



RICARDIAN CHRONICLE



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December 2020

Newsletter by and about members of the American Branch of the Richard III Society



October 16-18, 2020

Renaissance Philadelphia Airport Hotel

Speakers:

Peter W. Hammond (President, Richard III Society UK) and **Carolyn Hammond** (Vice President and Library Coordinator, Richard III Society UK) - Peter has published numerous books about Richard III, the latest being *The Children of Richard III*. Carolyn has been the Society's UK librarian for many years.

Matthew Lewis (Education Officer, Richard III Society UK) - Matthew has published many best-selling books about the Wars of the Roses and Richard III, including *The Survival of the Princes in the Tower*.

Sally Keil, Missing Princes Project coordinator for the American Branch

Edward IV roll presentation:

Group visit to the Free Library of Philadelphia limited to the first 60 people to register.

Contents

Report on the 2019 AGM in Edinburgh	3
Report from the American Branch to the 2019 AGM of the Richard III Society:	5
Ricardian Reading	7
Ricardian Music	13
Why Richard's Story Now? (by Anne Easter Smith)	14
From the Archive	15
In Memoriam: Dianne Batch	16
ex libris	17
Board, Staff, and Chapter Contacts	20
Membership Application/Renewal Dues	21

Publication schedule and submission deadlines:

The *Ricardian Chronicle* is published semi-annually, June and December. Submission deadlines are:
May 15th for the June issue and November 15th for the December issue.

What type of article will be published in the *Chronicle*?

The *Ricardian Chronicle* is a newsletter by and about members and chapters of the American Branch of the Richard III Society. This is the publication to share your stories about Ricardian and related trips and events.

Submission guidelines:

Text: 12 pt Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial font, document file type can be rtf, doc, docx, or odt. (Sorry, I cannot accept pdf document type or non-standard fonts.)

Please contact me at info@r3.org

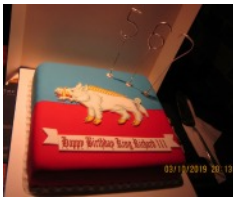
Report on the 2019 AGM in Edinburgh

Susan Troxell

When Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was making his 1482 campaign to Scotland to take back Berwick-Upon-Tweed and to lay siege to Edinburgh on behalf of Edward IV, would he have ever guessed that more than 500 years later there would be an organization devoted to his reputation and memory? More importantly, would he have ever guessed that people from the far-off continent of North America would be attending it in his honor? And how would an organization devoted to an English king respond to recent political events, such as Brexit and the recently-revived campaign for Scottish independence from the United Kingdom?

My husband Erik and I traveled to the 2019 AGM of the Richard III Society, to find out exactly how these questions would be answered. What we discovered on our first trip to Edinburgh and our first attendance at the UK parent's AGM is that the Richard III Society remains a vital and active organization, one that is ever-evolving. And it is deeply committed to its core mission, facing new challenges with aplomb, and having a strategy for the future. It was, in a nutshell, an example of a volunteer historical community that has clear objectives and remains devoted to the "most controversial king in English history". There is much to be proud of, and much to tell you about our experience.

The first event we attended was the 567th Birthday Party for Richard III, held at Canon's Gate Pub on the Royal Mile. This was organized by Gabriella Widman of the Cittie of London Branch of the Society, and was very well attended. There were several Americans in attendance, including Diane Preston and even some non-members from States-side who were curious about the event and wanted to share in the festivities. A rousing toast to King Richard was had, as well as speeches from Gabriella and Philippa Langley. Following a delicious buffet dinner, a beautiful birthday cake was presented and enjoyed in the king's honor.



I finally got the nerve to introduce myself to Philippa and can report that she is the most welcoming and friendly ambassador on behalf of the king. She even allowed me to photograph her wearing my jean jacket which has the king's famous portrait on it!!



Gabriella is already planning the next Birthday Party for Richard III to be held near the time of the 2020 AGM in York, so please mark your calendars. The London Cittie Branch is also an excellent resource for any Yanks who are traveling to England and is delighted to welcome them and if need be, to advise on travel arrangements and itineraries.

The next day, we attended the 10th Anniversary of the Looking For Richard Project. There, we were treated to the personal observations of Philippa Langley, Annette Carson, and David and Wendy Johnson about the high and low points in their struggle to get funding for the archeological dig that later made international news. They spoke very sincerely about some of the frustrations and difficulty working with the media, including the (in)famous scenes from the Channel 4 documentary "The King in the Car Park" that was watched by over 6,000,000 people,

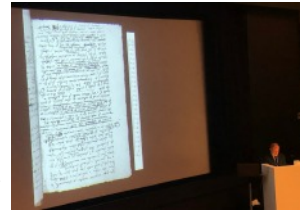
including the spin-off on the American Smithsonian cable channel. They fêted the LFRP with a hilarious cake that reflected the innate sense of humor possessed by Ricardians around the globe.



The AGM kicked off on Saturday, at the National Museum of Scotland, a beautiful venue that houses some of Scotland's greatest treasures. The Society had a bountiful number of booths, including the Missing Princes Project, a Membership Orientation and Benefits booth, some authors who have written books about Richard III, and lots of books for sale from the UK's librarian Carolyn Hammond. There was a high sense of energy, with members from all over the world greeting each other and re-connecting or connecting for the first time. Erik and I were appreciative for the opportunity to speak with many officers and members of the Executive Committee, and hear about their plans for the future.



The official opening of the AGM started with a talk given by Dr Arthur Noel Kincaid, who gave the Isolde Wigram Memorial Lecture. Dr Kincaid spoke for almost 50 minutes about his experience as a young literature student at Oxford University who was searching around for this thesis paper. Back in the 1960s when he was a student there, he recounted how the academic world was obsessed with medieval manuscripts, especially paleography and going "back to basics" with reading primary sources. He happened to luck upon Sir George Buck's original 17th century manuscript for *The History of King Richard the Third*, housed at the British Library. While partially destroyed by fire, it had never been transcribed by anyone in the 20th century. It was a perfect opportunity for him to combine literature, history, and paleography. He didn't know that he would discover a bizarre maze of plagiarism, mainly at the hand of Buck's great-nephew who would later issue his own edition of "The History" under his uncle's name, reducing it by more than fifty percent of its original, concocting false sources, and leaving out many important details. This much-reduced and false version of Buck's original manuscript has been used as a primary source by an untold number of historians. Dr Kincaid said that it was the American Branch of the Richard III Society who approached him with funding for him to do his more accurate, and detailed transcription of the original manuscript. Dr Kincaid thus highlighted the early, and critical role, the American Branch played in early Ricardian research. The product of that funding was the first edition of edited by Dr Kincaid. He is now publishing a better, and more accurate version than the one he did while a student at Oxford. We look forward to obtaining it for our non-fiction library!



The next items of business were a report given by Executive Committee chairman Phil Stone about the good financial health of the Society, and the recent vote to make the Richard III Society a Corporation Limited by Guarantee organization. This was later explained in more detail by lead Constitutional Working Committee officer, David Wells. The upshot is that the Society needed to become more legally formal in its existence, otherwise it was hamstrung by being unable to open bank accounts, Paypal accounts, or to create more efficient voting mechanisms. David Wells explained very clearly that there would be basically no change in membership benefits or obligations, and that this development was a positive change.



More than 98% of members voted for this change, and the Constitutional Working Committee is now working on Articles of Incorporation, Bylaws, Standard Operating Procedures, and a 5-year Business Strategy, all of which are best practices for non-profit organizations. In the near future, the old Society organization will have to be wound down, paying off its debts, etc., and there will be a period of overlap when the new CGL organization will receive all the property rights (copyrights, trademarks, etc). For this reason, there was a vote taken to amend the

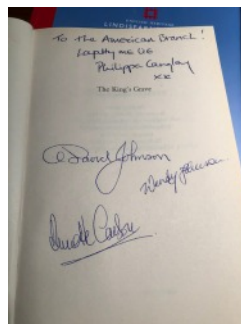
Constitution of the original society so that it could transfer all those rights to the new organization. Most members will not see any difference or change in their subscription or voting rights, and in fact, they will probably be able to receive more voting rights under the new corporate regime. All of this will be described in detail in the Ricardian Bulletin.

Only two motions were raised and argued. One concerned allocating a large capital fund for improving and updating the Society's webpage. The second one, which was a bit more controversial, involved obtaining a commitment from the new CGL entity that they would perform routine and regular member questionnaires, for the purpose of obtaining their viewpoints and input into how the Society operates.

Finally, there were reports from the various Branches of the Society, some coming from Australia, New Zealand, and other more closely located British branches. I was honored to give a verbal report on behalf of the American Branch. (See the report herein for the text of that report.) I am happy to report that everyone quite warmly received the activities of the American Branch.



I am also happy to report that I was able to approach Peter Hammond, and the members of the Looking for Richard Project, to have them sign some books in our non-fiction library.



I would certainly encourage any American Branch members to make it to an AGM in the United Kingdom, should they have the ability to travel there.

Contents

Report from the American Branch to the 2019 AGM of the Richard III Society: Presented to the 2019 UK AGM

Susan Troxell

On behalf of the almost 400 members of the American Branch, I bring our greetings and best wishes for a successful AGM in the great and historic city of Edinburgh. The American Branch was founded 58 years ago, in 1961. Our membership is spread across a continent, from the Cascade Mountains in Seattle, to the Great Plains of Illinois and Texas; from the coastal wetlands of Florida to the original colonies of Massachusetts, New York,

Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The mission of the Richard III Society is appealing to the American vision of a just civilization, one that promotes fair play, due process, and a commitment to protecting historical accuracy against propaganda and slander. For this reason, our Society, and the life and character of King Richard III, attracts Americans from all walks of life, not just those who can trace their ancestry to the British Isles.

Of course, having members so widely spread out can be challenging. But we are happy to report that we are maintaining our core mission and have an active membership. Within the last year, we had a very engaging GMM in Detroit, Michigan. We heard lectures about Richard III's cup bearer Sir William Allynghon, Richard III's supporter Bishop Thomas Langton, and the unique architecture of late medieval London. Many of these talks were presented by American Branch members based on their own research. Perhaps most importantly, we heard from an educator about the need for students in high school, and in undergraduate studies, to be given a well-rounded liberal arts education that includes a more balanced and considered viewpoint of history than what has been traditionally taught.

This year, we gave awards to 5 graduate scholars whose areas of research focus on 15th century English history and culture. One of those was a fellowship in the amount of \$30,000 to support a doctoral dissertation; the other four awards, in the amount of \$2,000 each, were for the purpose of defraying expenses such as the cost of travel, photography, and other research materials. This program, which is the result of a very generous donation made to the American Branch by the late William and Maryloo Schallek, is administered by the Medieval Academy of America in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Some of our members, including my husband Erik Michaelson, are working on the Milles Register project, transcribing and translating medieval wills and testaments from their original Latin and Middle English. Other members have hosted talks from academics who have written some (– if I may say so –) rather controversial books on the lives of the later Plantagenets. Others have organized trips to the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington DC. Shakespeare's play based on Richard III is still very popular and is performed every year in the United States, and so, it remains the task of every American Ricardian to try to rectify its impression on the wider public.

Finally, I want to highlight the work that has been carried out on The Missing Princes Project by Sally Keil and a number of other American branch members. Sally organized and now leads a team of 31 volunteers to dig into hundreds of archives having original medieval documents. These archives are found in American universities, cultural institutions, museums, and public foundations. According to a survey performed by the University of Chicago, there are almost 500 of these collections in the United States. Some undoubtedly have important records that have never been given full consideration. As of the date of this report, members have searched over 140 different archives, and have found some very fascinating things. To highlight a few, they have found: A warrant from Richard III, written at Kenilworth in May, 1485 to Sir William Catesby. A receipt from Sir James Tyrell dated November, 1498. And perhaps most fascinating of all, one member located in the archives of Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, a lock of hair reportedly from King Edward IV. This last item may be capable of being tested for its ancestral DNA, and provide a crucial link for further genetic research so that one enduring mystery – the one that asks “who is really buried in those urns at Westminster Abbey”? – may be answered with a degree of scientific certainty.

Let me congratulate the Society on a successful past year, and say how much we in the American Branch are looking forward to the future, knowing that there still remains a lot of work to be done to clear the name and reputation of King Richard. Next year, we will be holding our GMM in the historic city of Philadelphia. While it's still too early to name our speakers, the program will definitely involve a private group showing of the Edward IV Genealogical Roll created in 1461, which is at the Free Library of Philadelphia. We will also be having an exclusive viewing of two of the earliest known manuscripts of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, both at The Rosenbach Library. We warmly welcome all members of the Society, from all parts of the globe, to join us in Philadelphia in 2020.

Myrna Smith

Novel n.—A short story padded.—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*.

GRANT ME THE CARVING OF MY NAME, Alex Marchant, ed.; Marchant Ventures, 2018

(Introduced by Philippa Gregory and published in support of the Scoliosis Association, UK) The cover art by Rikko Katajiste shows a crowned Richard reading a book with the initials JAH prominent on the spine—for John Ashdown Hill, to whom the book is dedicated.

A mixed bag. Some of the short fiction included here consists of excerpts from longer fiction works, which means they may have a rather unfinished air about them. That aside, the stories can be regarded in several categories: the realistic, the supernatural, and the science-fictionish, with some overlap, of course. Buckingham's End was a part of Richard Unwin's novel featuring armourer Laurence de la Halle, and is about just what the title suggests. It recounts how James Tyrell screwed up the capture of Henry Tudor on his first campaign to England, though James Tyrell maintains that Laurence messed up. Joanna Dreams is the story of Joanna of Portugal, as recounted by Maire Martello: why she agreed to marry Richard III, and why she did not in the end. 14th April 1471—Blooding is a part of Matthew Lewis' **LOYALTY**, about Richard at an early stage of his life and career, obviously. Boyer Tower, by Wendy Johnson, is Clarence's story, narrated by him before his execution and her Beyond the Rood is narrated by an anonymous Yorkist soldier in the aftermath of Bosworth Field. Those are the serious, realistic, actual historic history stories, worthy of being judged by those standards as of a high quality.

The rest are, well, different. Marla Skidmore's Purgatory is an excerpt from her novel **RENAISSANCE: FALL AND RISE OF A KING**. After a stay in that locale, Richard is ready to leave, in the opinion of his mentor, but not in his own opinion. On the other hand, in Ave Aquate Vale Frances Quinn gives us a Richard who is ready to leave when he encounters his earthly rival in Purgatory. This gives Tudor the opportunity to snark off, and gives Richard the opportunity to tell him a few home truths, literally, about what is happening back home in England. Henry is not at all pleased.

Easter 1483, by the book's editor, Alex Marchant, is a chapter from a novel for children about youthful followers of Richard. Marchant has also contributed a stand-alone story, The Beast of Middleham Moor. I don't know whether this is sci-fi, time-travel, supernatural, fantasy, or a combination of all of these. The protagonist is an adolescent boy with the same physical condition Richard had, who is faced with the decision of what to do about it. The meeting will be instrumental in his decision.

Narelle M. Harris gives us an alternate history tale in Long Live the King, and the boy Richard sees something of his own future in Five White Stones—alas, not all of it. Myth and Man, also by Ms Harris, may perhaps be best described as an allegory. The recently dead man who was Richard confronts the never-living myth of Shakespeare's infamy.

Finally, a couple of just-for-the-heck-of-it romps. Kindred: Spirits Return of the King, by Jennifer C. Wilson, has the ghosts of Richard and Anne Neville visiting Leicester. Both live in—er, reside in—London, Anne at Westminster Abbey, Richard at the Tower (see next review). But nothing says they can't get away for the weekend occasionally. As Richard wants to show Anne the visitor's center in his honor, they do just that, presumably travelling by train. They stay overnight in a hotel built on the site of the old Blue Boar Inn, doing a little mild haunting to pass the time. The next day, they attend services, along with living visitors and resident spooks. Richard enjoys this, but gripes about how much Leicester has changed since he was there. In this, Richard rather reminds me of my husband. (That's another story.)

Larner & Lamb (doesn't that have a lovely musical-comedy sound?) provide an entry from **DICKON'S DIARIES: PART II: Dame Joanne's Talk Thing**, as it might have been written by a time-warped Richard of Gloucester. Just inspired silliness.

Grave, n.—A place in which the dead are laid to await the coming of the medical student.—ibid.

KINDRED SPIRITS: Tower of London—Jennifer C. Wilson, Crooked Cat Books, UK, 2016

I don't usually read and review ghost stories, at least not full-length ones. However, this is not your normal supernormal story. It is more in the spirit—can I say that?—of the old Topper movies, a mixture of fantasy and farce, though with a few serious moments. The premise is simple: the Tower of London is haunted by a motley

crew of spirits—strike that—actually a rather elite crew. As the back-cover blurb points out, the leading spirits are “a King, three Queens, assorted nobles,” and others. Not all who died in the Tower return to haunt, and not all who haunt there are buried there, e.g. Richard III. He explains: “A week after they buried me, I knew this was where I needed to be...Those first few days in Leicester, as a ghost I mean...when I realised I was still here. I thought it was pointless hanging about up there—I wanted to be at the heart of the country, where I belonged. So, I set off along the roads. I didn’t know any other way than to follow the main paths, on foot. I couldn’t even ask for directions.”

On the other hand, Perkin Warbeck is not present, but the Earl of Warwick is, though he remains ‘closeted’ for a long while. Is this by Warbeck’s own choice—a ghost does have some options—or is it just that he is just a little too working class for the company? But musician Mark Smeaton is there, though he doesn’t socialize much.

The—ahem—plot, such as it is, recounts a year in the afterlife of Richard, Anne Boleyn, Jane Grey, et al. The phantoms have carried over many of the characteristics and personalities they had in life, and often the old animosities, for example Richard and Lord Hastings, although they can make common cause when necessary. Others include Anne Boleyn vs. Thomas Cromwell, and everybody vs. Jane Boleyn, until her former sister-in-law gives her some good advice. Old affinities carry over as well. Katherine Howard still pines for her Thomas Culpepper, and Arabella Stuart’s Edward Seymour still wants to be reunited with her. But some, like Queen Anne Boleyn, explore new avenues. Jane Grey carries on a mild flirtation with George Boleyn. The lad who was briefly her husband, Guildford Dudley, keeps a low profile and makes no objection. Of course, they are no longer married, are they? Richard is quite good friends with Anne, and is reconciled with his brother George. Apparently, family loyalty can transcend the grave, and blood is thicker than—uh, scratch that.

There are certain rules that the ghosts in the Tower must live—I mean, abide—by. These are unwritten, but Richard, being an organizer, undertakes—er, resolves—to write them down. We learn that ghosts can gasp for breath, take deep breaths, blush, and even bleed. That is why edged weapons are severely restricted. They can sleep and even dream, but don’t seem to need as much sleep as mortals do. They can wake up and smell the coffee, but cannot taste it, nor any other food, and often find this frustrating. Mild haunting, such as pulling ponytails and whispering, is permissible *ad lib*, but the severed-head-underneath-the-arm stuff is frowned upon, though that doesn’t keep those bad boys, George B. and George P., from trying it now and then.

During the temporal time period covered by the story, the ghosts go about their business. They celebrate birthdays, All Hallows’ Eve, Christmas, they welcome new chums, say goodbye to those who have “gone towards the light,” and choose to leave to meet their destiny. Yes, a spectre does have some freedom to choose. George of Clarence has chosen to stay with his daughter and son in the Tower, which makes for an ill-assorted trio, age wise. (George and his son are both in their twenties, and daughter Margaret is in her sixties.)

Richard spends many nights in a fruitless search for his other nephews, and for the means to clear his name. Just how that would help is not explained. As one of Henry VIII’s exes points out, he is not the only one to hear lies about himself, but they don’t let it ruin their lives—ah, get under their skin—that is, bother them. Richard acknowledges the logic of this, but doggedly goes on. He is sure they are in the Tower somewhere, and he and Anne enlist the help of all the other ghosts to do a thorough search.

Will Richard succeed in his quest? Will he and Anne ‘go toward the light’ together or separately? Read the book and find out, then read the other books in the **KINDRED SPIRITS** series. Of the one set in Westminster Abbey, (q.v.) Richard says to his brother: “I visited once...years ago. If you think this place is heaving with ghosts, you should go there for the day. You can hardly move. I spent the night there, but couldn’t see [Anne Neville], and with all the other monarchs, there were a lot of egos to deal with, so I left without being noticed by too many of them.”

Monument, n.—A structure intended to commemorate something which either needs no commemoration or cannot be commemorated.—ibid.

KINDRED SPIRITS: Westminster Abbey—Jennifer C. Wilson, Crooked Cat Books, 2017

The Prologue to this book has the poets of Poet’s Corner meeting for a light verse competition, in which Rudyard Kipling edges out Geoffrey Chaucer. Well, I’ll wager you can recite more of Kipling than Chaucer.

Moving on to Chapter 1, we are introduced to some non-literary residents of the Abbey. As Richard says, the place is heaving with spirits. (King Edward—that’s Edward the Confessor—doesn’t like the expression ‘ghosts.’

He doesn't like a lot of things.) There are 3000 + of them, many Royal or otherwise notable. Not all are high muckety-mucks, though. A plumber named Clark is interred here, not to mention Bradshaw the Regicide. (Let's not mention him!) "Westminster Abbey was England's national stage, where for centuries the great and good had been hatched, matched, celebrated and dispatched." One of the people dispatched is now making trouble is Elizabeth I, who is bored and inclined to raise hell. She thinks 'they must have more fun at the Tower,' but is reluctant to go there, as she might meet her mum. At the Abbey, she does run into her half-sister, Mary I. They share a tomb, for heaven's sake. Is that the right expression to use? Mary can sometimes be bloody-minded, and "petulant toddler" is Gloriana's default position."

At times things reach the point where a meeting of the Westminster Council has to be called, with King Edward the Confessor presiding. He is senior in time, in rank, and in holiness, being the only royal saint. This bunch would try the patience of a saint, believe me. Phillip Larkin, Poet Laureate, and Laurence Olivier are also heard from, if not seen. Kit Marlowe stirs things up now and then, and Mary-Eleanor Bowes plays practical jokes. She is an ancestress of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the mother of the present queen.

There are some odd friendships. Anne Neville and Anna von Cleves get on well, but the latter has discovered a posthumous scientific bent, and also pals around with Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, and Robert Stephenson. (Aha! I think I know what is wrong with my computer!) Richard III has visited at least once before the opening of the story, when he and Henry VII almost come to blows. He returns to visit Anne, but on this occasion, Henry has his own problems. Trying to keep the peace between his granddaughters, not to mention his own mother, has gotten on his last nerve, if spirits can be said to have nerves. He is not looking for a fight either, so the two kings actually manage to have a civil conversation, until George Boleyn arrives to fetch Richard back to the Tower for a party. "My, how the other half lives," says Anna von Cleves when she hears of this. The next time Richard shows up is after Margaret Beaufort 'goes toward the light,' much to her own surprise and her son's shock. On the other hand, many of her Abbey neighbors breathe a sigh of relief. Well, you know what I mean.

The last Plantagenet feels he must offer condolences. The first Tudor is still a bit stand-offish, but intrigued by the fact that they both have museums in York. Might they do a mutual haunting trip? Their former wives would have to go along to keep the peace, or they would never make it that far!

Almost as miraculous is the tentative rapport between the Tudor 'girls,' Mary I and Elizabeth I. It helps that Mary has moved out into the tomb of their cousin Mary Queen of Scots. It is vacant most of the time, as the Scottish queen is continually on progress, it seems

Life, or rather death at the Abbey, is not as dull as Elizabeth Tudor claims. The spooks amuse themselves by playing Tourist Bingo. (Sample card illustrated.) There are outings, such as the one to the Aquarium and the London Eye, and the Peacock Theatre. Little Mary Stuart, the daughter of James VI/I, celebrates her second birthday for the three-hundredth-odd time, with a play by Kit Marlowe and the gift of a ghost kitten.

Surprisingly, who or what might be in That Urn barely rates a mention. In any case, the haunting trip to York is on hold, if they do go to York, I'm sure Ms. Wilson will report it. Henry and Elizabeth of York will go to Paris over Valentine's Day, and everybody will live—erm, whatever—ever after.

The latest book in the series has just been published. That is a review for another day. Richard has gone to York on his own, to join forces with Harry Hotspur, Dick Turpin, and Guy Fawkes. What a combination!

Heaven, n.—A place where the wicked refrain you with talk of their personal affairs, and the good listen with attention when you expound your own.—ibid.

RICHARD III: KING OF CONTROVERSY—Toni Mount 2014, rev 2015

Ms. Mount, an avowed and enthusiastic Ricardian, apparently meant this as an introduction to the subject for young people. It is written in conversational style (although young people and older ones might learn a new word or two, such as 'eponymous'—one of my favorites). There are no footnotes to slow the reader down, but there is a copious bibliography.

The first part of this volume is a 'life and times' of the eponymous character. (Now you know what it means.) Pretty accurate, although necessarily somewhat compressed in time. The author does say that Richard was arranging a marriage for his niece with the Earl of Desmond. What happened to Manuel de Beja? Other sections deal with the search for Richard's grave, his facial reconstruction, DNA, and other subjects, and Toni Mount has no hesitation in sharing her opinions. For example: "I wouldn't be surprised if the worried, older-looking face in the Tudor

[NPG] portrait wasn't a truer image of the man than the reconstruction." There are interesting tidbits about carbon dating, which can be affected by the amount of fish one eats, and scandalous bits. Did Edmund of Langley's wife cheat on him? That last doesn't affect our subject, but the seafood does.

There is also a description of the Battle of Bosworth Field, but almost half the book is taken up with a discussion of the pretenders, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, or as the author seems to believe, Edward V and Richard of York. It is here I believe she is on shakier ground. You could reasonably argue either way about 'Perkin Warbeck,' but 'Lambert Simnel' is another matter. Could 'Lambert' have actually been the boy King Edward, who was killed in battle, or killed shortly after by Tudor troops, or Henry himself? Then who was the turnspit in Henry's kitchen? It's hard to imagine Edward Plantagenet willingly living out the life of a menial servant, so a substitution was made. (To be fair, this is not Ms. Mount's theory, but one originated by Gordon Smith.) 'Lambert' was a lower-class boy drafted to impersonate Edward after the fact. I am willing to imagine that a look-alike stand-in might have been taken to Stoke Field, but in any case, this ploy would be dangerous. How could a young boy be trusted to keep this secret for the rest of his life, not even slipping up accidentally? Or deliberately, when he grew to man's estate and realized the opportunity for blackmail? The Tudors would have to get rid of him sooner or later. Instead he lived out a normal life-span, content to be a royal servant. Besides, if 'Edward V' was killed in battle, why not simply say so? Being the 'fortunes of war,' his death could not be held against Henry VII, and it would solve many problems for him. All of this seems one coincidence too many.

"The Yorkists would never have committed the blasphemy" of crowning 'Lambert' in Dublin. Would they not, indeed? In fact, many things against the commands of Holy Church were done by both houses. It is debatable if the rite could be called a proper coronation anyway, since the 'holy oil' was back in London, and the crown used had to be borrowed from a statute. Of course, it may very well be that the participants believed that they had the genuine Edward V in their hands. By the way, both the former Prince of Wales and the Earl of Warwick had the same Christian name; did anyone notice?

I am not trying to trash Ms. Mount, whose books I have greatly enjoyed. That includes this one. As she admits, the purpose of writing this book was to get people thinking and discussing the matter, and she certainly succeeded with me!

Future, n.—That period of time in which our affairs prosper, our friends are true and our happiness is assured.—*ibid*

DICKON'S DIARIES: PART II—Joanne Larner and Susan Lamb, 2018

[Editor's note: Review is written in the style of this book.]

Beinyng the further picaresque adventures of Dickon and his Dames, who maye bee found on Ye Book of Faces. Not just Dickon has wryt for this volume, but likewise his wyffe, Queene Anne, and his goodly friend, Lord Francis Lovell; at the leaste, for bryf chaptres. Queene Anne tells ye Gentle Reader of some of her royal husbonde's faults, and her owne propensitie for aches of the hede, and Francis Lovell hath wryt a Four Worde, whyche is more than 4 wordes, forsooth! We (editorial we) are sure ye Kyng appreciated the helpe, for mooche happyned during the year reportyed here. First, Syr Nikolas von Poppyglow came to vyste, and to shew off his skill with his greate lance. How comes it the people of Muddleham can knosh on poppyng corn and coke of cola whyle watching these on-goingys? For cause that Muddleham existeth in a sort of tyme-warppe, like Brigodoon. At certaine tymes, as whene where is myst on the bridge, folk can travell from one centurie to the othere, although oftymes there is mooche difficultye in distinguishment of myst and fogge.

Oure dread Kyng's Ladye Moder, Duchess Cecily, viysits from Born Hard Castle, and makes her presence knowne most definitely. Other visitors included Dame Kokomo, who has been to Muddleham before, certes. This time, she gooes to a kerr-hop-oh-dyst, Mr. Phileus Bonnifoot, and praiseeth his efforts to the Royal Familie. New cytzens of Muddleham includeth Kanya Kankanski, a Russian emegree, who teacheth danyse, including the trotting foxe, and Sir Oliver Quiver, instructure in archerie. He foughte in the battles of Morton's Mound, Crapstys Hill, and Baldwi's Mill, and nowe cuttes quite a swath amongst the wymenfolke of Muddleham. Richard at first forbyds his wyffe to take instruction, but latyr relenteth.

Some not-so-welcomed visitors include historians Stan Jones and Willie Snarky, who gett theyr well-deserved uppe-commance. These are only some of the manye events at Muddleham during the tyme recounted. Dickon

getteth a make-ye-over, the Royal householde watcheth a com-de-sitt yclept “Friends,” Lovell getteth newe greene hose—as inne gardyn hose. Surelye thou hast seen this marketted on tell-ye-vision?

Oh yea, as iff one Lovell were nott enoughe, one of Frank’s little “mistakes,” yclept Lennie Lovell cometh in, as a sort of compaignon to Eddie, Prynce of Wales. He is of much aide and assistance in gettyng the pryce into grete troublement. We also learne that Muddleham hath subjurbs, some poshe (Muddleham Parva), some nott so. Big Ed lives in Muddleham Wamble. Also the answeere to the disappearance of Richard’s nephews is founde here.

More than one yeare is covered as more than one Yuletide is observyd. The Kynge’s Speeche is reported on one occasione, on others it is recounted, by himselfe, how he got regally pi—er, inebr—er, mellow—yea, that beeth the worde, mellow, and is overhung the next daye. Moochely to be credited is the artist, Rikka Katajiste, who alloweth oure Dreade Lorde to be hys handsome and dygnified selff, no mattre what is onn-goynge.

All this, and mooche, mooche more, including Dickon’s advice column for the lorne of love, and othyr. No high purpose here, that your humble reviewre canst see, exceptyng juste to have a grande olde tyme in the Olden Tymes.

Enquyring minds want to knowe: how long can MesDames Larner and Lamb keepe this uppe?

[Editor’s note ii: My hat’s off to Larner and Lamb’s editor. Proofing this was no easy feat.

Kill, v.t.- To create a vacancy without nominating a successor.—ibid

THE COLOUR OF LIES—Toni Mount, MadeGlobal, 2019

The story opens on Tuesday, August 18, 1478, as Sebastian Foxley returns to London with his wife, baby son, and country cousin (actually nephew) Adam Armitage, to find his stationer’s shop shuttered and his brother Jude in jail. Not only that, but Jude was a no-show at his own wedding, and must pay a fine for that. After much soul-searching and angst, the brothers decide to each go their own way. That is, Jude will go, but Adam will prove to be a more than acceptable substitute. An acquaintance from an earlier book, Gabriel Widowson, a Known Man (Lollard) will turn up as a mariner, along with his First Mate, Rook, an Abyssanian. Why should this cause trouble for Seb, who refuses to even step foot on a ship? Ha!

By groveling to the guild, Seb gets the shop reopened and tries to make up for lost work, and get ready for the upcoming Bartholomew Fayre. Physically he is better off than he was in Norfolk. Modest as it is, his London kitchen is bigger than his entire country cottage. It needs to be, with the motley crew inhabiting it, plus one more—make that two, though one is a baby. The two boy apprentices cause Seb nothing but trouble, though Adam seems to manage them better. (The girl apprentice will return shortly.) The jilted bride, Rose, is still around. Emily doesn’t mind this, as she needs all the help she can get. The Fayre opens, and Emily and Rose, who are ‘out-workers’ for Dame Ellen, along with Dame Ellen’s other employees, Beattie, Pen, and Liz, are kept busy at their stall. Correction: Liz is busy, but not at silk-working.

Is Seb going to be left in peace to conduct his business? Again, ha! Sice Jude was assistant to the coroner, Seb has inherited the position, at least so far as Coroner Fisher is concerned. Over his protests, he is called upon to investigate the death of one of the performers at the Fayre. Though living long before the development of finger-printing, he can determine that some bloody prints were made by ‘someone who uses both hands equally, such as a bell-ringer.’ Seb has a logical and somewhat skeptical mind. On the subject of unicorns, he says” I don’t doubt that they once existed, but no man has reported seeing them for years. It was always a cousin of a friend who met a man who said his grandfather had heard tell of a unicorn glimpsed for a moment of time in the far distance.” Yes, a unicorn horn, brought back by Richard Armitage from the land of Fire and Ice, is featured in the crime.

Our hero again, on one of his contemporaries: “Thaddeus Turner was a diligent bailiff but not the sharpest blade in the culter’s workshop.” And: “The lid of the city coffers weighed like the Devil’s sins, and could be prised open only with the greatest difficulty.” Seb is not always ahead of his time, however. He buys a ‘rainbow-maker’ (prism) but can’t make it work, and feels he got cheated.

There is another murder—there always is—this time of one of the silkwomen, and it looks like Emily may be involved. Seb, who truly loves his wife, perhaps more that she loves him, is faced with a dilemma, and tries to take drastic action, but is prevented by Adam, Jack the apprentice, and Gawain the dog. Eventually, Seb Foxley will, with a little push from Adam, put two and two together and solve the crime, clearing the mariner Rook, who stood accused of it. The first murder—that of the puppet master at the Fayre—is never solved, but that is about

par for the course, even today. All's well that ends well, and a teaser from the next book in the series is included in the Kindle edition. The Sebastian Foxley novels are a delight to read, giving readers as close a view as is possible to get of the 15th century without a time machine. And the characters are as real as anyone one could meet in Real Life, with all the faults and foibles of real people. Seb would seem to have almost no faults, except he is a bit of a wimp, but lovable all the same.

Oh, a cat, Grayling, has joined the company to deal with some (unnamed) mice, which would seem to be an ever-present liability in a stationer's shop.

Exile, n.—One who serves his country by residing abroad, yet is not an ambassador—ibid

THE TUDOR CROWN—Joanna Hickson, Harper Collins, 2018

This is the story of Henry Tudor in exile, as the normal young man he must have been at one time, interested in sports and girls and not much else. He even has a few ideals. An explanation is given for the existence of Henry's supposed bastard, Roland de Veleville, which, if true— and it is at least plausible—would speak rather well for Henry. The whole book speaks rather well for Henry, as it is told very much from his point of view, if not narrated by him, or by his mother, or recounted in correspondence between them.

Henry has a deep and sincere religious belief in the cult of St. Armel. Is Armel another name for Arthur, as the author suggests? On a less spiritual level, he learns about women from Roland's mother, and about taxation from Anne de Beaujeau, the Regent of France. By the way, did the Marquis of Dorset really have 14 children, as Henry says? Over his lifetime, maybe, but at the time he was an exile in France?

Henry's thoughts, watching Richard's charge at Bosworth (assuming he was able to think): "I did not wish any longer to be the man who killed him." Well, as it turned out, he wasn't. Afterwards, we are told that Henry ordered Richard's body be well back in the procession, and therefore he had no idea how it was being treated. This too is plausible—just barely. As the story ends shortly after Bosworth, we will not see how Henry deals with the challenges of his reign.

Ms. Hickson is strongly pro-Tudor. Fair enough; not everybody has to be a Ricardian. Henry was not in the country and had no choice but to believe what his mother and Bishop Morton told him about events in England, but Ms. Hickson could give a more nuanced view without turning her Tudor coat.

Marriage, n.—The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all two.—ibid.

THE COUNTERFEIT MADAM—Pat McIntosh, Robinson Publishing, 2012

Pat McIntosh's Gil Cunningham novels are set in the 1490s, but in Scotland, so no worries. Tudors will rarely intrude

The madam of the title is a real madam, though not Greek, as her *nom de guerre*, Madam Xanthe, would suggest. Her girls also have classical names, and even the messenger boy goes by 'Cato.' There is actual counterfeiting of coin taking place, and Gil is investigating this when he is coshed and almost drowned. He is rescued and given first aid by Madam Xanthe, which is a blessing for him, but causes much comment in the Cunningham household.

Gil and his household are multilingual. They speak the standard English of the time (updated for modern readers), Lowland Scots, both braid and braider, Erische (highland or gaelic Scots), French, and Latin. No glossary is provided; the reader easily picks it up as he/she goes along. There is a great deal of information about the minting of coins, which might suggest to the outsider a meeting of demons.

At the end, Xanthe and her staff are moving on, and Gil and Alys are moving on as well, from her father's house to a place of their own—which just happens to be the former bawdy-house. The House of the Mermaid is roomy, comfortable and well-decorated, so why not? Alys has no hesitation. In fact Gil's wife contributes to the successful solving of the mystery, not only with her little grey cells, but also with her command of martial arts, as taught to her by Gil.

Instrumental Legends by the The Legendary Ten Seconds

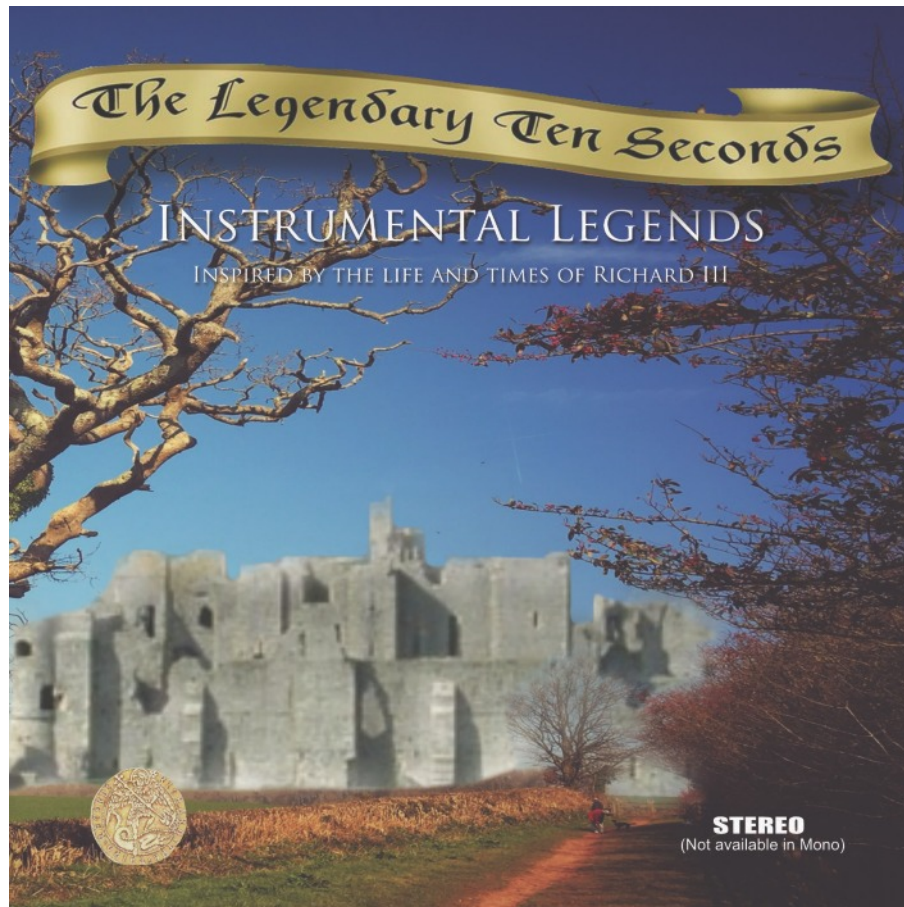
The newest instalment of music from Ian Churchward and the Legendary Ten Seconds is out for all to enjoy. As the title suggest, this album strictly features instrumental songs some of which we've heard on other albums, but there are a number of new compositions as well.

The music is a collection of a variety of different sounds. From very rhythmic ones like *Lambeth MS474* and *Sunnes And Roses*, to dramatic sounding melodies that can be heard in *Mortimer Overture*, to *swaying* melodies like *Plantagenet Pavane* and *Contfort Et Liesse*, to the eclectic sounds of *Souvente Me Souvenne* and *John Nesfield's Retunie*, we also hear somewhat slower paced songs like *King Richard's Daughter* and *Sans Charger*. Except for one all of the songs are newly created versions with a bonus of three new tunes: *Murrey and Blue*, *Tudor Time*, and *Lady of the Rivers*.

These new songs are a perfect addition to this highly recommended collection. The first, *Murrey and Blue* seems to have a slightly more modern touch to it, which only shows the diversity of the music on this album.

In addition, *Tudor Time* features several string instruments that Ian Churchward uses so proficiently. *Lady of the Rivers* has intriguing watery sound effects woven into a pretty flowing melody.

Conclusion: it is a treat to have these instrumentals combined on one album. This new project once again has an excellent mix of great sound and finely arranged music. The melodies created by Ian Churchward are beautiful and a pleasure to listen to in the car, at work or just relaxing while surrounded by a wonderful assortment of fine music.



Why Richard's Story Now?

Anne Easter Smith

The first version I saw of Shakespeare's *Richard III* was Sir Laurence Olivier's creepy, spidery performance in the 1955 self-directed film version. For an impressionable teen, he was the epitome of the ambitious, evil, nephew-murdering king I had learned about in my boarding-school history class. Limping hunchbacked across the screen, gleefully spewing the iconic lines, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this Son of York," Richard was the stuff of nightmares. There were only a handful of English people who didn't believe he had murdered his way to the throne and was thus one of our Bad Kings. I believed every word of that brilliant play—and my school history book. Until my 21st birthday, that is.



My erudite, history-nut of a godmother gave me a copy of Josephine Tey's *Daughter of Time*, a contemporary mystery novel, which pitted a hospitalized detective protagonist against a mystery of history: Who killed the Princes in the Tower? By the time I got to the end of the book, I was gobsmacked and outraged. It seemed Richard had been given a bad rap by historians in the Tudor years right after his death, which led Shakespeare—also writing to please the Tudors—to pen his piece that is so historically inaccurate, it's laughable. And so began a lifelong passion for the last Plantagenet king of England, and the last English king to die in battle.

I became a member of the Richard III Society in the late 1980s, receiving those scholarly journals every quarter about Richard and his period, which I pored over and kept. I read every fiction and non-fiction book there was about him, building up a library of my own. What I was going to do with it? For three decades, I had no clue. I was in my early fifties when my great friend from childhood, tired of me rabbiting on about him, suggested, "Oh, for heaven's sake, get Richard off your chest and write a book of your own about him." I laughed at her. What did I know about writing?

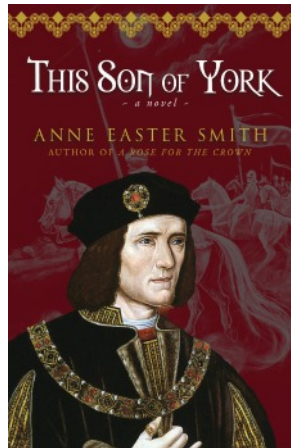
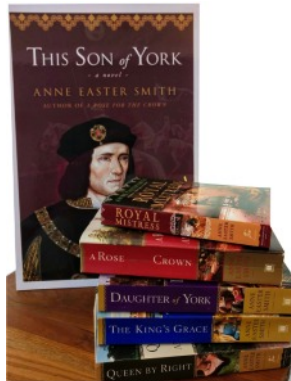
And then I landed an implausible job (for an untrained writer): the features editor at the daily newspaper in northern New York State. After I learned how to write stories for ten years, I decided I was ready to tackle a longer project. By now I was living on Long Island and had access to the marvelous New York Public Library, where I did more research and UK travel before beginning to write *A Rose for the Crown*. I needed to tell Richard's story somehow, but inexperienced in the craft of fiction-writing as I was, I balked at having Richard as protagonist. "Write what you know," I was told. What did I know about the workings of the mind of the opposite sex? Not enough, I decided, so I chickened out and chose to show Richard from the perspective of a woman (fictional) who could have been his mistress. I could happily get into any kind of female's head—especially one in a long dress! Ten years of a girls' boarding school and many years sharing flats with girlfriends had given me plenty of fodder.

Fast forward five years from the embryo of a story and three huge edits later, a *A Rose for the Crown* was sold to the amazing Trish Todd at Simon & Schuster by my agent (who I had met at a party in New York near the end of my first draft). I was now 60 years of age and flabbergasted by the offer, especially when my agent told me it was a two-book deal and I had better have another book in the wings. I gulped. "No, this was supposed to be my one and only book," I told her. She chuckled. "Think again," and within the designated 24-hour timeline I plumped for Margaret's story in *Daughter of York*. I was astonished when Trish signed me for three more books.

After writing and publishing the fifth book, *Royal Mistress*, I thought I was done with the Wars of the Roses, but Richard had other ideas for me! I was in the middle of researching and writing something completely different—the story of a Portuguese prince, which was not being received positively by the traditional publishing houses no matter how hard my agent tried—when the news came that there was to be a dig in Leicester in search of Richard's bones. I was even one of those Society members all over the world who sent money to Philippa Langley to help carry it out.

As we all now know, something miraculous happened in August 2012, and it was to lead me to drop poor Pedro and inspire me to write *This Son of York*. Richard's bones, lost to history for 500+ years, were discovered in a shallow grave under a parking lot in Leicester. Richard became a newsworthy rock star, and I knew the time and my confidence was right to bring Richard front and center for this sixth—and my most important—book. I even got Sharon Kay Penman's blessing while chatting at a Historical Novel Society Conference: "You are the

one to write it now, Anne. It should take you no time at all.” Four years later, I’ve finally written what I should have written first: *This Son of York*—Richard’s story and no pussyfooting around him with another female protagonist.



Was it difficult to write the male perspective? Not as difficult as I had thought, because having had Richard in my head for five decades, I found he slipped onto the page with relative ease, and he is nothing like that villainous, grotesque portrayal of evil found in Shakespeare’s writing. Telling his real story has been an honor, and I sincerely hope I have done my bit to change others’ opinion of him. After all, isn’t that what our Society’s mission is all about?

Contents

From the Archive

Fifty years ago this month, the American Branch of the Richard III Society became incorporated as a 501(c)(3) non-profit, educational organization. This is the lead article in the November - December 1969 *Ricardian Register*.

The Ricardian Register

Newsletter of the American Branch
Richard III Society



Newsletter of the American Branch of the Richard III Society, Incorporated
Volume III -- Issue 6 -- November-December, 1969
EDITOR: Linda B. Ragazzini, 385 Weaver Street, Larchmont, New York 10538

WE ARE INCORPORATED!

If you look at the heading of this issue of the Register, you will see that the Richard III Society is now officially incorporated. Because we are a non-profit, educational organization, all dues are tax-deductible. Also, the Register can be mailed at bulk rates rather than the regular rate of 6¢ thereby saving the Society a considerable amount of money.

The typed portion following WE ARE INCORPORATED: reads:

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One point of trivia that leaps out to me is the cost of (I assume first class) postage in 1969 was six cents. At fifty-five cents today, the cost has increased by nine fold.

In Memoriam: Dianne Batch

Larry Irwin, Moderator
Richard III Society, Michigan Chapter

The Richard III Society Michigan chapter, American Branch, and indeed the Richard III Society as a whole lost a valued member with the death of Dianne G. Batch on October 15, 2019. Dianne was instrumental in the formation of the Michigan chapter in 1992 and remained its guiding light through subsequent years until her passing. She held many offices in the chapter, including Moderator, and was a valued assistant to other persons in the offices.

Our chapter's strength today is a tribute to her. As part of her efforts, she assisted with our traveling exhibition, maintaining and updating it as needed, assisting with our special events such as the anniversary dinner at Meadowbrook Hall, our chapter's appearance as an opposing view at the Hilberry Theatre production of *Richard III*, our meeting at the Detroit Public Library's rare book room, and similar events. Dianne played the major part in each of our chapter's AGM (now GMM) in 1994, 2002, 2010 and 2018. She chaired all the organizing committees, communicating with the American Branch officers, negotiating with the hotels and speakers, working with chapter members as the program was developed and implemented, bringing in her life-size boar's head as a centerpiece, as well as assisting with mundane details. She attended nearly all the AGM/GMMs since joining the society. Her lively memories of each of them were a highlight of our October chapter meetings.



Besides her meeting memories, she provided programs for many of our meetings, from heraldry, Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, William Marshall, *The life and times of Edward IV*, the royal dukes of England, the list goes on and on. If she wasn't presenting the program, she still helped move our meetings along, helping maintain the membership list and related matters. For our medieval banquets, we looked forward to her "pie of Paris" and other medieval-themed treats.

She held American Branch board positions and visited England on a Richardian tour. As several of our chapter members aged and became less able, she was gracious in bringing them to meetings and in keeping them part of our chapter through the newsletter. We are grateful for the time and energy she devoted to the cause of Richard III, while also supporting other organizations. Had she been a member of King Richard III's retinue, I have no doubt his reign would have been more successful.

Editor's note: In addition to her extensive legacy of service to the Richard III Society, Dianne Batch left \$1,000 for the Morris McGee fund. The McGee fund is an Endowed Fund to Provide Honoraria for Our Annual General Meeting Speakers.

Contents

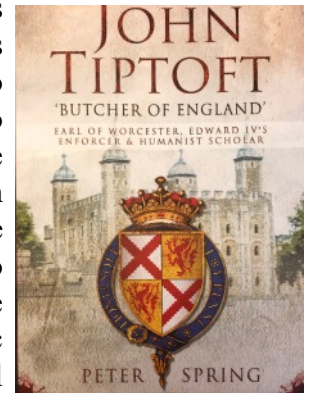
A portrait of a woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark hat with a bow and large black-rimmed glasses. She is smiling and wearing a dark patterned scarf.

Susan Troxell

Book review:

Sir John Tiptoft: Butcher of England—by Peter Spring (2018: Pen and Sword Publishers)

Peter Spring's new biography of John Tiptoft (1427-1470), Earl of Worcester, infamous executor and Edward IV's strongman, is a welcome addition to the American Branch's non-fiction library for a number of reasons. First, this is the first biography of Tiptoft to be published in over 80 years, an incredible oversight given the centrality of his service to Henry VI and Edward IV. Second, Tiptoft lived such an interesting life, rising to become the youngest Treasurer in English history, marrying a great Neville heiress, studying in Ferrara and Padua under the greatest living humanistic scholars of the day, assembling one of the greatest book collections, and making an excitingly perilous pilgrimage to Jerusalem—and this is just his first 3 decades of life. Finally, the author analyzes the primary sources to see if they really support the notion that Tiptoft was uniquely sadistic or deserving of the sobriquet 'Butcher of England'—something that should appeal to all Ricardians who believe that King Richard III was similarly given a bum rap by chroniclers of English history.



Spring's main thesis is that John Tiptoft was a man who straddled both the medieval and Renaissance periods in England. His father rose from an ancient but relatively obscure Anglo-Norman family to become a baron as a reward for his brilliant military and administrative service to Henry V in France. John, the only son, was put under the tutelage and wardship of Cardinal John Beaufort, a man whose influence and sophistication enabled him to study with the best academics in the land. As such, John did not undergo the usual military training as a teenager, but instead went off to study at Oxford University for several years, much longer than his contemporaries. There, he was exposed to the New Learning or *Studia Humanitatis* that was all the rage in Italy and in Europe. He was created Earl of Worcester by Henry VI at age 22, having married the year previously Dowager Duchess Cecily Neville—the widow of Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, and the daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury. Thus, he became a kinsman of the powerful Nevilles of Raby and a brother-in-law of the Kingmaker.

Tiptoft was put to work almost immediately on behalf of Henry VI, being commissioned to sit on numerous sessions of oyer and terminer that followed the Jack Cade Rebellion of 1450. He observed the harsh justice meted out to the rebels, which included the English style of punishment for treason: being drawn, partially hanged, perhaps disemboweled, beheaded and quartered, with the heads being set upon gates to set fear into future rebels. Tiptoft was then created Treasurer of England at the shockingly young age of 26, during a time when Henry VI was losing the war in France and was losing his grip over the warring factions within English government. Tiptoft successfully raised funds for the wars, contributing a huge amount of his own money to them. He was next created Sea Keeper, and was efficient in maintaining the safety of English merchants' ships against piracy. His work was so highly regarded that he was part of the "triumvirate" of Richard Plantagenet, third Duke of York, and Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, who filled the vacuum of leadership during Henry VI's mental incapacitations. Yet, during this time, he never strongly came out in favor of the Yorkist cause and preferred to be a servant who worked

in the machinery of government and was someone who could be called on to give a good speech to the House of Commons or Convocation of Clergy.

When things were going particularly bad for the Lancastrian king in the late 1450s, Tiptoft chose to leave England for several years. In part, this was because not only had his first wife Cecily and step-daughter died, but also his second wife Elizabeth Greyndour died giving birth to John's first child, who also died shortly thereafter. He made a famous and well-documented pilgrimage from Venice to Jerusalem, bringing with him a choir of 20 singers, and evading attacks of pirates and other horrific sea storms that had killed several of the pilgrims in his company. The author does a brilliant job of describing the experience and itinerary of a medieval pilgrim who chose to make this remarkable journey. He also notes that Tiptoft was present after 250 Turks were executed by the Order of St John Hospitallers on the island of Rhodes, 18 of whom were impaled and many hanged by the feet. After this excursion, Tiptoft remained in Italy and matriculated at the Universities of Padua and Ferrara, where he studied under the famous teacher Guarino da Verona, and made long-lasting friendships with John Free, William Grey, and other English scholars there.

When Edward IV acceded to the English throne in 1461, Tiptoft returned home to England, and was quickly advanced to the top offices of state. He was first made Constable of the Tower, where Henry VI was kept in a decent and humane state. Then, he was promoted to be Great Constable of England, Treasurer, and Lord Steward of the Household. Perhaps most controversially, Tiptoft was Constable when the Earl of Oxford and one of his sons were caught in a treasonous conspiracy to overthrow Edward IV and to replace him with Henry VI. Although he acted strictly in accordance with the king's directives, the English public decried Tiptoft's use of the "Law of Padua" when he summarily ordered their executions, notwithstanding that the evidence of treason was unequivocal. This allegation of using a foreign, and possibly an unfamiliar legal process, would stick to Tiptoft for the remainder of his days.

Perhaps the most damning allegation against Tiptoft—and the one that will resonate with Ricardians—is the charge that he went wildly overboard in executing the Earl of Desmond and his two "sons", while he was acting Lieutenant of Ireland in 1467-1470. The author does a great service in presenting the total picture of the situation in Ireland during this time, and he should be credited with pulling together many heretofore unpublished and untranslated primary sources to explain what was really going on back then in Ireland. For instance, it is not often observed that the Irish Parliament had attained the Earl of Desmond for treason, and that Edward IV had issued a letter under the privy seal for the earl's execution. That this was allegedly manufactured by Queen Elizabeth Woodville in revenge for a careless insult is something that the author dismisses as being somewhat naïve. Tiptoft knew Edward IV's official scribal lettering and would not have been fooled by a concocted document.

As for the two "sons" of the Earl of Desmond who were executed by Tiptoft, the primary sources are utterly at odds with each other and do not even give their names. Certainly, Desmond is known to have had five sons, and they all lived well after Tiptoft's service in Ireland. The author speculates that the "two Irish juveniles" who were executed might have been Desmond's illegitimate children or perhaps two adopted sons from Irish families. However, even during this time, Tiptoft did not go wildly overboard and execute all enemies of the English state; he pardoned all the other co-conspirators of Desmond, and remanded them to their family estates. He generally kept a tight ship in Ireland for three years, and made alliances with the Earls of Kildare and Ormond. Like the future Richard III, Tiptoft was just following the orders of Edward IV in a difficult and almost riotous Irish polity.

On top of the supposedly inhumane executions of Desmond and his "sons", Tiptoft was made infamous by his executions of 20 rebels who had tried to commandeer a ship at harbor in Southampton, in the name of Henry VI. Edward IV had earlier recalled Tiptoft to England during the politically crumbling situation of 1470, once it became known that the Kingmaker had joined with the Duke of Clarence and King Louis XI of France to restore the Lancastrian king. Tiptoft was deployed to watch the southern coast of England, and thereupon came across many retainers of the Kingmaker who were openly making an act of piracy at Southampton. Again, the evidence was unequivocal, but as chroniclers wrote, Tiptoft executed them in a highly sadistic and unusual way: he not only gave them the traditional English punishment for treason (partial hanging and quartering) but then "hung them up" on pikes through the rectum, displaying the bodies to the aghast of the English public. The author makes a rather morbid but excellent observation that this is nonsensical; there is no way that a body could be impaled like that after quartering. However, there must have been a post-mortem act of debasement that raised eyebrows and went against English tradition.

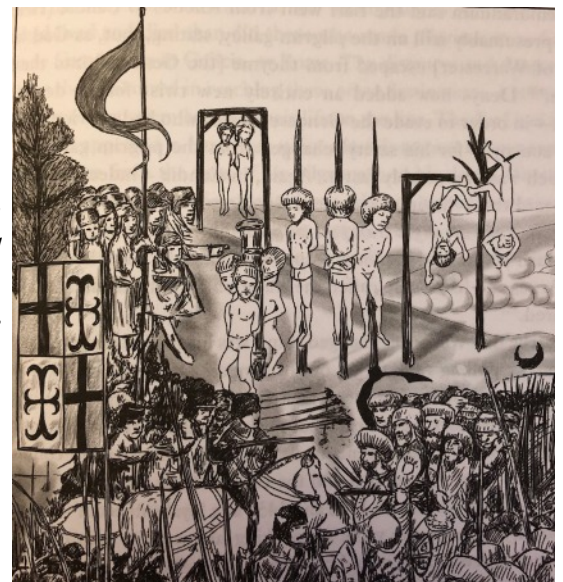
The last chapter of Tiptoft's life ends with his famous capture in England and execution during the readeption of Henry VI. Rather than flee to the Low Countries along with Edward IV in 1470, he decided to stay in England. Using his power of office as Treasurer, he went into Westminster and extracted a large amount of cash and valuables, ostensibly with the idea of taking them with him to Holland where he would later join up with the Yorkists and help fund their invasion. According to legend, he was tracked down and captured in the Forest of Nottingham, where he had disguised himself as a commoner and had climbed a tree with all the booty from the Treasury. Henry VI's agents were apparently not convinced by his disguise, and knew him very well.

Tiptoft's death scene is also somewhat legendary. After being captured, he was returned to London and put into the Tower. He was tried by the now-restored Earl of Oxford, son of the man over whom he had supervised an execution seven years earlier. The verdict was not in doubt, he would be found guilty. He was the only servant of Edward IV for whom a public showing of revenge could be exacted. He asked to be beheaded by the executioner with three strokes, in honor of the Holy Trinity. He died nobly, and honorably, according to all contemporaries.

Tiptoft remains a highly controversial figure in late medieval English history. The author suggests that this was because he was a man of the future, and in various corners of England there were people who were distrustful of European influence. The charge that he was applying the "Law of Padua" instead of English common law was something that found traction and was really the only charge that brought about his downfall. However, less than 100 years after Tiptoft's demise, he was being regaled as one of the greatest and most important intellects of his time. He had translated two volumes of Latin, had gone to Rome to give oratories to the Pope that were highly regarded, and was a dedicated patron of early Renaissance English scholars. Without Tiptoft, England's difficult birth into the modern age would have been decelerated.

Peter Spring's book is a must-read for anyone who is curious about this incredibly interesting man. He not only formed a bridge between medieval and Renaissance, but he acted—for the most part—nobly and in service to his king. There is a bit of hyperbole in the English reaction to the executions; but the author is sympathetic to Englishmen and women who might have been extremely suspicious of the growing influence of foreign power over their domestic legal process. Spring does mention Brexit a few times, and this biography is resonant with contemporary politics.

Detail from Guillaume Caoursin's late fifteenth century history, Gestorum Rhodie obsidionis commentarii, illustrates episodes from the conflict between the Knights Hospitaller of St John and the Turks on Rhodes. The image shows an engagement between the Knights and the Turks and in the background the execution of captive Turks. According to Peter Spring, such events almost certainly provided the model for Tiptoft's degradation of the bodies of the Kingmaker's men executed at Southampton in 1470.



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