 essays by members of the Society and medieval historians on a wide range of late medieval topics, from heralds' tabards and the admiralty seal of Richard of Gloucester, to books and readers at Calais and medieval vestments at Wells Cathedral, and from the Lancastrian claim to the throne and the inventory of a necromancer to the lives of individual men and women, such as John de la Pole and John Baret of Bury. These essays reflect in large measure the wide scope of Dr. Sutton's research interests.

See the *Ricardian Bulletin* for other details on the launch of this exciting publication. The Table of contents is posted on the American Branch website at <http://www.r3.org/parent/festschrift.html>

### Festschrift Contents

- Introduction, Livia Visser-Fuchs
- Bibliography: Being a List of the Published Work of Anne F. Sutton
- 'You know me by my habit': Herald's tabards in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries — Adrian Ailes
- Jane with the Blemyssh: a skeleton in the de la Pole closet — Rowena E. Archer
- The Lancastrian claim to the throne — John Ashdown Hill
- Ellen Langwith, silkwoman of London, c.1400-c.1482 — Caroline Barron and Matthew Davies
- Freston Tower: An Ipswich mercer's landmark? — John Blatchly
- The Buckinghamshire six at Bosworth — Lesley Boatwright
- Books and readers in Calais: some notes — Julia Boffey
- Jacqueline of Bavaria in September 1425, a lonely princess at Ghent? — Marc Boone
- The woollen textile industry of Suffolk in the later middle ages — Richard Britnell
- Paris — mirror or lamp to English medieval royal goldsmiths? — Marian Campbell
- The admiralty seal matrix of Richard, Duke of Gloucester — John Cherry
- Three Gigli of Lucca in England in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century: diversification in a family of mercery merchants — Cecil H. Clough
- Another medieval London widow: the story of Beatrice Cornburgh — Margaret Connolly

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**Over the years, Anne F. Sutton has been a prolific writer on Ricardian topics, and has been co-author of many of our most valued reference works as well as the editor of *The Ricardian*.**

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- 'More through fear than love': the Herefordshire gentry, the alien subsidy of 1483 and regional responses to Richard III's usurpation — Sean Cunningham
- Joan of Arc: myth and reality — Keith Dockray
- Reading images of reading — Martha Driver
- The chapel-of-ease: symbol of local identity and ambition — David Dymond
- John Stow and Lydgate's Order of Fools — A.S.G. Edwards
- Hoccleve's portrait? in British Library Manuscript Arundel 38 — Mary Erler
- The illegitimate children of Edward IV — Peter Hammond
- 'Our trusty and welbeloved servant and squire for oure body': Nicholas Baker alias Spicer — Bill Hampton
- Home or away? Some problems with daughters — Alison Hanham
- William Estfield, mercer (died 1446), and William Alnwick, bishop (died 1449): evidence for a friendship? — Rosemary Hayes
- Richard III, the great landholders and the results of the Wars of the Roses — Michael Hicks
- Medieval vestments at Wells Cathedral — Jean Imray
- 'For my lord of Richmond, a pourpoint — and a palfry: brief remarks on the financial evidence for Henry Tudor's exile in Brittany, 1471-1484 — Michael C.E. Jones
- 'My image to be made all naked': cadaver tombs and the commemoration of women in fifteenth-century England — Pamela King
- 'Morton's Fork'? — Henry VII's 'forced loan' of 1496 — Hannes Kleineke
- 'Plate, good stuff, and household things': husbands, wives, and chattels in England at the end of the Middle Ages — Janet Loengard
- The career of John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln — Wendy Moorhen
- The East Anglian Lollards revisited: parochial art in Norfolk — Ann E. Nicholls
- St George of England: an edition of the sermon for St George's Day from Mirk's *Festial* — Susan Powell
- The inventory of a fifteenth-century necromancer — Carole Rawcliffe
- Books and pictures: an unlikely story of the brothers Paston — Colin Richmond
- Scraps from Bury St Edmund — Nicholas Rogers
- 'A cloke not made so Orderly': the sixteenth-century minutes of the Merchant Taylors' Company — Ann Saunders
- John Baret of Bury — Margaret Statham

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# RICARDIAN SPOTLIGHT

*Judy Pimental*

Jacqueline Bloomquist has been a member of the Richard III Society since 1975. She has previously served the American Branch Board as Secretary for five years, from 1986 to 1990. She has attended AGMs in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Seattle and Fort Worth. She also served for three years as Treasurer and five years as Secretary of the now-inactive Northern California chapter. At this writing, she is expecting to attend the Detroit AGM, and hopes her cousin will remember to pick her up in Chicago.

Jacqueline grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area. When she attained the grand old age of 38, she made the first of seven trips to India. Add to that a rather impressive number of AGMs and trips to England, and one can believe that Jacqueline has had a really active life.

Jacqueline and her husband Wayne lived in an “architecturally significant” Bernard Maybeck house on the northeast side of the University of California campus. She also has a son “Richard” (why is that not surprising?), who is one of two other “important members of the family”, along with Wayne and the cat “Daisy”. Together, they have three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Jacqueline and Wayne frequently availed themselves of the educational opportunities offered in the Bay Area, and took enrichment classes offered by the University and by other organizations. Jacqueline very much enjoyed a class on appreciating Shakespeare’s plays (possibly even some merits of *Richard the Third*, if such there be).

After so many years of enjoying both the lovely house and the cultural advantages of living in the greater Bay Area, Wayne and Jacqueline decided they had to move from Berkeley, to avoid the overcrowding, the noise and the astronomical property taxes. They moved to Sparks, NV, in the high desert just outside of Reno, where the cultural atmosphere is just a little bit different from that of the Bay Area.

One of the outstanding advantages of the new location is that Jacqueline has a much larger area in which to store her Ricardian (and “a few” other interests) books, with



*Jacqueline Bloomquist at the 2002 AGM*

space left over to add more. Richard’s NPG portrait has pride of place in the new library, along with two framed etchings from a collection of magazines of Shakespeare’s plays belonging to Jacqueline’s grandfather who lived in Canada. As far as she can determine, her grandfather never read the plays, nor even opened the magazines!

Jacqueline has visited England a number of times in 1973, 1974, 1979, 1980-81, 1984, and twice in 1986. She has made many friends there, with whom she maintains contact.

Jacqueline “found” Richard in 1986, when she visited the National Portrait Gallery, saw “the portrait” and asked the security guard “Who is that handsome young man?” — or words to that effect. On one trip to England, she visited the Duke of Norfolk’s estate at Arundel and took the usual tour. She was privileged to see a miniature portrait, not usually shown, supposedly of Richard, which showed him as a blond!



*These youngsters did a brilliant spoof of Shakespeare’s Richard III at the 2002 AGM*



*2002 AGM:*

*How about this guy for a dinner companion?  
(Boar with Sofia Malynowskyj, an AGM speaker)*



# RICARDIAN READING

Myrna Smith

Most books reviewed here can be purchased at [www.r3.org/sales](http://www.r3.org/sales).

**A Scot is never at home except when he is abroad, an Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting, an Englishman is only happy when he is miserable, and a Welshman keeps nothing until he has lost it.** – A conflation of several proverbs.

Some years ago I read a science fiction book about which I remember nothing — neither the author’s name nor the plot — only the name *The Wearing Of The Green*, and the basic premise: due to atomic fallout or some sort of mutation, every one who had any Celtic ancestors (Scots, Irish, Welsh, Breton, etc.) had their skin turn green, the exact shade depending on their degree of Celticness. Since my grandmothers were a Buchanan and a Lacy, I would be a pretty shade of aquamarine, so I was intrigued by this. Why not use this column to recognize those among us of Celtic ancestry? Which could be of more relevance than you might think. Didn’t Edward IV, and therefore Richard, claim descent from King Arthur?

**A Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone travel all the world over.** – Proverb.

**There are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make.** –

James M. Barrie: *What Every Woman Knows*.

 *The Mark Of The Scots* – Duncan A. Bruce, Citadel Press, NY, 1998

This is a companion to Mr. Bruce’s *The Scottish 100*, which was a compilation of biographies of 100 Scots men and women who have had an influence in some way in the world, and which was reviewed in a previous column. This is much broader in scope, including many who are largely unknown, and concerned mainly with the Scots of the diaspora. There are few places that they have not dispersed to, from China to Pitcairn Island. Mr. Bruce makes to pretension to be “fair:” he calls this “an advocate’s brief,” which enables him to overlook some of the less salubrious contributions of Scottish culture (e.g. the cross-burning). There is plenty that is interesting, however, as well as relevant to our period.

In the Middle Ages, Scotsmen were best known as soldiers of fortune and traders or peddlers. In many European countries, the generic word for a small merchant or peddler is a transliteration of “scot” into the local tongue, regardless of the actual nationality of the person referred to. It wasn’t necessarily a flattering reference. Even down to the time of the American Revolution, “scotch” was a fighting word — in spite of the fact that the Declaration of Independence has many parallels with the Arbroath

Declaration, 450 years earlier. Aside from sharp business practice, one of the chief complaints against the Scots was their clannishness; they kept themselves to themselves. That can’t be said to be true any more. We have half-caste Scots named Marconi, Hernandez, Rubin, Kaiulani, Viravaidya, and Roosevelt, Churchill and De Gaulle, as well as Indian chiefs named Ross and McIntosh and African Presidents named Rawlings.

Speaking of presidents, although Scots make up only about 5% of the American population, they are very much over-represented among American presidents. In the 20th-21st centuries, only three presidents were not of at least partly Scottish descent, and one of the three was Irish.

Bruce admits that his clansmen are under-represented in several areas. Since music and sport have traditionally been outlets for the underclass, which the Scots have largely left, they are pretty scarce in these areas, although surprisingly over-represented in baseball. No doubt you can think of a few Scottish popular musicians, but barring a few opera singers, there are few in classical music, and even fewer in American football.

Like the phone book, this has a cast of thousands, including the UK’s first woman ship captain and Thailand’s “father” of the condom, though it is rather short on plot. Much more interesting reading than the phone book, though.

Why James Herriot (a.k.a. Alf Wight) was not included among Mr. Bruce’s subjects, I don’t know, since in spite of his identification with the North of England, he was born in Scotland. (For that matter, the Herriott of Herriott’s school is not included either.) Mitzi Burnsdale, in *James Herriot* (Twayne Publishers, 1997, one of Twayne’s English Authors series) gives the vet/author his critical due, but refrains, thankfully, from psychoanalysis. She finds parallels between the sturdy Yorkshiremen and women, and those of her own North Dakota, where she teaches at Maryville State University, and she does mention Richard III in passing, as “the only Northern-born king of England.”

 *Morality For Beautiful Girls* – Alexander McCall Smith – Polygon, Edinburgh, 2001

Included here because its author is obviously a Scotsman, it was published in Scotland, and just because I’ve enjoyed it, this has nothing to do with Richard and everything to do with Africa. Part of a trilogy (so far – the other titles are *The #1 Ladies’ Detective Agency* and *Tears of the Giraffe*), its heroine is the “traditionally built” Precious Ramotswe, who is described on the back cover as “the Miss Marple of Botswana.” This is not exactly accurate however. Miss

Marple is an amateur, and Ramotswe is a professional. Nor is she Hercule Poirot. Her closest analogue would be Agatha Christie's Mr. Parker Pryne, who interests himself in the personal lives of his clients. Of course, she solves crimes as well, and realistically, using stakeouts and research tools. We also find ourselves involved in her own personal life, but most of all in southern Africa. Smith writes in a poetic fashion, but with flashes of humor, and, without going in for pages and pages of description, can make you feel you are truly in that country. I recommend these highly.

**And if ever ye ride in Ireland,  
This jest may yet be said:  
There is the land of broken hearts,  
And the land of broken heads.**

— G.K. Chesterton, "Ballad of the White Horse."

For its relationship to the Irish President of the United States, I'm including *Mrs. Paine's Garage and the Murder of John F. Kennedy* (Thomas Mallon, Pantheon Books, 2002) and also because Ricardians are, in a way, CTs, although some of us might be LNs. That's Mallon's shorthand for conspiracy theorists and lone nutters. In spite of the title, the cover picture shows Mrs. Paine's kitchen, with Lee Harvey Oswald's mother, wife, and children, and Ruth Paine, who was instrumental in getting him his job at the Texas Schoolbook Depository. Mallon focuses on Mrs. Paine's life, and how events have affected it, rather than going into any conspiracy theories. Like Paine herself, he is a LN. It's a fair conclusion that the Warren Commission report was not a cover-up. It even investigated the family that the Paines had given their cat to when their daughter developed allergies! Would they have gone to so much trouble for a cover-up?

The author has a great deal of admiration for Mrs. Paine, who does come across as a good and generous lady. But one may doubt that she was or is the combination of Joan of Arc and a Quaker Mother Teresa depicted here.

In looking back at that period, the author (who was 12 in 1963) comments that it seems to be "tinted with sepia," and I have to agree. If not a better time, it certainly was cheaper. Stamps were only 8 cents, and Oswald rented a room for \$7.00 a week — small and shabby, but still . . . Unconsciously, I think I had expected everyone who has survived to stay the same age, but of course they haven't. They've grown old, and remind us all too forcefully of our own mortality.

—ms

**The land of my fathers. My fathers can have it.** — Dylan Thomas

 *The Anti-Christ and A Cup Of Tea* – Tim Cohen, Prophecy House, Inc., Aurora, Co, 1998

Books on the topic of Bible prophecy do not normally fall into the domains of "Ricardian Reading." Yet, this book may be of great interest to Ricardians for several reasons. The theme of the book is that no other human being in the last 2500 years has met even half of the scriptural requirements to be identified as Anti-Christ except for Prince Charles of Wales. One of the evidences that the author cites is that Charles'

common name and title "Prince Charles of Wales" calculates to 666 in both Hebrew and English using the Hebrew gematria in use at the time of the writing of the book of Revelation.

Beyond the general interest in British royalty (and perhaps a fascination with conspiracies and a general distrust in the accepted view of things), Ricardians will enjoy the detailed description and analysis of Prince Charles' heraldic achievement, and specifically the discussion of the red dragon. Of note is the author's discussion of the dexter beast on these arms. This is not the traditional English lion (proportioned as a leopard) but had a leopard-like body, a lion's mouth, and the feet of a bear. This is the first ever heraldic representation to combine the ferocious feet of a bear with the English lion-leopard and appears to fulfill the description of Rev. 13:2. This apocalyptic book also associates the red dragon with the serpent of old, Satan himself. (Rev. 12:3, 12:9, and 20:2).

In 1911, the red dragon was assigned to the Prince of Wales to place over the royal arms to symbolize the Principality. Prince Charles, of course, was not born till 1948. When he was 3 years old, his grandfather, George VI, had the red dragon added to Charles' future coat of arms. The royal badge of Wales consists of the monarch's crown, the red dragon, and an encircling ribband with the motto "*Y ddraig goch ddry cychwyn*," meaning "the red dragon gives the lead." The author associates this red dragon, the red dragon of Wales, with the red dragon of Revelation. When one combines the "*Ich dien*" motto (meaning "I serve") on the coat of arms with the red dragon, it seems to read "I serve Satan."

Ricardians will find this interesting because the red dragon of Wales was Henry Tudor's banner at Bosworth and a symbol of the Tudor dynasty. If Prince Charles eventually reveals himself to be the anti-Christ, it may well be that Satan himself was fighting for Tudor (something many Ricardians have long suspected!) The members-only password (tudor666) may be more accurate than we ever realized.

The author lays the groundwork for his thesis with symbolism and heraldry, but puts forth other evidences as well. These will not be as interesting to most Ricardians, so will not be further detailed in this review.

Since the book's publication, a rather interesting statue depicting a winged, buffed-up Charles was revealed in Brazil. Here is part of a March 2002 BBC article that is still online (or was at the time of this review):

*A giant bronze statue of Prince Charles as a winged hero 'saving the world' is to become the centerpiece of a remote Amazonian town. The Prince was presented with a model of the sculpture, which shows him with bulging muscles, pinned-back ears, and only a loin-cloth to protect his modesty . . . artist Mauricio Bentes moulded the statue of his 53-year-old subject using pictures down-loaded from the Internet. Apart from the angel-like wings and muscular physique, he also gives Charles a full head of hair. At his feet are human bodies, one of whom is drinking a bottle of wine. Accepting the scale model of Mr. Bentes'*

*work, the Prince said he was "amazed" and "deeply touched."*

Note that the Prince does not say that he is offended by this portrayal of him as a winged angelic creature. Rather, he is "deeply touched." Makes you wonder. (The article can still be accessed at [news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/americas/1857482.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/americas/1857482.stm))

— Wayne Ingalls, OK

I have only one comment: why couldn't this have applied to any other Prince of Wales, from 1486 on? And where does tea come into it?

This is as good a place as any for a word of explanation. I have had what I thought was a great red dragon in my computer. Turned out to be only a worm, but that was bad enough. One of the things it did was to send out spam under my name. If any of you have been seeing receiving this, please forgive me, and take into consideration that I knew nothing about it. After a long stay in the shop and a great deal of weeping and gnashing of teeth, on both my part and that of the tech support, it is working again, so don't desert me with your contributions.

### *Fire and Morning* - Francis Leary, 1957

It only goes to show you never know what you can find by just browsing through the library catalogues. Such is the case of a 1957 Ricardian novel I had not previously heard of, *Fire and Morning* by Francis Leary. The book is a moody tale of the torturous last year in Richard's reign, chronicling the toppling of that ancient rumor-eaten house of Usher, York's and, with it, ancient Plantagenet's mighty fall.

The author offers an off-the-couch psychological profile of its subjects in deliciously dramatic poetical coloration, principally in brooding dark and bloodstained hues. Although not guilty of the murder of the princes nor his wife as imputed to him, Leary offers that this dauntless, austere "just," but heartless Richard, nonetheless, contributes in other ways, even psychodynamically, to the events that feed his downfall. Events played by others with breathtaking agility in this tale.

The author fields his version of the deaths of the princes and other scandals, but, most interestingly, proposes the conspiracy theory of Morton-Tudor propaganda undermining and defeating the remnant Plantagenet monarchy prior to Henry's invasion. The incendiaries force fueling the ever turning wheel of fate come expressly from the hands of the benefitting upsiders, but the wheel's accelerating downside plunge is also weighted in by its principal victims.

The book raises questions. "To the glance, York's Monarchy was stoutly defended." Could and did a Morton-Tudor-French *deux ex machina* have the capacity and reach to overthrow York and complete a total rewrite of English history under the tattered but still magnetic cloak (colors?) of reburnished Lancaster? That mechanism would have had to envelope the contemporary and near contemporary writers of the events of Richard's reign, foreign and domestic, marshal the chain of conspirators to penetrate the English court, access the tower to secretly erase the princes underneath the radar of the king's picked guard, as well as foment

various rumors, distrust and rebellions countrywide. Can such a case be made plausible?

Leary nominates a certain high level candidate for the murderer and fingers another agent continuing on in Richard's palace guard. Named, too, in a unique take, is the conduit who provides witness of the deed to Henry Tudor's clerical operatives. But it is through this black garmented network that the night hued nourishment radiates through the corpus of the enterprise. They ooze influence even into the foreign courts via correspondents picking up the local scuttlebutt, which is merely the outward manifestation of hidden cancerine (cancerous) growth fed from the murky stream. The eye-view from the working level of Tudor's little animation is related by a fictional battle hardened and bitter former squire of the murdered Lancastrian Prince of Wales seeking revenge for the savaged lost glory of the red rose and vanished heroic youthful dreams at Tewkesbury. But revenge is a costly occupation.

Writes Leary;

*'Let me have but thirty true knights...; Richard had vowed, 'and I will hazard my body against Tudor and five score traitorous mongrels.'" It was a boast echoing from a passing age of chivalry, York taking on Lancaster's "doom." "... (Flory's) masters...knew better than to hazard themselves on the same battlefield with Richard. They labored in the shadows, backstairs, by means of rumor and treachery. They intended to rot the fabric of Richard's monarchy.'*

*Winning a kingdom was a business enterprise, financed by French loans and served by shrewd anonymous agents all over England.*

They would birth the new England.

And, as the book relates, for the increasingly cynical Lancastrian knight, as for gentle Anne, Richard's cast-off queen in the waning days of her illness, as it was to be for vital Elizabeth for whom Richard was her "falcon" with "the blazing diadem," and for haunted Richard, himself, "just" and "vengeful," of "twisted shoulder" and "chained step," "unsure of how to respond to women's devotion" that was his secret charm or their pooled malice that was his bane, " . . . came an overwhelming knowledge that love had failed. Love was not enough, had never been enough."

Only one character will find that love may yet have the last word. Presumably Richard's "valor," ceaseless suspicious watching, his strong defenses, not to mention his own not inconsiderable spy network was vastly inadequate to its task, a curious failing for someone allegedly so skillful in battle and plotting a murder-usurpation.

The book is an absorbing read of a kind with its 50's era, psycho-melodramatic verve, in a time when stories of masterminded intrigue were all too real. It's not a delicate, romantic read, it has rough and intense scenes. As in much historical fiction, the author's conclusions are his own and based on the state of the evidence at the time. Among Leary's acknowledgments was one to Isolde Wigram of The Fellowship of the Whyte Boar, "who has

been most extremely kind in supplying information concerning the English sources.”

— Virginia Poch, *FLA*

 *A Pride of Bastards* – Geoffrey Richardson, Baildon Books, N. Yorks, 2002

This history of the Beaufort family is the best of Richardson’s work, which is high recommendation. His style is smooth, consistent and richly detailed. Much of the information is familiar to the Ricardian reader, but is described in such fresh and vivid language that the reader remains engaged. Richardson’s biases are obvious, but since they are in accordance with my own, I count them a virtue and credit him with sound judgement!

There are incidents in the book that I found particularly appealing. One occurred in 1414 when Henry V was demanding certain French territories, and was told by a representative of the French king that he (Henry) had no right to the French throne nor to the English, which should have gone to the heirs of Richard II. Another was the plight of Richard, Duke of York, at Sandal castle, that mighty fortress which, in ruins, still overpowers the countryside. York could stay inside the formidable walls and starve, or ride out to fight a much larger host. We all know the results. A third was the crucial battle of Towton, fought in driving snow and won only when the Duke of Norfolk arrived with fresh troops.

The Beaufort line, which sprang from the illegal union of John of Gaunt and Katherine Swynford, was always a strong support of the Lancastrian throne, but under their support was a hunger for power and an overwhelming arrogance. One by one, they died in service to their king or their own aggrandizement, until only one was left. Margaret Beaufort survived because as a woman she could not go into battle, and was spared by a king who could have beheaded her in justice. Her son took the throne as a Tudor, not a Beaufort, and died before she did. Thus she lost the one man she had lived for (despite her four husbands). She died in great pain, perhaps fearing the justice of her Maker after a lifetime of treachery. Geoffrey gives a somewhat different version of the treason at Bosworth, but knowing his meticulous research, I accept his version.

He says in a poignant dedication that this is his last book, and adds later: “what more is there to write?” I would be presumptuous enough to suggest a short work on the life of that loyal man, John Howard, Duke of Norfolk.

— Dale Summers, *TX*

(And what about his son, Thomas Howard, who was true – in his fashion – to both York and Tudor? –m.s.)

 *Ashes of the Elements* – Alys Clare, St Martin’s Minotaur, NY, 2000

Part of a trilogy (so far) of mysteries (the other titles are *Fortune Like The Moon*, and *The Tavern In The Morning*) this is set in the period of Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine, who is a friend of abbess Helewise of Hawkeneye. The abbess is a female version of Brother Cadfael, being a widow before she entered the convent, but much of her legwork is carried out by one of her other dear friends, Sir Josse d’Acquin. The plot is simple, but compelling: A man is murdered, a nun and

a lay sister go missing. Could the forest people, relics from a simpler Celtic/pagan past be responsible? The author has erred, I think, in transposing 21st century attitudes to the 12th century. It is not likely a professed nun, much less an abbess, would have much empathy for practice of so-called ‘nature religion.’ And although an important clue involves a lady’s missing drawers, they would have indeed been missing, not being worn in this era.

For all that, however, the abbess and her right-hand man are strong and compelling characters, and there is an undercurrent of physical attraction, however low-key and unstressed, between them.

**The English are a nation of shopkeepers.**

– Napoleon I

 *The Lammas Feast* – Kate Sedley, 2002, Severn House Publishers Ltd, Surrey, & N.Y.

Roger the Chapman is a new father again, and losing much sleep over it. He is not so tired that he can fail to be intrigued by a mysterious Breton who is hanging around. Could he be an agent of Henry Tudor? If so, why? Though “a nasty man meets a nasty end” to provide the crux of the mystery, Roger is not content to let it go at that. He will solve the crime, but not before another murder occurs, and not without getting involved with an attractive female — he’s married, not dead! The crimes actually have a motive not at all suspected. The length of this review is not related to the virtues of the book, which is well crafted, as all Sedley’s stories are, and recommended. This is a cozy of cozies.

Ellen Harrington suggests a couple of authors who touch on themes that may interest Ricardians:

- In the field of heroic fantasy may I offer the works of P.C. Hodgell. She writes of a race called the Kencyrath, created to fight chaos and abandoned by their creator. The current High Lord was chosen in a ‘what the hell’ mood by the other lords and surprised them by being stronger, tougher and wiser than they suspected. The real hero of the tales is his twin sister, Jame, who is trying to find her place in a society that doesn’t value her particular talents. *God Stalk*, *Dark of the Moon*, and *Seeker’s Mask* are her first three novels.
- In the realm of science fiction I recommend Lois McMaster Bujold. As a starting point, I’d suggest the dual novel collection *Cordelia’s Honor*, and a collection of stories about Cordelia’s son Miles, *The Borders Of Infinity*. The politics surrounding Miles father’s regency and the problems Miles himself has to face as a result of his own complicated birth may be familiar to many of us examining the life and times of a certain late 15th century English king. Even if you don’t credit stories of Richard’s supposed deformity.

A hearty welcome to new chums (to this column) Wayne, Virginia, and Ellen. If I have mangled your entries, put it down to the lateness of the hour and my numbness at either end, and don’t stop reviewing — any of you! And Ellen, I don’t know where you come from, since our communication has been by e-mail, but let me know and I will give you a proper by-line. Giving due credit is always the ambition of your Humble Reviewer and Obd’t Svt –

— m.s.

# AUDIO-VISUAL LIBRARY REPORT

*Yvonne Saddler*

The Library is pleased to report new additions during the 2002 season as follows:

We have purchased a number of tapes from the Teaching Company which consist of lectures on medieval history. The first set of tapes is titled "Discovering the Middle Ages," 3 tapes; the second and third sets are "The High Middle Ages," two sets of 3 tapes each. Each of these is given by eminent professors in the field teaching at American universities. They are very well done and would be very useful for new members who may not be knowledgeable about the vast body of information on the period, and for members preparing programs for chapter meetings.

A second acquisition covers a 1962 BBC production of Shakespeare plays, *Henry VI*, part 3 and *Richard III*. It took six months to complete the arrangements, but we now have copies of the two tapes available for loan. The tapes were converted from the PAL system so that they can be played on American VCRs.

The third acquisition is a tape of a performance of "The Middleham Requiem," a choral work composed by Geoff Davidson. This musical piece was performed in England some years ago and after a long correspondence between the American society (especially Ellen Perlman) and Mr. Davidson, we got permission to duplicate the cassette tape recording and also the score so that we here in the States could hear it. Mr. Davidson has asked that members borrowing the tape not copy it, as he holds the copyright and has only given us permission to circulate the tape. It's an interesting production with voice-overs reading from medieval chroniclers and appropriate musical background. We are very grateful for this addition to our library, and I hope members will want to share it.

Send requests to:

Yvonne Saddler, 719 Apple Brook Lane, Poulsbo, WA 98370, or email me at [ymsaddler@attbi.com](mailto:ymsaddler@attbi.com).

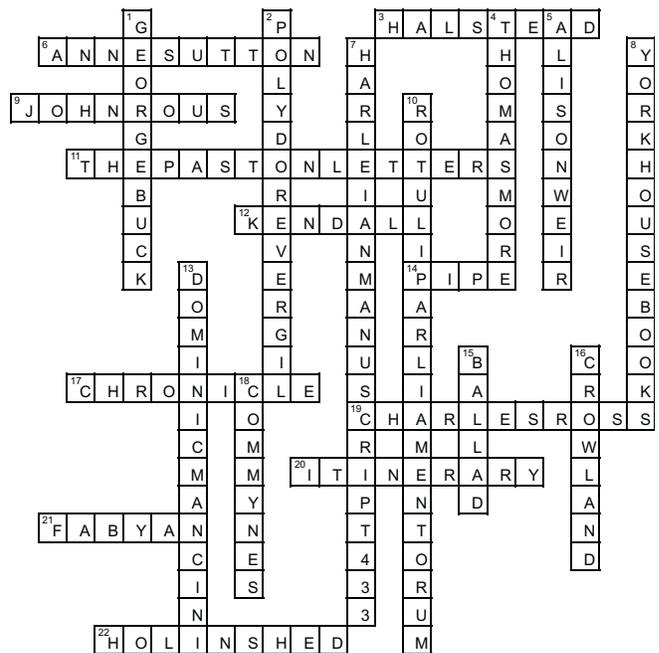
# NEW PUBLIC RELATIONS CHAIRMAN APPOINTED

Pam Butler has agreed to accept the position of Public Relations Chairman; this post has been vacant for several years.

It will fall to Pam's lot to lead the annual attempt at getting media coverage around August 22, and to work with whatever AGM team there is that year (ad hoc or chapter) to try to get local coverage. Beyond that, it's up to Pam to write her job description — but if anyone has a pet project they think would be perfect for a PR person to work on (but hopefully not alone), I hope they'll feel free to contact her.

Pam lives in Albuquerque with her husband and three offspring in various stages of leaving the nest. She has recently completed an M.B.A.

## R3 SOURCES (SOLUTION)



## AGM 2002



*Janet Trimbath's shoes??*



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