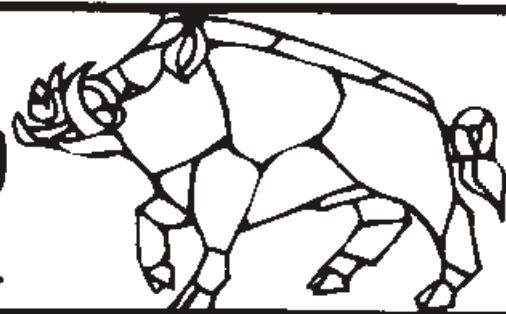


# Richardian REGISTER



Richard III Society, Inc.

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Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

*The dead Body of Richard the Third  
thrown across a Horse after the Battle  
of Bosworth Field.*

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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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## 2010 Annual General Meeting

Friday, Oct 1, 2010 - Sunday Oct 3, 2010





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## EDITORIAL LICENSE

Carole Rike

Many years ago, while traveling with my husband in England, I found a copy of Sir George Buck's *The History of King Richard the Third* at Bosworth Battlefield. (At the time, I had been unable to locate it in the States.) At the end of a long day, I took the new acquisition to bed and read aloud to my long-suffering husband, who over the years has been the patient audience for my Ricardian anger. Buck's account of the treatment of Richard's corpse following his death at Bosworth inflamed me.

After first seeing our cover illustration, I re-read those passages and found they still stir in me much anger and contempt toward Henry Tudor. This is not the reaction of a professional historian, but of a passionate partisan.

*First then, albeit he was slain and cruelly murdered and the quarrels and wars at end, and the Earl of Richmond king and quietly possessed of the crown and of all the royal fortunes of king Richard, yet then, and after all this, there were raised and maintained false slanders against him and against his true and faithful friends and constant followers. And (which was worse) his (cruel) enemies made such haste to exercise their endless malice as that he was no sooner slain (but they fall upon his body, being therefore all mangled and gashed with many fatal wounds and all dyed in his blood, and they stripped (his royal corpse quite) naked, and then imitating the vultures (or wolves, tore and rent his flesh and carcase. Some trailed it on the ground, others pulled him by the beard and hairs and spurned and kicked him.*

*Those and such other be the world of his lamentable and miserable story, and then the carnifices, having not yet satisfied their inhumane eyes nor their malicious hearts with these cruelties and with the so miserable spectacles, they laid this prince's dead body upon a jade, as the butcher layeth a flayed calf when he carried him to market, and so basely and reproachfully conveyed his body to Leicester. . . . And in one word, they used the sacred corpse of a king so unreverently, so inhumanely, and so foul and so monstrous an outrage and injury, and the which I may call an impious and sacrilegious injury, being done to the body of a sacred person and of an annotated king.*

Long live King Richard III!

# DORSET SECRETS: SOME NEW 'PORTRAITS' OF RICHARD III'S RELATIONS

*John Ashdown-Hill*

I am a fairly frequent visitor to England's West Country. My maternal grandmother was born there and her family was based in Dorset at least as far back as the fifteenth century, so I have many relatives in the area – probably more than I know about! Indeed, each time I visit my cousin Gillian Harrison, who lives more or less in the shadow of Maiden Castle, I cannot help wondering whether my Dorset roots might not extend back a good deal further than the Middle Ages? Perhaps even to the ancient British tribe of the Durotriges, who lived at Maiden Castle before the Roman Conquest. But of course written genealogies do not extend so far back.



*Figure 1: the earth ramparts of Maiden Castle, near Dorchester*

On a recent visit to Dorset, several 'portraits' of members of Richard III's extended family came to my attention, of which I had not previously been aware. Since it seems probable that the existence of these representations is not widely known or appreciated, this short article takes a look at them.

## **The Lyme Regis Royal Marriage Tapestry**

In the south-western corner of Dorset, right on the border with neighbouring Devon, stands the ancient port of Lyme Regis. In the eighteenth century this beautiful little town was home to my ancestors of the Sevil family who reputedly came originally from Spain. How they got to Lyme is still a mystery. Was the earliest of them a Spanish Armada sailor, shipwrecked and washed up on the Dorset coast?

Outside the safety of the little harbour the sea can be rough, and Lyme Regis is much subject to coastal erosion – as it was also in the fifteenth century, when Edward IV granted it relief from taxation in consideration of the damage the town had suffered during the stormy winter of 1482-83.<sup>1</sup>



*Figure 2: Thomas, Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, marrying Henry VII and Elizabeth of York.*

High up on the wall of the south aisle of Lyme's parish church of St Michel the Archangel hangs a late fifteenth-century Flemish tapestry which depicts a royal wedding. Some have sought to argue that it represents the marriage of Arthur Tudor, Princes of Wales, to Catherine of Aragon, or (much more improbably) the marriage of Catherine of Aragon to Henry VIII.

However, the general consensus is that the scene shows the marriage of Henry VII to Elizabeth of York.<sup>2</sup> Certainly this is what is stated on the brass plaque on the church wall beneath the tapestry. The fact that the borders of the tapestry on the left and right hands sides are composed exclusively of the red rose badge of Henry VII convinces me that the latter view is correct – for Prince Arthur and Henry VIII would both have used the mixed red and white 'Tudor rose' badge, rather than the plain red rose.

Assuming that the Lyme tapestry does indeed depict the marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, it shows at least three members of Richard III's extended



Figure 3: The borders of the Lyme tapestry are composed exclusively of the red rose badge of Henry VII

family. Moreover, in the case of one of them, to the best of my knowledge, no other contemporary portrait exists. For the central figure of a bishop vested in mitre and cope, must represent Richard's cousin, Thomas, Cardinal Bourchier, the archbishop of Canterbury who not only married Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, but who also crowned Richard III and Anne Neville.<sup>3</sup> Of course, since the tapestry was almost certainly manufactured in the Low Countries, this image of Thomas may not be an actual portrait of the elderly cardinal.<sup>4</sup> As for the figure of the bridegroom, on the left, that represents Richard's second cousin and supplanter, Henry VII, while the bride, on the right, is Richard's niece, Elizabeth of York.

This tapestry has not always been at Lyme church. It 'was found hidden behind a false wall in an old house in Somerset in 1886'. Sadly the location and identity of this house are unrecorded. The tapestry was purchased for a mere £20 by Revd Edward Peek, then vicar of Lyme. Peek presented it to his parish church. From 1977-93 the tapestry was absent on loan to the National Trust, and from 1994-96 it was at Hampton Court undergoing conservation and cleaning, but in 1996 it returned to Lyme church, where it has remained ever since.

### Heads from the Chancel Arch Capitals in Toller Porcorum

Unlike the port of Lyme Regis, the village of Toller Porcorum (once more vulgarly called Swynestolre) lies well inland. It is also some ten miles east of Lyme. It nestles in the Dorset hills, amongst the remains of some of the hill forts of the *Durotriges*. The village derives the *Toller* part of its appellation from an old name for the river Hooke. As for its swine, these were actually wild boar, once prevalent locally, and hunted in this area by King John.<sup>5</sup> In the fourteenth century the Benedictine monastery of Abbotsbury (which took over the village church at that time) Latinised the vulgar swine to the more elegant *porcorum*.



Figure 4: Toller Porcorum, Dorset – the tomb of Mathew Banger (died 1604) and his wife Eydeth (d. 12 August 1611) – my ancestors.

*This illustration shows Eydeth's memorial inscription.*

This village has always been of personal interest to me as the home of my earliest traceable Dorset ancestors, a yeoman family bearing the surname Banger.<sup>6</sup> Substantial sixteenth-century Banger tombs survive in the churchyard, the fifteenth-century Bangers of Toller are recorded in the Tudor muster rolls as 'billmen' and archers, while in the 1470s Toller Porcorum was home to John Banger. Although John and his wife, Christian, are not the first recorded members of this family in the West Country, they are the earliest from whom I can confidently trace my own descent.<sup>7</sup>

The parish church is nowadays known as 'St Andrew and St Peter', but it is clear from medieval records that the original dedication was to St Peter. The only ancient reference to St Andrew seems to be in relation to the latter's chapel, which was probably located at the east end of the north aisle. The former presence of an altar in this position is proved by the surviving squint, which once allowed the priest celebrating mass in the chapel to



co-ordinate his elevation of the consecrated Host with that of his brother priest celebrating at the high altar.



*Figure 5: base of a pagan 'standing stone' preserved at the gateway of Toller Porcorum Church.*

The origin of the church is ancient, and the site may well have housed a pagan sanctuary in the pre-Christian period - from which the remains of two standing stones now preserved at the church gate are believed to come. The lower part of the font dates from at least the twelfth century, and may be even older. However, extensive reconstruction of the church took place in the second half of the fifteenth century. The present font basin dates from this period, as does the chancel arch. Who precisely was responsible for these fifteenth-century renovations is not recorded, but in 1462 the manor of Toller Porcorum had been granted by King Edward IV to his brother, George, Duke of Clarence.<sup>8</sup>

It is therefore of significant Ricardian interest that the fifteenth-century purbeck 'marble' columns of the chancel arch are surmounted by capitals carved from local stone and depicting, on the north side, a man, and on the south side, a woman. These are believed to represent the lord and lady of the manor at the time when the arch was constructed.<sup>9</sup> If this indeed is the case, then the images must be contemporary depictions of George, Duke of Clarence, and his wife, Isabel Neville. Hardly any contemporary depictions of this couple survive. Thus the Toller Porcorum capitals are potentially of considerable importance.

Unfortunately the northern (male) head is now badly damaged. Only the man's right eye and cheek survive intact. There are also clear indications of medium-length wavy hair. By contrast the southern (female) head is well-preserved. One hesitates to describe it as a portrait. Nevertheless, this appears to be one of the very few



*Figure 6: remains of the head of George, Duke of Clarence, from the north side of the chancel arch, Church of St Andrew and St Peter, Toller Porcorum, Dorset.*



*Figure 7: head of Isabel Neville, Duchess of Clarence, from the south side of the chancel arch, Church of St Andrew and St Peter, Toller Porcorum, Dorset.*

extant contemporary representations of Isabel Neville, Duchess of Clarence, daughter of Warwick the 'kingmaker', and sister of Richard III's queen.

There is, in fact, much debate as to whether fifteenth-century representations can ever be regarded as true individual portraits, and in the case of the Toller Porcorum heads, one of which is poorly preserved, while the other seems rather crudely carved, it might be tempting to assume that they are merely representations, and that no serious attempt was made by the stone carver to produce a real portrait. However, it is a curious fact that the Toller Porcorum head of Isabel Neville, Duchess of Clarence seems to depict a distinctly long face. It is interesting to compare this Toller Porcorum 'Isabel', with the more or less contemporary 'portrait' of



*The duchess and the duke of Clarence. Engravings of 1859, after the late fifteenth-century Rous Roll.*

the same lady from the Rous Roll. The latter also shows a rather long face. Was this perhaps a distinguishing feature of the real Isabel Neville?

One further curious piece of evidence may be relevant. The duke and duchess of Clarence had a daughter – the Lady Margaret Plantagenet. Margaret survived into the reign of Henry VIII, becoming Countess of Salisbury. Eventually she was martyred by Henry, and the Catholic Church now venerates her as ‘Blessed Margaret Pole’. One day she may be declared a saint. Interestingly, the only extant portrait of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, also shows a distinctively long face – inherited, perhaps, from her mother?



*Figure 10: Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury ('Blessed Margaret Pole') daughter of the duke and duchess of Clarence.*

## FROM RICARDIAN TIMES - THE JOURNAL OF THE NEW ZEALAND BRANCH

Some brief extracts from a much longer article on British Royal Beasts:

- Falcon of Plantagenet  
This came from Fulk, Count of Anjou, Richard I's grandfather.
- Hart of Richard II  
The White Hart (deer) came from Richard II's mother, Joan, the fair maid of Kent, a descendant of Edward I. Richard accompanied the Hart with a 'stump of wood', a play on Woodstock, from his maternal grandfather, Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent; and the ostrich feather from Philippa of Hainault, his paternal grandmother.
- Black Bull of Clarence  
First used by Lionel, second surviving son of Edward III.
- White Lion of Mortimer  
An unusual beast, with blue tongue and claws instead of red. A legend of the Mortimer family tells of a Crusader who saw the Dead (morte) Sea (mer), with the blue sky against the yellow desert; and yellow blue and white are the colours of the Mortimer shield held by the lion. An interesting speculation: did that crusader also see a rare white lion on his journeys?
- Yale of Beaufort  
Probably the strangest of beasts: a white goat with large golden spots, boar tusks coming from its jaws, with a lion's tail and two scaled horns curled in opposite directions that swiveled to protect it. The Yale was first used by John Duke of Bedford, younger brother of Henry V.

## References

- 1 CPR 1476-1485, p. 338; see J. Ashdown-Hill, *Richard III's 'Beloved Cousyn': John Howard and the House of York*, Stroud 2009, p. 80.
- 2 J Street, *The Lyme Tapestry*, Lyme Regis(?) [n.d.] pp. 1, 9-10.
- 3 Cardinal Bouchier was a descendant of Edward III.
- 4 Woven in Brussels some time between 1490 and 1500': Street, *Lyme Tapestry*, p. 1.
- 5 T. Goodwin, *A guide to Toller Porcorum and its Church, St Andrew and St Peter*, Bridport [no date], p. 3.
- 6 This surname is pronounced to rhyme with *ranger*, not with *hanger*. Variant medieval spellings such as *Beneger* indicate that this was always the case.
- 7 Emma Benyger of Morton, Dorset, was listed in the subsidy roll of 1327.
- 8 Goodwin, *Guide*, p. 4.
- 9 Goodwin, *Guide*, p. 2.

## About the Author

John Ashdown-Hill has been a member of the Richard III Society for about 15 years and is currently the Branches and Groups Liaison Officer in the UK. He has written many articles on fifteenth-century history and often lectures on the period.

John has a long-standing interest in Eleanor Talbot's marriage with Edward IV, and is the author of *Eleanor the Secret Queen*, as well as of *Mediaeval Colchester's Lost Landmarks* and *Richard III's Beloved Cousyn* - John Howard and the House of York.

His other major research interest is the DNA of the Yorkist dynasty.



# The Ricardian Rover

## *In the Footsteps of Richard III*

June 20 – July 1, 2010

Come join our friendly little band of Ricardians for a delightful travel experience, as we explore the England of Richard III! This exciting tour is perfect for you if you are a sociable person with a keen interest in Richard and in medieval England. Our tour, ranging from Edinburgh in the north to the southeast of England, will feature a number of not-to-be-missed sites having associations with Richard III, such as Middleham Castle and church, the wonderful medieval city of York, and Crowland Abbey (once home to the Croyland Chronicler). And, of course, we will make our annual pilgrimage to Bosworth Battlefield where Richard lost his crown and his life. After hanging our lovely memorial wreath at little Sutton Cheney church, we will make our way to the Battlefield Centre. Here we will be treated to a presentation at the new exhibition area that will explain each of the likeliest battlefield sites and update us on the progress being made at the site nearer to Dadlington. This special day will come to a close with a visit to Dadlington Church, where most of the dead are buried. Our itinerary will also include many other sites connected with Richard and England's medieval period – Eastwell (home of Richard Plantagenet), marvelous Nassington Prebendal Manor, the fine church at Thaxted in Essex, and splendid Canterbury Cathedral.

Among the interesting sites we plan to include in Britain's North Country this year are fascinating Roslyn Chapel (especially for De Vinci Code enthusiasts!) and mystical Holy Island, a favorite with tour members. And for the very first time, we will enjoy time spent in the great Scottish city of Edinburgh and visit to one-of-a-kind Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire. Featured in the south of England are Rochester's mighty Norman castle, historical Battle and its abbey, and wonderfully picturesque Ightham Mote.

Our journey will take us through some of Britain's loveliest scenery, from bonny Scotland to the sunny south of England. During the course of our travels, we will occasionally be welcomed and accompanied on our sightseeing by Ricardian friends from various English branches and groups — always a special treat for us!

A truly unique tour, **The Ricardian Rover** offers a great alternative to the impersonal, large "package" tour or the hassle of self-drive. Just sit back and enjoy 12 days of leisurely touring and real camaraderie in our comfortable mid-size coach. Most of our lodgings will be attractive, smaller hotels and coaching inns in market towns and villages, where you'll be met with a warm welcome, a comfortable room with full amenities, and delicious meals. We will enjoy many lunches at charming country pubs that are recommended for their tasty food. Your enthusiastic tour coordinator/escort will be long-time member Linda Treybig, who has planned and led 18 previous Ricardian tours. **Please note: Tour registration deadline is February 8, 2009, and group size is limited to a maximum of 12 (minimum of 8).** Over the years, our annual tour has become quite popular and draws many repeat members. Since several persons are already committed to the 2010 tour, you are urged to request your brochure and further details right away. (Remember that the early bird gets the worm!)

**A Final Word:** Don't miss this exciting opportunity for a serendipitous trek into England's past! Traveling through England's lovely countryside and villages with a small group of friendly fellow Ricardians who share your interest in the enigmatic man called Richard III, enriching your knowledge of him and his times, exploring fascinating places off the beaten track, discovering the best of both medieval and contemporary England = ONE MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE! Won't you join us?

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\* The tour brochure will also soon appear on our American Branch web site at [www.r3.org](http://www.r3.org)



# THE LAST PLANTAGENET KING

## THE 2009 RICARDIAN TOUR

*Jean Domico*

This year's tour began Sunday, June 21, with a group of nine (Alison, Bettina, Judy, Linda, Lorelle, Sarah, Pam, John, and me) on the quest to understand Richard more by visiting places he knew and loved during his life, places connected to members of his family, his friends, and his enemies – places wonderfully preserved that depict the life style of his time, and much more. I must, however, admit that some of us had our own personal quests that were not quite as lofty, such as finding the best sticky toffee pudding, adding lots more books to our home libraries, sampling fine ales and beers, locating a treacle mine, or just having a marvelous vacation.

Sunday's first destination was the town of Skipton, the home of one of the best-preserved and most complete medieval castles in England and the principal seat of the Cliffords from 1310 to 1676. The Cliffords, of course, are infamous for their feud with the Nevilles, especially John Clifford, 9<sup>th</sup> Lord of Skipton who, in retribution for his father's death at the first Battle of St. Albans, brutally killed Edmund, Earl of Rutland, after the Battle of Wakefield. With some time before lunch to wander the town, our meanderings rewarded us with a building plaque indicating that "this ancient hostelry was a Royal Mews of Richard III when he was Lord of the Castle and Hon-our of Skipton".

After lunch at the Wooley Sheep, Linda, our hostess (later to be dubbed "she who must be obeyed" by our coach driver, Michael) treated us to a wonderful but short steam train ride through the picturesque Yorkshire Dales. Our last stop on this bright, sunny afternoon was the Priory Church of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert and the ruins of Bolton Abbey. Our day ended in the village of Topcliffe, where a home of the Percies, also heavily involved in feuding with the Nevilles, was attacked by John Neville, brother of the Warwick, the Kingmaker, and an uncle of Anne, Richard's wife.

Our first destination on Monday, June 22, was one of the highlights of the tour – Middleham Castle. Middleham was Richard's home from age 9 to 13, when he received training in arms and courtly graces in the household of his cousin, the Earl of Warwick, and also from his marriage to Anne until 1483. We were met by several good friends from the North Yorkshire

Branch, who hosted our tour of both the castle and Middleham Church with its beautiful memorial window and replicas of Richard's seal.

The ladies joined us for a lively lunch at the local Black Swan, after which it was off to Bolton Castle, where its connection to Richard lies with Sir John Scrope, 5<sup>th</sup> Baron, who distinguished himself in the Richard's cause and was made captain and governor of the fleet. After supporting Richard at Bosworth and Lambert Simnel's rebellion against Henry Tudor, Scrope was pardoned but made to live within 22 miles of London, where Henry could keep eye on him. Bolton is also famous as the first "prison" of Mary, Queen of Scots, one place where she was treated as an honored guest. The medieval gardens, probably the loveliest we were to see on the trip, contained a private maze and many colorful flowers.

We then visited the market town of Richmond and its castle including a 12<sup>th</sup> century keep which some of us, undaunted by the winding and dimly lit stairs, mounted for breathtaking views of the town and surroundings. Deserving or not, we all treated ourselves to ice cream before departing for our evening's lodging at our inn in Topcliffe.

If it's Tuesday, it must be Pickering Castle. The remains of its stone buildings, now sitting on top of the mound and scattered around the inner bailey, date from the 13th century, and the curtain wall with its three towers date from the reign of Edward II. This castle was once in Richard's keeping and in the later Middle Ages was often used as a hunting lodge for kings and nobility. Undeniably, today's find was the Parish Church of Sts. Peter and Paul in Pickering with its splendid medieval wall paintings commissioned in 1450 and painted in the following decade.

Successfully toiling up strenuous incline of Sutton Bank, we were treated to the majestic and serene ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, founded in 1132 as the first Cistercian abbey in the north. Walking through its ruins, one can not but be struck by a sense of wonder at the magnificent architecture. Even so, today we were surrounded by angry, dark, threatening clouds giving the sense of an approaching storm – much like the monks must have felt awaiting their fate during the Dissolution.

We ended our day at The Birds of Prey Centre where we were delighted by the performances of a black vulture, a turkey vulture, an owl, and a white-tailed eagle, the largest species in the UK with only 40 in existence. Donning the traditional hawking gauntlet, both John and Judy took their turns as “falconers” with the eagle perching on their left arms.

Spending a whole day in York presented each of us with the opportunity to pursue our own quests on Wednesday, June 24. For some of us, it was off to the Minster and the search for Richard’s window. For Lorelle, Pam, John, and myself, it was first a stop at the Post Office to mail some books and presents, then on to the Richard III Museum and lunch at the King’s Arms Pub, whose sign depicts Richard’s crest.

Then we were off to some second hand book stores where I found a strange book containing an article comparing Richard with Richard Nixon. Who could resist such a find for only a few pounds? After stopping at Micklegate Bar, where the heads of Rutland, York, Salisbury and others were placed on pikes after the Battle of Wakefield, Pam stayed to view the museum, John and Lorelle went shopping for ale and wine for our farewell party, and I was off to find yet another bookstore.

Rejoining the group later as we awaited our coach and driver, Sarah and Alison described their wonderful lunch at Betty’s Tea Room while Bettina and Judy showed off their purchases from a shop specializing in stuff about cats. It’s obvious that each of us had a wonderful day in York except, as we soon discovered, our driver, Michael, had had an asthma attack and ended up being treated in hospital. He assured us that he was much better though tired.

On Thursday morning, June 25, we paid a visit to Sandal Castle where we walked the castle ruins and grounds. Looking out from the top of the mound, one can understand why Richard chose this as his northern base in 1483 and ordered significant investments in a new tower, bakehouse, and brewhouse. Here we were met by more Yorkshire Ricardian friends: Pauline Pogmore, Dawn Milnes Gray, and Dawn’s son. Standing overlooking the valley below, Pauline described for us the Battle of Wakefield Green when Richard, Duke of York, left the shelter of Sandal Castle to engage the enemy and lost his life.

We traveled down Manygates Lane to the site of the monument to Richard, Duke of York, which unfortunately has lost its head in the past few years to mischief. Pauline laid a bouquet of white flowers at the site, which

originally was marked by a wooden cross by Edward IV. Then we made our way to the Boat Inn at Sprotborough for lunch and some lively discussion of medieval battle reenacting, a hobby of Dawn and her son.



*Conisbrough Castle*

After lunch, we toured Conisbrough Castle, where our Richard’s maternal grandmother, Maude, lived after the death of Edward, Duke of York, at Agincourt in 1415 and the execution of her husband, Richard, Earl of Cambridge earlier that year. After Maud’s death, it passed to Richard, Duke of York, in 1446 and ultimately to the crown with Edward IV. Finally we stopped briefly at Ashby de la Zouch, granted to William, Lord Hastings in 1464. Between 1474 and his execution by Richard in 1483, Hastings converted the dwelling from a manor house into a castle and added several new buildings, including the chapel and the Hastings Tower, the ruins of which are magnificent. Pam, John, Lorelle, and Tina found the underground passageway from the Tower to the kitchens and gave it a go quite successfully.

Friday, June 26, was our day at Bosworth. During a stop at the florist in Market Bosworth to pick up our memorial wreath and long-stemmed white roses, many of us took pictures of the crests/emblems around the market square that commemorated the 500<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the battle. We then drove on to the Bosworth Battlefield Centre and met with Richard Knox, the curator of the onsite museum, who explained the 3 theories concerning the location of the battle and why the Peter Foss/Redemore theory seems, at this point in time, to be the most plausible. Unfortunately, none of the archaeology projects they have conducted has identified any demonstrable findings of battle objects or any evidence of a marsh where most of the action of the battle took place; however, another project is to be



completed this fall. So hopefully, we will hear better news next year!

Richard accompanied us down Fen Road to a spot called White Moors where the battle could have taken place. Stopping along the way at the traditional site of Richard's demise, he joined us in a mead toast to King Richard beside the memorial stone where we also placed our offering of white roses. Then it was on to the Church of St. James at Sutton Cheney where Judy, our newest tour group member, hung our white floral wreath commemorating Richard's death. While the church at Sutton Cheney has traditionally been associated with the battle, most of the dead are actually buried in the Dadlington churchyard, so perhaps next year we'll have 2 churches to visit.

Friday's final visit was to Baddesley Clinton, a remarkably preserved medieval manor house, home of the Ferrers family for over 300 years. The library where Nicholas Brome is said to have murdered the Baddesley priest whom he discovered "choking his wife under the chin" still bears a bloodstain by the fireplace and is supposedly haunted. Nicholas also had a serious falling out with Richard Neville, the Earl of Warwick, culminating in the death of his father. Nicholas then stabbed to death Warwick's steward in retaliation. The house also has at least three hiding places (or priests' holes) for Catholic priests that were used during Tudor times.

Unfortunately, due to new restrictions on the amount of hours allowed for coach drivers, Michael had to leave us on Friday for some R&R so Keith, his replacement, filled in for the next 2 days.

The highlight of Saturday, June 27, was Little Moreton Hall, probably the finest timber-framed moated manor house in the country with thousands of glass windowpanes. Our tour guide, Margaret, was wonderful and extremely knowledgeable in the house's architecture and history. Additionally, we were treated to the sounds of a hurdy gurdy man in Tudor dress in the courtyard. It now seems that Saturday's quest was for a luncheon spot as the restaurant at Little Moreton Hall was much too busy and our 2<sup>nd</sup> choice, the Bells of Peover, was the crowded venue for a lovely wedding reception (with ladies in the most stylish hats!). So it was on to the city of Chester for lunch and a little shopping. Here some of us spied a Hen Party with a bride and her bridesmaids in hot pink shirts, black hot pants, and black leather boots strutting in the market square. Our lodgings for the night were in the Welsh market town of Ruthin.

Caernarfon Castle in North Wales was our first stop on Sunday, June 28th.

Standing at the mouth of the Seiont River, the fortress (with its unique polygonal towers, intimidating battlements and color-banded masonry) dominates the walled town also founded by Edward I. Caernarfon's symbolic status was emphasized when Edward made sure that his son, the first English Prince of Wales, was born here in 1284.

After lunch at the Anglesey Arms along the neighboring wharf, Pam suggested an alternative afternoon excursion to Beddgelert on the Welsh Highland Railway. Starting at Caernarfon, the steam train turned inland, passing through farmlands, woodlands, the foothills of Snowdon and skirted the edge of beautiful Lake Cwellyn, for views one only finds in Wales. Though initially sad to leave the train at Beddgelert (see the story of Beddgelert at the end of this article), our spirits again soared when we found the absolute best ice cream at a little shop in town. Here we rejoined Keith and Linda on the coach and traveled on to Porthmadog for the night.

On Sunday night, Keith departed and Michael rejoined us with quite a surprise. He had returned with his dress kilt, double-breasted jacket, and all its accessories and provided us with a Scottish fashion show. We were all amazed that the kilt was made of 28 yards of wool and were aghast at the cost of the complete outfit. Needless to say, it was gorgeous.

Monday, June 29, started with a drive along some of the narrowest roads thus far to Harlech Castle which looks like it rises from the rocks with the sea at its foot. Given the castle's impregnable strength, it is easy to understand how it held out until 1468 during the Wars of the Roses. We stopped at a small pub in the Welsh countryside, the Red Lion, for a delightful lunch. Surprisingly, this modest place was used by highwaymen in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. Not too far across the border back into England is Stokesay Castle, a fortified manor house that has hardly been altered since the 13<sup>th</sup> century. Its Tudor gatehouse of butter-colored plaster and grayish brown timbers was as picturesque as its carvings of dragons and gross creatures were incredible. My favorite, though, was the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor living room or solar with its 17<sup>th</sup> century paneling and window seat.

Then to end the day, we spent a little time in Ludlow. Here Lorelle and John opted for a tour of the castle in which Richard spent months while his father, the Duke of York, made it his headquarters for an

abortive attempt to persuade Henry VI to abandon his favorites. Pam headed for Ludford Bridge, where the Yorkists abandoned their men, and others of us searched for the location of the market cross where, according to Sharon Kay Penman, Cecily stood with Richard and George while the Lancastrians ransacked the town in 1459. Then it was on to a small village near Hereford where Batty the cat, Millie, the German shepherd and Boo, the yellow lab awaited us at Bowen's Country House Hotel.

It was hard to believe that it was already Tuesday, June 30 and our last full day of touring! We started at Worcester Cathedral, where we were joined by Pam Benstead of the Worcestershire Branch. King John of the Magna Carta fame is buried here, and it is also the site of Prince Arthur's chantry and tomb. How different might the course of history been if Arthur had become King instead of his brother Henry!

Tewkesbury Abbey was our next stop where we, by chance, met Fitch, a churchwarden and a Ricardian, who showed us the sacristy door covered with amour taken from the battlefield. He also suggested that we not miss the beautiful ceiling with roses and "suns in splendor" provided by Edward IV for the church's reconsecration after the survivors of Battle of Tewkesbury were slaughtered there. We also saw the spot where the bones of Richard's brother, George, Duke of Clarence, and Isabelle Neville are supposedly buried – possibly mingled with those of a town mayor who was later buried in the same place.

Our last stop of the day was Saint Mary's Church, Kempley, a 12<sup>th</sup> century church with fine fresco mural paintings and tempera paintings of the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> centuries. After another delicious dinner, we held our farewell party with cheese and crackers, mead, wassail, beer, etc. with Boo joining in for the cheese.

On Wednesday, July 1, our driver, Michael, faultlessly located an out-of-the-way gem, Chedworth Roman Villa, where we found wonderful mosaic floors in the bathhouses of a farm dating back to 4th century. As we traveled towards London, we stopped at the

quaint village of Bibury for pictures of beautiful gardens, swans and cygnets.

Our last stops of were Minster Lovell, the home of Francis, Lord Lovell, a faithful supporter of Richard, who mysteriously disappeared after the Battle of Stoke, and the Church of St. Kenelm. Our arrival in London was slightly delayed by a traffic jam on the M40, the result of a car carrier catching fire. At our hotel, we fondly said our goodbyes to Michael who I'm sure will miss us, though none of us did fall for his tall tale of treacle coming from mines.<sup>2</sup> While Sarah and Allison rushed off to their Jack the Ripper tour, the rest of the group celebrated our last night together with a farewell dinner and much discussion of possible highlights of next year's tour.

*Tour Coordinator's note:* What a marvelous group! On our journey were many old friends as well as new, and what a great time we had in one another's company – definitely one for the books!

– Linda Treybig

## References

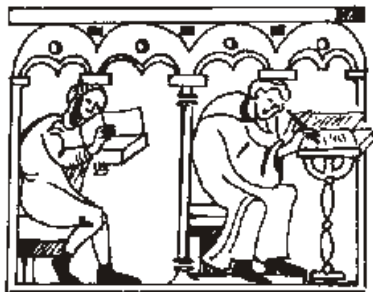
1. The Story of Beddegelert:  
In the 13<sup>th</sup> century, Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales, had a palace at Beddegelert. One day he went hunting without Gelert, his faithful hound, who was unaccountably absent. On Llewelyn's return, the truant stained and smeared with blood, joyfully sprang to meet his master. The prince, alarmed, hastened to find his son and saw the infant's cot empty, the bedclothes and floor covered with blood. The frantic father plunged his sword into the hound's side, thinking it had killed his heir. The dog's dying yell was answered by a child's cry. Llewelyn searched and discovered the boy unharmed, but nearby lay the body of a mighty wolf that Gelert had slain. The Prince, filled with remorse, is said never to have smiled again. He buried Gelert here and thus the spot is named Beddegelert (Gelert's grave).
2. Treacle is made from the syrups that remain after sugar is removed during the sugar cane refining process. Treacle mining is the (fictitious) mining of treacle in a raw form similar to coal. The topic has been a standing joke in British humor for a century or more.

## FICTION LIBRARY UPDATE

New acquisitions by the fiction library

- Smith, Anne Easter *The King's Grace*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2009. 581 pp. The illegitimate daughter of Edward IV, Grace is summarily plunged into court rivalries and intrigue when a young man claiming to be the rightful heir to the throne surfaces. Is he who he claims he is, or is he Margaret of York's pawn in an elaborate game of political chess?





# RICARDIAN READING

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

One cannot choose but wonder.

📖 *The Time Traveler (for so it will be convenient to speak of him) was expounding a recondite matter to us. – H.G. Wells, The Time Machine,*

Wouldn't you love to travel back in time to the 15<sup>th</sup> century to see what really happened, if not to change it? A couple of current novels take that – or its reverse – as their theme.

📖 *This Time – Joan Szechman, Basset Publishing, 2009*

This novel is a delight to read. This is particularly true if you love a mystery and you have a fascination with late medieval England and the famous, or infamous (depending on your belief) King Richard III. I happen to fall into both categories. Having spent my career in law enforcement, and being a self-confessed history buff, no historical figure interests me more than Richard III and the mystery surrounding the fate of the princes. Joan Szechman's fast-moving novel gives you one version of what may have happened and does so in readable and enjoyable format.

Reaching back to the events of 1483-85, and using the vehicle of a modern day time machine that brings Richard to life in this era, we learn that Richard is stunned to hear that some would accuse him of murder. Blending a personal view of Richard's character, and transforming that into a modern sci-fi mystery, we start down the road of a possible solution to one of the great historical mysteries, while finding out what made Richard tick.

— David Luitweiler

(This book may be ordered from [www.collectedstoriesbookstore.com](http://www.collectedstoriesbookstore.com), or you may access the author's website [www.joanszechman.com](http://www.joanszechman.com).)

I had not, I said, come into the future to carry on a miniature flirtation. – *ibid.*

Diana Rubino, who has dealt hilariously with Ricardian time-travel in *One Too Many Times*, takes a possibly more serious tone in *Traveling Light*, a story about a historic preservation architect who goes to

sleep in Richard's bed, and wakes up in 1485, to find herself married to one of Richard's knights. Because she knows what happened to her husband, Guy, and to his wife (he was accused of murdering her), she really wants to go home. But it will all work out in the end. I haven't yet read this, nor have I heard from anyone with a review, but I would like to. It sounds like a romance, and the cover reproduced on Diana's website looks like one. That website is [www.dianarubino.com](http://www.dianarubino.com). The book is published by Eternal Press. ([www.eternalpress.ca](http://www.eternalpress.ca)) and may be obtained from All Romance E Books ([www.allromancebooks.com](http://www.allromancebooks.com)) or from Amazon.

Very simple was my explanation, and plausible enough, - as most wrong theories are. - *ibid*

Going back a few more centuries brings us 1176, the time of Henry II, and of the Mistress of the Art of Death. The book is *Grave Goods*, (Ariana Franklin, G.P. Putnam, N.Y, 2009) and the Mistress of this series is Adelia Aguilar, proto-forensic scientist. The grave of the Once and Future King, Arthur, and his consort Guinivere, has supposedly been discovered, and the King wants Adelia to confirm this. Adelia does her best, aided (or sometimes hampered) by her daughter, the child's nurse, the child's father (a bishop)– and somewhere along the way they acquire a few more followers, including a dog. Adelia comes up with the wrong answer – the one the king does not want – in the case of the bodies, but solves a few more mysteries along the way, has a few hairbreadth scrapes, and maybe, just maybe, she does find the grave of Arthur.

Of course, she vows never to work for Henry again, and of course there is a cliffhanger at the end. A good mystery and a rousing adventure.

So, in the end, above ground you must have the Haves, pursuing pleasure and comfort and beauty, and below ground the Have-nots, the Workers getting continually adapted to the conditions of their labor. - *ibid*


📖 *Secrets of the Tudor Court: The Pleasure Palace – Kate Emerson, Pocket Books, NY, London, 2009*

Kate Emerson is Kathy Lynn Emerson, the author of a series of mystery novels about Susana, Lady Appleton, at the court of Elizabeth I. This book is also a mystery, in a way. Jane Poppincourt comes from France with her mother, arriving in London just in time to see the pretender, Perkin Warbeck, displayed on a scaffold of barrels. This upsets her mother (also named Jane, or Jeanne) because she had met Warbeck at the French court, but it doesn't mean much to young Jane.. Jane settles into court life as a ward of the king, and a companion and French tutor to his daughters, Margaret & Mary. Shortly after leaving her there, Jane's mother dies, presumably of a fever. Jane later discovers a bad mushroom was involved. Much of the story is, of course, taken up with life at court, Jane's liaison with the Duc de Longueville, and her romance with Frenchman Guy Dunois. However, she becomes aware that there is a mystery about her own birth – not so much her parents as her grandparents.- one in particular. The author drops enough hints that the astute and alert reader may be able to make a good guess about this. Jane also discovers, by questioning witnesses, including Catherine Gordon Warbeck Strangeways, that her mother was murdered, and her own life is possibly in danger – which she escapes by going to France.

There actually was a Jane Poppincourt, who really was the mistress of the Duc, but the background Ms. Emerson gives her is purely fictional, although plausible. Most of the major characters are real people, though the author admits that “they may not have had the same relationship with Jane that I have given them.”

What will please most Ricardians is the identity of the murderer. What I say is – there's nothing like keeping it all in the family!.

**“You can show black is white by argument”  
said Filby, “but you will never convince me.”  
- ibid**

 *Lancaster against York; the Wars of the Roses and the foundation of modern Britain*, by Trevor Royle.  
Houndmills, Hampshire, England: Palgrave Macmillan, c2008.

There's a lot to dislike about this book. It appears to be an un-proofed first draft: it is full of contradictions and errors, and it lacks footnotes and illustrations.

On p. 306 Royle contradicts himself in a way that sums up all of the doubtful statements and apparent errors in his text: “Clearly [Richard, duke of Gloucester] did not want to repeat the experience of Henry VI's uncle Bedford, who was little more than a caretaker, and he would have remembered too, the

example of his grandfather and namesake Richard of York, who touched the throne but failed to claim it. Being a protector was not sufficient for a man like Richard III; for him it had to be all or nothing.”

Clearly, Trevor Royle did not remember that on p. 277 he correctly identified Richard, duke of York as Richard III's father. Clearly, Royle did not remember that on p. 100 he correctly identified John, duke of Bedford, as regent of Lancastrian France. Henry VI's uncle, Bedford, was more than a “caretaker,” and Royle acknowledges his contributions on p. 101. Clearly, Royle did not remember that on p. 100 he described Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, as “guardian of the future king and warden of England.” This is an inaccurate description of Gloucester's responsibilities: from 1415 until at least 1432, Gloucester was warden of the Cinque Ports; his cumbersome title, protector and defender of the realm and church in England and principal councilor of the king, applies to the “little more than caretaker” position that Royle assigns to Bedford on p. 306.

Royle not only contradicts himself, he repeatedly contradicts books listed in his bibliography. His phrase “guardian of the future king” contradicts the thesis of J.L. Watts' *Henry VI and the politics of kingship*, as well as B. Wolffes' *Henry VI*, which describes the great efforts that officials made to emphasize that royal power resided in the infant Henry VI. According to Watts and Wolffe, there was no “future king” for fifteenth century Englishmen. On p. 115, Royle contradicts P.A. Johnson, author of *Duke Richard of York, 1411-1460*. Royle says that after replacing the earl of Warwick as lieutenant of Lancastrian France, York demonstrated “the headstrong stubbornness that would mark his later career.” Johnson says that one of York's assets as lieutenant was his willingness to cooperate with more experienced officials and soldiers. Both P.A. Johnson and R.A. Griffiths, author of *The Reign of Henry VI*, demonstrate that Henry VI's decision-makers and profit-takers misgoverned England between 1437-1460. “Headstrong stubbornness and single-mindedness” is an inaccurate and superficial description of York's determination to reform Henry VI's corrupt, incompetent government. On p. 91, Royle dismisses Philip, count of Charolais, as “an inexperienced young man” at the time of his father's murder. R. Vaughan, whose four volume series on the Valois dukes of Burgundy appears in Royle's bibliography, says that during Duke John the Fearless' absences from Burgundy, “his lands had been ably ruled



by his only legitimate son, and successor in all of them, Philip, count of Charolais.” Readers who have read and respected the books contradicted by Royle can only ask why he includes them in his bibliography.

Readers may also ask what sources validate Royle’s statements. Since he provides no footnotes, they can only guess. Few are likely to spend time and effort searching through his bibliography for titles that might support his claims and opinions. Readers familiar with the life of Henry VII’s mother are justified in asking for the source of Royle’s statement that Edmund, duke of Somerset from 1449–1455, was Margaret Beaufort’s brother. According to Jones and Underwood, authors of *The King’s Mother; Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Darby*, Margaret Beaufort was the only child of Edmund’s older brother, John; yet Royle says twice—on p. 124 and p. 141—that Edmund was Lady Margaret’s brother. Readers familiar with C. Rawcliffe’s *Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham, 1394–1521* are justified in asking why Royle says that Henry, second duke of Buckingham, was “a Beaufort” on p. 282. According to Rawcliffe, Henry was a Stafford. Neither *The King’s Mother* nor *Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham 1394–1521* appear in Royle’s bibliography, so it’s difficult to guess the sources of his claims.

Persistent readers may find an explanation for Royle’s questionable statements on p. 278. There he describes Thomas More’s fictional *History of King Richard III* as “the most credible description of what might have happened” to Edward IV’s sons. On p. 279, Royle says that More’s fiction “remains the only evidence from that period,” despite the presence of Mancini’s *Usurpation of Richard III* and the *Croyland Chronicle* in his bibliography. An author who mistakes fiction for fact and forgets evidence cited in his own bibliography shouldn’t be trusted to provide an accurate analysis of the wars of the roses or the foundations of modern Britain.

A reader-friendly, accurate narrative of the reigns from Richard II through Henry VII would be a worthwhile addition to private or public libraries. At \$29.95 *Lancaster Against York* is badly overpriced. Readers and librarians should spend their time and money on the books listed in Royle’s bibliography, or wait for an author who knows the difference between fiction and fact to write a better book.

—Marion Davis

..the Thames had shifted perhaps a mile from its present position. - ibid

If each generation die and leave ghosts...the world at last will get overcrowded with them  
- ibid

📖 *Albion; a guide to legendary Britain*, by Jennifer Westwood. Salem, N.H.: Salem House, 1985.

Long after he’d written his fictional *History of King Richard III*, Sir Thomas More commented on the fictitious St. Wigefort: “In so moch that ... women hath therefore chaunged her name and in stede of saynt wilgeforte call her saynt Vncumber bycause they rekone that ... she wyll nat fayle to vncomber theym of theyr housbondys.” More also says that women offered oats to Saint Uncumber at St. Paul’s.

According to legend, St. Wigefort (or Wilgefortis) was the king of Portugal’s daughter. When her father tried to marry her to the king of Sicily, she kept her vow of virginity by miraculously growing a beard. After the king of Sicily cancelled the marriage, Wigefort’s angry father had her crucified. She was primarily honored as the saint who eased the dying process. to her the power to free oppressed wives from bad husbands.

Jennifer Westwood tells St. Uncumber’s story in connection with the church at Chew Stoke, Avon, formerly dedicated to St. Wigefort. Although Westwood emphasizes that “*Albion* is a guide to legends rather than places,” she grounds the legends in the British landscape: England, Wales, and Scotland. Every chapter begins with a clear, full-page map, and each entry is located on the map. A rich variety of line drawings, engravings, and photographs enhance the sense of place established by the regional organization and maps.

Because well-loved stories travel and change, Westwood provides helpful context and cross references for the legends in her guide. Although she doesn’t quote Richard Armour’s quip from *Twisted Tales from Shakespeare*—“The plot of *Romeo and Juliet* came to England from Italy through France, arriving tired and dusty and covered with hotel stickers.”

One example of this attachment process comes from 20<sup>th</sup> century Sussex, whose storytellers added local color to a 19<sup>th</sup> century tale about a knight errant who killed the Lyminster Knucker and married the king of Sussex’s daughter. In the 20<sup>th</sup> century versions, the dragon-killer is Jim Puttock, “a young chap from Wick,” who earns his reward from the mayor of

Arundel. Jim feeds “the biggest pudden that ever was seen” to the dragon. Weighed down by its heavy meal, the Knucker can’t defend itself against Jim’s axe. The word “Knucker” may come from the Old English word, *nicor*, which refers to water monsters. This suggests that the Lyminster Knucker descends from the water monsters fought by Beowulf. Westwood remarks that it is “a far cry from Jim to Beowulf, perhaps, but clearly the idea of a bottomless pool, inhabited by a monster and (in some places) connected with Hell, has been around a very long time.

Good stories about outwitting the Devil also acquired many local variants. In Avignon France, an Italian artist painted an altarpiece illustrating the story of St. Elegius, who was distracted from his blacksmithing by the Devil in the form of a seductive woman. Enraged by the interruption, St. Elegius gripped the Devil’s nose with a set of red-hot pincers and went back to work. In Mayfield, Sussex, St. Dunstan replaces St. Elegius. A 1965 version identifies Tongdean as the place where the tongs dropped off the Devil’s nose as he fled from St. Dunstan.

Semi-comical legends about the Devil survive alongside many which express belief in the Devil’s superhuman powers. Some of these powers correspond to those of pre-Christian giants and gods

A rich variety of legendary beings fill this 424-page guide. Spriggins are Cornish fairies who guard buried treasure. They are sometimes called the ghosts of giants, because they have the power to change their size and raise storms. On Trencrom Hill, Cornwall, lightening flashes reveal “swarms of spriggins” growing larger and larger as they defend their treasure from a thief. Bogeys appear in various shapes: as a bag of soot in Crowborough, East Sussex; as an expanding fiend, that shrieks with laughter at Creech Hill, Somerset; as a truss of straw that grows heavier and heavier after it is picked up near Hedley, Northumberland; as Jenny Greenteeth at Ellesmere, Shropshire; as Hobtrush Hob in Mulgrave Woods, North Yorkshire; as Shellycoat, whose clattering coat warns that he is prowling the Scottish coast. Sleeping heroes await their wake-up call in Somerset, Wales, Yorkshire, and the Scottish Lowlands. Wizards—such as Jack O’Kent who outwits the Devil and Michael Scot who flies to Rome on a fairy horse—rearrange the landscape. Magical cows help people survive famines, until malevolent witches milk them dry in East Anglia, Warwickshire, and Shropshire. Black dogs—precursors of the Hound of the

Baskervilles—appear in Lancashire, the Isle of Man, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire. One black dog’s claw marks remain visible in the north door of Blythburgh church, Suffolk. In Sharpfight Meadow, near Little Cornard, Suffolk, a spotted, reddish dragon defeats a black dragon, without killing it. Water spirits inhabit bottomless pools, lakes, and rivers from Ross-shire, Scotland to the Shireburn Ponds in Surrey. The Wild Hunt rides through the skies of the West Country, Wales, Hereford, East Anglia, and the Scottish Lowlands. The giantess Moll Walbee builds Hay Castle, Wales overnight; and a stone dropped from her apron eventually becomes St. Meilig’s Cross, now in Llowes church, Powys. Another giantess, Bell, spills piles of stones beside Wade’s Causeway wherever her apron strings break. Bell and her husband, Wade, toss their only hammer back and forth as they build Mulgrave and Pickering Castles in North Yorkshire.

Many legends have been associated with historical figures. The giantess Moll Walbee is associated with Matilda de St. Valery, wife of the baron William de Broose. Called Malld Walbri by the Welsh, this “archetypal local tyrant” was considered “a very shrewd, stout, malapert stomach-full.” In a 15<sup>th</sup> century Welsh legend, she forces Madog, a dispossessed local chieftan, to shoot an apple off the top of his youngest son’s head; Madog’s Swiss counterpart is William Tell. During his wanderings in the north of England, King Henry VI is said to have given a glass bowl to one of his hosts, Sir John Pennington of Muncaster. Now called the Luck of Muncaster, this bowl evokes older stories about fairy cups, family guardian spirits, and crusaders’ treasure. Another legend associated with Henry VI describes a water spirit that attacks travelers trying to cross the river Ribble at Brungerly, where Henry VI was recaptured by Yorkists. This legend may descend from the era when Romans propitiated such water spirits as Coventina, Verbeia, and Belisoma.

Although the historical Richard III isn’t included in Westwood’s index, several indirect references to him appear in her text. A quote from Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, which appears in the entry for Brereton Hall, Cheshire, probably reflects a widespread belief that trees warn of impending death: “Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay—/ The bay trees in our country are all withered.” Shakespeare’s Richard is mentioned in connection with Rougemont Castle, Exeter in the Westminster Abbey entry. In her



discussion of Allington Castle, Kent, Westwood describes a marble tablet, placed in Boxley parish church in 1702, which states that Sir Henry Wyatt of Allington Castle was imprisoned in the Tower during Richard III's reign, where he was "fed and preserved by a Cat." (Wyatt spied for Henry Tudor before and during his reign.) These indirect references suggest that Richard's reputation among story-tellers is somewhat better than it is among historians. Although Westwood displays no bias against any of the historical figures in her collection, the two stories about King John contain more murders than the three indirect references to Richard III.

Readers who enjoy browsing dictionaries are likely to explore this guide to legendary Britain with pleasure. An annotated list of sources and unannotated bibliography suggest further explorations. Readers who are familiar with the theory that Richard III and his advisors were negotiating his marriage with Joanna of Portugal may want to investigate connections between Joanna and St. Wigeforte, a virgin martyr who was said to be a king of Portugal's daughter. Readers who suspect that Sir Thomas More modeled Brackenbury's priest and his nocturnal labors on a folk hero won't find direct confirmation in *Albion*. But they will find encouragement to continue their investigations. *Albion* offers browsers, questioners, story-lovers, and travel-planners good value for their time and attention.

— *Marion Davis*

## RICARDIAN BOOKS FROM AMAZON.COM

*Joan Szechtman*

I want to take this opportunity to direct everyone to the harder to find non-fiction list on the r3.org website, where reading material is organized by category (for example, Back to Basics, pretenders, etc.). Because there are new books and articles that have become available since this list was compiled, an "Additional Resources" category has been added at the bottom. Each book listed also contains a buy link to Amazon where available.

I have been maintaining the fiction and non-fiction list for about three years now, so please contact me with any suggestions that you'd like to see added to both lists—please specify whether the book is fiction or non-fiction and the Amazon link if you have it.

[http://www.r3.org/reading/MedievalFiction\\_071509.php](http://www.r3.org/reading/MedievalFiction_071509.php)



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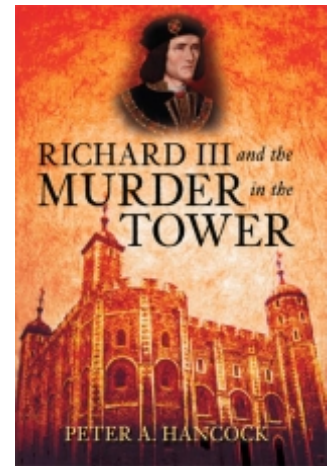
# THE ASCENT OF RICHARD PLANTAGENET TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND

P.A. Hancock

I think it is reasonable to assert that Richard, Duke of Gloucester proved to be the most stalwart ally of his brother Edward IV; even taking Edward's side in a family argument with his middle brother George, Duke of Clarence. In Edward's latter years, Richard guarded Edward's northern flank and had proved of inestimable value in sustaining the peace against the ever-troublesome Scots. Until Edward's late illness and relatively unexpected death it is probable that this was all Richard expected and without the grasping nature of the larger Woodville diaspora, it is my opinion that Richard would have fulfilled the same function for his nephew. All indications are that he was proceeding along this line of progress even after the saddening death of his brother Edward on April 9th, 1483. However, less than three months later Richard had taken the crown of England for himself and his nephews, Edward V and his younger brother Richard, Duke of York had been disenfranchised and effectively removed from the national and indeed public scene.

In "*Richard III and the Murder in the Tower*" I endeavor to provide an account of this turbulent period and especially to bring a greater focus to the events of Friday 13th of June at the Tower of London. For it was here at this time that I believe Richard received the bombshell news about the illegitimacy of his nephews. This was the critical information that altered Richard's course from responsible Protector to de facto king. But where did this information come from? The traditional account of this transition has Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells revealing the pre-contract to a Council Meeting on June 9th. Yet I believe this traditional account is quite simply wrong. The traditional account also has it that William, Lord Hastings was in a conspiracy with the dowager Queen Elizabeth Woodville, her late husband's favorite mistress Jane Shore and Lord Stanley and others against the Protector. In my view this account is also wrong. Much of this historical confusion derives from the account of Sir Thomas More and his shadowy sponsor John Morton, the Bishop of Ely and one-time Parson of Blokesworth. I believe the latter two have performed their trick of dissimulation very well indeed and our present uncertainties derive from their careful and calculated misrepresentation of events.

We know Richard, while in Yorkshire in early April, was kept informed of the machinations of the Woodville clan by William, Lord Hastings. It was also Hastings who objected to the proposed size of the party to accompany the young King Edward V from Ludlow to London. Recently, I have evidence



that Hastings may well have met with Richard on his way south and may have been influential in securing Richard's position in respect of the events at Stony Stratford. Hastings was Richard's old comrade in arms; indeed they had fought together at Tewkesbury and other battles. Hastings had, like Richard, been a staunch supporter of the late king. Croyland records Hastings's joy over the transition of power to Richard without the necessity of any bloodshed. Some of Hastings's most immediate rivals and perhaps more exactly his enemies had been arrested and imprisoned by Richard. Why then does he conspire against him and why does Richard have him summarily executed when others of much greater danger were spared? The traditional explanation of loyalty to an echo of his former master seems all too shallow. I cannot go in to all of the answers to these vexing questions in this short article here but briefly I should note that I don't think Hastings was part of any such conspiracy. I think Richard had him executed in a moment of incandescent anger, provoked by the revelation of William Catesby of the pre-contract that fateful morning. It was information to which Hastings had previously bound him to silence. On Catesby's part this act of revelation was pure opportunism, on Richard's part he must have seen Hastings's silence as the highest order of betrayal, and betrayal is the common factor in all of the executions that we know Richard sanctioned. As has been noted, Catesby almost literally stepped over the body of his former master to become the most influential administrator in the land. For what did he receive such unprecedented reward if not placing Richard on the



throne? One cannot encapsulate a whole text in just one short set of observations like the present ones but in "*Richard III and the Murder in the Tower*" I have looked to make the case and point out the important inter-connections and explanatory power of this proposition in much greater detail. It is my hope that Ricardians, to whom primarily the text is directed, will buy and enjoy this book and I look forward to hearing their reactions and responses to my thesis and discussing the events of Richard's life in person. The text can be obtained from:

The History Press, The Mill, Brimscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire, GL5 2QG.  
Telephone: 01453-883300.  
[sales@historypress.co.uk](mailto:sales@historypress.co.uk).  
ISBN-13: 978-0752451480.  
<http://www.thehistorypress.co.uk/Default.aspx?tabid=7613&ProductID=9338>

## NEW IN THE RESEARCH LIBRARY

### Thanks mainly to Pam Butler's generosity:

- *Henry VIII: Man and Monarch*, by Susan Doran and David Starkey (catalog from the British Library exhibition) Andrew Boardman,
- *The First Battle of St. Albans*
- David Clark, *Barnet-1471*
- B. J. Bradley, *Richard III: The Black Legend*

Susan Higginbotham  
<http://www.susanbigginbotham.com>

## FORTHCOMING BOOK ON JOHN HOWARD, 1ST DUKE OF NORFOLK

### Beloved Cousyn: John Howard and the House of York

### John Ashdown-Hill

published by The History Press • October 2009 - ISBN-10: 0-7524-5131-6

This first-ever book about John Howard Duke of Norfolk explores in detail Howard's key relationship with the royal house of York. This connection stemmed initially from Howard's blood relationship with the royal family, and from his Mowbray upbringing. It subsequently developed via Howard's close personal association with leading Yorkist royals - an association which predated the accession of Edward IV.

From the moment of Edward IV's coronation Howard rose rapidly, becoming a knight, a peer, and an admiral. Howard was personally acquainted with at least three of Edward's known sexual partners: Eleanor Talbot, Elizabeth Woodville and Elizabeth Lambert (aka 'Jane Shore'). While Howard's relationship with Eleanor Talbot was apparently a friendly one, his relationship with Elizabeth Woodville was not! During the 1460s we also find Howard cultivating the acquaintance of the young Richard Duke of Gloucester (the future Richard III). These personal ties and animosities were to have significant consequences for English history in 1483.

*Beloved Cousyn* brings out many fascinating details which have previously been overlooked: Howard's important and innovative role in developing the navy; his summons, in April 1483, to the deathbed of Edward IV; evidence of Elizabeth Woodville's insensitivity towards Howard; the vital role which Howard played at Bishopsgate during June and July 1483 in proceedings apparently relating to the children of Edward IV.

Having decided, in 1483, that Richard III was Edward IV's rightful heir, Howard's loyalty was thereafter unwavering - extending ultimately to death in Richard's service at Bosworth. The details of Howard's death together with the subsequent fate of his remains are also explored.



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