



RICARDIAN CHRONICLE

Vol. 6 No. 1

June, 2020

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

Dear Ricardian,

It is with much regret and sadness that we have to announce that the 2020 General Membership Meeting, as previously planned, cannot feasibly go forward because of the ongoing health hazards from the COVID-19 virus. Currently, Governor Tom Wolf of Pennsylvania's executive order forbids any non-essential, non-occupational meetings of 25 or more people through early June.

We cannot predict whether Governor Wolf or Philadelphia's Mayor Jim Kenney will be extending that ban into October, but regardless, the Board of Directors of the American Branch unanimously agreed that the potential health risks outweighed all other benefits of an in-person meeting, even if we conducted it with members being prudently masked and distanced from each other. The Board also unanimously agreed that postponing the GMM to 2021 would still pose a risk of cancellation due to COVID-19, and felt it was wiser to wait until 2022, when hopefully there will be a reliable vaccine against the virus or it will have run its course.

The Board, along with 2020 GMM Planning Chair Susan Troxell, are now assessing how to move forward with the consequences of this decision, but we can assure Branch members of the following:

- All registration fees paid by members to date will be refunded, including any convenience surcharges incurred through the Eventbrite sign-up.
- The biannual Business Meeting and officer elections required by the Bylaws, will be conducted in October 2020 by alternative means with votes taken by mail, email, and some other live-video format (e.g., Zoom video conference). The mail in ballots are included in this mail package to enable vote by proxy in lieu of live video meeting.
- The Board will use all possible contract mechanisms (Force Majeure or Act of God) to escape any liability to the hotel venue, and to have its deposits returned. This cannot be done until we get closer to October, and have a better idea of whether current restrictions on in-person meetings will be extended. The hotel has already noted our concerns with the safety of conducting the GMM. However, it may be unavoidable that the Branch incurs a monetary penalty to the hotel in the form of liquidated damages for its failure to go through with the event. Presently, only 14 people have registered, all before mid-March when various states issued shut-down orders; we have had zero registrations since, clear evidence that our members have serious reservations about attending it.

The good news is that two of our speakers have agreed to give their talks "virtually" in either a live-video or recorded-video format, and we are exploring how to make this happen and to have the videos available to all members. Please stay tuned as we hope to make progress on having a "virtual GMM" in 2020.

****If you have already booked lodging, you are responsible for canceling your own hotel reservations.****

Best to you all, and Loyaulte me lie,

The Board of Directors, American Branch

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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

From the Archive

Fifty years ago, the American Branch engaged with the media for a radio and TV interview. The front page of the August 10, 1970 (image below) names times and dates for both the radio and TV interviews. The August 21, 1970 Dick Cavett show # 164 is available [here](#) and requires a CBS All Access subscription.

August 10, 1970



Dues, grants and contributions are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

The Ricardian Register

Newsletter of the Richard III Society, Inc.

EDITOR: Miss Linda B. Ragazzini, 386 Weaver Street, Larchmont, New York 10538

Richard III Society, Inc. is a non-profit educational corporation chartered in 1969 under the membership corporation laws of the State of New York.

THIS IS AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE NEWSLETTER, UNDATED AND NOT NUMBERED, CONCERNING SOME URGENT ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

SPECIAL RADIO INTERVIEW: SUNDAY & MONDAY, AUGUST 16 & 17

Mr. Richard Pyatt, Program Manager of New York's Municipal Station WNYC will interview William Hogarth, Co-chairman of the Society on the the regularly-scheduled series "Seminars in Theatre"...the program will include Mr. Hogarth's interview with Mr. Donald Madden, who stars as Richard III in the Free Shakespeare Festival performances of THE WARS OF THE ROSES in Central Park this year (Mr. Madden has also accepted honorary membership in the Society)...and will also consist of a history of the Society and its function...ALL MEMBERS ARE URGED TO LISTEN IN: the initial broadcast will be Sunday evening August 16 at 8:30 p.m. on WNYC-AM (830 on the AM band), and the program will be repeated on the following Monday evening, August 17 at 10 p.m. on WNYC-FM (93.9 on FM dial). Mr. Hogarth is pleased as Punch for the opportunity to sound off...and also pleased that he has been asked back in September to inaugurate WNYC's special SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER Festival, which will begin with RICHARD III (Dates for that occasion to be announced later.)

TELEVISION INTERVIEW ON NATIONAL NETWORK SHOW TO FEATURE RICHARD III

Mr. Hogarth was also asked to appear as a guest on THE DICK CAVETT SHOW (because of, and despite his embarrassing performance on the quiz show JEOPARDY in July, wherein he missed a question on Richard III). The Cavett show is timed as a tribute to King Richard on the eve of the anniversary of his death on Bosworth Field, and will consist of excerpts from the Olivier film and an as yet unstructured interview with Mr. Hogarth, who will presumably make a fool of himself from coast-to-coast. The show will originate in New York, where it is seen locally on Channel 7 at 11:30 p.m. EDT. Please check your local ABC Network schedules for other time zones and delayed times...remember: FRIDAY, AUGUST 21st 11:30 p.m. ABC Channel 7 in New York area.

Remember also to watch for our annual In Memoriam tribute in The New York Times on Saturday, August 22nd (repeated in the Sunday Times August 23rd to catch a wider readership). Mr. Hogarth has asked honorary member Rex Stout to compose the text, and should Mr. Stout have the time and inclination, we shall have a memorable statement, so to lend added dignity to that solemn occasion.

more...

Ricardian Review

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 (Hotspur) 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.

The 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 jobs 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 woolly 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-fastened, 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, but 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 proteges.

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 Chrysoloras 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 word 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.

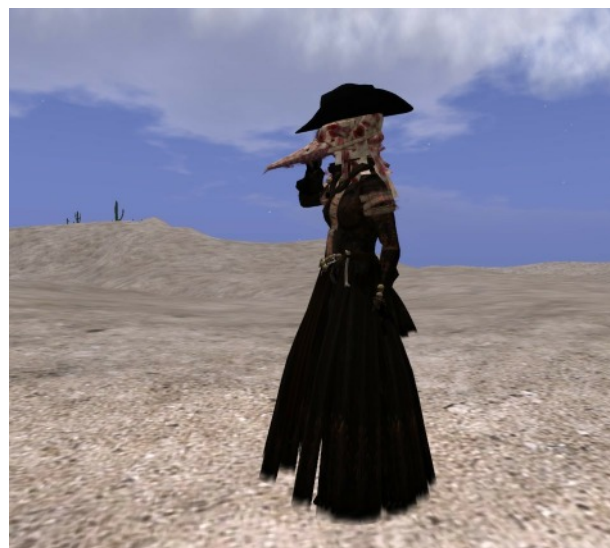
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From the Editor

Joan Szechtman

As I'm sure it has not escaped notice, I'm late in publishing the June *Ricardian Chronicle*. Happily, I have no specific reason for my having slacked off—just generally discombobulated and lacking focus.

I hope everyone is managing to stay well and safe during these hard times. I can't imagine how anyone in the fifteenth century managed to cope during plagues.



Plague Doctor reinactment

Attribution: [Wikimedia Commons](#)

In Memoriam: Jonathan Armstrong Hayes

June 11, 1942 — February 5, 2020

Wayne Ingalls

Jonathan was born to the Reverend Truman Hayes and Margaret (Swartwout) Hayes in Hyannis, Massachusetts on June 11, 1942. He passed away in Corvallis, Oregon on February 5, 2020 and is survived by his wife, Susan Corcoran Hayes.

Jonathan grew up in rural New England, and graduated from Tufts University in 1964. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the US Air Force via the Tufts University Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) program. Soon after graduation, he started flight school and within a short time became a highly decorated fighter pilot. He flew 356 combat missions in the F4 Phantom jet over the course of three tours of duty in Southeast Asia. He was awarded five Distinguished Flying Crosses (with “V” device for heroism) and 22 Air Medals. When asked why he chose the Air Force over other Armed Services, he said: “I chose the Air Force because they don’t sleep in muddy ditches.” Commenting on his combat experiences, Jonathan remarked: “This was probably the most exciting part of my life. Combat certainly can get addicting... I am not a war monger. It’s a terrible thing killing people, destroying things that shouldn’t be destroyed. I went over three times not only because of my patriotism and duty, but more because of my fellow pilots.” Jonathan documented his 11+ years in the US Air Force in his book *No Lilies or Violets, Reminiscences of a Fighter Pilot* (2011).



Taken at 2007 AGM by D. Luitweiler

After leaving the Air Force in 1976, Jonathan started work on his Master of Business Administration (MBA) degree at the Amos Tuck School of Business Administration at Dartmouth College. He graduated in 1978 and began his second career. He became a well-regarded financial analyst focusing on municipal bonds in the Seattle, Washington area. He earned the designation of Chartered Financial Analyst (CFA), the highest level of international legal and regulatory recognition in the financial services industry. He was quite successful in his field, and retired as the executive director of the Washington Economic Development Finance Authority (WEDFA).

Jonathan and Susan retired to Corvallis, Oregon where Jonathan was able to pursue his interests in history. He learned to use the English longbow, and collected several fine replicas of medieval weaponry. He was a member of the Albany Rifle and Pistol Club, the Forest Hills Black Powder Brigade and the Benton Bowmen.

His interest in history (and Shakespeare) led him to the Richard III Society, American Branch where he served in leadership roles in the Northwest Chapter, as the American Branch Vice Chairman and as the American Branch Chairman. He presented many times at Society events, including a memorable discussion on heraldry at the 2011 Annual General Meeting (AGM). He was also elected as Vice President of the Richard III Society in the UK (known to the American Branch as the “Parent Society”) and for a time was both the Chairman of the American Branch and a Vice President of the “Parent Society.” He was still serving as Vice President at the time of his death. His leadership style reflected more of the measured CFA than his time as a fighter pilot, but he was bold when he needed to be. As Chairman of the American Branch, Jonathan always sought the advice and counsel of the Executive Board, but he was a decisive leader who brought renewed focus on why the Society exists: To promote historical research into King Richard III and the Yorkist period and reassess the historical evidence relating to this period of history. While Chairman of the American Branch, he was interviewed for the 2013 BBC Channel 4 documentary Richard III: The King in the Car Park. He brought his love of all things Ricardian with him as he traveled to the UK many times. He was present for the reinternment ceremony in Leicester for King Richard III and helped organize a reception for members of the “Looking for Richard Project” sponsored by the American Branch.

Although he disliked social media, his humorous view of life was expressed by both his email address stegosaurus37@... and the way he ended every email: “Support Your Local Sasquatch.”

Jonathan Hayes will be missed by his family and his many friends both in the US and across the pond. Huzzah!



Susan Troxell

Note: first published in March 2020 *Ricardian Register* Vol. 51 No. 1

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

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

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.

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.

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Minster Lovell

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