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Challenge in the Mist by Graham Turner

Dawn on the 14th April 1471, Richard Duke of Gloucester and his men strain to pick out the Lancastrian army through the thick mist that envelops the battlefield at Barnet.

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In Richard's Footsteps, 2010 Ricardian Tour

Cover

Challenge in the Mist by Graham Turner

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York Minster stained glass of Richard III's coat of arms. Public domain image from Wikimedia Commons (wikimedia.org)

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The Ricardian Tour of 2010 began in Edinburgh, and most of the tour members arrived before the “official” start date of June 20th to see as many extra sights as possible. Edinburgh qualified as a Ricardian site because Richard, on behalf of his brother, King Edward IV, had taken Edinburgh in late July 1482 without the loss of a single soldier, only to find that King James III had been locked up in Edinburgh Castle. Richard then returned to Berwick-Upon-Tweed and captured the castle there in late August.

Tour members included Evelyn Fair, Marcy Ladrach, and Cathie Shale, who were taking this tour for the first time, while returning tour members included Judy Betten, John O’Farrell, Carole Orlando, Bettina Ortiz, Jamie Kim, and Pamela Butler. Our leader, Linda Treybig, was the 10th person. Ken Andrews, a former coach driver from the Ricardian tours in 2003 and 2004, met us at the centrally located Novotel, where we were staying, and remained with the group until we reached the City of York. Our first driver, Sandy (short for Alexander), stayed with us from Edinburgh to Melton Mowbray. There, our second driver, Joe, took over until the end of our trip in London. Wimbledon and the World Cup games dominated the airwaves during the trip and we were fortunate enough to have good weather almost the entire time.

On Sunday, June 20th, John, Judy, Carole, Evelyn, Cathie, and Marcy had lunch at the National Art Gallery. They walked around Edinburgh along the Royal Mile from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, some seeing St. Giles’ Cathedral and the John Knox House. Edinburgh Castle, high on the hill created by a volcanic plug, has great views of the city. At the highest point is St. Margaret’s tiny chapel, built in 1130 by her son King David I to commemorate her; it is still used today for small ceremonies, particularly weddings.

A few steps from the castle entrance (one end of the Royal Mile), is the Scotch Whisky Experience, where some of the group toured the building in converted whisky barrels, met a black cat named Peat, and sampled food. Other places visited were Princes Street, which has the distinctive Sir Walter Scott Memorial, and the statue of Greyfriars Bobby, a famous Skye terrier who was so loyal to his master that he guarded his grave for 14 years until his own death in 1872.

On that day, Jamie Kim and I took the train to Stirling and then she and I took a taxi to the castle. Standing at the entrance of the castle is a statue of Robert the Bruce on horseback; from this position, we could see sweeping views of the River Forth, the town below, and the William Wallace Monument on a nearby hill.

On the castle grounds is a great hall built by James IV for his bride Margaret Tudor (sister to Henry VIII), the chapel, and the displays about James V, Mary of Guise, and Mary, Queen of Scots. After visiting these and the military museum, we lunched at the Unicorn Café, sharing a table with a friendly German couple from Stuttgart. On leaving the castle, we stopped at the green below to listen to a presentation by a woman in 16th century costume, who described what it was like to be lady-in-waiting to Margaret Tudor.

On Monday, June 21, the group met Sandy at our hotel and drove south from Edinburgh for a half-day outing to Rosslyn Chapel, made famous by the book and movie, *The Da Vinci Code*. This inspiring place, begun in 1446 as “The Collegiate Chapel of St. Matthew” by William St. Clair, has an ornately carved interior of pagan and Christian images, including many “green men.” “Green men” is the term we use today to describe carvings of men’s faces surrounded by foliage, who sometimes have vines growing from their mouths, noses, and eyes. They are carved in stone or wood and appear as roof bosses or roof decorations, or as carvings at the ends of pews and on misericords in churches, cathedrals, and abbeys. We don’t know what he was called in medieval times, or even specifically what he represented, although many believe that these figures represented the birth/death cycle of life for man and/or nature, or perhaps man’s harmony with the environment.

The St. Clair family was originally Norman and arrived in England with William the Conqueror. Like many noble families, they were soon lured to Scotland by Malcolm Canmore’s promises of land. William St. Clair, who initiated the building of Rosslyn Chapel, brought masons, carters, and smiths from many nations to work on it. Although it was never completed according to the plans, the part, which we see today, took 40 years to complete. The most stunning sight is called “The Apprentice’s Column,” which has a tragic story behind it: The master mason wanted to go to Rome to see the original design before working on the pillar himself, but while he was absent, an apprentice dreamed of how it should be done and carved out the masterpiece. When the master returned, he was so enraged by envy of the apprentice’s masterpiece of craftsmanship that he immediately killed the apprentice with a mallet. The master was in turn executed for murder; today, the carved stone faces of both men adorn the chapel.

We encountered the names or works of one family in particular: St. Margaret and her son, King David I of Scotland.

St. Margaret was descended from the Anglo-Saxon line of English kings, as her grandfather was Edmund Ironside, half-brother to Edward the Confessor. They were both sons to Ethelred [the Unready] by different mothers. Soon after Cnut the Dane invaded England in 1016, Ethelred died, but his son Edmund Ironside fought ferociously until things were at an impasse. Cnut and Edmund divided England, but Edmund died within months, leaving the kingdom to Cnut. For safety, Edmund’s sons went into exile in Hungary, where the elder son, Edward Aethling the Exile, married and had two children, including Margaret.

In England, when Edward the Confessor realized that he wasn’t going to have an heir, he invited Edward Aethling the Exile and his family back. The family arrived in 1057, but Edward Aethling soon died. Others briefly took the throne, but with William the Conqueror’s victory at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, Margaret and her mother and brother fled to Northumbria. They sailed for Continent, but landed in Scotland instead. Malcolm (III), by then the King of Scotland, took them under his protection, and Margaret eventually married him in 1069 or 1070. Malcolm himself had returned from exile in 1057 to kill MacBeth and claim Scotland’s throne. Margaret, as queen, did many charitable acts and also founded many monasteries during her lifetime. Two centuries later she was made a saint.

Malcolm and Margaret had many children, including David I, founder of many burghs and Cistercian monasteries, and a daughter who married King Henry I. Malcolm was killed in battle in 1093, and Margaret died very shortly afterwards.

Rosslyn Chapel's altars were demolished in 1592 due to pressure from the Reformation. After the 18th-century, artists and poets brought renewed attention to Rosslyn, and efforts to restore it have proceeded intermittently. A few years ago, its roof was covered with a steel canopy to prevent further deterioration by rain while lead was added to the actual roof; this work is finished. A visitor's center has been added during the last couple of years which includes a gift shop and a small theater which shows a 15-minute film of the history of the area.

We stopped for lunch at the Original Rosslyn Hotel, within walking distance of the chapel, although we took the coach anyway. While some of us took opportunities to sample local brews, others enjoyed a drink called "J2O," which is a mix of orange juice and passionfruit.

Returning to Edinburgh, a few tour members were left to visit Craigmillar Castle, while others chose to return to the city. Craigmillar Castle suffered in the "Rough Wooing" of Mary, Queen of Scots when she was a child, since Henry VIII was determined to unite his son Edward with her. It was also the site of plotting against the queen and is the spot to which she fled after Rizzio's murder in Holyrood Palace.

I chose to catch a city bus to visit the Royal Yacht "Britannia" in Leith. The massive Ocean Terminal Mall completely blocks any view of the yacht from the street, but it is very worthwhile to go through it. I viewed the massive ship and imagined the large number of sailors and servants required to provide food and other services for the royal family. Many heads of state were invited to visit over the years. For more information, see www.royalyachtbritannia.co.uk.

We departed from Edinburgh on June 22 and enjoyed beautiful countryside views of the Borders area, where farm fields of green and gold covered vast hillsides. We passed through Galashiels *en route* to Melrose Abbey. Even the ruins of this Cistercian abbey were beautiful, with many pink stones and tracery left in some of the windows. The ruins we see today are from the church which was rebuilt after Richard II had the previous one burned down in 1385 as retaliation for raids into England. We searched for unusual and fanciful carvings on the roof and on the drains, where we found people, angels, and even a pig on the roof! We also located the burial spot of Robert the Bruce's heart. Some of our members, by chance, also met Elaine Robinson of the London Branch of the Society and enjoyed a chat with her.

Leaving Melrose Abbey, we crossed the River Tweed into England. Reaching the village of Etal, we had lunch the Lavender Tea Rooms and then walked to Etal Castle, once owned by the Manners Family. James IV captured Etal Castle in 1513, just before he and a large portion of his Scottish army were annihilated nearby at Flodden Field. The castle remains contain an exhibition about the battle.

The next stop was Lindisfarne, also known as Holy Island, off England's northeast coast. Our schedule coincided perfectly for the tide timetables, and we explored at our leisure the ruins, the museums, the castle, and the shops. Holy Island was the place chosen by St. Aidan in 635 AD when King Oswald asked him to start a ministry in Northumberland. (See "Four Saints of Northumbria" in the Fall 2006 issue of the *Ricardian Register* for more information.) Our last event on the island

of Lindisfarne was a great pub dinner at “The Ship Inn;” then we returned to our hotel on the mainland, the Lindisfarne Inn in Beal, where we could ignore tide timetables for the rest of the trip.

After St. Aidan’s death in 651 AD, St. Cuthbert succeeded him until his death in 697. Soon after this, in 698, Bishop Eadfrith started writing the Lindisfarne Gospels. The Venerable Bede (673-735) followed this by writing *The Life of Cuthbert*, and St. Cuthbert’s fame was sealed. Only a few decades passed after this when the Vikings unexpectedly attacked Lindisfarne and its defenseless monks in 793 AD. On hearing of this, Alcuin of York, busy assisting Charlemagne in the Frankish kingdom at that time, lamented the loss.

We started June 23 at Warkworth Castle, once owned by the Percy family and a delight to explore, with sweeping views of the town. It eventually came into the control of King Edward III, who granted it to Henry Percy II, Lord of Alnwick and father of Hotspur. King Henry IV took possession of it due to Percy rebellions, but King Henry V later returned it to Hotspur’s son, Henry. From then, the Percys remained loyal to the Lancastrians who had restored them.

Stopping for a quick lunch at an inn near Morpeth, we then headed south through Newcastle to Durham, glimpsing along the way the strange “Angel of the North” on the top of a hill. This steel-with-copper sculpture looks to be half man/half airplane and caused a great controversy when it was first created a few years ago. At 20 meters high and 54 meters wide, it was meant to memorialize the coal miners who had worked below the site for 200 years and to embrace man’s future in the Information Age.

Durham Cathedral was started in 1093 AD to give a final resting place to St. Cuthbert’s remains and to build a shrine for him. There is also a special exhibit of his original coffin, with all its intricate carvings. We visited the Galilee Chapel (Lady Chapel) to see the black marble-topped tomb of the Venerable Bede. Durham Cathedral was built in 40 years, so the Norman style with massive rounded columns is the predominant architecture. The 15th-century Neville Chantry has only dismembered tomb effigies remaining after suffering through war and conflict. While three of us were in the south transept area near the beautiful Castell Clock, one asked about the burial place of Bishop Ranulph Flambard (d. 1128), so we three were invited to peek into the non-public chapter house to see its approximate location.

June 24th was our “free day in York,” and we broke up into small groups to check out special new interests or to see favorite sights once again. John and Carole made a thorough reconnaissance of the City of York. Bettina, Cathie, and Judy shopped at the Cat Gallery, the Beatrix Potter Shop, Dutton’s Buttons, and other places, and had tea at Betty’s Tea Shop with Evelyn. Marcy, Jamie, and I went to see the huge Castle Museum. This onetime castle is now a huge museum whose theme is “lifestyles across the ages,” and one particular exhibit of interest is of a Victorian street at night. Marcy later went to the Merchant Adventurer’s Hall, where she met Evelyn and Cathie.

The majority of us visited York Minster, which took 250 years to build and which was essentially completed during Richard’s lifetime. One can descend into

the crypt to see the foundations of earlier churches and of Roman buildings, or climb up the central tower to get superb views of the city. After taking a guided tour, Evelyn Fair spoke to a guide in the chapter house who seemed especially sympathetic to Richard's cause and asked if she'd seen the Richard III Window in the south aisle. He also mentioned that Richard was known for his "walkabouts" around the Minster, although we don't know how he came by this information. It's a logical assumption, given its recent completion, and the fact that he spent so much time in York administering the affairs of northern England. How grand it must all have been when an intact St. Mary's Abbey was so close by!

Before catching the coach back to the hotel, several of us found our way to a café across the street from the west front of the Minster and enjoyed sharing a traditional afternoon tea.



Boar Flag at Middleham Castle entrance

From left: Jamie Kim, Linda Trebig, Bettina Ortiz, John O'Farrell, Pamela Butler, Judy Betten Marcy Ladrach, Carole Orlando, Evelyn Fair, Cathie Shale.

The day of June 25th was spent exploring Middleham Castle and the parish church of St. Mary and St. Alkelda. with some longtime friends from the Yorkshire Branch: Angela and Hannah Moreton, and Lynda Telford. The castle's huge boar banner was brought down for a photo opportunity. Jamie Kim and I had visited Middleham previously, so we decided to have tea near the town square. Middleham is home to the Middleham Trainers' Association, where horse training and racing is the number one business. Each day, about two-dozen horses are

paraded through Middleham. We waved at the equestrians as they passed by, and they waved back!

Fountains Abbey was our next stop, and the Yorkshire Ricardians provided an excellent tour. This abbey was founded by dissident monks from St. Mary's in York in the 1130's and soon became a Cistercian abbey. Its early days were difficult, but it eventually grew into a very wealthy house. We spent a fair amount of time exploring the magnificent ruins, including the long walk in the heat down the hill from the visitors' center. Certain other clever members located the shuttle bus near the visitors' center entrance to take them downhill and back. In its heyday, which lasted for only four centuries before the Dissolution brought the final blow, lay brothers tended to sheep, cattle, horses, crops, and even to ironworking, sometimes far afield.

Making a stop in Ripon afterwards, we disembarked from the coach in the main square and walked to the cathedral. Ripon was founded in 672 AD when St. Wilfrid and his monks built a small chapel meant to resemble Christ's tomb. This chapel can still be visited in the crypt, which is the oldest Saxon crypt in England. It was used to house relics which St. Wilfrid brought back to Mercia [England] from his visit to Rome in 655 AD. St. Wilfrid is famous for having debated St. Cuthbert at the Synod of Whitby in 664 AD over the method of calculating the date of the Easter celebration. St. Wilfrid advocated for the Roman method, while St. Cuthbert argued for the Celtic method, which was used throughout the northern and western

parts of the country. St. Wilfrid won, and St. Cuthbert returned to Lindisfarne. St. Wilfrid died in 709 AD and is believed to have been buried at Ripon.

One of the church's windows has ties to the Washington family, ancestors of our first president. As we continued exploring and found the library, which had been moved upstairs, we got a big surprise: a large replica of Richard III's banner on the wall! There were portraits of other famous royal people, including Henry IV, Elizabeth Woodville, Elizabeth of York, etc., and a Saxon brooch known as the Ripon Jewel.

The next day we headed south to see Bolsover Castle; here we were met by Pauline Pogmore of the Yorkshire Branch and her family, as well as by another member, Marjorie Hodgkinson. We strolled through the grounds, looking at the riding school area established in Stuart times, the fountain, the great views of the valley below, and the "Little Castle" filled with beautiful decorated fireplaces. Sir Charles Cavendish, son of Bess of Hardwick, was the one who oversaw the construction. Today, the visitors' center includes a gift shop, the admissions office, and a café, so we lunched there before heading to the Sysonby Knoll Hotel in Melton Mowbray—a hotel which has been favored by every Ricardian tour group that ever stayed there.

The entire day of June 27th was devoted to the Bosworth Battlefield site. Tour guide Edward (Eddie) Smallwood, who had been a policeman for 34 years and a Bosworth guide for 8 years, was very knowledgeable about all aspects of the Battle of Bosworth and gave us the best tour we've ever taken of that area. We met him at Bosworth Battlefield Centre, where he provided us with written information; he then took us around the traditional Ambion Hill site, followed by a visit to the traditional memorial stone, where we placed individual white roses and made a toast to Richard.

While we ate lunch at Hercules Restaurant in Sutton Cheney, Eddie entertained us with his knowledge of word origins and popular phrases, and many anecdotes about the medieval way of doing things. One phrase that caught our attention was "to ride roughshod over." This referred to horses' hooves having nails projecting from them, which could be dangerous to men and animals alike.

At Sutton Cheney Church, Marcy Ladrach had the honor of hanging our traditional lovely white rose memorial wreath. From here we headed south to visit Alf Oliver's "Fenn Lane Farm," where the Glenn Foard team had recently found many relevant artifacts relating to the Battle of Bosworth. One was a silver-gilt boar badge (probably worn by someone very close to Richard), cannonballs ("the largest collection of round shot ever found on a medieval battlefield in Europe—these artillery rounds ranged in size from 30mm to 94mm, and will redefine the importance of artillery use at Bosworth,") and miscellaneous war implements in the ground. The battlefield straddles the onetime Roman road of Fenn Lane; its approximate location is three km SW of Ambion Hill and a kilometer west of the site suggested by Peter Foss in his book. The badge was found right next to the site where a medieval marsh would have been; also found were silver coins of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. See <http://www.bosworthbattlefield.com/> for more

information. We were pleased to be the first “official tour group ever to visit this newly discovered site.”

We proceeded to Stoke Golding near Crown Hill, where Henry Tudor is said to have been crowned after the battle, and stopped a few minutes outside old the church there; the battle could have been witnessed from its spire. The next stop was the small, neat church of St. James, Dadlington, where many of the dead are said to be buried, but we were unable to see any exact burial spots. As we made our way down the hill and back to the Battlefield Centre to shop or visit the new museum, we were treated to the sight of a lot of narrow boats parked or gliding along the canals.

Monday, June 28, began with a visit to Nassington Prebendal Manor about 4 miles north of Fotheringhay, famous for its recreated 13-15th century medieval gardens. Owner Jane Baile, who has lived here 40 years, has done extensive restoration here and gave us an extended guided tour of the buildings and gardens. There are archaeological remnants dating back to Saxon times and further. King Cnut had a wooden manor house here which he used while traveling around the country, and a century later, in 1123, King Henry I granted it to the Bishop of Lincoln to provide a prebend for the canons of Lincoln. Prebends were properties belonging to the church, whose revenues from tithes, etc. helped to maintain priests or canons while they attended to church (and sometimes secular) duties. Elizabeth Woodville’s brother Lionel was appointed to the prebend from 1464 to 1471.

In 1417, Henry V granted it to his physician, Nicholas Colnet, who had served him faithfully during his Agincourt campaign. It would have had gardens full of vegetables and medicinal plants, and probably pleasure gardens full of roses and other flowers to provide areas of quiet contemplation. *Rosa alba* was present in the charming gardens, and the property also included a tunnel arbor, vineyard, herber, and vegetable garden. Although Jane showed us a “poison garden” with mandrake, deadly nightshade, poppies, foxglove, hemlock, and henbane, she said these plants would not have been separated from other plants in medieval times. There was a circular labyrinth in the grass, used for meditation, and a huge dovecote which could hold a thousand birds, providing meat, eggs, feathers, and manure (used not only as fertilizer, but as a source of saltpeter for gunpowder in later centuries.) The baby doves, called squibs, were considered a treasured delicacy.

From Nassington, we made a quick dash to see Fotheringhay church, then headed three miles east to Elton (as the crow flies) to lunch at the Black Horse. The outside of this pub is covered charmingly in flowers, as are so many pubs in England during the summer, and a painting of a horse “greets” customers entering. Near the front door is a funny-looking phony-furred fish displayed in a glass case. This pub is supposed to be haunted, but no current workers admit to having seen anything. It didn’t bother us anyway, as we ate outside on the lunch grounds, the perfect place on a sunny day!

Heading east into the fen country, we next saw what was left of Crowland Abbey--the north aisle, which is now the parish church. It’s famous for its association with the *Croyland Chronicle* and is the place where Edward IV and a

young Richard stayed in 1469 while raising troops to combat a rebellion in the north. It is known for its tuned bells, which are pulled by 90-ft-long ropes.

The first church was built on the island in the 8th century by a king of Mercia who wanted to honor St. Guthlac, who had traded the life of a soldier for that of a monk. Three churches built since then succumbed to Danes in 870 AD, to fire in 1091, and to an earthquake in 1118. We saw what is left of the fourth church. We walked from the front of the church a short distance to unique triangular bridge from which Edward and Richard would have departed the village. This is the Trinity Bridge, which was built between 1360-1390 AD, and spanned the juncture of two rivers.

We stayed overnight in Thaxted, Essex, in a hotel across the street from the beautiful parish church, which took more than 170 years to build. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March and his descendants through Edward IV were all associated with its construction. Walking around the town revealed a charming 14th century guildhall, two cottages (one related to Dick Turpin, the other to the composer Gustav Holst), and a windmill.

On June 29th, we left the scenic countryside of Essex and crossed over the River Thames to Kent, making a special stop at St. George's Parish Church in Gravesend to see the statue of Pocahontas. Pocahontas saved the life of John Smith in 1607, the same year in which Jamestown, Virginia, was founded; she later became the first Native American to convert to Christianity and was married to John Rolfe. In 1616, they moved with their son Thomas to England, where she adopted English dress and was well received by the English people. When the family was returning home to Virginia in 1617, she became ill and had to be taken ashore at Gravesend. She died here on March 21st and was buried the same day in the church. Years later, a fire burned down the church, and her bones were removed, along with all the others; it is believed that her remains are still on the grounds. Her husband returned to Virginia, leaving Thomas behind in England. Thomas eventually became the ancestor of many Americans, including Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, the second wife of President Woodrow Wilson.

From there, it was a short drive to see Rochester Castle, built in 1127, which has the highest keep in the UK. It came under siege during King John's reign as well as that of his son, Henry III. Rochester Cathedral is next door to the castle and is worth a visit. Before leaving Rochester, we met Parent Society Chair Phil Stone and his wife Beth at the Crown, a pub near the bridge over the Medway River and talked of the things we'd seen.



Canterbury Cathedral

Magnificent Canterbury Cathedral was our next stop. We saw "The Martyrdom," where Becket was killed in 1170 and right above that, in the north transept, the portrait of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville's family kneeling at prayer. Next to this is a portrait of the royal family half a century ago. We also viewed the tomb effigies of Henry IV and his 2nd wife, Joan of Navarre, the onetime site of Becket's shrine (1220-1538), and of

the Black Prince. We also found Reginald Pole's tomb, and that of Archbishop Morton—missing his nose!

We checked into a wonderful small hotel called the Black Horse Inn, just north of Maidstone on Pilgrim's Way, where we stayed two nights. The rooms are identified by the names of flowers, and are beautifully furnished, even including an umbrella attached to the inside of the doors.

The next day, we first stopped at serene-looking Bodiam Castle, an intact shell surrounded by a wide moat; this picturesque castle was built by Sir Edward Dalyngrigge in 1385 but never saw serious action. A 15-minute film runs continuously in one corner of the castle.

It was exciting to go on to Battle Abbey, founded by William the Conqueror in 1070, four years after his victory against Saxon King Harold II at the Battle of Hastings. This abbey and the surrounding town are called Battle; the large town of Hastings is a few miles south. Harold's army had just defeated the Vikings at Stamford Bridge (near York) and had had to hurry south to the area of "the hoar-apple tree" to meet William in Battle. Although Harold's army held the high ground, his soldiers were fighting on foot against William's soldiers on enormous war horses, but the battle still lasted 10 to 11 hours. The site consists of monastery ruins, museums, a gift shop, and a café. There is a slab at the site where Harold supposedly fell, but his actual gravesite is unknown, and could be Waltham Abbey in Essex or Bosham, near Chichester.

Traveling through the densely populated south coast area of East Sussex, we briefly stopped at the Cinque Port town of Rye, much of which retains a medieval atmosphere; we wandered uphill to see the Mermaid Inn and "The House Opposite." We also saw men playing a game of French boules on a green with an ocean view, and some of us were diverted by Rye's many small shops.

Our last stop of the day was Eastwell, where Richard Plantagenet, the putative unacknowledged natural son of Richard III, is buried. During childhood, he boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, and was visited on a regular basis by a mysterious man who paid for his upkeep. This man once took him to a great house where he was treated kindly by another man wearing a "star and garter." At the age of about sixteen, he was taken to a battlefield tent where King Richard III revealed that he was the youth's father. King Richard told him that if he won the battle, he would acknowledge him as a son, but that if he lost, this youth was forever to conceal his identity. He apprenticed as a bricklayer in London, presented himself as an orphan, and disappeared into the general population.

Around 1546, sixty-three years after the Battle of Bosworth Field, Sir Thomas Moyle, the owner of Eastwell Place, noticed an elderly bricklayer reading Latin during his breaks and asked how he came to learn it. The man related the story above, and Sir Moyle tried to offer him stewardship of the house's kitchens. However, after a long and secluded life, Richard Plantagenet only wanted a one-room house. This was granted, and he lived here until his death on December 22, 1550; this was recorded in the parish register, now housed in Maidstone. The church was bombed in World War II and is in ruins, but it does provide a quiet

resting place. It was a triumph that Richard Plantagenet outlasted Henry VIII by nearly four years!

On the last official day of the tour, we stopped to visit the moated manor house of *Ightham Mote*, where they were having a Teddy Bear Festival; teddy bears were placed on the furniture everywhere, and ladies on the staff were wearing small ones. The purpose of the festival was to raise funds for children's causes.



Ightham Mote

Ightham Mote is part stone and part half-timbered; the house wraps around a courtyard and is filled with beautiful flowers. Inside, the spacious great hall with its high arched ceilings and carved woodwork dates from the 1330s. In 1399, it passed into the Haute family, whose men were sheriffs of Kent. William Haute (1390-1462) was married to Joan Woodville, the aunt of Elizabeth Woodville. The house has an enchanting "new chapel" with paintings of Tudor roses, the Beaufort portcullis, and of the castle of Catherine of Aragon. Throughout the succeeding centuries, the house has been lived in and modified. The last owner, Charles H. Robinson, an American bachelor, died here in 1985 and left it to the National Trust. Before leaving, we had lunch at the Mote's restaurant.



Hever Castle

We next visited nearby Hever Castle, which also has a moat, and is famed for its association with Anne Boleyn. The Italian Gardens are a great favorite. There are other lovely gardens, a maze, and a lake, as well as a house filled with Boleyn paraphernalia. One gallery, which seemed to look favorably on the Tudors, contained paintings of the principal players and richly costumed figures. During much of the 20th century, this impressive castle was owned by the Astor family.

From Hever Castle, we headed straight to London, but went via unfamiliar roads until we reached the Battersea Park area and crossed the Thames into Chelsea. Arrival at our hotel in the Bayswater area of London signaled the official finish of a fine Ricardian tour, but many of us stayed on to continue exploring even more of England.

AFTER THE TOUR

The following day, John, Carole, and Marcy headed out early to Warwick Castle, while Evelyn and Jamie visited the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey. They were impressed that an exhibit in the Bloody Tower was more even-handed than expected in its attitude towards Richard III and doesn't condemn him outright as a villain. Judy Betten and I went first to see the special Lambeth Palace Library Exhibition and saw Richard's Book of Hours, which had been passed along to Margaret Beaufort at some point, and many other historical books and documents.

Since Lambeth Palace is seldom open to the public, almost everyone else stayed to see the exhibition.

Leaving Lambeth Palace, Judy and I went to see the Florence Nightingale Museum just to the north, by St. Thomas' Hospital. Via Waterloo Station, we made our way to the South Bank and saw The Old Operating Theatre, then visited Southwark Cathedral. Surprisingly, its Shakespeare Window has a rather flattering depiction of Richard III; I took him to be Henry V until Judy pointed out the crown in the bush. She and I finished off our day with a Jack the Ripper tour that started at Tower Hill. The tour continued roughly northward through Whitechapel and ended at the Liverpool Street Underground Station.

Evelyn went to Hampton Court and encountered a reference to Henry VII as a "usurper." She spent all of another day visiting Portsmouth to see Admiral Nelson's *HMS Victory*, while Jamie and I went Windsor Castle. We had to share the train from Paddington with a crowd of well-dressed people heading to the regatta at Henley-on-Thames. At Windsor, we took a guided tour. We even helped the guide by supplying facts about Edward III. We circled Queen Mary's Dollhouse and then browsed through the royal chambers filled with portraits of royal, noble, or otherwise influential people of England.

The real treat was seeing St. George's Chapel, where we subjected the guides to intensive questioning about the tombs of Edward IV, Elizabeth Woodville, William Lord Hastings, Henry VIII, Charles I, Henry VI, and the Garter stalls. There was a misericord of Picquigny on display, much to our surprise.

Jamie left for France the following morning, and I spent the day with Evelyn touring St. Paul's Cathedral. We admired the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, and Sir Christopher Wren. After a quick lunch on Paternoster Square, we visited the Victoria & Albert Museum, then she continued on to Harrod's while I went back to the hotel to catch a train to Gatwick Airport, where I would reluctantly say goodbye to the lovely UK.

Pam thanks Evelyn Fair, Judy Betten, and Linda Treybig for the information and assistance they provided for this story.

"What great fun it is to travel with fellow Ricardians! I am always amply rewarded for so many hours spent putting together each tour by the pleasure of traveling with so many lovely people! Our group this year was so very cooperative—always on time, always looking forward to what was to come, always friendly and good-humored, and the best in the world at convincing our foreign hosts that all American tourists aren't necessarily to be dreaded. Who could ask for more? This approaches pure serendipity!"—Linda Treybig, Tour Coordinator

Pamela J. Butler

Editor's Note: Paragraphs that are not directly part of the tour are shown indented and in smaller type size.

Richard's Cross to Bear



Dacre's Cross

When Richard III ascended the throne of England in 1483, there was unfinished business to attend to that would not wait. The north of England was still reeling from the shockwaves of the battle of Towton and the mass graves there were a grim reminder of man's inhumanity to man. The adult male population of some entire villages had been wiped out and the poor souls had not been given a decent Christian burial.

Richard's period of office as the Governor of the North of England brought him into contact with the mess that was Towton battlefield, the site of his brother Edward IV's greatest victory and Britain's biggest battle. Towton was a bloody encounter, with no quarter given. Chivalry was dead and Edward gave the order to take no prisoners. Some of his captives, who numbered among the defeated nobility, were brutally executed, as evidenced from the skeletons found in a mass grave during excavations at Towton Hall.

Estimates vary but the consensus is that 28,000 men were killed that day and were buried in mass grave pits all around the villages of Towton and Saxton. The grave pits were a constant and nagging reminder of the civil war that had torn England asunder; the land was not fit for the plough, so great was the stench of the rotting corpses leaking methane gases from the graves. When newly crowned, Richard set about exhuming the grave pits and giving the bodies a decent Christian burial. He also raised money for the meagre chantry that his brother had built to be converted into a proper chapel. There was to be atonement for the massacre at this battle that still rankled with his northern English subjects. In Richard's mind¹, if the land was turned back to pasture and the plough, the encounter would be a distant memory and the nation would be one again.

Richard was killed at Bosworth and the work on the chapel was never finished, as Richard reigned only briefly. Henry Tudor did not complete Richard's charitable work. One solitary reminder of the chapel is the cross that commemorates the battle, known locally as Dacre's cross. It was found in a hedge near the supposed site of the chapel and erected in memory of Lord Dacre, a popular Lancastrian commander who died at Towton. This cross is the focal point of the battlefield memorial service that is held every Palm Sunday to venerate the dead of both sides who fell on that fateful day, March 29th, 1461.

This year Palm Sunday falls on 17th April and it is the 550th anniversary of the battle. Towton Battlefield Society (TBS) aims to ensure that this is a Palm Sunday to remember, for all the right reasons. Mark Taylor, Chairman of the TBS, leads an enthusiastic bunch of volunteers who work tirelessly to preserve the memory of that day and to protect the battlefield. Mark, working with local landowners, recently spearheaded a campaign to fend off an application to buy and develop land

on the battlefield, and has an arrangement with the local police force to clamp down on illegal metal detecting. Towton is now the blueprint for other battlefield organisations. The unique soil conditions at the site of the battle make it a treasure trove for archaeological finds, unlike Bosworth where the soil is damp and boggy. The very first handguns and the first bullet, ever to be recorded on a European battlefield, have been discovered at Towton. Arrowheads, spurs, belt buckles and strap ends have been found in profusion. When Towton Hall was enlarged in the 1990's, a mass grave was discovered under the foundations and the skeletons, men who died from extreme wounds, date from the battle. Skeletons of those known to have died on a specific day before the 20th-century are extremely rare. There is only one other known example, from the Battle of Wisby² in Sweden in 1361.

What Richard set out to do, members of the Towton Battlefield Society aim to preserve. The search for the exact location of the chapel is still on, but the memory of those that died that day will never be forgotten.

G. Peter Algar

Notes:

1. Goodwin, George. *Fatal Colours: Towton, 1461*. p191 "Richard was keen to present Towton as finished business and, to the satisfaction of the landholders who would have undertaken the bulk of the work [of dealing with the grave pits] returned to farmland."
2. Graeme Rimer, Royal Armouries, Leeds.

Bibliography:

Archaeology source: Bradford University and The Royal Armouries

Goodwin, George. *Fatal Colours: Towton, 1461*. George Weidenfeld & Nicholson. March 2011

Sadler, John. *Towton: The Battle of Palm Sunday Field*. Pen and Sword. March 2011

Towton Battlefield Society. <http://www.towton.org.uk/>

Photo: Dacre's Cross. Steve Farehan. www.geograph.org.uk

In Memory of Frank Murph

Frank Murph, husband of Roxane Murph, died in March. They had been married 62 years. Roxane was Chairman of the Society for many years and many members met Frank at various AGM's. Although Frank was not a member of the Society, he supported Roxane fully in her many years of tireless dedication to the Society. He was a retired professor in the M.J. Neeley School of Business at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth. He earned his Doctorate at the University of Texas.

Mary Miller

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND EDWARD V'S CONVOCATION

It was only recently that I managed to catch up with the *Ricardian Register* of Fall-Winter 2010, which featured the concluding part of Marion Davis' excellent articles under the heading of 'Gloucester's Dukedom Too Ominous'.

Marion was kind enough to make reference in several places to my recent book, *Richard III: The Maligned King*, and in one of those places, around footnotes 350 to 353, she mentioned my remarks concerning the convocation of clergy of the southern province called by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, as Lord Protector, in the name of Edward V.

However, things have changed since I wrote what Marion quoted. Those remarks were originally prompted by observations made by Dr. Pamela Tudor-Craig in the catalogue for the National Portrait Gallery's Richard III Exhibition in 1973. Referring to the king's writ to the Archbishop of Canterbury calling the convocation, issued in mid May, 'which has been apparently overlooked by historians', she pointed out the urgency of its phraseology: '... this document must surely be interpreted as it reads, an indication of crisis, and the attempt to find a responsible solution.'

An example of what she meant can be found in the opening passage, which contained the words, 'certain difficult and urgent matters intimately concerning us and the state of our realm of England'. The summons commanded the clergy to convene in London 'with all convenient speed and in due manner to treat, agree and conclude on the foregoing and other matters which will be expressed more clearly then and there on our part. And do not otherwise fail in this as you love us...' etc. Yet there was no known record of this convocation taking place.

It's perfectly true that the document alludes to matters 'difficult and urgent', and other writers have also endorsed Dr. Tudor-Craig's reading, one of them describing the phraseology as a significant departure from the normal formulae used in convocation writs. In *Maligned King* (pages 76-7) I rather rashly accepted the reliability of such comments, although making a note in my research list to check what could be discovered about this mysteriously unrecorded convocation. Did any such meeting ever take place? Was the report of the precontract brought to its notice? And might any record of it survive?

It was not until September 2009 that I managed to get to Lambeth Palace Library, where I had the thrill of handling the original 15th-century Archbishop of Canterbury's register. This allowed me to verify that all records of convocations in the register ceased abruptly after 1481. Looking elsewhere for information, I was eventually led to the episcopal registers of John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, and Thomas Alcock, Bishop of Worcester. It was in Bishop Russell's register that I found conclusive evidence, in Richard III's own words, that the convocation he had called in the name of Edward V never took place.

Convocations are not widely covered in academic writing, so I learned a lot during the process of this research. One thing I discovered was that a number of eminent authorities on the English Church had followed each other in erroneously

reporting the existence of a different convocation – one called earlier in 1483 by Edward IV.

Since I am keen to ensure my book reflects up-to-date information, I have made amendments to each of the paperback editions whenever I've discovered errors or encountered useful new research; thus my revised views on the 1483 convocations were published on pp.76-7 of the 2010 edition, and are available on request to anyone who wants them. The complete list of amendments to the paperbacks can also be found on the parent society's website by clicking on the title of my book and following the links.

Sad to say, it seems Marion Davis hadn't caught up with the results of my research mentioned above by the time her article was sent to the *Register*. This is not to rule out the general thrust of her argument, which proposes that Gloucester would have felt the need to consult clerical experts in order to examine the implications of the newly alleged precontract. It can scarcely be assumed that, knowledgeable though he was, his expertise extended to the intricacies of canon law. However, I now realize that the clergy in convocation was not the forum where these consultations took place.

Though not exactly earth-shattering, the findings of my research on convocations were interesting enough to merit a full-length article drawing attention to the correct information newly uncovered, with Lesley Boatwright collaborating on the Latin. This will be ready very soon, and I hope you'll be able to see it in *The Ricardian* or a similar journal.

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Richard III Society, American Branch -- Academic Support

The William B. and Maryloo Spooner Schallek Memorial Graduate Fellowship Awards

For the past thirty years, the Richard III Society American Branch has supported graduate study into later medieval English history and culture through a scholarship fund established through member gifts, led by William B. and Maryloo Spooner Schallek. Upon Bill's death, the program was renamed "The William B. and Maryloo Spooner Schallek Memorial Graduate Fellowship Awards." Maryloo Schallek supported the growth of the endowment through generous annual gifts, supplemented by a serious membership endowment drive which resulted in a total fund of more than \$30,000 in the early 1990s.

Maryloo Schallek's generous bequest of \$1.4 million created a much larger program, one beyond the resources of the Branch to administer, and so the funds have been deposited with the Medieval Academy of America, which administers the program on our behalf. The imprimatur of the MAA adds to the luster of the awards.

The program now includes one \$30,000 annual award, essentially freeing the recipient to concentrate on research and writing. An additional five \$2,000 awards can be applied to travel as well as tuition and associated expenses -- making it

possible for students who might not otherwise be able to do so to travel to England to work with original source documents.

This year's award recipients and their topics are listed below. Four medieval scholars serve on the selection committee as volunteers and deserve our thanks.

Schallek Fellowship: *one \$30,000 award*

- **Elizabeth Anne Keohane-Burbridge, Fordham University**
"A Re-Interpretation of the Power and Function of Late Medieval English Convocation"

Schallek Awards: *Five awards of \$2,000 each*

- **Daniel Franke, Univ. of Rochester**
"East Anglia at War: The Conduct and Impacts of the Hundred Years' War in the Reign of Edward III (1327-1377)"
- **John Garrison, Univ. of California, Davis**
"Enriching Friendship: Commerce, Competition, and Companionship in Medieval and Early Modern English Literature"
- **Jacquelyn Murdock, Northwestern Univ.**
"Late Medieval Scottish Literature and the Middle-Scots Language"
- **Sarah Raskin, Columbia Univ.**
"False Oaths: The Silent Alliance between the Church and Heretics in England, 1382-1558"
- **Sara Torres, Univ. of California, Los Angeles**
"Marvelous Generations: Genealogical Narratives and Romance in Late Medieval England, Portugal and Castile"

Schallek Awards Committee, 2010

- Joel Rosenthal, SUNY/Stony Brook, chair
- Leigh Ann Craig (former Schallek recipient), Virginia Commonwealth University
- Karen Winstead, Ohio State University
- Nancy Warren, Florida State University

The Edward IV Roll at the University of Pennsylvania

Many of the members gathered at the AGM will remember the propaganda pedigree of Edward IV at the Free Library of Philadelphia -- some members arrived early so they could view the manuscript, and there was a slide show presentation at the AGM itself. A few years later, the American Branch provided \$5,000 for the manuscript's conservation so that it could be displayed at the Philadelphia Museum of Art for the 2001 exhibition, "Leaves of Gold."

About 35 of these genealogies have survived to the present day, all but three or four of them still in England. The chances of a *second* one turning up in Philadelphia were very small, and the chances of that second one being as unique as the Free Library's even smaller, but there it is. The branch has made a \$3,200 down payment on the work that needs to be done to coax this manuscript to give up its secrets. Graduate student Marie Turner, whose report is below, has clearly come down with a bad case of "Edward IV Roll Fever" (I recognize the symptoms!). Her progress report is reproduced below. Warning: she may infect you, too.

Report on University of Pennsylvania MS Roll 1066, Chronicle of the Kings of England

The kings of the fifteenth century, be they Lancastrians or Yorkists, had at least one thing in common: both a questionable claim to the throne and a passionate commitment to the propagandistic efforts that would keep them there. Edward IV was in some ways the master of this game, and his campaign for the crown has bequeathed to us a vast array of documentary evidence that positions itself at the intersection of history, myth, and propaganda.

Over the past year it has been my task and my pleasure, under the auspices of the Richard III Society, to begin the process of transcribing one such document, the University of Pennsylvania Chronicle of the Kings of England (MS Roll 1066), likely created for Edward on the occasion of his coronation in 1461. Boasting just under thirty-seven feet of Latin text, the Penn Chronicle traces the genealogy of Edward IV back via the ancient families of England, France, and Wales, through the romance heroes of Arthur and Brutus, and finally to Adam and Eve themselves, those ordinary parents whose image graces the top of the Roll.

In the Penn manuscript and many others of its kind, we see a dynasty celebrating the coronation of a new king but one poised at the edge of a precipice: as we all know, less than twenty-five years after the creation of this document, Edward's brother Richard III would fall at Bosworth Field, bringing an end to the Plantagenet line and Yorkist rule. As such, MS Roll 1066 is part of a tradition of fascinating transitional objects that look back at the past from a vantage point of simultaneous glory and foreboding.

Our roll has three siblings, currently residing at the Houghton Library of Harvard University, the Huntington Library in San Marino, CA, and Trinity College, Cambridge respectively, each of which share its incipit from the early-thirteenth century *Flores historiae* of Roger of Wendover, chronicler at St. Albans abbey. These manuscripts have yet to be transcribed, and Edward IV rolls themselves are shockingly under-studied. It is our hope that our project will spur more work both on our small branch of the Edward rolls and on the genre as a whole.

A little bit about the manuscript itself: MS Roll 1066 represents what is really a compilational tour de force of the work of medieval historians, citing long passages from Geoffrey of Monmouth, Matthew of Paris, and Ranulf Higden, author of the *Polychronicon*, a universal history of which more than 100 manuscripts survive from the fifteenth century alone. The roll is stitched together from thirteen vellum membranes, approximately nine of which have been transcribed since the project began. The narrative ends with the marriage of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou in 1445 and the appointment of Edward's father, Richard, duke of York, as regent in France, though the depiction of a crowned Edward IV suggests the roll post-dates his accession in 1461.

The image of the young Edward is only part of a complex illustrative schema, combining 160 small roundels featuring colored busts of important characters, fourteen medium roundels featuring similar busts, three larger mandorlas with tinted ink drawings of full-length figures, and finally the classic genealogical images of

Adam and Eve and Noah's ark. On the verso side of the document is found a copy of the popular genealogy of Christ attributed to Peter of Poitiers, the *Compendium historiae in genealogia Christi*, making the manuscript in fact two genealogies in one. Though this was not an uncommon practice, the dual textuality of our roll raises some fascinating issues as to how the historical text itself should be read and understood as a material object. As the primary text (the chronicle) is unfurled, the *Compendium* is necessarily revealed alongside it, prompting several questions about readership and interpretation: are the texts meant in some way to be read in tandem? Is the author simply emphasizing the divine rule of the Plantagenet line? Is there a relationship here to the British Library roll known as Harley 7353, a typological life of Edward the IV that links the monarch's life to various biblical tales and type-scenes?

As a tool of historical manipulation and propaganda, the full ramifications of the Penn roll are not yet clear: working toward the completion of the final third of the manuscript, we are hopeful that the next step will be translation, unlocking the document's complete power for the non-Latinate among us. What *is* already clear, however, is the profound anxiety of legitimacy and lineage as evidenced by the roll's preoccupation with the creation of multiple genealogical strata, each denoted by color. The central branch, a Classical-Biblical line marked in yellow, becomes blue with the appearance of Brutus and the beginning of the Britains. A second line appears about two-thirds of the way through the roll where Rollo, the first of the Normans, initiates a red branch that will eventually join with the first at the coronation of William in 1066.

At the appropriate moment nearly two hundred years and four feet later, Rollo's red line precipitously abandons the margin, shooting off to the left as it brings itself into conjunction with the blue line of Brutus. At this point, a mandorla appears containing the image of William and something happens that is very curious indeed: the colored lines are replaced by a single branch painted in gold leaf. As any schoolchild worth his salt can tell you, blue and red make purple, but a different symbolic science is happening here: at least in the Penn manuscript, blue and red make gold, and Edward IV has succeeded in securing for himself a kind of genealogical alchemy that highlights for an increasingly literate and aware nobility his claim to the rich legendary past of Britain.

--Marie Turner
University of Pennsylvania

Photographs of the roll are on the American Branch blog:
<http://r3member.blogspot.com/2009/10/help-support-transcription-and.html>







We still need to raise about \$1,750 to complete the project. Ricardians give generously when they understand the need. Checks can be given to the treasurer, Diane Hoffman, at the AGM, or mailed to me at 2041 Christian Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146. Make checks payable to the Richard III Society, American Branch, and remember that these contributions are fully tax-deductible.

Laura Blanchard

Richard III Society, American Branch Sales Catalog–Jan 2011

Merchandise

Item Description	Item #	Price (USD)	Shipping (USD)	Image (where available)
"Leaves of Gold" CD. This is the CD-ROM that accompanied the exhibition in Spring, 2001, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, suitable for viewing on Windows or Mac computers. This exhibition included the Lewis Ms. genealogy of Edward IV, the conservation of which was financed by the American Branch of the Society.	1	\$10.00	\$1.00	
Sweater. Blue with embroidered boar logo. UK size 34 or 36. Acrylic. (UK 34 = US "Very Small; UK 36 = US "Small".) <i>Only 1 of each size available.</i>	2	\$10.00	\$5.00	
Sweater. Black with embroidered boar logo. UK size 34 only. Acrylic. (UK 34 = US "Very Small".) <i>Only 1 available.</i>	4	\$10.00	\$5.00	
Carry bag, cloth. Cream color with red imprint of Richard's face and UK web site on reverse side. 17" high by 14" wide.	152-1	\$5.00	\$2.75	
Boar badge (pin). Made from lead-free pewter each board badge is approximately 1 5/16" long and 5/8" inch high.	156-1	\$10.00	\$2.75	

Item Description	Item #	Price (USD)	Shipping (USD)	Image (where available)
Window sticker. Blue background with white boar logo; 3" diameter. Apply on window facing out.	54-1	\$2.50	\$1.00	
"Loyalty - coat of arms" postcard. Postcard 4 1/4 x 6" (set of 5)	55-1	\$2.50 (per set)	\$1.00	
"Loyalty - standard" postcard. Postcard 4 1/4 x 6" (set of 5)	56-1	\$2.50 (per set)	\$1.00	
Pendant, black. Black background with enameled boar logo. 1" diameter. Has loop for chain (not included).	63-1	\$5.00	\$1.00	
Pendant, blue. Blue background with enameled boar logo. 1" diameter. Has loop for chain (not included.)	67-1	\$5.00	\$1.00	
Scarf. 25" x 27" blue background with boar logos patterned on scarf. Polyester. <i>Very limited quantities.</i>	65-1	\$7.50	\$1.00	

Books and Periodicals

Item Description	Item Number	Price (USD)	Shipping (USD)
The Encomium of Richard III. Paperback; 33 pages; edited by A N Kincaid; introduced by A N Kincaid & J A Ramsden; by Sir William Cornwallis the Younger; The earliest defense of King Richard III by a contemporary of Sir George Buck.	5-1	\$8.00	\$2.75
Richard III: Loyalty, Lordship, and Law. Paperback; edited by PW Hammond; ISBN 1900289377. Paper from the second Richard III Symposium in April 1984.	130-1	\$21.50	\$5.00

Item Description	Item Number	Price (USD)	Shipping (USD)
The Beauchamp Pageant. Hardback; edited by Alexandra Sinclair; ISBN 190028961X. The latest publication from the Richard III & Yorkist History Trust. A facsimile in full color of the British Library Manuscript illustrating the life of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, made in 1483-84. With an instruction to the life of Richard Beauchamp and commentaries o to all 55 folios of line drawings.	137-1	\$50.00	\$5.00
This Time. <i>This Time</i> rediscovers the fifteenth century Richard III as he attempts to unravel the mysteries of the twenty-first century. By Joan Szechtman. Trade Paperback. Signed by author. ISBN 978-0-9824493-0-1.	16	\$15.00	\$5.00
The Royal Funerals of the House of York at Windsor. Paperback; 138 pages; by Anne F. Sutton and Livia Visser-Fuchs with RA Griffiths; Publisher: Richard III Society (2005); ISBN 0904893154	143-1	\$20.00	\$5.00
The Logge Register of PCC Wills, 1479 to 1486. 2 volumes; Hardback; edited by Lesley Boatwright, Moira Habberjam, Peter Hammond; vol 1 ISBN 978-0-904893-16-8; vol 2 ISBN 978-0-904893-18-2	151-1	\$45.00	\$5.00
The Ricardian: Journal of the Richard III Society. Volume XV, 2005 (Item Number 5) Volume XIV, 2004 (Item Number 6) Volume XVII, 2007 (Item Number 7)	See descript ion	\$3.00 (each issue)	\$2.75 (each issue)
Ricardian Bulletin: Magazine of the Richard III Society. Spring 2006 (Item Number 8) Summer 2006 (Item Number 9) Spring 2009 (Item Number 10) December 2009 (Item Number 11) Spring 2008 (Item Number 12) Winter 2008 (Item Number 13)	See descript ion	\$3.00 (each issue)	\$1.00 (each issue)

Item Description	Item Number	Price (USD)	Shipping (USD)
British Library Harleian Manuscript 433, 4 vols. Hardback; edited by Rosemary Horrox and Peter Hammond. "The most important source document for Richard's reign with transcripts of his grants, letters, etc. Sold as a four-volume set with detailed name and subject indexes."	11-1	\$82.50	\$5.00
The Alien Communities of London in the Fifteenth Century: The Subsidy Rolls of 1440 and 1483-4 Hardback; edited and introduced by J.L. Bolton; ISBN 1900289156; "The Alien subsidy was a poll tax on foreigners living in England. This study with calendar, looks at the fifteenth-century rolls, at the geographic origins, social organisation and economic role of the migrants within London and considers the question of how Londoners regarded these aliens. Includes short biographies."	120-1	\$24.75	\$5.00
The Merchant Taylors' Company of London: Court Minutes 1486-1493. Hardback; edited and introduced by Matthew Davies; ISBN 1900289369	131-1	\$30.00	\$5.00
The Ricardian: Tant D'Emprises - So Many Undertakings, Essays in Honour of Anne F. Sutton. Edited by Livia Visser-Fuchs. Volume XIII 2003.	135-1	\$12.50	\$5.00

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JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER

Advice to young writers who want to get ahead without any annoying delays: don't write about Man, write about a man—E.B. White

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY—Paul Murray Kendall, Norton & Co., NY, c1965

Paul Murray Kendall's biography of Richard III began with the intention to write a historical novel. Kendall wanted to give readers an alternative to the stereotyped villain that had dominated popular consciousness for nearly 500 years. Eventually Kendall accomplished this through the medium of biography rather than fiction. Ten years after the appearance of *RICHARD III*, Kendall published his views on biography and biographers in *The Art of Biography*.

The first chapter, "Walking the Boundaries," is concerned with defining biography, its goals, and problems that interfere with accomplishing these goals. The remaining four chapters cover biographies, autobiographies, autobiographers, and controversies concerning them. These chapters cover roughly 2,965 years and proceed chronologically.

Kendall acknowledged James Boswell, biographer of Samuel Johnson, as his mentor and guide, quoting a sentence from one of Boswell's letters as the basis of his own concept of life-writing. Boswell wrote: "It appears to me that mine is the best plan of biography that can be conceived; for my readers will, as near as may be, accompany Johnson in his progress, and, as it were, see each scene as it happened." Throughout *The Art of Biography* Kendall used the term "life-writing," which emphasized his belief that biographers should give their readers the "illusion of a life unfolding...the simulation, in words, of a man's life, from all that is known about that man."

Kendall made it clear that his use of the words "illusions" and "simulation" didn't justify distortions of facts. "The biographer, attempting to make sense out of the imperfect paper trail...is like a man sitting at a bizarre play. He knows the 'plot' and the cast of characters, and he understands substantially what is going to happen. His mission, however, is to report the drama in detail, of which the performance he is witnessing is a flawed and sometimes zany simulacrum...Yet by means of this performance he must recreate the play—without inventing anything and without altering the plot."

One of the biographer's difficulties is the problem of gaps in the "paper trail from the birth certificate to the death certificate." After comparing four biographies of Francis Bacon, Kendall concluded that "the right way to fill gaps is unknown; the wrong ways are legion." He offered an example of gap filling from Richard III. For the years 1462-66 Kendall could find little about Richard. After consulting 15th century courtesy books and a manual for aspiring knights, he constructed "a probable pattern for Richard's boyhood days."

Too much material is as serious a problem as too little. Kendall sympathetically described a biographer “locked in a heroic struggle with the two dozen tons of paper that hold the raw materials of [his] continuing biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.” Other problems are time-management, pattern-identification, and separation of the subjects’ time-viewpoint from the biographers. Kendall wrote, “The biographer, if he has foresight, will exercise the willing suspension of hindsight.”

Kendall wasn’t verbose. He didn’t overload his sentences with unnecessary words. He was imaginative. He uses metaphor skillfully: “The biographer does not trust his witnesses, living or dead. He may drip with the milk of human kindness, believe everything that his wife and children tell him, enjoy his neighbors and embrace the universe—but in the workshop he must be as ruthless as a board meeting smelling out embezzlement, as suspicious as a secret agent riding the Simplon-Orient express, as cold-eyed as a pawnbroker viewing a leaky concertina. With no respect for human dignity, he plays off his witnesses one against the other, snoops for additional information to confront them with, probes their prejudices and their pride, checks their reliability against their self-interest, thinks the worst until he is permitted to think better. . . . he must expect to be deceived, and more than once, and then stand ready, unto page-proof, to excise the much tested truth that turns out to be error or invention.”

Kendall wrote this way throughout the book. Readers who prefer unimaginative and humorless prose shouldn’t read *The Art of Biography*. Readers who can enjoy a good-spirited presentation of an under-appreciated subject will find it a rewarding read.—Marion Davis

I read part of it all the way through.—Sam Goldwyn

QUEENS CONSORT: England’s Medieval Queens from Eleanor of Aquitaine to Elizabeth of York—Lisa Hilton, Pegasus Books, NY, 2010

In spite of the title, the cover of this trade paperback shows a young woman in full Elizabethan panoply, including ruff. This gives you some idea of the accuracy of this book of brief biographies. Although Ms. Hilton claims an impressive list of both primary and secondary sources, she seems to be leaning on Alison Weir for many of her statements, and some seem created out of nothing, as far as I can tell. Could Elizabeth of York speak Spanish? (No reference given.) Was Perkin Warbeck in Elizabeth’s household? (No reference; perhaps this is based on the fact that his wife was, but Warbeck gets only half a paragraph here, with no mention of a wife.)

She makes no bones about Richard. He is a murderer and a usurper and Anne colluded with him. This is proven by the fact that she did not arrive in London until too late for the scheduled coronation of her nephew, which proves she knew there wasn’t going to be any coronation. That she frequently did not travel with her husband, perhaps by reason of poor health, means nothing to the author. In fact, she finds Richard and Anne guilty of even worse crimes. “(H)ow could Anne have chosen to ignore the fact that marriage to Richard was deeply sinful? Richard and Anne were both related to Prince Edward, they were first cousins once removed and brother-and-sister-in-law. . . . in this instance Anne’s relationship with her intended husband was considered genuinely incestuous. To anyone with a

conscience in the late fifteenth century it was just plain wrong.” But why? George and Isabel were equally first cousins, and nothing is said against their marriage. And nobody thought that marrying an in-law, with the proper dispensations, was particularly wrong, until Henry VIII suddenly developed a tender conscience on the matter. Maybe it was the combination.

Poor Anne Neville, reduced to the part of Second Murderer in her own life story! Elizabeth Woodville takes over in her own chapter, Anne’s, and part of her daughter’s. However, Anne is so consistently depicted as a passive victim that one yearns for a little bit of the conniver. At least that would show some gumption.

Speaking of marriage, Hilton says that Richard, as a newly made widower, bid for the sister of William Herbert, his son-in-law. No, that was Henry Tudor, who was not closely related to the Herbert girl by blood or marriage, but was by fosterage. She also says that Duchess Cecily, Richard’s mother, was 81 in 1485, when she was actually about 70. Given this failure to fact-check, or even date-check, I wouldn’t put too much faith in her other biographies either. The pictures are nice, though, showing, among other portraits, the funeral effigies of Elizabeth of York and Catherine de Valois (ancestress of the Tudors).—M.S.

Of the making of books there is no end.—Ecc. XII:12

THE VIRGIN WIDOW—Anne Obrien, New American Library, NY, 2010

Though Anne Neville has few biographies, she has had many novels written about her. Can one more be of any interest?

In this case, Yes. For one thing, in this story Anne does show some gumption. In the novel, as on the cover, she is not depicted as a frail, wispy, little thing. She has spirit, and “the self-will and pride of the Nevilles.” Although she is sometimes the victim of events and persons beyond her control, she deals with them the best she can. Anne’s mother, the Countess, is especially well and sympathetically drawn, so we can see where Anne’s discipline and self-control come from. A pity she is off-stage during later events. There are a couple of pathological villains in Marguerite d’Anjou and her son, and a less pathological (just selfish and spoiled) one in Clarence. Richard is for the most part presented sympathetically, but we see him through Anne’s besotted eyes.

The story ends just after the birth of Edward of Middleham, and it doesn’t look like there will be a sequel, as the author’s interest now lies elsewhere. If this is so, we will miss a well-written Ricardian page-turner, but might also miss a depiction of Richard as bad guy, as Ms. O’Brien would have to take a stand and not leave the matter ambiguous.

I don’t know what was on the dust jacket of **THE TUDOR QUEENS OF ENGLAND** (David Loades, Continuum, London & NY, 2009), as the library copy that I read didn’t have one, but the title seems to be used in a rather broad sense. Catherine de Valois and Elizabeth Woodville were ancestors of the Tudor royal family, but Margaret of Anjou was only the half-sister-in-law of a non-royal Tudor. Loades attempts to show how the nominally powerless consorts managed to wield power. That is, if they cared to. Catherine of Valois, it would seem, just wanted to have fun, as did Catherine Howard, but the former was much more discreet. (She was also a widow, not the wife of Henry VIII.) Anne of Cleves was not concerned

about power. She was no doubt as happy to be rid of her husband as he was of her. Elizabeth Woodville was more focused on her family. It's hard to tell about Elizabeth of York, since what power she may have had was behind the scenes. But it is remarkable how many of these women were the kind of political creatures that women were not supposed to be at this time: Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Margaret d'Anjou, Catherine Parr to some extent, not to mention the sovereign queens, Mary and Elizabeth. Mary wished to be under the protection/rule of a husband, but nevertheless insisted on being treated as a king would be. And Elizabeth I carried that much further, as she did most things.

The author tries to be fair in his portrayals, though he has difficulty sometimes. He characterizes Elizabeth Woodville as "chilly and unamiable," and says of her family, "they did not carry their good fortune graciously." As far as Richard III is concerned, he takes the conventional view. He clears Elizabeth of backing Lambert Simnel, and therefore clears Henry VII of punishing her for backing him. While there is no absolute proof of the matter, she had made bad-faith deals with both Richard and Henry, and neither would have trusted her an inch. Not to speak of Margaret Beaufort. Loades presumes there was some "tension" between her and Elizabeth, which is probably an understatement.

Mr. Loades writes with verve and wit, and his consideration of these queens and queenship at this period has interest. There are some odd errors, though, which seem to have resulted from inattention to detail. The third son of Catherine of Valois was named Owen after his father, not David. John, Viscount Welles, who married Cecily, was not the illegitimate half-brother of Jasper Tudor, but the quite legitimate half-brother of Margaret Beaufort. That sort of thing.—M.S.

LOYALTY BINDS ME—Joan Szechtman, Star Publish LLC, Loreto, PA, 2011

The cover of this trade paperback shows a small, stylized representation of Richard and Anne at the end of a long cloister-like corridor—maybe a reference to "the corridors of time?" This is the sequel to **THIS TIME**, which brings Richard to the 21st century. If you haven't read that, do so. In the meantime, the author tells you enough about what went before that you can follow the plot. Which, basically, is this: Richard has settled down in present-day Oregon with his rescued son, his second wife, Sarah, and his two stepdaughters. He is Acting President of Ambion Technologies, the company which brought him forward in time, and a respected citizen, even voting. (Questionably legal, but part of his protective coloration. Subject for discussion: How would Richard have voted?) But he wants to visit the grave of his first wife, and that is where the trouble starts. He is arrested for murder—yes, the murder of the princes. When it is pointed out that there is insufficient evidence for that charge to stick, the murder of Hastings is brought up. Finally he is accused of treason. There are a number of dramatic events, culminating in a cross-country race pursued by M15, the FBI and Homeland Security. The latter apparently wants the technology to make 9/11 un-happen. Sarah, the scientist in the family, has to explain that it just doesn't work that way. There is an exciting showdown on Bosworth Field during a re-enactment.

Although the events may be melodramatic, they arise logically, and Richard's dilemma is equally logical. He knows he didn't kill the boys, and doesn't think Henry VII did. ("He would have used the remains if there had been any to use.") But then what did happen to them? And whose bones were found in the Tower? Mitochondrial DNA is made clear to the meanest understanding—mine. ('Mean' here meaning 'average'.) However, DNA tests are not carried out on the bones. The Queen, in the story as in real life, refuses to allow it, and in the story she has a very practical reason.

Part of the story is told from Richard's POV, and part from Sarah's, a neat way to build suspense. After two years, Richard has become adjusted to modern life, but not completely. He has learned to drive a car, for instance, but not a stick-shift, with seriocomic results. His accent is not today's BBC, nor quite American, closer to the latter, but indefinable.

The cover of my review copy reads "Uncorrected Advance Copy—Not For Sale," but I didn't see any major errors that need to be corrected. In her afterword, the author admits to "taking liberties," e.g. with settings, to "accommodate the story," and shares some of the reasoning behind her portrayal of Richard. My recommendation: Read and enjoy, read and enjoy the previous book in the series, and look forward, like me, to the next one. Maybe some of the loose ends will be tied up. Maybe we will actually find out Who Done It. In any case, there will be at least one more character in the sequel!—M.S.

When the heroes go off the stage, the clowns come on.—Heine

A DANGEROUS LOVE—Bertrice Small, Signet Eclipse pb, NY, 2006

This is the first book in the author's 'Border Chronicles' series. The second one, **THE BORDER LORD'S BRIDE**, was reviewed here previously. Adair Radcliffe is an illegitimate daughter of Edward IV and a countess in her own right. After her mother and adoptive father are killed by Lancastrians, she is raised in the Royal court until the age of sixteen, when a marriage is arranged for her with Jasper Tudor's bastard son (who is just as fictional as Adair is). Here is the first departure from history and logic. Such a marriage would have been considered a great prize for a boy with no title and no birthright, so why do Jasper and King Edward haggle over it? In any case, the haggling would have to have been done by post, since the Tudors were in exile at the time.

That marriage does not turn out well, and her second ends with the death of her husband, a decent sort, fighting for Richard III at Bosworth. Adair is stripped of her title and lands (neither of which she owes to her husband) and returns to Stanton to find it literally razed to the ground. This is another departure from common sense. If Henry VII wanted the property to reward his followers, why would he not pass it on intact, instead of destroying the manor house? Would it even be possible, before TNT and modern demolition equipment, to create an entirely smooth surface where the house had been, in just the few weeks Adair was away?

Anyway, here she is, with no title, no home, no funds. Could things get any worse? Yes. She is shortly captured by a border raider and sold into slavery, to be

bought by a rowdy trio of brothers. It is in this half of the book that it shows its bodice-ripper colors, following a strict formula: Beautiful, spirited young woman meets gorgeous but uncivilized hunk. They fall in love, but may not be willing to admit it, and tame each other—or maybe ‘domesticate’ would be a better word. They don’t want to become too tame. The cover shows a young woman, depicted against a vaguely Scottish background, who fills out a bodice well, though it is not actually being ripped.

There are some pluses. Ms. Small has some knowledge of Scottish history. She is very good at describing fashion and cuisine. It would have been nice if she could have added a few recipes. At 446 pages, the book is a little long to include recipes, but there would be plenty of room if about three-fifths of the sex scenes were eliminated. They get a little repetitive after a while. Finally, there is a positive depiction of Richard of Gloucester in the early chapters. He plays an avuncular role in Adair’s story, and could have traded places with the hero of **LOYALTY BINDS ME** in many ways. Does this make the rest of the book worth reading? Maybe, though not necessarily worth finishing. I hope you Gentle Readers appreciate my devotion to duty! –M.S.

A good name is rather to be chose than great riches. —Prov. XXI:1

THE ROSE OF YORK: FALL FROM GRACE—Sandra Worth, End Table Books, USA, 2007

The cover of this book shows images of Richard and Anne in stained glass at Cardiff Castle, which Richard owned though no visits from him are recorded. It is both ironic and comforting that in the capital of South Wales, it is he and his wife who are honored. No Tudors anywhere.

The book is not escapist literature. Historically accurate and evocative of medieval life, all of the characters are finely drawn. Skillful descriptions are the author’s forte. In the introduction, Richard’s accomplishments for justice not only then but in the modern world are emphasized. The man who gave us the concepts of justice has had none for himself until recent times. There are many who still see him as Shakespeare’s comical satire. (Poor Shakespeare did the best he could, writing during the reign of Tudor’s granddaughter. He created a caricature, not a man, and no doubt believed the world would see through the caricature. Actors who have played the role often recognize the fact and become Ricardians, notably Laurence Olivier.)

The thread of the **Morte d’ Arthur** runs through the book. Richard sees himself as Arthur, righting wrongs, giving justice and establishing peace for the realm, slowly recovering from 30 years of dynastic war. He is noble, innocent and somewhat naïve. Anne sees this and fears for him. As if they know that life will be short, there are no petty spats between them, only patience and tolerance.

Richard’s attitude toward the crown is clear. He did not want it, did not seek it, took it as a responsibility, and to protect himself and his family, accepting it with resignation and without ambition. There are hints that Margaret Beaufort was behind a plot to poison Richard’s son Ned. Worth leaves the question open. Margaret is presented as evil ambition behind her nunlike clothes and rosary. Edward V is

disposed of by Buckingham, a boy with his boy servant. The younger boy, Richard, was at Barnard. There are historical hints, not evidence, that this is where Richard III secured him. In Worth's re-creation, there is no doubt that the younger prince became Perkin Warbeck.

Anne knows she is dying, and seeks to leave Richard comforted. She sees a resemblance between her young self and Elizabeth of York, sees that Elizabeth loves Richard, evidenced by dressing herself and Elizabeth alike at Christmastide. A noble and natural desire, but disastrous for Richard. Rumors start that the King is poisoning his wife to marry his niece, a marriage that would have weakened Richard's position. There are hints that Anne's plan works to an extent and that Richard turns to Elizabeth after Anne's death. He has lost so much, with no time to mourn. The only comfort left to him is Elizabeth, and he must send her away. Always the menace of Henry Tudor, a faceless threat, hangs over him.

If the book has a flaw it is that the description of Richard's intense suffering is hard to bear, especially if one is made vulnerable by pain and illness, as I was.—Dale Summers

Dale admits that she has been rather slow in reviewing Sandra Worth's books, but pleads, "I just don't think I can kill Richard again." Fortunately, in the one that follows, she didn't have to.

LADY OF THE ROSES—Sandra Worth, Berkley Books, NY, 2008

This romantic novel has its basis in truth. The lady of the title is rather obscure in the Ricardian story, though her husband's name is well known. She is Isobel Ingoldthorpe, orphaned daughter of a Lancastrian supporter, ward of Queen Marguerite. The story opens as Isobel, 15, is traveling to Court in the company of a French nub. They seek shelter from a storm at Tattershall Castle, where Isobel meets Sir John Neville. They dance and fall in love forever, despite the seemingly insurmountable obstacles. The major obstacle is Isobel's wardship to the Queen, who wants a princely sum for Isobel's hand and is unlikely to favor a Yorkist.

We watch Isobel develop from a lovestruck girl to a warm, mature wife and mother with all the responsibilities of a medieval woman. Despite hardship, her love for John never wavers. John is a noble knight, intelligent, courageous, a soldier who hates killing, a younger brother caught in the shadow of his dashing older brother, the Earl of Warwick—and this depiction seems to be historically accurate. Faithful to King Edward even when the king does not reward his loyalty, he is torn between his king and his brother. Finally, his heart broken, he fights with Warwick, wearing York's colors under his armor.

Isobel, who has understood her complex husband, grieves, but still counts herself the most fortunate of women to have been so loved by such a remarkable man. The book itself is a labor of love. Medieval times come to life in these pages, especially when times are hard. Lesser characters are well drawn. We see Marguerite d'Anjou through Isobel's sympathetic eyes, as a young girl coming to a foreign country. Her husband's neglect and the spitefulness of her enemies make her vindictive and cruel. When her son dies, she is an empty shell.

Elizabeth Woodville is also the queen's ward. Isobel quickly realizes what an enemy Elizabeth would make, and is distressed when she does become queen. In this book, Anne Neville is a very young child, a favorite of Isobel's, but her character is consistent with the adult Anne in the author's other works. Richard of Gloucester, a serious young lord with grave responsibilities, receives Isobel's request to secure the future of her young son, George, graciously.

Isobel remarries after John's death, to William Norris, whom she has known for years, and who never married because of his constant love for her. Though John still fills her heart, she ensures that William never feels unloved, and her marriage ensures the future of her daughters.

History has left Isobel in obscurity but she lives and loves beautifully in these pages.—D.S.

More Worth, in a long-awaited new novel:

PALE ROSE OF ENGLAND—Sandra Worth

With the talent of bringing to life figures long lost to history, Sandra Worth continues in the same thread of brilliance with this novel, the final installment of the *Rose of York* series. She holds true to her reputation for research and intelligent suppositions. **Pale Rose** chronicles the life of Lady Catherine Gordon from her homeland in Scotland, marriage to Richard, Duke of York, and the remainder of her life spent in England.

The novel opens in 1495. It focuses on Richard Plantagenet, the younger of the 'princes in the Tower,' and Lady Catherine, who would become his wife. Prince Richard has survived the Tower, to live in exile until he could raise support to come back and claim his throne. Almost all the crowned heads of Europe accept him as the rightful king of England. King James IV of Scotland takes up the prince's cause and welcomes him to his court. It is unclear whether the marriage between Catherine Gordon and Prince Richard was arranged or a love match. What seems probable is that James assented to the marriage after he found merit in the claims of Richard. The view that it was a love match is supported by a letter in the archives of Spain that Richard wrote to Catherine with passion and love, as well as Catherine's reported wearing of "widow's weeds" lifelong.

Ms. Worth is good at creating strong characters based on history. As in **The King's Daughter**, we see an accurate and chilling portrait of King Henry VII. Catherine is caught between a king who is obsessed with her, serving the wife of that king who is her own sister-in-law, still loving her husband and searching for her missing son. Knowing that Henry is in love with her, Catherine walks a fine line, wanting the king to give her information about her son, but not wishing to make Richard's captivity any harder. The reader can empathize with her, living in a foreign court day after day, maintaining a stoic presence.

Dramatic events unfold from the protagonist's eyes. A sketch of Henry VIII: "Harry had inherited a throne his father had made remarkably secure, and a fortune greater than any in history ... Few reigns had begun amid such promise and hope, but Catherine knew Harry too well. He was selfish, volatile, and jealous; he had quick-silver changes of mood, and he possessed a strong streak of cruelty... Cruel

BRITAIN IN THE MIDDLE AGES: An Archaeological History—Francis Pryor, HarperCollins Publishers, London, c. 2006

Tally sticks became a symbol of Henry VI's financial mismanagement. His creditors accumulated boxfuls, representing thousands of pounds of debt. Their efforts to exchange their tallies for repayment at the Exchequer dragged on for years. An exceptional creditor managed to collect payment for thirty-five tallies after he became treasurer of England: Bishop Lumley of Carlisle exchanged tallies accumulated between 1438 and 1446 for 1,018 pounds. But creditors lacking such clout endured years of delay, receiving, at best, partial repayment of their loans. After enduring seventeen years of delayed wages, the earl of Northumberland resigned his office as warden of the east march in exasperation. Between 1436 and his death in 1460, the duke of York tried and failed to collect payment for tallies worth over 38,000 pounds. Merchants, who were frequently pressured to lend the king money, were even less successful. By 1460, many merchants supported the Yorkists against the Lancastrians because they hoped the Yorkists would reform the government and pay its debts.

It was ironic that the Exchequer failed to honor merchants' tallies, because merchants had developed the tally stick system. In local and international trade, tally sticks had served merchants well for centuries. English archaeologists have recovered tally sticks dated as early as the twelfth century. They have also found a specialized tool used to split the tally stick into unequal parts for each merchant to keep as a record of their trade. The number of items, such as hides or pots, or an amount of money, was indicated by notches carved into the tally stick. The broader piece, called the stock, served as a receipt for the trader who paid for the goods; the narrower piece, the foil, matched only the stock it was split from. Trades were completed by matching stock to foil. Although this system may seem crude, it worked well for European merchants; examples of tallies from the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries are preserved in Great Britain's Public Records Office.

Like the proverbial picture, an archaeological find can be worth a thousand words. Carolingian-era coins from Arabia and Byzantium, uncovered in northwestern and southeastern England, suggest that fifteenth century London's mercantile wealth evolved from centuries of international trade. Pottery and glass excavated at Southampton confirm records of trade with France, Spain, the Low Countries, and Italy. Twelfth and thirteenth century bridge timbers recovered from a former course of the Trent demonstrate such good carpentry skills that the stereotype of medieval wagons struggling through axle-deep mud has to be reconsidered. Pryor comments: "This glimpse of what may have stood high above the water clearly shows that these medieval bridges involved heavy-duty engineering, and is further proof that roads, transport, and travel in the Middle Ages were matters that were taken very seriously. They were not the kind of people who would have been content to battle their way through ill-maintained quagmires."

Pryor's comments about the Coppergate excavation at York may give some Ricardians hope for a reappraisal of the bones from the Tower. When he visited the Coppergate excavation site, Pryor says he was "forcibly struck by the depth of the dig. I was used to finding Bronze Age remains half a meter or so below the

surface, but here the archaeologists were working several meters down, surrounded by trench walls that were propped up by heavy steel shoring.” Since the Bronze Age is dated between 2100-700 BC and the Viking Age artifacts from Coppergate between 793-916(?) AD, it’s reasonable to doubt that the bones recovered in 1674 from a ten-foot deep hole under a Tower of London stairway were buried by a solitary priest one summer night in 1483.

Although such doubts may occur to Ricardian readers, Pryor doesn’t apply his observations to the identity of the bones from the Tower. But throughout his book he questions other long held beliefs about medieval England. Pryor’s purpose is to share with his readers a “personal exploration of a fascinating period. I have not attempted to write a balanced textbook that does justice to all the principal topics..Some academic reviewers for not saying more about Scotland or Wales will criticize me...but I would say in my defense that both these areas were on the periphery of the ‘engine room’ of change. In a book of this length I cannot afford..to stray away from the central story—especially when that story has seen so many recent revisions.” It is Pryor’s description of recent revisions that offers Ricardians hope for change in long-held beliefs about Richard III and his times.

Pryor guides his readers through rural and urban excavation sites, such as Saxon trading settlements, Viking York, late medieval Southampton, and late medieval London. Two generous sections of four-color photographs illustrated churches, cathedrals, tombs, Offa’s Dyke, castles, mills and bridges. Five are of special interest to Ricardians. Two photos of Crowland, Liconshire, show the abbey church. A third shows a remarkable thirteenth century triangular bridge. The fourth and fifth photos show Ely Cathedral’s octagonal lantern, “widely recognized as one of the greatest glories of medieval carpentry.” Black and white drawings and maps enhance discussions of agriculture, trade, carpentry, town plans, and excavation sites. One noteworthy drawing is an artist’s reconstruction of a cruck-built tithe barn at Wharram Percy, Yorkshire, where medieval churchmen stored goods collected for taxes; its long, curved support beams made this barn resemble a cathedral inside. Another is an eight-part series showing how York grew and declined between 71 AD and 1500 AD. At the end of these explorations, Pryor’s readers may experience new insights into medieval English history. Readers in search of a readable, thought-provoking introduction to archaeology and medieval history should find it **in BRITAIN IN THE MIDDLE AGES**.—Marion Davis.

.... between 1480 and 1700, one harvest is four was bad, and almost one in five was catastrophically bad.

Households had servants the way modern people have appliances. Common laborers had servants. Sometimes servants had servants.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES: The Ford Lectures for 1973 and related studies—R.H. Hilton, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1975

The author of this book relies more on written records than on archeological findings.

The word 'peasant' is not found in any record before 1333, and not commonly used in the middle ages. Mr. Hilton takes up much of his first chapter in defining the term (and the rest in defining his sources). His definition is a rather loose one, taking in some who would be described as yeomen, whom we tend to think of as being, at least, lower middle or middle middle class. But there were many sub-estates among the so-called third estate. Many of the more prosperous tenants subleased parts of their holdings to less prosperous ones. At the very bottom of the heap were the landless laborers, generally regarded as shiftless, skiving off as much as they could. As they had little opportunity of bettering themselves, this was quite reasonable behavior.

In subsequent chapters, when the author gets down to cases, the volume has more interest for the casual reader. Especially interesting is Chapter VI, 'Women in the Village.' Though still hampered politically, village women did have a certain amount of economic clout, and more inheritance rights than their 'betters' possessed. They might be more likely to choose their marriage mates. (Though not always. "John Lowe wanted a vacant holding but was unable to pay the three-pound entry fine... Agnes Bentley offered to pay (it) if he would marry her daughter Alice. Unfortunately, it was known that he had already had sexual relations with one of Alice's kinswomen, and by the rules of consanguinity this rules out marriage.") Though the evidence is sketchy, it would seem that, at least at times, women who did men's work received the same wages. Perhaps when "the harvest was great and the labourers few," hands, male or female, were in a better bargaining position. Plowing was a two-person operation at this period, and either the one who held the plow or the one who goaded the ox might be a wife or daughter.

It would seem that the peasantry in general exercised a great deal of self-governance. Sometimes this was a matter of necessity. "Out of 135 villages in Gloucestershire, in the Cotswolds, and the Avon Valley, only thirteen had resident gentry." It was not a bucolic paradise, however; there was always the matter of money, taxes, and death duties. These often included not only the 'best beast,' but a variety of items, including "all brass dishes, all iron-bound carts and wains, all beehives, all uncut cloth, all horses and foals, all pigs, all uncut bacons, and cash reserves." It is significant that some tenants were prosperous enough to have cash on hand and cloth not immediately required for clothing, but what the Lord of the Manor wanted with a lot of beat-up kitchen utensils and homespun cloth is a mystery. "Sometimes the lord took no heriot *quia pauper*. But he clearly took what he could get, and it was often more than one beast." The tenants took what they could get, too, and would go to court to get it. Just one case: "Roger Fokkesham sued John Barker for failing to look after five of his bullocks in winter, for failing properly to feed an ox put out for a fixed period, and for failing to put two bullocks and a cow on good pasture.." Such suits could go on for years. Of course, when deals were mutually satisfactory, they were unlikely to show up in the records.

Perhaps we should give a passing thought to the lord's problems, too. When harvests were bad and times were hard, he might suffer less than the peasants, but he was expected to keep up appearances, perhaps to supply soldiers, armor and weapons when required, and to come across with fees and occasional taxes, which

could hardly be paid in kind. No wonder he tended to grab anything he could get and hold on to it.

An interesting sidelight is the possession of seals by usually illiterate villiens. These were naturally less ornate than those of the king or the gentry, but served the same purpose.

Mr. Hilton devotes a chapter to the 15th century enclosures, and gives attention to the involvement of the peasantry with the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence. Generally speaking, though not dull, this is not escapist reading, but is important. Now long out of print, copies may no doubt be found in libraries or from second-hand booksellers. —M.S

There had always been people of middling rank, of course, but as a distinct entity and force to be reckoned with, the middle class was an eighteenth century phenomenon. The term ‘middle class’ wasn’t coined until 1745.

In the late medieval period, one (serf) in twenty owned 50 acres or more—substantial holdings for the time. In contrast, freemen...had freedom in principle but often were too poor to exercise it.

VEIL OF LIES- Jeri Westerson, St Martin’s Minotaur, NY, 2008

Jeri Westerson’s debut novel features Crispin Guest, a medieval ‘tec of the Sam Spade ilk. Originally from nobility, with land, wealth and a promising future, he loses it all to a rash and treasonous act against King Richard II. Although lucky to be alive, he was degraded and left with nothing but the clothes on his back.

Though literate, Crispin doesn’t have the skills for most employment. But he has a knack for finding things and develops a reputation as “The Tracker.” He contracts his services for 6p per day, but rarely has two farthings to rub together. At the novel’s start, we find him owing his landlord, the butcher, and the couple who befriended him, pub owners who are willing to maintain a running tab. He is summoned to the manor of Nicholas Walcote, a wealthy cloth merchant who wants to hire Crispin to spy on his wife. Crispin is loath to take on the job, and even though his fee is the only thing between him and supper, he turns it down. Nicholas would not be so easily dismissed, and what ensues is a tale of loyalty, murder, love and international intrigue that stretches from England to Italy. At its heart is a relic, a medieval lie detector—the Veronica (from the Latin *vera icona*, true image.) Crispin not only discovers his quarry, but learns a good deal about himself in the process.

With no wasted words, Westerson brings the characters to life in a fourteenth-century London that the reader can not only see with the mind’s eye, but hear, feel, and smell as well. This book should appeal to those who enjoy a medieval setting, a mystery, and the hardboiled detective that is Crispin Guest. For me, the best thing is that there are more novels in the series. The second is **SERPENT IN THE THORNS**, and the third, **THE DEVIL’S PARCHMENT**, should be out by the time you read this. This is one series that I’ll want to keep reading. —Joan Szechtman

Though it is hardly breaking news, Joan also sends some remarks about what is deservedly a Ricardian classic.

as Henry had been,, he had not been without scruples, and she suspected his son had none.” Ms. Worth takes us to the Battle of Flodden Field where in a single day Catherine loses a brother, cousin, two nephews, and extended family members. King James became, like his contemporary Richard III, the last king of his country to die on the field of battle. Two-fifths of the peerage and an estimated 10,000 Scotsmen perished that day.

Catherine lived into her 60s and married three more times: First James Strangeways, a Gentleman Usher to Henry VIII, then Matthew Craddock, a royal servant and former pirate, and finally Christopher Ashton, also a Gentleman Usher and probably much younger than Catherine. Both Strangeways and Ashton were very duplicitous people. Catherine lived during the turbulent times of the ‘King’s Great Matter’ and the destruction of the monasteries. In the author’s notes, she states: “That she believed her husband “Perkin Warbeck” was Richard of York there seems little doubt. She persuaded her other husbands of it and wore black to the end of her life.”

Rich in factual history, love and enduring courage, **Pale Rose of England** is an extremely engrossing tale. Ms. Worth gently weaves in many other historical figures - Elizabeth and Cecily of York, William Courtney, the de la Poles. As a reader, I eagerly await where she will transport us to next, and sadly say goodbye to her Rose of York time period.—Lori Braundhardt

Make ‘em laugh, make ‘em cry, make ‘em wait.—Charles Reade

Another Joliffe the Player novel is out. Look for a review of this in our next, with other coming attractions.

I don’t know how many hours of my school years were spent considering the Missouri Compromise or the Wars of the Roses, but it was vastly more than I was ever encouraged or allowed to give to the history of eating, sleeping, having sex or endeavoring to be amused.

AT HOME: A Short History of Private Life – Bill Bryson, Doubleday, NY, 2010

The home that Bill Bryson—he’s the sort of person you call Bill, not William—writes about is his own, a former vicarage in England, and he includes plans of it on the endpapers, which is one reason I was attracted to the book. Another is his way of writing: discursive, chatty, and disarmingly off-balance. Only Bryson would think of comparing the Statute of Liberty to a 151-foot tall Easter bunny. (Why? Read the book and find out.) Why did he choose to write about home life? He explains: “Wars, famines, the Industrial Revolution, the Enlightenment—they are all there in your sofas and chests of drawers, tucked into the folds of your curtains..in the paint on your walls and the water in your pipes. So the history of household life isn’t just a history of beds and sofas and kitchen stoves...but of scurvy and guano and the Eiffel Tower and bedbugs and body-snatching and just about everything else that ever happened. Houses aren’t refuges from history. They are where history ends up.... Even Einstein will have spent large parts of his life thinking about his holidays or new hammock or how dainty was the ankle on the young lady alighting from the tram across the street.”

In the pages of this book, you will meet inventors, sung and unsung, engineers, innovators, architects, scientists and big spenders. You will make the acquaintance of Frederic Tudor, the Ice King, and of Otzi, the Ice-man. and yes, the man who did invent the better mousetrap, the one still in use, in the 1890s—and the world did *not* beat a path to his door. And if anybody wants to know what a ewery is, you will find the answer here. (I don't know why they would; I've never come across the word before, even in a crossword puzzle.)

In addition to the Eiffel Tower, Monticello, the Wild West, and other points of interest, the author takes us on a guided, if somewhat erratic, tour of his own home. Coming in by the front hall, he explains why in medieval times the hall was either the whole house or the principal part of it. He then makes a side trip into the downstairs lavatory (figuratively—it doesn't actually exist in his house, as planned) to tell us why one word “describes both the most intimate and exalted group of advisers in government and the shelved recess in the bathroom where we keep Ex-Lax and the like.” (Bryson is not really a know-it-all, as this and the titles of some of his previous books, e.g. **A SHORT HISTORY OF NEARLY EVERYTHING**, would indicate, but he knows whom to ask. He is also quick to admit that there are things we don't know, even about fairly recent history.)

Some of his information may be questioned. I really doubt that Victorian housewives went about wearing 40 pounds of clothing. As a male, he hasn't spent much time in museums of costume, or he would know that corsets, for example, might have been uncomfortable, but not especially heavy. However, my main criticism of the book is that by the time Bill has gone up to the attic, if we have tried to read it straight through, we have had a little more information than we can absorb all at once. And by that time, it has gotten a little depressing, because in order to avoid sentimentality, he has tended to bramble-pick data in order to show the past, if not in the worst light, in a very grimy one. It is well to remember that our ancestors were long-lived enough and healthy enough to become ancestors.

The quotations used as headings here are from this book, and are only a sampling of a story that runs from prehistoric times into the present and even the future. Oh, and there are illustrations, too, and an index, which makes it very convenient as a reference. —M.S.

..a lightly populated county like Norfolk could produce 27,000 archaeological finds a year. Just beyond the edge of our property in 1985 a farmer crossing a field found a rare, impossible-to-misconstrue Roman phallic pendant. ...To me, this was... an amazement: the idea of a man in a toga, standing on what is now the edge of my land, patting himself all over, and realizing with consternation that he has lost his treasured keepsake, which then lay in the soil for 17 or 18 centuries—through countless generations of human activity; through the comings and goings of Saxons, Vikings and Normans; through the rise of the English language, the birth of the English nation, the development of continuous monarchy and all the rest—before finally being picked up by a late twentieth-century farmer, presumably with a look of consternation of his own.

THE BROKEN SWORD: A NOVEL OF THE REIGN OF RICHARD III by Rhoda Edwards (Doubleday, Garden City, 1976) is among the best fictional accounts of the late maligned king that I have read. It covers the last two years of Richard's life, from shortly before he discovered his brother, Edward IV, had died and named him protector of his son Edward V, to his tragic defeat two years later. We get a real sense of his character and the difficulties he had to deal with during his rule.

Edwards shows us the king from the eyes of several people who were important to him in some way, from his own viewpoint, and from Robert Bolman, the clerk Richard promoted based solely on merit—a truly unique act of those times. Even though this two-year period was presented from multiple viewpoints, Edwards gave each a unique voice.

I found the chapters told by Richard's wife, Anne Neville, his close friend and ally, Francis Lovell, and his physician, Dr. William Hobbes especially poignant. In these chapters we see Richard at the height of his powers and personal happiness and at his most vulnerable and at the depths of his emotional agony.

One point that had puzzled me was why Richard rushed into that last fateful battle where he lost his life and subsequently, his reputation. Edwards shows us Richard was among other things, under fiscal pressure to not delay the battle. The treasury was still depleted and not unlike affairs today, he needed money to govern. Had he pushed the battle back to when he could have been assured of the necessary troops, he risked not having the capital to pay for them. Richard had been aware of the Stanleys' potential betrayal, but that he had approached their "fence sitting" pragmatically.

There were a few expository paragraphs, more so near the beginning of the book, interrupting the narrative flow that Edwards had otherwise so beautifully crafted. I would have preferred it if those parts had been handled through author's notes at the end.

Ordinarily, I don't recommend fiction as a reference for historical facts, since to get at what the author interprets as an emotional or larger truth; the writer might decide to "bend" a few facts. In this instance, I make an exception. Not only did Edwards not take any license with the facts, but I felt she did find the larger truth. This book stands equally with the other Ricardian classics—**DAUGHTER OF TIME** by Josephine Tey and **SUNNE IN SPLENDOR** by Sharon Kay Penman.

THE BROKEN SWORD, known as **SOME TOUCH OF PITY** in the UK, is no longer in print. Used copies are available. —J.S.

The role of country clergy was a remarkably loose one. Piety was not necessarily a requirement, or even an expectation. ..the effect was to create a class of well-educated, wealthy people who had immense amounts of time on their hands. In consequence many of them began .to do remarkable things.

This is not to imply that the religious folk in the next two books, reviewed by Dale Summers, were not really religious. Undoubtedly they were, although from different points of view.

THE SERVANT'S TALE—Margaret Frazer, Berkley, NY, 1993

THE ILLUMINATOR—Brenda Rickman Vantreuse, St Martins Press, NY, 2005

Finding a catalog listing several of Ms. Frazer's books, including two Joliffe the Player stories, I ordered them all, and was pleasantly surprised to discover a Sister Frevisse book that I had not read.

In this book, Frevisse meets Joliffe for the first time. Seeing the players brings back memories of her childhood travels with her parents, so in love with each other that Frevisse is merely a pleasant appendage. After their deaths, Frevisse goes to her aunt, the wife of Thomas Chaucer, son of the poet. Talking with the players shakes Frevisse until she takes herself in hand and remembers that she chose the cloistered life.

The grinding poverty and misery of a woman in medieval times is vividly described. Forced into marriage by her parents and a persistent suitor, Meg learns too late that her husband is an irresponsible drunk, and her eldest son, Sym, is just like him. Her comfort is her younger son, Herve, who is not meant for the hard life of a villein. Meg works in the priory's kitchen, hoarding her few coins with the hope of buying Herve's freedom and making him a priest.

It is Christmastide, 1434. The players find Meg's husband on the road, badly injured, and take him to the priory. Barnaby will probably never work again. Meg worries about how they will pay for the borrowed cart he smashed, along with himself; about losing the holding; about caring for her husband if he survives and paying for the funeral if he doesn't.

Understandably, Meg sees the priory as a place of peace and solace. But the priory is full of illness. Though it is called rheum, the symptoms are those of flu. The youngest player becomes ill, keeping the troupe in the guesthall. Joliffe and Sym have a scuffle over a girl, and the latter comes home bleeding. Meg runs for help, but Sym is dead when it comes, and Dame Claire and Frevisse determine it is murder. Then a nun with breast cancer is murdered in front of the altar. A villain by the name of Gilbert Dunn proposes to Meg on the day of her husband's funeral, but she rejects him. Dunn and Sym have fought frequently, but why would he kill the man? Joliffe naturally falls under suspicion and Frevisse is very anxious to exonerate him. She comes to question her own motives in springing so quickly to his defense.

The mystery is satisfying, though the reader sees who is actually the murder before Frevisse does. Like all Frazer's works, this is well written and the characters life-like and believable. This is the book that introduced Joliffe and the players.

THE ILLUMINATOR, which is set in the late 14th century, is a vivid recreation of dangerous times. John Wycliffe was translating the Bible into English under the protection of John of Gaunt. John Ball was preaching his doctrine of class equality. The corruption of the clergy and the demands of the Crown pressed the peasants into intolerable poverty, and into rebellion.

There is a love story between Lady Kathryn Blackingham, a widow with two sons, and Finn, a charming Welshman with a half-Jewish daughter and a magnificent gift for illuminating manuscripts. At the request of a local abbot, Lady

Kathryn gives shelter to the illuminator so that he may work in peace and safety. But Finn is also illuminating manuscripts secretly for Wycliffe. A cruel and greedy sheriff is pressing Kathryn for her hand in marriage—and her land. Caught in the pressures of a widow trying to protect her serfs and pay their taxes, Kathryn is an admirable and courageous character, and Finn is also a very sympathetic character. The lesser characters are finely drawn and have substance. Historical characters, as well, come to life. Henry Despenser, the cold, selfish Bishop of Norwich, straps on armor and earns his nickname of “The Warring Bishop.” The author’s descriptive powers create scenes as vivid as the illuminator’s drawings. This is her first novel. I hope it is not her last.—Dale Summers

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FIFTY YEARS OF LOOKING FOR RICHARD:

Richard III Society, American Branch, 2011 AGM

The year 2011 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the American Branch of the Richard III Society in 1961. Please help us to celebrate the occasion by attending our 2011 AGM. This year the Illinois Chapter will host the AGM at the Doubletree Oakbrook Hotel, September 23rd - 25th.

The chapter chose Oakbrook in the Western suburbs over downtown Chicago for the better hotel prices and free parking. The hotel is adjacent to the Oakbrook Center, which is the number one shopping destination for Illinois shoppers and the largest open-air premier shopping center in the country. Oakbrook is a prestigious community with nearby attractions like the Morton Arboretum and Brookfield Zoo. The Drury Lane Theatre, close by the hotel, will be featuring Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

People wishing to go downtown after the AGM is over may take the hotel shuttle to the Hinsdale train station and ride the Metra to Union Station. Anyone driving to the meeting will be able to use the free parking garage attached to the hotel. Oakbrook is convenient for both O’Hare and Midway Airports. We will print details of taxi service from both airports in the brochure, which will be sent out in early summer. We have negotiated special prices.

Expect compelling speakers, merriment and entertainment at the AGM. There will be a sales table, raffle items and a silent auction. Donations are appreciated. Don't forget you are welcome to wear your costume to the Saturday evening banquet.

Please come and help us celebrate this milestone! We look forward to seeing you September 23rd - 25th. Please mark your calendars.

Nita Musgrave, AGM Chairman

A Word from the Editor

...when you're up to your neck in alligators, it's easy to forget that the initial objective was to drain the swamp...—proverb

That modern proverb, often attributed to Ronald Reagan perfectly describes the situation in which I found myself when I agreed to be the Register's editor. Little did I know that because of unforeseen circumstances, the printer the American Branch had used since Carole Rike was editor, had to close shop. Because of our non-profit status, we are able to get the best rates for bulk mailing, but that added to the complexity of not only printing the Register, but of also getting it distributed to the membership. As a result, this first issue is roughly a month behind schedule. My goal is to match the UK's publication schedule, which is March 1, June 1, September 1, and December 1.

I depend on you, dear reader, to author articles of interest to the membership. In general the articles should be about medieval culture, economy, and technology, the Wars of the Roses, Richard III, and those people and events that influenced or were influenced by them. Please email articles for consideration to Joan Szechtman at u2nohoo@gmail.com by the 15th of the month prior to the stated publication schedule.

This issue would still be moldering on various computers if it were not for the help I received from our interim editor, Susan Higginbotham; assistant editor, Diana Rubino; and copy editor, Ruth Roberts.

Finally, I took this opportunity to change the format from the newsletter style, to a 6x9" booklet style that is similar to the UK publication. In the past, PDF files of each Register publication has been made available on the "members only" page of the American Branch website. I hope to expand that an eBook format that will be downloadable to eBook readers such as Kindle and Nook. I will send notification of electronic availability on the "richard3" Yahoo discussion group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/richard3/>. If you, dear member, haven't joined this discussion group and would like to do so, please contact Pamela J. Butler, Online Member Services, at PamelaJButler@aol.com.

Wish me luck. I'm gonna need it.—Rocky Balboa

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