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King Richard III

In this issue:

Inside cover

(not printed)

Contents

❖ ❖ ❖

The Ricardian Register is published two times per year. Subscriptions for the Register only are available at $25 annually.

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

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Anne Lovell's Rebellions

Michéle Schindler

Rebellions and rebels have always interested people, particularly if the rebels who were in adverse circumstances participated or started a rebellion against all odds.

In recent years—going against a trend of women portrayed as meek and not allowed to have any influence, basically perpetual victims—there has been a focus on women rebels. For example, a re-assessment of Margaret Beaufort, whose support of the rebellion in 1483 and her son`s invasion of England in 1485, received much focus. In contrast, Anne Lovell`s similar feat in 1486 and 1487 remains ignored, if not dismissed. Although it was about the same in size and support as the 1483 rebellion against Richard III, the 1486 rebellion is often ignored in works of non-fiction, or minimized to be of no importance. Partly, it is to do with the fact that Anne, to put it colloquially, had no lobby. Whereas other women finally get the spotlight they are due, and are divorced from faulty ideas about their place in medieval society and their capabilities, no one to date has done this for Anne. In fact, she still often serves as some sort of foil for other women—most often Anne Neville—in fiction, to the extent that no one appears to contradict it or delve deeper in order to discover the complex and admirable story of the actual woman beneath all this.

While Anne Lovell's entire life is fascinating, the point of this article is to illuminate her part in the rebellions of 1486 and 1487, and her treason of 1488. In contrast to Margaret's participation for Henry Tudor, Anne`s participation in 1486 and 1487 never had any legal consequences. Perhaps because of lack of solid evidence, or because of the difference in their economic situations—Margaret being a rich landowner in her own right, which Anne was not—Anne was never actually punished for her actions. This likely means they became less obvious to researchers and historians.

Though Anne never faced punishment, her brother Richard Fitzhugh did, although it was lenient. He had already been stripped of some of his responsibilities for his self-declared inability to cope with the marauding Scots at the Scottish border. But the Scots were supported by northerners angered about Richard III`s overthrow, in autumn 1485. In May 1486, Richard Fitzhugh lost several of his offices on suspicion of collusion with the rebels. At the same time, Anne came under suspicion. However, in her case, no punishment such as was given to her brother was possible because she had no lands, jobs, or titles that she held in her own right.

Although it seems likely that Richard was at least sympathetic to the rebels, it cannot be proved today whether or not he actively supported them. Nor is it clear what exactly it was he was suspected of, though the timing of his punishment suggests it was for sheltering Francis and helping him escape after his rebellion had failed. For Anne, the reason why she was suspected seems clearer. In the mid of May 1486, her aunt Margaret, Countess of Oxford, wrote a letter to John Paston, stating what she had heard about Francis`s whereabouts, and asked him to do his all to capture Francis.

The information Margaret passed on was faulty and seemed to have come from Anne because at that point she came under suspicion and was closely watched. Presumably it would have been impossible to prove Anne had deliberately passed on wrong information, so that nothing further happened to her. In any case, her misdirection worked; Francis was never caught.

Though it is not known where Francis hid for most of the year, it is well known that by the beginning of 1487, he had made his way to Burgundy and was plotting a new rebellion

there, with the help of the Burgundian dowager duchess Margaret, and, in time, her nephew John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln. The rebellion would go down in history as the Lambert Simnel rebellion, and due to its international ties, is generally considered to have been more dangerous than the 1487 rebellion. From Burgundy, the rebels travelled to Dublin, Ireland, where the pretender in whose name the rebellion was fought was crowned Edward VI. From there, the rebels then travelled to England.

Although Anne had remained in England the entire time, once more, she was deeply suspected. In a letter to John Paston written on 16th May 1487, Sir Edmund Bedingfeld warned him that there were rumors he had met with "Lady Lovell", and cautioned him that he should act wisely about this rumor. Bedingfeld does not spell out why he considers that such a meeting would be unthinkable, apparently certain Paston would know. Since only three months earlier Paston had been chided by the Earl of Oxford, one of Henry`s closest men, for accidentally passing on wrong information regarding Francis`s whereabouts. It might very well be that Anne was suspected, or even known, to have once more deliberately spread bad intelligence.

While in Ireland and Burgundy, the rebels must have had a contact in England, as when they landed on Piel Island in June 1487, supporters awaited them. Some evidence exists that this supporter in England was Anne, because after Henry VII`s men had won the battle (of Stoke Field), she was surreptitiously investigated. But either it could never be proved, or else Henry chose to be lenient; Anne was never punished.

Anne's involvement in rebellious and treasonous behavior in 1486 and 1487 was not the end for her. Having apparently lost contact with her husband between the Battle of Stoke and February 1488, Anne started to look for him. For this purpose, she sent his close associate and friend Edward Franke to the north of the country, without any success, as Franke could find out nothing about his whereabouts. Since Franke was himself legally a traitor at this point, this meant associating with Anne without alerting the authorities as to his whereabouts was treason in itself. Clearly, however, this did not bother Anne. On the contrary, in a letter her mother wrote in February 1488, she stated that Anne was being urged by supporters, and intended to continue her search for her husband.

Again, though this was undoubtedly treason, Anne never received any punishment. On the contrary; a little less than two years after her mother wrote that letter, in December 1489, she was granted an annuity of £20 by Henry`s government. She never suffered any consequences for her treasonous behavior, and lived at least until December 1495, undisturbed by anyone.

Thus, the story of the young woman who aided two rebellions, committed treason to find her attainted husband and not been punished for it has become forgotten over the centuries, the fierce rebel became little more than a footnote by those who remember to mention her.

Though many other women have their deeds remembered now, Anne Lovell is still a forgotten heroine.

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~ Contents ~

Errata for Whodunit: The Suspects in the Case

Helen Maurer

Editor's note: The updated and corrected "Whodunit" can be found on the Online LibraryText&Essays page of the American Branch website at r3.org (or go directly to the article from this shortened link—tinyurl.com/r4cbp5q).

Preface to the Re-publication of "Whodunit"

The following article is an artifact. It was originally published in the *Ricardian Register* 18.3 (summer 1983), with errata and notes on two additional sources appearing in the next published issue in fall 1984. Over the last several years, and particularly since the advent of the Richard III Society web site, I have been asked at various times for permission to republish the article online. I have always refused or otherwise dragged my feet.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to return to one's intellectual past. Because of the errors in the original and the subsequently added notes, it was clear that I would have to revisit "Whodunit" if it was ever to be republished, and I was not particularly keen to do it. For one thing, more has been published and some primary sources have become more accessible in the intervening years: the Jones/Underwood biography of Margaret Beaufort,[i] the Horrox/Hammond edition of BL, Harleian MS 433,[ii] and Radzikowski's edition of Niclas von Popplau's account,[iii] to give but three examples. Women's history—and the history of individual women—has moreover become commonplace, and far fewer historians nowadays would so ignore "the working of a woman's wit" as the gentlemen I took to task, whether they agreed with any of my argument or not. Finally, my own concerns and interests have shifted. Though I remember quite clearly what the person I was then thought she was up to in writing "Whodunit," and though within that context the result still seems satisfactory, I have since moved on. If I were to write the article today, starting from scratch, it would be a very different piece from what she wrote, in ways that I can somewhat imagine but have no wish to conjure.

Thus, after some thought, it seemed best to leave "Whodunit" as it was. I have corrected the errors that appeared in the published version, inserted the two additional sources where they seemed best to fit, and made a few minor stylistic changes in the notes. Otherwise, it remains as it was originally conceived, with its intentions and enthusiasm—likewise its warts—intact.

With this in mind, one might fairly ask what its intentions were and whether I really agreed (and still agree) with its conclusions. Both questions have always had two answers. When I first thought of doing "Whodunit," the general plan was to collect as much evidence and as many arguments for and against all possible suspects as were then available and lay them out together in a single place. On this point, some things quite obviously fell through the cracks. The second motive, common to everyone who has ever discussed what may have happened to the Princes, was to "solve" the riddle to my own satisfaction and thereby have some fun. The importance of fun to the equation should not be underestimated. It soon became obvious to me—as it should to my readers—that not all of the suspects had been accused with a perfectly straight face. That was fine; serious or silly, all should be included. My own notion of fun revolved around constructing a story consistent with the arguments laid out, which could also compete on the level of "story" with Shakespeare's marvelous concoction. In terms of its plot elements, psychological compulsion, and dreadful retribution, it was to be the outline of the story that he should have written.

That brings us to the second question. It has always had two answers: yes and no. The "no" is easier to settle. I do not know what happened to the Princes. Nor does anyone else alive in the 20th century. To claim such knowledge is to be either a liar or seriously deluded. The subject is very much open to debate, and within the parameters of debate all sorts of positions are possible. That being said, I still think my reconstruction makes a fine story. The one point I would stand up for as a historian (rather than as a storyteller) is that the atmosphere of uncertainty brought about by the escalating events of spring 1483 lies at the crux of the matter. Its implications for Richard have long been clear, though its concomitant effects upon the other participants in the drama, including the general public, have never been fully explored. The rest of my story may be true or not. Whether it is credible or not is for the careful reader to decide.

—Helen Maurer May 2000

(Go to end of article for footnotes to “Preface.”)

Whodunit body changes: Additions are underlined.

Section:

Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham

3. Contemporary testimony:

(f) An entry for 1482-83 (the mayoral year ending 28 October) in a London commonplace book: "this yer King Edward the vth...and Richard duke of Yourke hys brother...wer put to deyth in the Towur of London be the vise of the duke of Buckingham." [40] Although the present document is a copy, there is some evidence to suggest that the original annals were written contemporaneously, or nearly so. R.F. Green points out that the word "vise" could mean "advice" in our sense of the word, but could also mean, in the phrase "bi his avis," either "in compliance with his orders" or "under his direction." [41] Thus the exact nature of Buckingham's alleged role remains elusive.

6. The argument, produced by Kendall, that Buckingham's guilt explains Elizabeth Woodville's behavior. [45] Although it may explain her reconciliation with Richard in 1484, it does not explain her apparently happy acceptance of Henry's marriage to her daughter in 1486 and her about-face involvement in the plot of 1487. If Elizabeth was convinced by Richard or his go-betweens that Buckingham was guilty, on his own, of the murders (this is Kendall's hypothesis), it would not have taken her until 1487 to figure out the connection

between Buckingham's guilt and Henry Tudor's benefit. That Buckingham was revolting in support of Henry was public knowledge in 1483.

Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond

2. Margaret's connections and her preeminence in the conspiracy surrounding Buckingham's Rebellion. Since these two points are closely interwoven, I will deal with them together, although some of the supporting arguments pertain more to one than to the other.

(e) A variant—and even later—version of Margaret's conspiratorial role may be found in Sir George Buck's contention that he "(had) read in an old manuscript book...that Dr. Morton and a certain countess, [conspirin]g the deaths of the sons of King Edward and some other, resolved that these treacheries should be executed by poison and sorcery." [56] Whether Buck can be considered a credible witness or not has been much debated, and we may dismiss his credulity regarding means. Nevertheless, Kincaid has argued that Buck was generally careful in his documentation. Although he was unable to locate Buck's source for this passage, he is unwilling to say that it never existed. [57] The countess, of course, would have been Margaret Beaufort.

MINOR SUSPECTS

(after 2. Opportunity: …)

The case is definitely disproven.

NOTES: [They probably appeared as footnotes in my original typescript, in which case they would not have been labeled anything! The nonsensical label of "footnotes" would have been added when it was copied and they were changed to endnotes. HM]

Whodunit notes:

1. Quoted by Charles T. Wood, "The Deposition of Edward V," Traditio 31 (1975), p. 286. For an account of the origin of Cam's remark, see Charles T. Wood, "In Medieval Studies, is 'To Teach' a Transitive Verb?" Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Teaching, 3(2), fall 1992.

10. P.W. Hammond, notes in Ricardian 4.57 (June 1977), pp. 23-24, citing BL, Additional MS 33736, quoted by James Gairdner, *Memorials of King Henry VII*, 1858, pp. lvi-lvii. I might add that the word "destroyed" is more subject to equivocal interpretation than either "killed" or "murdered."

30. As for why the bones should have been discovered more or less where More said they would be, it might be profitable, if only in the interest of leaving no stone unturned, to forget about Richard, Henry, and the late 15th century for the moment and concentrate upon Charles II and the political pressures and perceived necessities of the 1670s. Any takers? [I did this in Part 2 of "Bones in the Tower," Ricardian 9.112 (March 1991), pp. 2-22.]

40. Richard F. Green, "Historical notes of a London citizen, 1483-1488," English Historical Review 96 (1981), pp. 585-590, for a discussion and transcript of the document, College of Arms, MS 2M6. The entry regarding the Princes appears on p. 588. I am grateful to Professor H.A. Kelly for bringing this article to my attention.

41. Green, pp. 585-586, and 587, n. 3, discusses these matters.

56. Sir George Buck, The History of King Richard III, ed. A.N. Kincaid, 1979, p. 163.

57. Ibid., p. cxiv, and pp. cxii-cxv, for his defense of Buck's documentation more generally.

58. Kendall, pp. 292, 293, 296, 297, 300, 308.

Preface end notes:

[i] M.K. Jones and M.G. Underwood, *The King's Mother: Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby* (1992).

[ii] R. Horrox and P.W. Hammond, *British Library Harleian Manuscript 433*, 4 Vols. (1979-83). The index volume was published last.

[iii] P. Radzikowski, *Reisebeschreibung Niclas von Popplau, Ritter, Burtig von Breslau* (1998), reviewed by L. Visser-Fuchs in *The Ricardian* 11.145 (June 1999), pp. 525-530, with a translation of von Popplau's account of the contradictory rumors he heard during his visit to England.

~ Contents ~

A Note from Pam Butler

February 2, 2020

Dear Fellow Ricardians:

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for the correspondence and support I have received from you in the last years.

As some of you may know, I suffered a major stroke about three years ago. I have substantially recovered, both physically and mentally, but do have some residual cognitive effects; reading and writing are extremely challenging. My daughter helped me to write this, and read me your emails and holiday cards. My memory of my time with the Society is intact, though details can be hard to recall sometimes.

2019 was a year of enormous changes in my life. My older daughter, Kelly, moved to London with her husband, which was very exciting for me! She is currently working as a freelance editor and growing her business (editegrity.com), and is thrilled to be living in England.

My son, Craig, continues to be successful in his computer engineering career at Ad Hoc. He will be moving to Washington, D.C., in several months, in pursuance of his leadership position at this governmental digital services company.

In June of 2019 I re-located from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I have lived since 1980, to Vancouver, Washington, to be near my youngest daughter, Lisa. I am living in an independent retirement community here, which was quite an adjustment, both in terms of moving from the high desert climate to a coastal rainforest, and in adjusting to the day-to-day routines of the community. I am enjoying it far more than I expected, and on clear days, can see Mount Hood from my apartment windows.

Thank you all for the wonderful years I spent with you in the Society. While I am no longer active in the online communities, I enjoy hearing from you all. I can be reached through my daughter, Lisa, at LALKHAMSIN@GMAIL.COM, and also welcome old-fashioned snail mail letters to my apartment: 301 SE 136th Ave., # 337, Vancouver, WA 98684. Please understand that I will try to respond to correspondence, but am reliant on my daughter's availability and time for me to do so.

Thank you again, and I wish you all the best.

Sincerely,

Pam Butler

Editor's note: In my communication with Lisa, I learned it would help Pam to directly read your letters if you are able to use large type.

Myrna Smith, Ricardian Reading Editor

When you ghost-hunt, you kind of time-travel. You get that residue of the past.—Zak Bagans

KINDRED SPIRITS: YORK—Jennifer C. Wilson, Crooked Cat Books, 2019

This is another in the series of *Kindred Spirit* books, two of which have been reviewed in our last. They chronicle the adventures of various communities of ghoulies and ghosties in different areas of the British Isles. The first lines of the story set the tone: "Why, Richard Plantagenet the Younger! A kindred spirit, a fellow victim of an unmarked grave!" The great king Osbald of Northumbria greeted the quartet.' Henry Tudor protests that Richard's grave was not unmarked, simply lost. Thus, we learn that the haunting trip planned by former kings Richard III and Henry VII is taking place, not without a good deal of strain. Henry has already caused trouble by wanting to visit Boudicca's monument. The others outvote him, pointing out that she may not even be there and might not welcome them if she was. Whatever you do, don't tick off a warrior queen! The two kings have a spat over which museum to visit first. At least they don't get physical. Well, they can't, can they?

At his own museum, Richard has an emotional reunion with his father, Richard, Duke of York, who welcomes his son and the two queens, but firmly refuses to have anything to do with Henry Tudor. This seems sort of unfair on Henry, who was a small child at the time the Duke was killed. But then there was the late unpleasantness at Bosworth Field. Henry was a Lancastrian, and that is enough for the Duke.

Henry, in turn, gives a cold shoulder to Guy Fawkes: "Sorry, Fawkes, but James [I/VI] is a good friend, not to mention, technically, a tomb-mate. So, I'm afraid associating with his would-be regicide would not go down well." Fawkes can see that. Henry does have a softer side. Seeing a ghostly child he believes to be Edward III's infant son, William, in the arms of a nursemaid, he wants to investigate, so he can report to his neighbor back at Westminster Abbey that the child is happy and "in good health…..you know what I mean."

The ex-Royals meet many of York's ghosts, but not all. York has as many ghosts as pubs and bars, and that is plenty. Each pub or bar also seems to have a resident ghost-cat. There are so many spirits that they can understudy each other. "…a certain bar was meant to be haunted by a small boy, but the ghost doing the haunting was a 30-year-old woman. You can't always rely on children to get their parts right anyway; it was so much easier for an adult to take on the role." When you mix in the military, from Roman legions, to Vikings, to Civil War and WWI and WWII soldiers, there is a SNAFU waiting to happen.

By then end of chapter six, the Tudor-Plantagenet party has returned to London, where their menfolk will, hopefully, continue to be frenemies. We then get down to the main story, that of the full-time ghostly residents of York These are overseen by a Governing Committee consisting of the Duke of York, Harry (Horspur) Percy, highwayman Dick Turpin, and Guy Fawkes. Although the Duke is an ancestor of James I/VI, he can make common cause with the regicide. Trite as it sounds, death is a great leveler. The leading female characters, other than St. Margaret Clitherow (more about her later) are Awen and Kate, society ladies in life, barmaids in the afterlife. Not that they actually serve spirits to the spirits, who can't drink anyhow.

The sainted Margaret has set her mind against tourists, mortal and otherwise. York has enough riff-raff without inviting in more, she thinks. To placate her, the Committee agree to set up a patrol, with Harry Percy as commander. This may not be the best choice. How do you think he got the nickname of 'Hotspur?' Then strange things start to occur. There are malicious and truly frightening hauntings. A living mason nearly falls to his death—or

was he pushed? Some ghostly masons are still on the site, so dedicated to the job that they have to be warned off improving the modern work too obviously. But they wouldn't do anything like that, would they? Finally, during a ghostly riot in the street, a living person is killed—accidentally, but still dead. A side plot details her adjustment to life—er, death—as a ghost. "There weren't many twenty-first century women who could say their funeral was attended by medieval peers, an array of Romans and Vikings, a couple of saints, and two of the realm's most famous outlaws…" and a couple of emperors to boot! Things have definitely reached a crisis, and it's up to Hotspur and his friends to track down the culprit. The astute reader will be well ahead of him, but never mind. The fun is in the chase.

We learn some more about the facts of death. A spook can choose to be completely invisible to all; visible to other spirits but not to mortals, visible partly or momentarily to mortals; or completely visible and tangible, as when the Duke and Hotspur mix it up in full armor, just for amusement and exercise. (Do ghosts need exercise? They certainly don't need to keep their weight down.) There are risks to this. If a spectre is injured too many times while tangible, it can just fade away to nothing. Or if it is shunned. Or, as Hotspur opines: "Maybe some people, if there's nothing left unfinished, just pass on, no hanging around, no white light. Maybe it's just the stronger-willed who get to stay on." That certainly describes our heroes!

With these problems at last solved, the leading spirits have (moderately) big plans. The last sentence of the book is: "Eight ghosts, zipping to and fro across the country, sightseeing and haunting the heck out of everybody… What could possibly go wrong?" We will undoubtedly find out. I can foresee a *Kindred Spirits: Windsor*, no doubt. And Henry VII and Elizabeth have not been on their planned Valentine trip to Paris. (Paris in ze springtime, *oui.* Paris in February, *non*.) Or if they have, it has not been recorded. *Kindred Spirits: France* perhaps?

What if you had a phone that could call into the past? —Rainbow Russell.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET? A Ricardian Romance—Jennifer C. Wilson, Ocelot Press, 2017

I try to review a book in the spirit (excuse me) in which it was written. This seems to be a bit more serious and mainstream than Ms. Wilson's *Kindred Spirits* stories, so I am treating it (slightly) more seriously. It is in a different genre, for one thing: science fiction/time-travel.

Our protagonist, Kate, is at a reenactment at Nottingham Castle, marking Richard III's stay there before Bosworth Field. Nosing around in the kitchens, she falls into a fake fireplace (actually, the fireplace is real; the fire, thankfully, is not.) She comes to in 1485. This setup is reminiscent of the Connecticut Yankee, and would tempt the skeptic to pass the whole story off as a dream. But it is not a dream, as will be proven.

Kate is befriended by one of the kitchen help, Tom, who appears to be a sort of foreman. He helps her adjust to her duties as a servant, which he thinks she is. Being from waaaayyyy out of town, she makes some serious gaffes, but manages to excuse them, as just because of her country bumpkinness and nerves. In spite of her mistakes—maybe a little because of them—she catches the eye of the king. They begin an affair. It is intimated that Richard would like to make it more permanent, though marriage is out of the question. Kate knows it must be short-lived She wants to warn the king of what is in store for him, but whenever she tries, a mysterious cloaked figure appears to prevent her.

As the days pass and August 22 gets closer, Kate begins to see 1485 England overlaid by brief views of 2011—a car-park, etc. These are not visible to any 15th century person. Eventually, she must return to the 21st century, but there will be a surprise at the end. There

is also a little hitch, inherent in time-travel stories, at least one that goes back 500+ years. The modern-day Gregorian calendar and the Julian calendar are two weeks out of sync, so 500 years ago will not be exactly 500 years ago. In addition, wouldn't the sudden disappearance of someone the leading male character had grown quite fond of, make him wonder just a little, even puzzle or shock him? The book could have been made a bit longer (it's really novella-length) and more interesting if it showed Richard's, and perhaps Tom's, reaction to her disappearance.

In any event, this genre requires a willing suspension of disbelief, so hang yours up in the closet and enjoy!

"I don't believe in ghosts," I said faintly.
"Some people can't see the color red. That doesn't mean it isn't there."—Sue Grafton

SATIN CINNABAR—Barbara Gaskell Denvil, Create Space Independent Publishing, 2011

This novel opens after the Battle of Bosworth Field, with the hero digging his way out from a pile of dead bodies. The first couple of chapters are indeed harrowing. This seems to be a naturalistic, realistic war story. Then, abruptly, it turns into a romantic adventure, with our heroine disguised as a boy, and our nobleman hero pretending to be a servant. There is a 'meet-cute' and hair's-breadth adventures at the end of almost every chapter.

About two-fifths of the way through, a murder mystery is introduced, with the hero suspected of both of them. These themes alternate throughout the book, with slapstick farce, sex, and elegiac prose interspersed. It almost seems like the author was afraid that this would be her last book (it wasn't), and tried to get in as many genres as possible.

In spite of all that, the story holds the reader's interest, and is an enjoyable beach or hammock read for hot summer weather. The hero and heroine are pretty much standard issue, except that the hero, Alex, is more resourceful than the norm. He can even cook, and do emergency medicine! Many of the secondary characters are well-crafted, both the upper classes, such as the hero's cousin and one-time love, Lady Elizabeth, and his other kin. But also the lower-class characters, like Lady Elizabeth's former maid, now reduced to working shifts at a brewery, and being courted by the wherryman who lives next door.

Here's that wherryman, Matt Flesher, speaking: "Tis the Thames is heart of this country…and maybe the heart of the world, for our river tides brings the waters from every country to our banks, and when you climbs aboard a small boat, then the water slapping your sides was maybe in France yesterday, splashing the beaches in a foreign tongue and whispering of Agincourt. Tomorrow there'll be a tide from Italy perhaps, telling tales of Venice and the great carracks carrying silks and spices. There'll be waters have once heard cannot shot from the siege of Constantinople, or echoed on past the pyramids through the Middle Sea where folks is heathen and black as polished charcoal."

Matt can be much less poetic on the dangers of using the public latrines. The heroine spends quite a bit of time at their house, hiding out, so we get their views on various matters. One theme that is consistent all the way through is the horridness of the Tudors and their minions. We hear a lot from Alex about the Lovell resistance, but it never appears onstage, and in the end, our hero, restored to his titles, does not join it.

Ms Denvil can write when she puts her mind to it. She has certainly done a lot of research, especially regarding 15th century pharmacology. But there are a few oddities, mostly in the proofreading. A virulent shaft of lightning? Doesn't she mean violent? 'Thresh' must be a misprint for 'trash,' I'm sure. Was lavender worn for mourning in the 15th century? This was not the Victorian era, you know. It is my understanding that the

colors were black and dark blue, sometimes white for young widows. And Burgundy as a cure for headaches? I wish!

Oh, the title is a clue in the murder mystery, which our protagonist does solve, but not till almost the last chapter. Well, one can hardly blame him, since the guilty party is one who *apparently* had no motive. I stress 'apparently.'

Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging and he liked it that way. Any time wine wanted to mock him, it was alright with James Phips, and the same went for strong drink when it wanted to rage.—P.G. Wodehouse, THE OLD RELIABLE

(This is as good, or as bad, a place as any for another of my favorite quotations from Wodehouse:

"Did yer know that the herring gull, when it mates, swells its neck, opens its beak, and regurgitates a large quantity of undigested food."

"You don't say...That isn't a part of the Church of England marriage service, is it?"—PGW, *THE BUTLER DID IT)*

THE FLAME EATER—Barbara Gaskell Denvil, Create Space Independent Publishing, 2016

This is straight mystery-romance. In the first chapter, we witness the crimes taking place, only we don't know by whom, the advantage of a book over a play or movie. The heroine, Emeline, thinks she knows whom: her deceased betrothed's evil brother, Nicholas, who is now the heir to an earldom, and her new betrothed. Her sister, Avice, is limited in her sympathy "I'll probably get the seventeenth son of an alderman."

Only on the last page of the book do we learn who the real murderer and arsonist is, and it is a shocker, so well has the author dragged red herrings across our path. There are many distractions along the way. At one point, I began to wonder if Nick's brother had faked his own demise. He didn't, but Emmie's admiration for him doesn't say much for judgement. Our hero is implausibly noble and hunky, and the heroine almost impossibly innocent/ignorant. She will not remain innocent. She will remain a Dumb Dora, however—which is not the same thing. About half the sex scenes, or about half the detail, could have been omitted without making the novel a novella. There is fire and pestilence on an almost apocalyptic level, not to mention Tudors in the offing. The time period of the story is prior to Bosworth, but our leading man will take no part in it, having lost a couple of fingers. That is a shame, since he has very talented fingers, and *not* because he plays a musical instrument. So, the author earns an A for plotting.

When it comes to characterization, some of the minor characters are memorable, especially those intended for comic relief, like Emmeline's little sister (see above). Or the hero's servant, Rob: "…the good Lord don't want me mucking up His nice clean heaven nor dragging through Purgatory complaining and setting up a beer stall." Thus, he explains his seeming immunity to the plague. On the other hand, there is a character named Sysbella, who seems to be intended simply as annoyance relief. Come on, no one in the 15th century would be given a name like that, nor today, not even in the Southern US, where blended names (Sybel + Isabella) are pretty common. So, for characterization, let's say B.

But for grammar and quality of proof-reading? Egad! "Three bread roles"? "She carted his child"? "Puddled had formed"? Someone "leaned against the jam"? I think (door)jamb was intended. Ms. Denvil indulges in word-divorce. That is, compound words that are usually written as one (barefoot), or hyphenated (knock-kneed, out-classed) become two words: bare foot, knock kneed, out classed. D- for syntax and grammar. Please, get thee to an editor!

It is easier to discuss ghosts in the daytime. —Rebecca Briggs

TUDOR DAWN—David Fields, Sapere Press, London, 2019

In his Afterword, Mr. Fields says "Many Kings of England have suffered from bad press ('fake news' as it would be called today) but Henry VII has had no press at all." Does this novel do anything to remedy that imbalance?

We are introduced to Henry Tudor as a child, a rather old, and odd, child. He has no athletic or scholastic skills, but does discover a gift for "Arithmeticks." He is kept an actual (not virtual) prisoner by the boorish Sir William Herbert, not allowed to leave the keep on threat of beheading. Odd, when Herbert had paid good money for Henry's wardship. This is apparently a bachelor household, since no mention is made of a Lady Herbert, nor of any children. We know there were children. A sub-plot in THE FLAME EATER (reviewed above) concerns Henry's marriage negotiations with one of the daughters.

During Henry VI's restoration, Henry is taken to court by his uncle Jasper. There he sees a young man with a 'piercing gaze,' who, he thinks, resembles himself a few years older. Jasper tells him this is Dickon of York. This gives Henry a case of what is technically called 'the creeps.' Richard would hardly have been there; more likely in the Low Countries with his brother. Henry Tudor is also a lifelong sufferer from asthma, brought on by exertion or emotional upset. This may have saved his life in 1476 when an English delegation was about to put him on a ship heading back to England. He became genuinely ill, though maybe it was the prospect of getting on board a boat that triggered it. Henry is not much of a sailor. Not much of a soldier either, as he admits. After Bosworth, he vows, "Never Again!" a vow he is not able to keep.

The story outlines the years of exile and the return to England. As it is based mostly on Bacon's biography, Henry comes across as a rather one-dimensional character. One of his more attractive characteristics is a mordant wit, from which nobody is insulated, not even Margaret Beaufort. When she mildly criticizes her son for not paying more attention to his own children, he replies: "Were I of a mind to insult the woman who gave me birth, I would be inclined to observe that I visit my children at Eltham more often than my mother visited me in Pembroke." Ouch!

While there are happy days early in his marriage, Henry and his Kingdom sour on each other pretty quickly, though most of his questionable actions are shared with his advisors, in Field's view. Besides asthma, Henry also develops TB and gout. His doctors tell him, as doctors would today, that he should lay off red meat and wine. He does not. He calls them 'leech jockeys.' One can sympathize.

Henry dislikes his second son intensely, and wants another son and heir so he can bypass Junior Again, the reader may sympathize, but he really couldn't do that.

All of this—invention of characters who did not exist, excision of characters who did, putting people in places where they could not have been, the invention of incidents and conversations—would fall under fictional license. Some may be simple failure to fact-check, as when he has George of Clarence and Richard as rivals for the hand of Anne Neville. There are occasional flashes of humor. Jasper (in his 50s) resents being married off to 'Methuselah's mother.' Katherine Woodville, not yet 30. But most of the conversation is pretty stilted. At least the author cuts out unnecessary descriptions of clothes and scenery, plus steamy sex, and therefore the novel does not run over-long.

A rather overcast dawn, all things considered. A second book in the series will be THE KING'S COMMONER, about Thomas Wolsey.

T*he house smelled musty and damp, and a little sweet, as if it were haunted by the ghosts of long-dead cookies.*—Neil Gaiman

A HOUSE CALLED FARTHINGS—Victoria Prescott, Kindle eBook, 2019

Rob Tyler, the grad-student hero of Ms Prescott's series of mysteries, is tracking down the history of the antique house of the title, which once belonged to a merchant, if not a clothier. He is not an architectural historian; this is incidental to research he is doing for an established historian—somewhat reluctantly. The historian has been rather scathing about Rob's doctoral thesis and his research for it. Rob is not above feeling resentment, but can't afford to turn down remunerative work. His friend Chris is looking for an old house to do up and sell, purely to get ahead in the world. Their friend Claire has a good-paying job, but doesn't want to be doing the same thing all her life. Her aunt Emily simply wants a ride, as she doesn't drive.

The reader, depending on circumstances, may identify with one or more of these major characters I particularly feel a kinship to Rob. "You do know everything," says builder Chris of his friend. "What else is there to know?"

"A lot," Rob admits, "about math and science and sports, and a whole lot of other stuff." Though your Humble Reviewer is not an academic, that describes her to a T! We are introduced to some interesting minor characters also: the retired policeman Gordon, Aunt Emily's old friend Mavis, who dresses much too gaudily for someone of her age. (I identify with that too!) Since much of the novel is told through flashbacks, we are not surprised when a skeleton is discovered in the house of the title. The reader knows who did it and why, and that it is, to a degree, justified, but the modern protagonists will not be able to solve that mystery. However, they will uncover some of a later date, including that of a 17th century merchant cum-gentleman who becomes involved with royalty, and a couple of post-World War II yobs who become involved with some unsavory practices. Rob and his friends come close to very real danger.

"Some academics are very petty and childish," says a character. Nah—couldn't be, could it? Even the author's bad guys are mostly petty and childish, rather than truly evil. Rob's snobbish critic has to admit, however grudgingly, that he was wrong and Rob was right, and all is worked out reasonably well for all concerned, leaving the reader to anticipate the next book in the series.

Every city is a ghost. —Ubba Bray

THE MEDIEVAL CLOTHIER—John S. Lee, The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, Suffolk, 2018 Part of the Working in the Middle Ages Series

John Lee gives a well-researched and highly readable account of the clothing trades in Medieval times. Whether Mr. Lee did it himself or hired researchers, he has been most thorough. He makes it easy for the reader by giving a scale of money equivalences. (A skilled craftsman might make 4d a day in 1400 and 6d a day in 1500.) He also defines terms. A clothier did not make clothes; that would be a tailor. Nor did he necessarily sell cloth on a retail level. Drapers did that. The cloth trade involved many different trades. A shipman might be a man on a ship, who brought imported dyes to England, but the name might also be an elided version of sheepman, who raised the wooly creatures. Then there were shepherds, and shearmen. There were weavers, fullers, dryers, dyers, com(b)ers, carders, carters who carried wool from one place to another (and didn't go back empty)—and of course "spinster" was the generic term for a never-married woman, regardless of age or class. Even more esoteric surnames were found. Isabella Wheelspinner lived in the late 14th century, which indicates (a) that some Wheelers might have ancestors in the wool trade, and (b) that the spinning wheel was a relatively new invention, at least in the north, in that period. Likewise, the horizontal loom, which nearly tripled the speed with which cloth could be produced. A proto-industrial revolution, centuries before the invention of the mechanized "Spinning Jenny?"

A clothier might follow one or more of these trades, or none of them. He (rarely she) might simply be a middleman, coordinating the work of the other trades. Some eked out a living from year to year, constantly borrowing money and paying it back. Wool at least had the advantage that it was not perishable and didn't spoil. Some became the equivalent of multi-millionaires. At least one, John Winchcomb, became a legend in his own lifetime, and the subject of an historical novel not long after, as 'Jack of Newbury.' If the legends are right, Jack was the first factory-owner, employing as many as 200 to 400 workers in one place, though it is more likely that many of them were outworkers or pieceworkers. Some clothiers built substantial homes for themselves. Thomas Kitson spent the five million pounds in today's money, building Hengrave Hall in Bury St. Edmunds Kitson may also have had political ambitions. Even noblemen might dabble in the trade. John Howard was the owner of a fulling mill. Some clothiers saw themselves as philanthropists, leaving money in their wills to provide piped water for their compatriots, or other 'public works'.

By the way, despite what William Shakespeare may have told us, Jack Cade was probably not a clothier. Mr. Lee's opus covers the period from 1350, when England and Europe were still suffering the effects of the Plague, and ends in 1550, on the verge of the Reformation. It's a fascinating glimpse of a very different country. London, with a population of about 50,000 qualified as a metropolis, and was the hub of the wool trade, as well as many others. A town of 10,000 was a big city, and 5000 souls make it a sizeable one. Even a hamlet of a few hundred people would likely have a fulling mill, as well as a corn mill and a tannery.

This rising middle class was not universally welcomed. Chaucer, for one, looked back to the good old days when peasants wore decent gray and russet, and didn't insist on fancy imported dyes to make clothes of bright colors, like scarlet, or 'puke,' or rayed (stripped cloth). But that didn't keep him from depicting many merchants in his TALES.

Was the medieval clothier a benefactor of mankind, or a fat-cat exploiter of his fellow man? The answer is, no doubt, yes to both. Clothiers, and other merchants, members of the rising middle class, did have an effect. The practice of hiring 'outworkers,' might be called 'sweated' labor,' but it did have some advantages for work, as he/she could contract to more than one clothier. On the other hand, payment might be sporadic and frequently in arrears.

The rise of the mercantile class had effects on other parts of society. "Areas of early industrial activity and those with significant exports in cloth, cattle, leather or grain have been identified as places where nonconformity was potentially more prevalent." Perhaps this was mainly by default. The upper classes had a vested interest in the status quo. The very poor realized that the Church was their only source of welfare. The middle class, with the education to read and write, and a degree of leisure to do so, began to do just that. They felt no particular reason, as a class, to feel loyalty toward the 'establishment.'

An example of this rising class is William Tyndale (c. 1494-1536) translator of the Bible and religious reformer, who was born "in the cloth-making area of the vale of Berkeley. A member of a prosperous family of landowners, wool merchants and administrators. Tyndale was supported by merchants in the cloth trade, notably his younger brother John, and Humphry Monmouth of London."

Of interest to Ricardians is the mention of Antonio Bonvista (1470-1555) a merchant from Lucca, who resided at Crosby Place, and dealt mainly in fine woolens. Clothiers were internationalists. They did not deal exclusively with wool, either. Some produced linen or hempen goods, though these trades were looked down on. They used a great deal of water and were deemed to be polluting.

Editor's note: The American Branch Research Library has a copy of this book that is available to our members.

I *would love to go back to any time in European history, especially in Irish history ...prior to the arrival of Christianity… I can always go back there in my imagination. It doesn't cost anything, and it's a form of time-travel, I suppose.*—Gabriel Byrne

WRIT IN STONE—Cora Harrison, Severn House Publishers, 2009

Christmas Day, 1509. Brehon (Judge) Mara and King Turlough of the Burren are engaged to be married, and are apparently hand-fasted, as they are sharing a bed. Turlough was scheduled to take an early-morning holiday vigil in the church, but got (ahem) distracted, or overslept. The man who did fill his place is killed, probably by mistake. Everyone (including Mara) thinks the king was the intended victim.

This is a Medieval version of the house-party-in-the-snow plot, with plenty of intra-family intrigue. Turlough's older son, Connor, is consumptive. His younger son, Murrough, age 22, has been estranged from his father, but now wants to be on good terms with him—but is he sincere in this? Connor's wife, Ellice, more than makes up for her husband's shortcomings. She is a bit of a hoyden, a good shot with a bow and arrow. This will be important to the story-line. Ellice was married at 14; now, at 19, she has three children, all in foster homes. And people thought the English were tough on their children! At least some of the Irish follow the Tudor custom of wearing red and green at Christmastime, according to the author. I know green was a Tudor color, but didn't know about it being combined with red.

A side-plot concerns Mara's private life. There is a serious hitch in the marriage plans. Mara was married nearly as young as her future step-daughter-in-law, and has been divorced for many years. The local priest refuses to marry her to Turlough in church, yet he (the priest) has an illegitimate son of his own. Irish law also allows a man to have both primary and secondary wives. Obviously, some of the old Celtic ways had been carried over, but not the custom of clerical marriages. However, the marriage finally does take place, and the mystery is solved, with all the loose ends neatly tied up.

EYE OF THE LAW—Cora Harrison, Severn House Publishers, 2010

St Patrick's day, 1510. A secret and unlawful killing takes place near a cave known as Balor's cave, after a one-eyed Celtic god. The victim has had an eye gouged out after death, as Brehon Mara's Medical Examiner, physician Nuala, reports.

Here's the backstory. A paternity suit is central to the plot. The putative father denies it, bu Irish law declares the woman must be believed, if she makes a deathbed statement, as is the case here. It is the claimant who gets killed. Though there is no way to determine the truth for sure, Mara's instincts tell her that the young claimant was not who he claimed to be. The boy's uncle and mentor are then killed, in much the same circumstances. Mara's deputy and strong right arm, Andal, falls under suspicion. The murdered men are from the Aran islands, incidentally, even more rocky and barren than the Burren.

Mara is about half-way through a pregnancy, for the first time in 21 years, and she is beginning to feel her age (and weight). How King Turlough feels about becoming a father again in his fifties is not reported. Perhaps he is enjoying it more than she is.

DEED OF MURDER—Cora Harrison, Severn House Publishers, Surrey, 2011

A look into later books in the series, DEED OF MURDER, which I have read out of order, reveals that Mara had a son, who is attending her law school, along with his not-much-older nephew, Mara's grandson. The boy may end up as his father's heir yet, as the future king could be chosen from any of the male heirs of the same great-grandfather.

And what will he inherit? “The roads of the Burren were stone—that stone which lay everywhere in the kingdom with only a few inches of earth covering it. There was no need to build roads with load upon load of gravel and broken stone. On the Burren, all that was needed was to sweep away the soil and keep it clear.”

The book opens with the christening of that son, which is the excuse for a grand party, from which two young scholars and a young instructor disappear. Two of them come back, one at a time. The third does not. Foul play is suspected, rightly so. Mara, though concerned by the necessity of sending her infant son out to be fostered, naturally solves the mystery by ratiocination.

There is also a wolf-hunt, a skirmish at sea, and continued antagonism with the Fitzgeralds and O’Kelleys, allies of the hated English Tudors—plenty of action.

CHAIN OF EVIDENCE—Cora Harrison, Severn House Publishers, 2012

In Chain of Evidence**,** we learn that the Kingdom of the Burren, is 100 square miles in size. If the author means that, and not 100 miles square, it would be slightly smaller than the country of Malta, a bit larger than Liechtenstein. The novel opens at a wake rather than a christening It marks the death of the *tanaiste* of the Clan McNamara, a title roughly equivalent to Prince of Wales in the English court—but not quite. The *tanaiste* may not be the next *taoiseach* (Chieftain) of the clan. That will be decided by election. It is not explained why the heir is a man in his sixties, rather older than the *taoiseach*, Garrett McNamara. In the middle of the party, a woman from Scotland and her son arrive, claiming that the young man is the son of The McNamara. He is duly recognized by his father. Before he can be formally declared the heir by vote, however, Garrett is killed, apparently accidentally—trampled to death in a cattle stampede, with a chain attached to his leg. Suspicious, no? No one much liked the McNamara, but Mara wishes to see justice done.

This is not an uncommon theme in mystery fiction—the late-arriving heir. In fact, Ms. Harrison herself has used it before. But she rings some changes with this one. The boy’s uncle is elected as chief of the Clan, turns it down, and is replaced by another relative, which is all according to Hoyle by Irish law, but creates more suspects. There is a very satisfactory villain in Stephen Gardiner, envoy of the English court. But he is not the only villain. There are the pro-English O’Donnells, who are responsible for the cattle raid that ends in murder. And there are those who act from the old-fashioned motives of ambition and jealousy and mother-love. Somewhere along the way is a poisoning and an incident that comes close to a burning at the stake.

When she is still on speaking terms with him, Mara defends Irish law to Gardiner, who is appalled by the idea of letting murderers off with a fine, and allowing men to take one or more wives of ‘the second degree’ In the latter case, one might agree with him, since the practice seems to cause nothing but trouble in this series of novels.

Mara is a worthy successor to Peter Tremayne’s Sister Fidelma, and the Irish answer to Sister Frevisse. Oh, and the next story in the series will no doubt open with a wedding, between two of her young protegees.

I see the state of all of us who live, nothing more than phantoms on a weightless shadow. —Sophocles

LIVES OF THE RENAISSANCE: People who Shaped the Modern Age—Robert C. Davis, Beth Lindsmith, Thames & Hudson, NY, 2019

‘The Renaissance’ is defined by the authors as the period between 1400 and 1600. The earliest of the chapter biographies are of individuals born in about 1350: Manuel Chrysoleras and Christine de Pizan. The subjects are limited mainly to Europeans, or those who affected Europeans. Mehmet II is included, Montezuma not. In spite of the controversy surrounding

him, Christopher Columbus is not overlooked, but Ferdinand and Isabella are. Joao II of Portugal does get a chapter, though. One would not expect Richard III to rate so much, as his reign was brief and relatively inconsequential, through no fault of his own. But no Tudor shows either, not the hardly inconsequential Henry VIII nor his daughter, Elizabeth I. Nor is her contemporary, William Shakespeare, among those present—but comic actor Dick Tarleton, who had a connection with both, is. Of course, he did die within the time-frame, whereas they survived at least into the early years of the 17th century. William Caxton is here, but Gutenberg is not, though many biographies are from Germanic-speaking countries. Perhaps only the ones that both authors agreed on have made it into these pages.

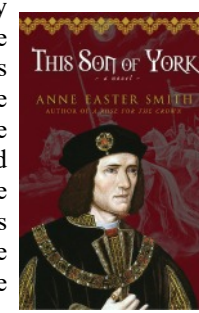
To be fair, they couldn't include everybody who was anybody. They have profiled a good cross-section of men and women in these 94 chapters there are popes—Leo X and Pius II, among others, saints (Teresa of Avila, for example), Cardinals (Pole), and reformers. Thomas More and Martin Luther have adjoining chapters. And of course, there are just about every Italian artist and statesman you have ever heard of, and some you probably haven't. Some, I suspect, were just famous for being famous.

The writing, though scholarly, is clear, concise and lively. The book, a 'trade' (oversized and handsomely produced) paperback, is well-illustrated and researched, and includes several pages of recommended additional reading. One of the beauties of this type of book is that one doesn't have to start at the beginning and go straight through to the end; it's easy to dip in here and there. But do read the introduction first, where the authors warn us not to over-idealize these centuries. "Pogroms, the Inquisition, and millenarian religious movements all flourished more vigorously than they had in the Middle Ages."

Worth the money especially if you can get it when your local bookstore has a sale or issues a percentage-off coupon.

Imagination is more important than knowledge.—Albert Einstein

THIS SON OF YORK—Anne Easter Smith, Bellhistoria Press, Longmeadow, MA, 2019



"When was the first time Richard became aware of the unsavory word that was being used to describe him? Possibly as early as age seven…" The unsavory work is 'runt.' Everyone born, including us 'onlies,' has had the experience of being the 'runt' of the litter, the smallest, weakest, dumbest, of the family. They may have the experience of being both cosseted and picked on, often by the same people, and may grow up to be either more passive or more competitive than those in the middle of the pack. Google informs us that "…youngest siblings were the earliest backers of the Protestant Reformation and the Enlightenment." (Benjamin Franklin and Edward Lear were both the youngest of large families.)

This brings up the matter of birth order, which has been both championed and derided as a significant factor in personality. Are elder children natural leaders? Perhaps not, but they do seem to be more organized than their younger siblings. Who else is going to be? Thus, the image of middle children as peacemakers may raise the retort: What choice do they have? And us 'onlies' tend to be private? Is that surprising? Much more important than the circumstances of our birth are the circumstances of our lives: class, early trauma, the experience of violence, and the milieu into which we were born. Example: As the Duchess of York prepares to send her young sons into exile, George, about 11 at the time, has a moment of panic. "Who will dress us?" Normal 11-year-olds today have no trouble dressing

themselves, but they also don't wear 15th century clothes. Neither do they have 15th century attitudes. They do not believe in witchcraft—or at least claim they do not.

Richard, George, and all the rest, are the products of their time, as they must be. Richard is sometimes bullied by George, sometimes comforted by him, and he dogs his brother's footsteps as a child. Richard is by no means a candidate for sainthood or even an especially good little boy. As a child, he meets Henry VI and prays that they 'may not be enemies'—ironic, in view of what happens later. When Rob Percy tells the teenager that his back looks 'askew', Richard ponders his sins.

> He had cheated at cards when young Francis Lovell was set to beat him; he had left the henchmen's dormitory several times to go hunting when he should have been studying; he had refused to dance with Anne on occasion because he wanted to dance with Isabel; he coveted another man's wife...worst of all, he had betrayed Lord Warwick's faith in him...Was God punishing him? He had been taught long ago that a crooked body came with a wicked mind. Had he been touched by the Devil? The thought was unbearable, and he crossed himself and begged the Virgin Mary to intercede for him. Vowing to lead a better life, he found solace in prayer.

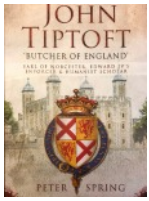
Much of the story involves Richard's relationship with his mentor, John Howard, and the women in his life: his mistress, Kate Haute, his wife Anne, and his illegitimate daughter, Katherine. Here is a scene with Kate shortly before Bosworth:

> "What happened?" He picked up the dented circlet and shook it at her. "This happened. The crown has brought nothing but death First Ned, then Anne, now Katherine." His heart was cold stone and his back ached. He kneaded his shoulder with his thumbs. "Now I know I am cursed. God has marked me, and I am finished trying to appease Him. I suppose You will not be satisfied until I am dead? I wish Richmond would walk in this minute and put an end to me. Then I could join Lucifer in the flames of hell where I belong."

There are a few very minor irritants, which I may have discovered only because as an 'only' I am Demanding, Unforgiving, and Sensitive. It is awkward and difficult to massage your back with both thumbs, and tossing in 'certes' now and then does not give a flavor of Early Modern dialogue. The author may slightly over-emphasize the degree of physical pain that her protagonist suffered. All that aside, is this a worthy addition to Ricardian fiction? Yes. is it the definitive Ricardian novel? No. A work of fiction cannot, by definition, be definitive. But Ms. Smith does take into consideration new discoveries in Ricardian history and in the history of his times, and this novel will do very well until and unless even more discoveries are made. Recommended.

Following review first published in the December 2019 Ricardian Chronicle.

SIR JOHN TIPTOFT: Butcher of England, Peter Spring, Pen and Sword Publishers, 2018: Reviewed by Susan Troxell



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 Humantatis* that was all the rage in Italy and in Europe. He has 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.

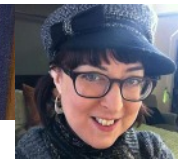
Tiptoft's death scene is also somewhat legendary. After being captured, he was returned to London and put into the Tower. He was tried by the now-restored Earl of Oxford, son of the man over whom he had supervised an execution seven years earlier. The verdict was not in doubt, he would be found guilty. 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.

This 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.

~ Contents ~



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Richard III Society, American Branch Library—2019 Acquisitions

THE MEDIEVAL CLOTHIER, John S. Lee, 2018, Working in the Middle Ages Series

From the publisher: Cloth-making became England's leading industry in the late Middle Ages; clothiers coordinated its different stages, in some cases carrying out the processes themselves, and found markets for their finished cloth, selling to merchants, drapers and other traders. While many clothiers were of only modest status or 'jacks of all trades', a handful of individuals amassed huge fortunes through the trade, becoming the multi-millionaires of their day. This book offers the first recent survey of this hugely important and significant trade and its practitioners, examining the whole range of clothiers across different areas of England, and exploring their impact within the industry and in their wider communities. Alongside the mechanics of the trade, it considers clothiers as entrepreneurs and early capitalists, employing workers and even establishing early factories; it also looks at their family backgrounds and their roles as patrons of church rebuilding and charitable activities. It is completed with extracts from clothiers' wills and a gazetteer of places to visit, making the book invaluable to academics, students, and local historians alike.

Editor's note: See review of *The Medieval Clothier* in Ricardian Reading section.

HISTORY AS PASTIME: JEAN DE WAVRIN AND HIS COLLECTION OF CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, Livia Visser-Fuchs, 2018

From the publisher: The Burgundian author Jean de Wavrin (c. 1400-1477) has been known to historians for a long time, but his work is usually considered derivative and of little importance. Closer study reveals that he had an interesting career, first serving in the Anglo-Burgundian army, then marrying a rich widow and settling down to a quieter life in Lille, where he composed his vast compilation of the histories of England. At the same time, he became a supplier of romances to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and an avid collector of all kinds of books for himself. A very unusual draughtsman, whom he almost uniquely patronized, was later named 'the Wavrin Master' by art historians. Wavrin's life as a soldier and civilian, ambassador and courtier, is here presented as fully as possible and put into context; his library and his interests are analyzed; his own book, its creation, use of sources, purpose and value are discussed, and its often beautifully illustrated manuscripts described and explained.

SIR JOHN TIPTOFT: 'Butcher of England', Earl of Worcester, Edward IV's Enforcer, & Humanist Scholar, Peter Spring, 2018

From the publisher: This biography, the first since the 1930s, argues that Worcester was a key figure under Henry VI, and the most important man, after the king, in the first half of Edward IV's reign. It also contends that Worcester's life provided a way forward for an outmoded aristocracy as educated courtiers, not feudal warriors. The book explores the earl's extraordinary versatility: he served as treasurer, constable of England, and lord lieutenant of Ireland; he was also a student at Oxford, Padua and Ferrara, a grand tourist in Italy, a pilgrim to Jerusalem, a patron and a fluent translator of Latin into English. Among the issues considered are: Worcester's appointment as treasurer, aged just 24; the earl of Desmond's execution, which shocked Ireland; the impalements at Southampton; the 'law

of Padua' for which he had to die; and his final macabre request to be beheaded with three blows. This reappraisal draws on primary source material, much of it previously unpublished, untranslated and untranscribed. There are numerous photographs, illustrations, maps and plans.

THE LETTERS OF MARGARET OF ANJOU, Helen Mauer, 2019—Donated by the Author

From the publisher: Margaret of Anjou remains a figure of controversy. As wife to the weak King Henry VI, she was on the losing side in the first phase of the Wars of the Roses. Yorkist propaganda vilifying Margaret was consolidated by Shakespeare: his portrait of a warlike and vengeful queen—"a tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide"—became the widely-accepted view, which up until recently had been little questioned. However, Margaret's letters, collected here in full for the first time, have their own story to tell—and present a rather different picture.

LAST CHAMPION OF YORK—FRANCIS LOVELL, Stephen David, 2019—Donated by Susan Troxell

From the publisher: Francis, Viscount Lovell was a lifelong friend of Richard III, and a key member of his government. Even after Richard's death at Bosworth, Lovell continued to support a Ricardian claim to the throne, plotting to assassinate Richard's successor, Henry VII, and creating the Ricardian pretender 'Lambert Simnel'. Following the battle of Stoke in 1487—the last true battle in the Wars of the Roses—Lovell disappears from historical record and the mystery of his final fate endures to this day. This first biography of Lovell tells the full story of his eventful life, and considers in detail the question of what happened to this most enigmatic man after he was last seen alive at Stoke.

RICHARD III: THE SELF-MADE KING, Michael Hicks, 2019

From the publisher: The first account of Richard's entire life, revealing him to be a statesman, strategist and, ultimately, a self-made king. As the last Yorkist monarch, Richard III's reign marked a turning point in British history. Yet Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, only ruled for 2 years. While great attention has been given to his short reign, the years before his usurpation and kingship are far less well known. Eminent historian Michael Hicks explores the full span of Richard's eventful life. While Richard owed his prominence to his birth, as son of a royal duke and brother of a king, he was determined to forge his own career. Richard was an adroit administrator who developed his own projects. He may have been small and physically weak, but he refused to allow this to restrict him—and opponents generally submitted to his will. In this skillful, well-rounded portrait, Richard emerges as far more than the villain responsible for the imprisonment and subsequent deaths of Edward V and the Duke of York in the Tower of London. He proves a complex, conflicted individual who had strategic foresight, sought to implement reforms and, however briefly, was capable of winning a kingdom.

Nell Corkin donated the following books:

LIFE IN A MEDIEVAL CITY, Joseph & France Gies, 1969, reprint 1981

From the publisher: Life in a Medieval City evokes every aspect of city life in the Middle Ages by depicting in detail what it was like to live in a prosperous city of Northwest Europe in the 12th and 13th centuries. The time is A.D. 1250 and the city is Troyes, capital of the county of Champagne and site of two of the cycle of Champagne Fairs—the "Hot Fair" in August and the "Cold Fair" in December. European civilization has emerged from the Dark Ages and is in the midst of a Commercial Revolution. Merchants and moneymen

from all over Europe gather at Troyes to buy, sell, borrow, and lend, creating a bustling market center typical in the feudal era.

THE ROYAL FUNERALS OF THE HOUSE OF YORK AT WINDSOR, Sutton/Visser-Fuchs, 2005

A comprehensive study of the funerals and burials of Edward IV, his queen Elizabeth Woodville, and their children Prince George and Princess Mary, at Saint George's Chapel, Windsor. Also examines the alterations made to their burial places in the 18th and 19th centuries, as well as the distribution of physical artifacts and hair samples collected from Edward IV during his eighteenth-century re-interment.

THE THREE RICHARDS: RICHARD I, RICHARD II, AND RICHARD III, Nigel Saul, 2005

From the publisher: Three King Richards ruled England in the middle ages. All had memorable reigns. Richard I ('Coeur de Lion', 1189-99) was a crusading hero; Richard II (1377-99) was an authoritarian aesthete who was deposed and murdered; while Richard III (1452-85) was the most famous villain in English history, usually held guilty of the murder of his nephews, the Princes in the Tower. This highly readable joint biography shows how much the three kings had in common, apart from their names. All were younger sons, not expected to come to the throne; all failed to produce an heir, leaving instability on their deaths; all were cultured and pious; and all died violently. All have attracted accusations but also fascination. In comparing them, Nigel Saul tells three gripping stories and shows the qualities it took to be a medieval king.

A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE, VOL. II: REVELATIONS OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD, Ariès & Duby (eds.), 1988

From the publisher: All the mystery, earthiness, and romance of the Middle Ages are captured in this panorama of everyday life. This second volume of the sumptuous *History of Private Life*, successor to the widely acclaimed *Volume I, From Pagan Rome to Byzantium*, explores the evolving concepts of intimacy from the semiobscure eleventh century through the first stirrings of the Renaissance world in the fifteenth. Did people in the Middle Ages have a concept of privacy? How closely does it resemble what we understand as privacy and intimacy today? Here the historian as archaeologist unearths a growing number of letters, literature, marriage contracts, arts, and artifacts from which to construct a vivid picture of life in peasant's hut and pope's palace, in monastery and merchant's house, in castle, fortress, and village.

The Non-Fiction Library now numbers over 600 books. Please contact our Research/Non-Fiction Librarian Susan Troxell if you wish to borrow any of these books, researchlibrary@r3.org.

~ Contents ~

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.


Dianne Batch at 2018 Detroit GMM

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: Dianne's daughter Virginia made a donation to the American Branch's GMM McGee Fund in honor of her mother.

Editor's note: first published in the December 2019 *Ricardian Chronicle*.

~ Contents ~

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~ Contents ~

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~ Contents ~

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~ Contents ~

From the Editor

Please welcome Viviane Crystal, now partnering with our intrepid Ricardian Reading Editor, Myrna Smith.

Many thanks to all who contributed to this issue of the Ricardian Register. The quality of the *Register* depends on these and future contributions. Please note the submission guidelines (below) to help me concentrate on the content instead of the format. Do contact me if you have any questions about formatting your document. I'd be delighted to help

Submission guidelines

- Word doc or docx file type or Open Office Writer odt file type, or rtf file type
- Prefer tables in spreadsheet or database format–file type examples: xls, xlxs, csv, txt, mdb, htm, html
- Use standard fonts such as Times New Roman, Calibri, or Verdana. Avoid fonts that you had to purchase. I use Times New Roman throughout the publication.
- Images that are in the public domain should be stated as such, those that are not require permissions and attributions
- Image size should be at least 300 dpi, which means a 1" X 2" image at a minimum should be 300 pxls X 600 pxls
- Paper must have references in the form of endnotes or footnotes (which I'll convert to endnotes) and/or Bibliography. Papers that do not require references are travel notes (e.g. report on a Ricardian tour), review of a lecture, and essays.
- Copy deadlines (submissions may be accepted for each issue after stated deadline, but not guaranteed):
    - March issue is January 1
    - September issue is July 1

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King Richard III by **Jamal Mustafa**

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2020 General Membership Meeting

October 16 - 18, 2020

Renaissance Philadelphia Airport Hotel

Speakers:
Peter and Carolyn Hammond
Matthew Lewis
Sally Keil

Event, hotel, and travel details; schedule; and registration form are enclosed with this mailing.