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Celebrating 60 Years!

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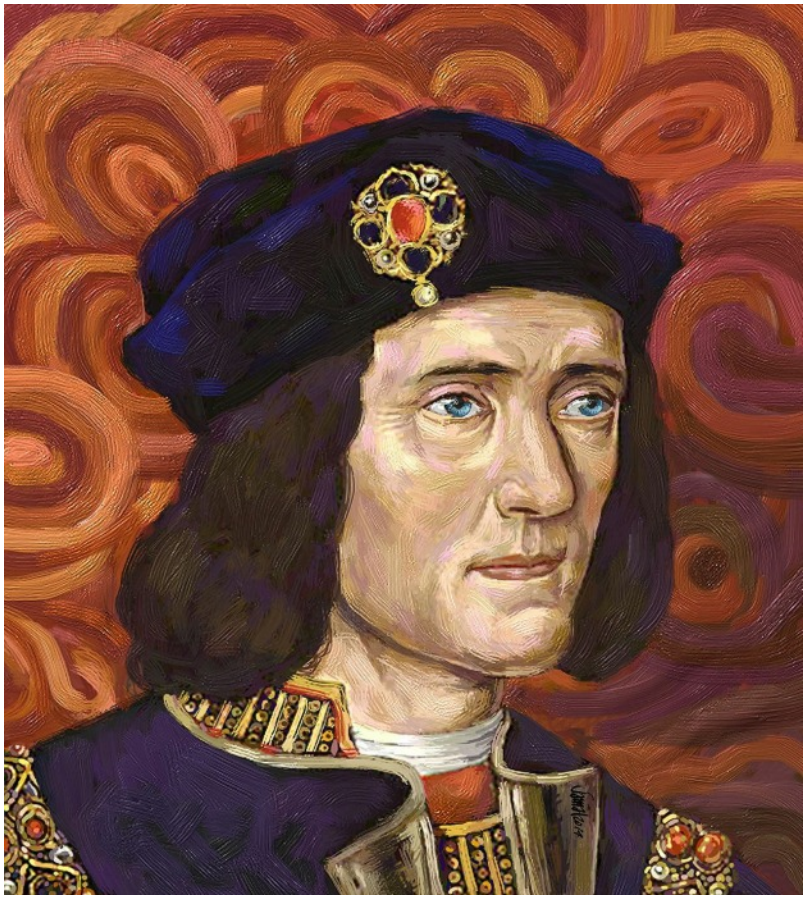
King Richard III



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How The 'Missing Princes' Were Smuggled Out of England:
A New Theory

There are many theories about what happened to the two sons of King Edward IV following the coronation of their uncle as King Richard III on July 6, 1483. They were 'last seen' in the Tower of London in the late summer/early fall, and 'rumors arose' that they had been put to death by their uncle. However, no one knew for sure at that time, and certainly no one knows today. While we may lack certain knowledge of what happened to them, we definitely do not lack theories! Weren't the boys' bones discovered in 1674 and placed in an urn in Westminster Abbey? Who was the well-read, Latin-speaking bricklayer Richard of Eastwell? What about the Tower wardrobe accounts of March 1485 detailing delivery of clothing for the lord bastard? Didn't James Tyrell confess to murdering the two boys? Who is Lambert Simnel? Perkin Warbeck? John Evans? What about the Tyrell family lore that they hosted Elizabeth Woodville and her sons at Gipping Hall? Why did Henry VII send Sir Roger Willoughby riding *north* after Bosworth rather than south with the rest of the triumphant Tudors?

Theories are interesting and fun to contemplate, but unless they are rigorously interrogated, they won't cause our knowledge of the fates of the two boys to advance at all. To move a theory beyond being simply an entertaining idea and into an actual focused research effort, one must create a long list of the specific questions that spring from the *assumptions* in a theory, whose answers will confirm or deny the basis of the theory.

In this article I'd like to do two things: first, present a **new theory** (yes, yet another one!) of what might have happened to (at least) one of the boys, and then go on to ask the questions that need to form specific research inquiries in order to determine if this new theory is of any value to the search for the Missing Princes.

If you're reading this article, then in all likelihood you are a Ricardian. And if you are a Ricardian, you have undoubtedly read in various books, articles, web sites, etc, the sentence that begins along the lines of "Nicholas Von Popplau, a Silesian knight who was visiting Richard III's court in the spring of 1484,". The rest of that sentence and the ones following traditionally go on to tell us what Von Popplau wrote in his travel diary about his impressions of King Richard III. It's always exciting to read first hand accounts from primary sources that give us a front row seat to the people and events surrounding Richard Plantagenet in his own time.

I have read that sentence and the reference to Von Popplau, his travel diary and his physical description of Richard, many times. Good info.

Interesting. Enlightening. I stored Von Popplau in my mind as a knight of some kind (thus illustrating my generally uninformed knowledge about knights), coming from some place called Silesia (never heard of it) who was traveling around England (I loosely translated that as 'seeing the sights' so as to report back to his master on what he saw). I vaguely wondered how it was he managed to get an audience with King Richard, but whatever: he did, and he wrote about it. Good. End of story.

This Christmas I received a number of books about King Richard III (as I do every year; it's not hard to come up with gift ideas for me) and one of them was Chris Skidmore's 2017 book entitled *Richard III Brother Protector King*. I sat down the other day to begin reading it. I started with the Introduction. The first sentence: "Shortly after Palm Sunday 1484, a Silesian knight, Niclas von Popplau, arrived in England." OK, I thought to myself while my brain went into semi-cruise control, 'I know where we're going with this.' Usually, I would have skipped over the next few pages, presuming I knew what they were going to say. For some reason, though, I kept reading.

Midway through, my brain started churning. I woke up. I re-read some passages to see if I was getting this right. I kept reading, and found myself getting more and more excited about the import (or what I thought was the import) of what I was reading.

I reached out to Philippa Langley with some questions about what I had read, to see if my excitement was 'old hat' news that everyone else already knew about. At her suggestion I went to the Revealing Richard III web site where there is a translation of that portion of von Popplau's diary concerning his trip to England, commissioned by The Missing Princes Project. Also, the previous year she had a two-part article on von Popplau published in the Ricardian Bulletin. I digested all of these, as well as other sources.

I'm going to cut to the chase here and tell you what positively jumped out at me:

- Von Popplau was a lot more than the characterization I had given him of just 'a knight'. He was an important and powerful advisor to Emperor Frederick III, whose daughter-in-law was Richard's sister Margaret's much loved stepdaughter Mary of Burgundy. *Von Popplau moved in the same royal circles as Richard's sister.*
- One of the purposes of his trip to England was *to deliver a letter to Richard from his sister Margaret.*
- Richard was quite taken by von Popplau, spending a lot of time with him and talking extensively with him. It turned out to be a lot more than a 'cut and dried' diplomatic visit to exchange gifts and deliver letters.

- Richard *sent his herald* to von Popplau at von Popplau's lodgings; von Popplau invited others of Richard's chambers to his lodgings. Richard sent his musicians, pipers and lutenists to von Popplau.
- Upon von Popplau's departure Richard gives him a letter of safe conduct, carrying King Richard's personal seal. Von Popplau and his entourage *cannot be stopped or searched* by anyone.
- Von Popplau's next stop was to be Santiago de Compostela in Spain; however, his actual next port of call (after the Isle of Wight) was *Cork Ireland*.

There is clearly a lot more to know about who Niclas von Popplau was, and *what he was doing after* he left King Richard's court. Taken all together, I have developed the theory that von Popplau was used by Richard, with von Popplau's knowledge and consent, to smuggle one of the princes out of England to safety in Ireland by 'hiding' him in von Popplau's entourage.

Consider the following additional details:

Just before von Popplau departs the king's company, Richard 'commands' (this is the verb used by Chris Skidmore in his book; Doris Schneider-Coutandin in her translation of von Popplau's diary uses the expression 'that the king let me') 'rent out an inn'. Once von Popplau has arranged for these lodgings, Richard sends various musicians, lute players, pipers, etc to him. Von Popplau also invites some of Richard's chamberlains, 'some of them being noble', to his rented rooms. It would be easy to insert a youth, dressed as a piper or musician, into the entourage of von Popplau with von Popplau's knowledge and complicity.

In addition to musicians and pipers, Richard sends his herald to von Popplau. Think about that for a minute: *a King's herald*. Among other things the function of heralds was to authoritatively relay information to others, on their master's behalf. Why would Richard send his herald to von Popplau unless he wanted to relay some important information to him without writing it down, in a manner that von Popplau would know that it came directly from Richard? My theory suggests that the herald is telling von Popplau what Richard is asking him to do: take his nephew with him when he departs England, and see him safely to Ireland.

Richard presses 'gifts' of money and jewelry on von Popplau, far beyond what von Popplau perceives as appropriate. Richard defends his lavish gift giving; von Popplau of course does finally accept them. While gift giving was a very standard and normal practice at that time, von Popplau's opinion was that the value of the gifts was excessive. My theory would say that these gifts were to fund the smuggling effort or to provide a 'nest egg' for the smuggled prince once he reached Ireland.

Von Popplau's diary says that he was given a safe passage letter from Richard, but one that carried Richard's *personal seal*. That is more than the usual 'safe passage' letter and would help ensure that von Popplau's entourage could not be scrutinized or searched.[i]

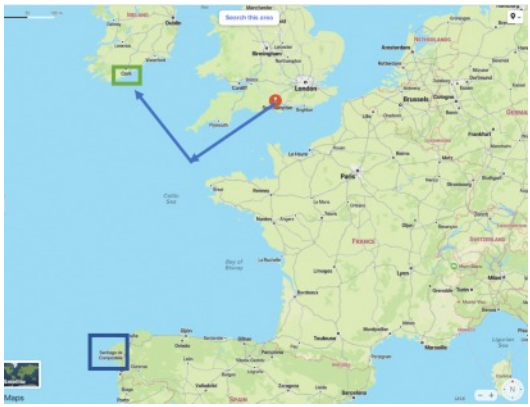
Von Popplau leaves the north of England and travels south in order to depart for Santiago de Compostela in Spain, a popular pilgrimage destination. However, rather than traveling to the port of Plymouth in the southwest where one might expect to depart for Spain (geographically speaking anyway), he instead chooses Southampton, a more easterly port. My theory suggests that maybe Richard had called on the help of the Earl of Southampton (also referred to as the Earl of Winchester), who at that time happened to be Louis de Brugge, Lord Gruuthuse. Lord Gruuthuse was of course a good friend to the Yorkists: it was Lord Gruuthuse who had given sanctuary to Richard and his brother Edward back in 1470 when they had to flee England. He further helped them in Edward's quest to regain his throne from Warwick and Henry VI. Lord Gruuthuse was rewarded by King Edward IV with the Earldom of Winchester (also referred to as the Earl of Southampton as noted above) in 1472. Perhaps some of the Earl's affinity in Southampton were in positions to help von Popplau with funds, arrange for a ship, a crew, etc.

Here's a real head scratcher: why not sail to Spain from Southampton directly rather than first stopping off at the Isle of Wight? Von Popplau's diary says that, with some 'Englishmen and their wives', he set sail from Southampton for Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight but he first got off the ship in the town of Newport. He then *walked across the island to Yarmouth*, while the boat and the other English passengers followed him by sea. He spent two days in Yarmouth and then re-boarded the ship to set sail for Spain.

It could be that the ship's itinerary out of Southampton included this stop at Newport on the Isle of Wight to deliver cargo. Another thought: Carisbrooke Castle lies near the town of Newport. The castle had been under the jurisdiction of Edward Woodville until the spring of 1483 when Richard sent his supporters to the castle to try and catch Woodville. However, they missed him and Woodville fled to Brittany.

At the time of von Popplau's walk across the island, one year later, some of these supporters of the king might presumably still be there. However, in that last year, King Richard had not named a new captain for the castle to replace Edward Woodville: the 'top job' at the castle was vacant. Knowing that, Richard would have been able to avoid having to tell anyone more 'senior' (thus keeping the number of persons 'in the know' regarding the smuggling effort to an absolute minimum) about von Popplau's visit to the castle to perhaps pick up funds or other resources such as armaments or horses.

Following his walk across the Isle of Wight Von Popplau intended to sail for Santiago de Compostela from Yarmouth, but bad weather delays their departure. Nonetheless, he does eventually depart but this 'bad weather' again causes the ship to land near Cork Ireland. WHAT?! Cork is in the *exact opposite direction* to Santiago de Compostela. (See picture below.) My theory suggests that von Popplau is writing about this 'bad weather' in his diary to disguise the fact that they were actually intending to sail to Ireland. My theory suggests that Richard's nephew gets off in Ireland and is entrusted to the care of Yorkist friends, perhaps the Earl of Kildare. Funds and possibly other resources such as armaments get off the ship with the smuggled boy.



This theory links up very well with the theories put forward by John Ashdown-Hill in his book *The Dublin King*. He writes:

> The picture that emerges is therefore that the boy crowned in Dublin in 1487 had previously been the guest of Margaret of York in her Mechelen Palace, but that earlier (i.e., before June 1486) he had been living in Ireland. And it is absolutely certain that the Dublin King cannot possibly have been the official Earl of Warwick… p. 123

Matt Lewis in his recent article in The Ricardian Register concurs with John Ashdown-Hill that the boy who emerged from Ireland in 1487 was not Edward, Earl of Warwick. Rather, Lewis proposes that the boy was Edward V, the elder 'missing prince'. Lewis quotes a passage from the *Annuals of Ulster* written by the Archdeacon of Clogher, who writes about the battle of Bosworth and says that '…one young man, who came, on being exiled the year after, to Ireland.' My theory suggests the boy came to Ireland the year *before* Bosworth, in 1484.

To begin to examine this theory a host of questions arise. The first and biggest is, could one (or both) of the sons of Edward IV have been in the northern part of England in the spring of 1484? Were they at Pontefract? In

his diary von Popplau writes that at Pontefract Castle 'great lords like the Kings children and sons of princes which are kept like prisoners.' The missing princes could also have been in any of the other Yorkist strongholds in the north, such as Sheriff Hutton, or Middleham, or in York, as they could have been brought to von Popplau from any of these other locations.

In her two-part article on von Popplau's visit to King Richard's court, Philippa Langley discusses this possibility:

Part 1, It might also be important to note an intriguing payment made for the 'duke of York' in the Annals of Cambridge from the year ending 8 September 1484 (Nativity of the Virgin), and probably referring to Richard's visit to the university in March 1484 as he headed north to York and his meeting with Popplau. The accounts record: 'For the servants of the Lord the King, Richard the Third, this year, 7s.; and in rewards to the servants of the Lord the Prince, 7s.; and in rewards to the servants of the Queen, 6s. 8d.; and in rewards to *the servants of the Duke of York, 6s. 8d.*'Is this payment for the servants of Edward IV's youngest son, with the earl of Warwick in Queen Anne's household, is it a scribal error for the young earl? Taken at face value it would seem to be a surprising error."

This first big question—could the princes have been in the north in the spring of 1484—is a well-established question and one that is obviously being asked by many others as the research on the Missing Princes is constant and ongoing.

Another question: how large was von Popplau's entourage likely to be, whereby one youth may be added without notice? Even if small, with a letter of safe conduct sealed with Richard's personal seal, pretty much any sized group would be safe from close scrutiny by others. Remember also that dress and speech were key indicators of a person's social standing and, if dressed as a servant/musician traveling with a foreign entourage and thus not speaking to the English locals they encounter, it would be fairly easy to 'hide' a young man. Further, traveling with horses and trunks and valuables would surely mean that von Popplau had a not insignificant number of servants about him, from groomsmen to his manservant to the manservant's servant(s) and those sworn to guard him and his property.

Von Popplau spent 6 days in London prior to departing to Southampton. My theory would say that in that time King Richard corresponded with Louis de Brugge, Lord Gruuthuse to arrange a ship to collect von Popplau and his entourage in Southampton and take them to Ireland. It's important to remember that back in 1484 there weren't scheduled passenger ships. You didn't get aboard the weekly departure for Yarmouth! A ship and its crew would have to be commissioned, unless you get really lucky and there is room for you and your entourage on the next cargo ship sailing to your desired destination that would wait for you.

This brings us to the next really important set of questions that concern this sea voyage. I found a web site, *The Merchant Fleet of late Medieval and Tudor England 1400-1580* that is ripe for such exploration. There are port records listing departures from the various ports, the names of the captains of the ships, their destinations, etc. There are accounts of customs duties collected, and other such financial/administrative matters. Research needs to be undertaken to find out if a ship can be found, departing Southampton in the summer of 1484. This is where we might want to turn to port records. Were any ships scheduled to sail out of Southampton for *Ireland* in mid-June? If so, that would offer strong support for my theory. If so, was the ship large enough to accommodate von Popplau and his entourage, including his horses, trunks, etc.?

We know that Lord Gruuthuse was granted 200 pounds out of the customs duties of Southampton by King Edward IV. Might there be financial accounts of those duties that might show some being diverted to von Popplau? Perhaps we might find payments from the customs account to the 'Lombard' captain of the ship von Popplau sailed on? Finding answers to some of the questions surrounding this voyage would surely either help confirm or deny the validity of my theory.

If no departures are shown for Ireland, how about Santiago de Compostela? Perhaps von Popplau knew of a manner in which religious pilgrims could sail from Southampton England to Santiago de Compostela, and he and his entourage were joining that group of pilgrims. Administrative records might be found to confirm/deny this.

Of the growing list of questions to be asked we might add one or two surrounding Carisbrooke Castle, to try to understand von Popplau's walk across the Isle of Wight. A listing of the more senior personnel manning the castle in that summer of 1484 would be a good start. Alternatively, the names of those who Richard sent to secure the Isle of Wight in mid May 1483 would be good to know. If in June 1484 von Popplau was delivering a letter to someone, or picking up resources of some kind from someone, it would be good to know who might have been there at that time.

I agree with Vivian B. Lamb in her book *The Betrayal of Richard III* (edited by Peter Hammond) when she writes "…and the only reliable sources of information are the records of the period, both public and private, of which a considerable number have survived, contrary to the generally accepted view. Among these are the records of Richard's legislation in the Parliament Rolls, references to him in municipal records, his grants in the Patent Rolls, and various miscellaneous documents relating to his household and his public departments."

I believe that one solid way to advance any theory is to build a good long list of clear, simple questions engendered by the theory (such as "What ships

sailed out of Southampton in June 1484?") and then look to find whatever administrative or financial documents might exist that might answer those questions. We would all like to find the 'smoking gun' document that tells us exactly what happened to the sons of Edward IV. Lacking that, however, I believe hard facts, reported in obscure legal/governmental/manorial documents, that can be taken together and woven into the fabric of a theory, is how we will best advance our knowledge of this greatest of all historical mysteries.

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Endnotes:

[i] "Said King Richard gave to me letters of pass with his personal seal on them, so I can travel free, safe, and without being hindered by his male subjects in his country, by sea and by land, as I said before." From the translation of Niclas Von Popplau's (NVP) diary, p 59

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The Missing Princes in America Project

Sally Keil

Note: first published in the June, 2022 *Ricardian Chronicle*.

Summary Report: The Missing Princes in America Project
January to April 2022

As of the end of April 2022 "The Missing Princes In America" project team has been hard at work for almost 3 and a half years, looking for our 'needle in the haystack': a primary source document written between 1483 and 1509, that might provide a possible clue to the whereabouts of the two Missing Princes: Edward and Richard, sons of King Edward IV. The team began with over 30 people. A number of searchers have completed their assignments and have moved on, while others have asked for *more* assignments to keep on searching! There is now a 'core group' of about 16 searchers actively scouring institutions in the US and Canada: both online as well as via emails and phone calls to the librarians responsible for the Special Collections or Archives. So far 408 institutions have been searched. We have about 122 more to go.

We've turned up a lot of interesting items. We've found a lock of hair that is purported to be from King Edward IV at Emory U in Atlanta GA. An account book from the court of Henry VII was found in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a collection of documents and correspondences (over 50,000 items!) from the Hastings family, dating from 1100 to the 1890s, which reside out in California. In coordination with Philippa Langley, we've also been in contact with searchers on The Missing Princes Team in England and Europe. One searcher from Holland had a theory about a statue held in the Denver Colorado Art Museum, that she felt might have been of the younger prince. Unfortunately, that theory was put to rest this past month when other statues in Flanders turned up to inform us of the actual subject of the Denver statue: Philip the Handsome.

We press on! A number of current leads are being followed. However, our biggest problem is running into a promising document that we can't read: it is in medieval writing (paleography) and is sometimes written in Latin or French. We continue to chip away at this as best we can. At the end of the Project we may have a list of documents identified, but not yet evaluated, as possible clues.

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Ricardian Reading

Gutenberg Bible

Dear members,
If you have read a book or play related to Richard III, 15th century England and English culture that you wish to review, please submit your review to Ricardian Reading Editor for inclusion in the next review column. New reviews are published twice yearly in the March and September *Ricardian Register*s and June and December *Ricardian Chronicle*s.

Review staff: Myrna Smith & Pauline Calkin

KING RICHARD III WITH A TWIST—Kathy H. D. Kingsbury, lulu.com, 2021

This is a collection of short stories that, as the title indicates, offer alternative history or paranormal tales about Richard III. The author has posted some of her stories on social media platforms and two appeared in the anthology *The Road Less Travelled* published earlier this year.

In this volume the author organizes the stories into types: alternate history; straightforward historical fiction; and, paranormal stories. She further places related stories in order to form a narrative arc.

The first group of stories begins with *Richard Liveth Yet* (previously published in *The Road Less Travelled*) in which Richard survives Bosworth. Five years later after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and a side trip to Hungary, Richard returns to reclaim his throne with the help of a repentant William Stanley in "Redemption." Following this victory, Richard weds Joanna of Portugal and Henry Tudor's widow, Elizabeth of York and her two children, become part of his court in "Family Reunion."

"Baby Brother" is a twist on these stories: Richard returns to England after five years but decides to lead a quiet life as Richard Rutland. Also published in *The Road Less Travelled*, this story was previously reviewed and recommended.

Richard is the victor at Bosworth in the following two stories. He does sustain a serious, but embarrassing. wound to his posterior, however. "Sweet Dreams" features some amusing banter between Richard and some of his soldiers regarding the nature of his wound, which is then followed by a tender scene between Richard and his new bride Joanna on their wedding night. In "Ma Mere," Cecily Neville comes to spend time with her only living son during his recuperation from his battle wounds. She offers him sound advice (Joanna is a bit old so have her examined by qualified physicians to assure she can bear children); beats him at chess; and, finally, avows her love for him, and all her children.

The three stories that make up *The Tudor Chronicles* begin with the outrageous—outrageously funny that is—premise that Margaret Beaufort is seduced by Richard, her "Yorkshire stallion," to give away all her son's plans on condition Richard spare his life. It is not only Richard's sexual prowess that wins her over; Margaret is just tired of her son, that "cocky little shit" taking her for granted. No birthday cards, no Christmas presents, "[i]t's gimme, gimme, gimme all the time," complains Margaret. She thinks spending time in a monastery up north will do him some good. Indeed, Mother is right. Henry suffers humiliation when he is met on landing in Wales by Richard's army. He then suffers extreme loneliness in a monastery in the wild north. From the almost farcical beginning, the stories do show Henry's evolution to his becoming a trusted advisor to King Richard.

There are two straight up historical fiction stories. In the poignant *Lamentations of Poor Anne* the dying queen reflects on her imminent death and her great love for Richard. On August 22, 1488, Dr. Hobbes observes the death of the man and king he had proudly served in *Requiescat in Pace*.

The final section of the volume are paranormal stories in which the author's alter ego interviews the spirit of Richard III. With Jennifer Wilson's *Kindred Spirits* books, I had thought I had read enough stories of the present-day antics of royal ghosts, but I found these stories entertaining. It is not quite clear how the reporter's publication arranged an interview with Richard III, or the reason why his spirit is still hanging around. As in Wilson's stories, some spirits seem to go to the other side although there is no mention of a "blue light." In any case, in addition to Richard, the narrator meets Henry Tudor and a bitter squabble ensues before Elizabeth of York intervenes. The standard bearers for both monarchs, Sir Percy Thirwell for Richard and Sir William Brandon for Tudor, make appearances and have far too much bonhomie in my opinion. Finally, we meet Frank Love (aka Francis Lovell) who with his beloved wife Anne have not gone over to the "other side." Not sure why not, except Frank is apparently raking in a bundle as a romance novelist. His latest publication is "The Secret Life of Margaret Beaufort" which loops back to that scandalous affair referenced in *The Tudor Chronicles*. By the way, our intrepid reporter of the paranormal was able to solve the mystery of the princes in the tower, exonerating Richard. There may have been a few holdouts such as Michael Hicks and his ilk, but I'm sure they were in the minority.

These stories present a well-rounded collection: some funny, some touching, but all are entertaining.—P.C.

Some random remarks by your co-conspirator: These brief stories are indeed a quick and entertaining read. My favorites are surely the last three, the ghost stories. Which is saying something, since I do not usually like

supernatural stories. Ms. Kingsbury doesn't seem to take them too seriously either. HD, as she calls herself, interviews Richard and even flirts with him a little. In the second of the trio, *The Kings and I,* he is sporting a ponytail. Really??? Next it will be a man-bun! Thankfully, by #3, *In Days of Old,* he has gotten a trim. Wait a minute, spirits can't eat or drink, but apparently their hair grows, and they need the services of a spectral barber? Oh well, just good, clean, ghoulish fun.

Henry VII turns up, looking just like the Torrigiano bust, which is not necessarily a bad thing. No matinee idol, but not a 'grumpy monkey' either. Then he disappears, along with his Queen. When Ms. Kingsbury wants to interview him about the Princes, he is not into modern technology, as Richard is, so she resorts to leaving a note tucked into a crevice of the Westminster Abbey tomb. Would that even be possible, given the layout there? Henry and Elizabeth act like an old married couple, which they are. Very old. Golden Wedding x 10 and then some.

My least favorite has to be *Family Reunion,* because it doesn't go quite far enough in its Alternate History. In this alternative, there is apparently no Battle of Stoke, or if there is, Henry is victorious. In the AU, Richard makes a successful comeback in 1490, marries Joanna of Portugal, and reunites Elizabeth Woodville with her sons. How long would it have been before Elizabeth realized that she was still only Lady Grey, long-time mistress of the late King, and the mother of illegitimate claimants to the throne? It would have been back to square one for her. And Elizabeth of York would have been a couple of miles behind square one, as the widow of an attainted traitor with two small children to care for. They could not inherit land or titles from their father, nor from/through her, since she had been re-bastardized. And being very much 'damaged goods,' she would have to settle for what she could get in a second marriage—maybe even a man who *would* abuse her, as Alternate Henry had not. Still, as the author takes the premise seriously, I feel justified in taking it seriously, and coming up with an Alternate to the Alternate. Altogether, it was a fun exercise, and a fun book to read.

There is a faint suggestion that Ms. Kingbury may be thinking about taking up the cases of the Tudor Wives Society, including Tiub—er, excuse me, Henry VIII's adventures. I am looking forward to it.—M.S.

THE KINGMAKER—Brenda Honeyman, Robert Hale, 1969

Writing under the names Brenda Clarke and Brenda Honeyman, this author has written various historical fiction novels. Under the pseudonym Kate Sedley, she has given us the Roger the Chapman series of historical fiction mysteries. Here, she has written an excellent biographical novel of the Earl of Warwick, Richard Neville—the legendary Kingmaker. While it

does not provide any startlingly novel insights into Warwick's motives, it does present the complex interplay of thoughts and emotions of the principal players and how they reacted to Warwick and to one another.

The story begins with Warwick's first great victory, the first battle of St. Albans in 1455. From that time forward, Warwick was convinced of his superior abilities. In 1460, Warwick would not support a claim to the throne by York. However much the people loathed Margaret of Anjou, they still loved Henry and would not follow York. Deep in his heart, he knew that there was another reason for his determination to prevent York from claiming the throne. "Hardly acknowledged, even to himself, was the feeling that he, Richard Neville, was more fitted to rule England than any of his kinsmen. But Warwick was orthodox; not for him the action of a Bolingbroke; the setting-up of a parvenu dynasty. He could no more put the House of Neville on the throne than he could fly. Nevertheless, the idea of ruling by proxy had long ago taken root in Warwick's mind, but he had sense enough to know that such a contingency was unlikely if his uncle York obtained the crown. He stood a far better chance of putting his talents to the test if he secured the person of the King. Whoever had possession of Henry, was virtual master of the realm." If anything should ever happen to York, that would be the time to put forward the claim of the House of York. "He could never manage York, but he had no doubt whatever that he could control York's indolent, easy-going son.'

Anthony Woodville, however, was not fooled by Edward's carefree appearances and saw the steely self-confidence underneath. When Anthony and his father were brought as prisoners before Warwick and Edward in Calais, the former berated them as traitors and nonentities. Edward agreed, but casually added that he himself was descended from three sons of Edward III. Interestingly, at Towton both Woodvilles decided to throw in their lots with Edward if the latter won. On Lord Rivers' part he saw a kindred spirit in Edward who is also devoted to the pleasures of life. Anthony had remained loyal because he had sworn fealty to Henry and felt sorry for him, but he was sickened by the atrocities inflicted by the Queen's army and was ready to suffer God's punishment for breaking his oath.

We are also given insights into the thoughts of the Duke of York and his son Edward. After his return from Ireland, the Duke believed that he was better suited to take administrative control of the kingdom from London instead of Warwick, but he went north to Sandal because he realized he had missed out on Northampton and needed a military victory after the disgrace of Ludlow. For his part, Edward had never liked his father, largely because the duke had never seemed to like him. (an unfortunate hint of the Blaybourne scandal?) Edward mourned his father the more savagely because

of the suspicion of relief in the back of his mind, "an inchoate feeling that life would be easier, freer, now that York was dead. He burned with a desire for revenge, the fiercer because he could not love and regret his father as he felt he should."

The focus of the novel is, of course, on Warwick's ambition to be the real power behind the throne, but should he continue to back Edward when the latter became unbiddable with partiality towards the Woodvilles? Or could he rule through George of Clarence, Henry, or through Margaret of Anjou. It is his brother George Neville who has the more subtle mind who tries to direct Warwick's schemes. It is Edward who realizes before Warwick himself does that his wish to have his two daughters marry Clarence and Gloucester is motivated by a desire not only to rule but to have one of his daughters be Queen of England.

The historical events are related in a fast-paced manner but with always a reference to their emotional impact on the people involved. Overall, a satisfying telling of the Kingmaker's story.—P.C.

WIFE TO THE KINGMAKER—Sandra Wilson,1974

Thirteen-year-old Anne (Nan) Beauchamp is the spoiled and strong-willed daughter of the powerful Earl of Warwick, and has recently been wed to Richard Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury. She doesn't much like her new husband if for no other reason than she considers herself his social superior, and he hates her in return. Those Nevilles are a feuding and grasping lot, and she swears to herself that she would rather die than allow Richard Neville to gain power through her. Richard does just that, becoming the Earl of Warwick after the deaths of her father and brother with the help of a little underhandedness by the Earl of Salisbury who destroys Nan's father's will which gives part of his estate to his children by his first wife.

The enmity between Nan and her husband, Warwick, continues for years, exacerbated perhaps by the latter's growing influence as a supporter of the Duke of York while Nan remains a Lancastrian. Nan, however, finally recognizes that Henry is unfit to be king, and grudgingly acknowledges that York performed his duties as protector with care and justice. At the same time, she falls deeply in love with Warwick, succumbing to the force of his personality. Her second and favorite daughter, Anne, is born thereafter.

Meanwhile, Warwick's brother, John, is always hanging around. He is at Ludlow along with his other brother Thomas and they have to flee along with their father, Warwick, and Edward of March when Anthony Trollope betrays them. (Funny thing, I thought John and Thomas were captured shortly before at the Battle of Blore Heath). Well, Nan is at Ludlow as well and has to flee along with her menfolk, making a not so small group trying

to escape notice as they flee into the night. Young Edward manages a few gropes during their flight.

After the Yorkist victory of Northampton, John is sent over to bring back Nan and her daughters from Calais. Nan is growing increasingly attracted to him, thinking he is actually handsomer than her husband and imagining what it would be like to be married to him. She would appreciate him, unlike his dumpy wife Joan. Of course, she still loves her husband, but while he is busy making kings, she has a smaller and smaller place in his life. Her need for love is great and she finds it in John. Before departing for the second battle of St. Albans, she and John make love while Warwick is in the adjoining courtyard ordering people about. After that, Nan is as giddy as a schoolgirl whenever John is anywhere near her.

After Edward IV's total victory, the scene shifts to Middleham Castle where Edward's brothers George and Richard are brought as Warwick's wards. There is a big banquet attended by Edward, John, and Eleanor (Talbot) Butler. (I didn't realize that Eleanor was Nan's niece—the daughter of her half-sister. Eleanor plays a big part in the book, supposedly being Nan's ward at one time.). When Nan and John sneak off for a tryst, they hear Edward trying to seduce Eleanor. She says she won't give in unless he marries her, and runs off. Edward is overheard exclaiming to the air that, "Eleanor, you leave me no choice but deceit. All is fair in the pursuit of the fair lady." Nan thinks he'll get someone to pretend to be a priest, but Edward has brought Stillington with him for just such an emergency. Eleanor gets pregnant and goes off in seclusion to give birth to a son. She later writes to Nan informing her that she is going into a convent and will hide away her son for his own safety. Eleanor is still in love with Edward and doesn't want to harm him, and she has exacted a vow from Nan to keep her marriage to him secret.

Nan's love for Warwick is rekindled when he makes a heartfelt apology for neglecting her, and she dumps John.

What follows is an account of Warwick's efforts to put first Clarence and then Edward of Lancaster on the throne. When Warwick takes Edward prisoner, Edward reveals to Nan that he knows about her affair with John. Will Nan keep her vow to remain silent about his marriage to Eleanor? If she doesn't, he threatens to tell Warwick about her affair. Or if John betrays him and joins his brother, he will use that information to drive a wedge between the brothers.

As we know from history, John joins forces with his brother, but both perish at the battle of Barnet. Did Edward reveal to Warwick Nan's affair with his brother? Did Warwick think Nan would ever be unfaithful to him?

I am not going to tell you everything—you have to read the book. (It's available from our fiction library.)

The book ends when, after Clarence's execution, Edward grants his brother Richard's repeated requests to allow Nan to come to Middleham with him and his wife Anne. By the way, Richard and Anne are favorably portrayed, although some readers may feel the story gets a bit maudlin about them.

While this story follows the conventions of a romance novel: a proud, spunky heroine who eventually falls in love with the man she is forced to marry, the characterization of Warwick and the relationships between him, Nan, and John are well done. Through Nan, we get a sense of Warwick's charisma. "The power of him overwhelmed the room, setting over listeners like a soothing balm. She stared at him, mesmerized. What was it about Richard that so compelled belief, that so bound lives to him." The novel was also effective in conveying Warwick's desperate efforts to seize power, and his insatiable ambition. The author plays fast and loose with history at times. And I do have a pet peeve about the characterization of the Duke of York as some sort of dullard. Nonetheless, not a bad book.—P.C.

FUZZ—Mary Roach, W.W. Norton & Co. N.Y, 2021

Not to mislead here. 'Fuzz' does not refer to the police in this case, but is more in the category of 'Fuzzy-wuzzy was a bear;" interpersonal (if that is the right term) relationships between humans and animals. As such, our relationships with our furry and feathered friends and enemies have been going on for eons. Smaller critters are mostly not in the purview of this book, though Ms. Roach does mention a case where some Italian caterpillars were taken to court by the authorities to attempt to reach an amicable settlement, more in the spirit of 'Desperate times call for desperate measures,' than anything else. On other occasions pigs, monkeys, and other mammals were sued, and provided with counsel, of course.

We don't do that anymore—we're much too sophisticated—but humans and animals are still interacting. Ms. Roach's series of interconnected essays has to do with these modern encounters, starting with the most serious—that is, more likely to result in death. The first chapter deals with bear attacks. One can only be thankful that bears do not have opposable thumbs; they can do more than enough damage with their skilled and oversized claws, capable of both lethality and stealing eggs without cracking them. Opening fridges is a piece of cake by comparison.

Then we move from American woods (and suburbs) to Asian jungles (and cities) Mary Roach researches her subjects by attending what is called an 'elephant camp' which might seem rather Boy-Scoutish, but turns out to

be more like what we would call a seminar. In an aside, she tells us that the Indian government even holds what they term 'snoring camps,' which, she adds, 'sounds rather like our bedroom.' There are a fair number of these asides, often having very little to do with the subject of the chapter or the general theme of the book.[i] They are simply tangential subjects that our author was interested in at the moment, and couldn't resist sharing with us, usually set apart in a footnote or footnotes.

Anyway, from these more serious animal 'crimes' we devolve down to petty thievery (garden-raiding), and here we come to another somewhat Medieval connection. If you have a Ricardian, Medieval or Renaissance mindset, 'effigy' might suggest to you, as it did to me, the funeral effigy of a king, noble, or knight, clad in his robes or armor and displayed at his services, and perhaps preserved for posterity in someplace like Westminster Abbey. It can be that, but 'effigy' is also the proper, formal name for what we commonly call a 'scarecrow.' It turns out that the only reliable way of keeping turkey buzzards out of your peach orchards is to hang a representation of a buzzard (or a real, deceased, one) from the upper limbs of a peach tree. Says Ms. Roach, 'Seeing the figure of a human dangling from a tree would certainly discourage me from going into that particular orchard.'

Roach obviously has sympathy with both the animals and the humans that she writes about. While she treats serious subjects, such as conservation, seriously, her natural style is informal and breezy, and that makes *FUZZ* both informative and fun to read.—M.S.

THE KING'S SON: A Crown, So Easily won, can be lost in a moment—Darren Harris, Kindle, 2021

This new author uses the legend of Richard of Eastwell, supposed illegitimate son of King Richard III, to create a rousing adventure story that takes the hero from the battlefields of Bosworth to Stoke.

We are introduced to the young Richard in August 1485, as he is trying to protect a young boy from some bullies. The bullies turn their wrath on Richard, who is only saved by the timely arrival of Lord Francis Lovell. Lovell has come to take Richard to meet the king, who is preparing to battle Henry Tudor for the throne.

Richard had believed he was the bastard son of the village priest, but the king informs Richard that he is his son, the product of a brief love affair that he had with a servant girl in the household of the Earl of Warwick when he was 16. The girl had died in childbirth, and, the king explained, the Earl and his own mother thought it was best that he be told the child had died as well. Thus he would not be burdened at such a young age with caring for a

servant's child. The king had only recently learned that the boy lived and had been given to the care of the priest at Eastwell. If the king survives the battle, he plans to recognize Richard as his son and give him land and titles. If he does not, he plans to ensure his son's safety by entrusting him to the care of an older knight, Thomas Montgomery. He also gives the boy money and, most importantly, a gold and ruby ring. It is a Hopper ring, which is the sign of a brotherhood sworn to support one another, the king explaining: "[I]f you meet a fellow ring-wearer, they cannot kill, injure, or do anything to your detriment. They must offer you whatever support is within their means, no matter how rich or poor they are." Lovell, Catesby, and Ratcliffe are members of the fellowship, but there are others. If he loses the battle and his life, the king instructs his son in no uncertain terms that he must flee to London and seek out the goldsmith Herrick, the great-grandson of the man who made the original rings.

Richard witnesses the battle, which does end in the defeat and death of his father. In its aftermath, Richard's adventures are the focus of the action, as he first journeys to find Herricke and then when he joins Lord Lovell. They are pursued by Jasper Tudor across Yorkshire into Cumbria. But there are other Yorkists who are fomenting rebellion in an attempt to overthrow the new king. The novel also follows the Stafford brothers who achieve early success in the west, only to be hunted down and captured in the end. We also see Henry Tudor as he makes his progress, accompanied by the Earl of Lincoln, nephew of the Yorkist kings, who seems to be making his own plans for rebellion. Although we are given some insight into Lincoln's thoughts, his objectives remain enigmatic.

Richard and Lovell make their way first to Richard's aunt, Elizabeth Duchess of Suffolk, then to the court of his other aunt, Margaret of Burgundy. Richard is intent on revenge against those who betrayed his father. When he meets Lincoln, he enthusiastically becomes a part of the plot to invade England, with the ostensible purpose of putting Edward of Warwick on the throne. This comes to disaster at the battle of Stoke, but Richard's life is saved by a Hopper knight who is a member of Tudor's inner circle. With this acquaintance, Richard realizes he can reach a position in the heart of the Tudor regime and get the vengeance he so desires.

The lively plot is the novel's strongest point, and the accounts of both battles are very well done. Another strength is the portrayal of historical figures, Henry Tudor in particular. Tudor is timid and nervous, lacking physical courage in battle and confidence in asserting his authority. Gradually, he becomes more assured—and ruthless. When sitting on a specially prepared throne in York, it "dawned on Henry that he was no longer the young man, lacking in confidence, who had wrested the throne from

King Richard…He was now the sole, unquestionable king of England, chosen by, and accountable only to Almighty God." He remains dependent, however, on his astrologer to advise him on political matters, but also feels a need to ask the latter if his wife will ever truly love him.

The ending offers the prospect of further adventures for Richard, and that is worth looking forward to.—P.C.

A rousing adventure tale this certainly is, with plenty of action and battles, and a number of hair's-breadth escapes. I suppose that is a sign that this book can be enjoyed on several different levels. Just a couple of small nits to pick. At one point, one of Henry's greyhounds coughs up a 'furball." Do dogs get hairballs/ furballs? I have always associated them with cats. A friend who has both kinds of critters (four of one, three of the other) says there is no reason why not. It's a moot point, anyhow, as the real problem of the dog in question is that it has ingested poison intended for its master.

A more important, but still incidental sidebar. Aunt Margaret outlines her plan to train a peasant boy to impersonate the Earl of Warwick, to be eventually paid off with "a suitable annuity." But what about Warwick? Wouldn't someone see the discrepancy between the two boys? No, says the Duchess. 'He is still only eleven or twelve. Most of those who did know him as a seven or eight-year-old in Richard's reign are now perished. So who can truly say that he is Warwick, and would they be believed?' Yet we are expected to believe that, later on, a boy of twelve could be instantly recognized as a young man in his twenties? That would be 'Perkin Warbeck,' of course—who is still well in the future as the book ends—but also well within Richard of Eastwell's lifespan.

For another thing, who will Richard be revenged on? Most of Tudor's 'inner circle' died in their beds, except for Sir William Stanley. Yet the Stanleys do not feature as the principal villains of the story. We will have to wait and see what ensues.—M.S.

Round up the usual suspects.—"Casablanca"

I, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, PREQUEL: PART 2: A VOUS ME LIE—J.P. Reedman. Herne's cave. Las Vegas, NV. 2021

This is the second installment of the author's prequel to her I, Richard Plantagenet series. Richard has just entered his teenage years and has come to his brother's court after finishing his knightly training with his cousin Dick (Earl of Warwick). He is a serious-minded, idealistic youth who is uneasy because of the conflict between his mentor (the Earl) and his brother and king, Edward IV. he is searching for some worthy person to emulate. He finds that person in talking to his sister Meg, who describes their father as kingly in bearing, stern but just, and one who loved all his family. Richard

promises himself that he will be like his father—although without the trust in others that proved fatal. He vows to follow his brother Edward as the inheritor of their father's mantle, adopting the motto *A vous me lie* (I bind myself to you). Expressing the desire to be a perfect knight, he also finds appealing the motto *Tante le Desiree* (I desire it so much) writing it in the chivalric romance Ipoedmon.

Richard soon learns that Edward's court can be a treacherous place as he becomes implicated (though innocent) in brother George's traitorous schemes, and must spend a night imprisoned in the Tower as Edward decides to teach both his brothers a lesson. Richard is also repealed by the licentiousness at court. Concerned that Richard is far too monkish, Edwards recruits John "Jockey" Howard to take the lead to a Southwark brothel to gain some experience with women. Jockey assures Richard that he frequents a "clean establishment, free of disease." What follows is an entertaining episode that does not turn out exactly as Edward and Jockey might have expected.

We know from history that Richard fathered two illegitimate children, most probably when he was a teenager. Many writers believe that Alice Brugh was the mother of his son John of Pontrefact and Katherine Haute bore his daughter Katherine. This writer follows this convention, and Richard's relationship with them is not idealized but seems realistic. Alice is practical and intelligent, while Kate is, well, beautiful. His feelings for Kate are more romantic and passionate, but by the end of the novel, when he is about to go into exile in Burgundy, a certain cooling has taken place. Both of them realize that they could never be together "beyond the occasional groping in secret." Throughout the novel, Richard's thoughts occasionally wander to Anne Neville. When he learns of her betrothal to Edward of Lancaster, he is sickened to think of that vicious lad pawing at her, the girl who had once been his intended bride. He tells himself that he does not love her, but he has always felt affection for her. They shared a connection as two quiet children ``like little brown starlings huddled in the shadow of bright-plumed peacocks. That drew me to her, along with her steady, practical nature."

As tensions between Edward and Cousin Dick mount, eventually erupting into open warfare, the maturing Richard becomes an active participant. From this point, the book becomes episodic, retaking castles in Wales, the confrontation with Lord Stanley over Hornby Castle, even the horrific executions at Southampton ordered by John Tiptoft, the "butcher of England." While the pace seemed to drag a bit during the second half, I appreciated that the author detailed the events that are usually glossed over in other novels.

Richard does not appear to grapple with conflicting loyalties during the struggle between his brother Edward and Cousin Dick, who had been his mentor; he is unquestioningly loyal to his brother. I wonder if this blind loyalty explains the reason why, in this book, Richard refers several times to a dagger his father gave him at Ludlow, whereas in the first prequel, Cousin Dick gave him a dagger when he remembered Richard's name day while his father did not, only later giving him a jeweled sheath for the knife. Was Richard suppressing the memory of the person who actually gave him the dagger? Could be a different knife, I suppose. Or, maybe, Richard's memory was simply confused.

Certainly, Edward is not portrayed as someone that Richard would want to emulate, but on the eve of the flight to Burgundy, he sees Richard as their noble father's inheritor and takes action justifying Richard's faith. While this prequel seems to complete the *I, Richard Plantagenet* series, readers like me will still want to hear Richard's first-hand account of the events during his second exile in Burgundy— and maybe the real story about that dagger.—P.C.

What would you call a sequel to a prequel? And why can't there be a sequel to a sequel? The author indicates in her Afternote that there might well be. What I think happened is this: Since this period of Richard's life is very scantily chronicled, the author felt justified in throwing in a potpourri of miscellaneous research—good stories (like Richard getting lost and winding up at a rustic inn, where he must sing for his supper), invented incidents (Richard, Rob Percy and Francis Lovell acting silly and drinking a bit too much, then having to shinny down a rope to avoid a Lord Mayor), and just trivia (Clare Castle has four towers, Maidenstower, Auditorstower, Oxfordtower and Constabletower.) Richard would have noted this on his visit there, so put that in, even though it doesn't advance the plot. On the other hand, neither does his meeting with William Herbert, who will eventually be his son-in-law. Only a few years older than the Earl of Pembroke, Richard becomes a sort of mentor to him, and they discuss, in passing, William's sisters, his brother Walter, and his brother-by-fostering, Henry Tudor. But as a trivia maven myself, I can hardly object.

When I came to the part where the injured Richard 'takes a turn for the nurse,' (Alice Brugh) I started thinking I had read this book before, maybe pre-publication? But why would I recall only the sex scenes, and not Richard's parting from his war-steed, for example, or his encounter with Herbert? I surely don't have that kind of mind, do I? Fortunately, Pauline did some detective work, and reassured me that I haven't lost my memory altogether. It was just that Ms. Reedman thriftily used the same incidents in two different books.

So even if there is another sequel-prequel, bring it on. By that time, I may have forgotten enough to come to it with a fresh mind, but not enough to have lost the thread entirely.—M.S.

DEATH AT HAGMINSTER HALL: A Murder Story—Richard Unwin. Las Vegas. NV. 2022

You've heard of gender-bending? This is genre-bending. Let me explain.

When I read the title of this novel, I awarded it a three-star rating on the spot, because it suggested a country-house mystery, a subgenre of which I am inordinately fond, as my following of *Downton Abbey* shows.

Then it became obvious that there was another sub-genre involved: the *roman a clef*, a story in which the characters are thinly disguised representations of real persons or groups. The reader doesn't have to try very hard to figure out who is intended here, as it is pretty much spelled out in the cast of characters: Sir Edward Broome, Managing Director of Broome Armaments, his wife and children; his brothers George and Richard, both with titles and interests in the firm; Sir Stanley and Lady Margaret Derbyshire, William Hastings, the Rev. Morton Johns; and the staff, Tyrell the chauffeur, Mrs. Rivers, the cook, Greene, Deighton, maid Cathy Haute, and the rest. Plus, of course, the police. So a Ricardian mystery. Up another couple of points in my awards system.

Still another sub-sub-genre is a form of the Alternate Universe (AU) sci-fi/fantasy. It brings characters from past history or fiction and places them in another time and milieu, e.g. Yorkists and Lancastrians as employees of rival advertising agencies in modern times. This is in not-quite contemporary (contemporary to us) times, but in 1935 England. This gives the author a chance to slip in a few tidbits of inter-war history, and the history of fascism in the UK, educating his readers in a fairly painless manner. There's even a bit about classic British cars. Another point in my estimation.

I nearly erased a point or two when I thought the author might be tending to fob us off with a supernatural explanation, as someone (Mrs. Rivers, to be exact) does suggest reincarnation. No worries, Unwin is simply indulging in the time-honored ploy of dragging a red herring across the clues. He is not one, either, to overlook many of the conventions associated with house-party murders. They are multiple and especially grisly, and seem to follow the fates of the victim's namesakes, e.g. drowning, poison, beheading. Then, as the New Year approaches (Yep, the setting is at Christmas, wouldn't you know!) Sir Edward's two sons disappear. They are saved, but it is a close call. The murderer (only one, in this case) is brought to justice. No spoilers here, but I can tell you, it is NOT the butler.

There is also a romance between the police Inspector, Frank Lovell, and one of the suspects, Confidential Secretary Jane Beach. Now, who could that be? The final chapter, set in 1945, will tell us how that came out, and detail the fates of some of the other characters. Overall, I have no hesitation in giving *Hagminster Hall* a full five stars.

But the proof-reading. Oh, dear. Either the author or the publisher—I hope it is the latter—seems to be allergic to commas. Capitalization is erratic. Ranks such as police inspector, sergeant, even mister (when written out) which we are used to seeing with upper case initials, are lower case here—though not consistently. Spelling errors are not numerous, but they do exist. At one point, Inspector Lovell says: "You are asstruth, Lady Broome." I have no idea what was intended. Maybe the Inspector had had one too many whiskeys?

Regretfully, I am removing a half-star for faulty proofing. Still, that's four and a half left, and I have no hesitation in recommending this to fans of classic mysteries, and fans of Ricardian fiction. Just try to overlook the goof-ups.—M.S.

Pauline's review covers much of the same ground as mine, and was received after I had written mine, so I am saving the full review for another outing. But the following looks at it from another angle.

Are the murders motivated by personal revenge or by the somewhat dubious dealings that Broome Armaments has with Nazi Germany (unknown to Richard, of course)? The solution will probably be guessed by most Ricardians, but the epilogue that takes place in 1945 has a nice little twist. This book probably won't hold much interest other than to Ricardians, but it will delight the latter. How can a Ricardian resist a book populated with such characters as Mrs. Paston, the housekeeper and village gossip, and the cook Jacqueline River who brews up all sorts of herbal remedies and is obsessed with the occult?

This may remind some readers of Elizabeth Peters' The Murders of Richard III, but that book was more of a send-up of those rarities, fanatical Ricardians.—P.C.

MAIDEN OF MIDDLEHAM—Bridget M Beauchamp. Woodfield Publishing. 2021

As the fiction librarian for the Society's American Branch, I knew I had to acquire this novel when I saw it advertised in the March 2022 issue of the *Ricardian Bulletin*. The prospect of reading this Ricardian romance did not exactly fill me with eager anticipation. According to the blurb the story "imagines a liaison between its heroine, Eleanor, a simple country girl, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester." Oh gosh, not another one of the seemingly

dozens of books about a fictional mistress. This one is far from the worst of the genre, however.

At the beginning of the story Eleanor is a milkmaid on a farm near Middleham. Her father died at Towton in the service of the Earl of Warwick, and her two brothers are in knightly training with the earl. One day, she meets a hunting party from the castle which includes her brothers and the earl who indicates that his countess will take her into service. Her companion, another milkmaid, almost swoons at seeing the handsome Francis Lovell, while Eleanor is attracted to a quiet young man with chiseled features and soft grey/blue eyes. Eleanor becomes an attendant to the earl's youngest daughter Anne and meets this young man named Richard. She and Richard have a tryst shortly before he leaves Middleham to take up residence in London. Eleanor becomes pregnant, but any romantic notion that Richard might come back and marry her are dashed when she learns that Richard is the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother. That his identity should come as a surprise to her is simply incredible. She has worked at the castle for months and you mean she and her milkmaid friend know all about Francis Lovell but not that the king's brother is also in training there—along with her own brothers? Oh well, when the countess learns of Eleanor's pregnancy (but not of the father's identity) she arranges for her to marry a knight, Ralph, who is too drunk on their wedding night to notice that his bride is not a virgin. Ralph is somewhat brutish, and is soon killed at Barnet.

Eleanor stays at Middleham and her daughter Elizabeth, is passed off as Ralph's, although almost everyone can spot the child's resemblance to Richard when he returns to live there with Anne as his wife. She is devoted to Anne and realizes Richard loves his wife. Eleanor does her share of pining for Richard, but what I appreciated is that there is more to her than that. She lusts after a hunky captain of archers, and then has a happy and loving marriage with a very nice man, Will, and has his son.

Eleanor's story ends with a sweet and touching incident when, after Bosworth, she goes to the place where she and Richard made love, and, sobbing, stumbles upon a silver buckle. It's his buckle which he lost when in eagerness before his first sexual experience, he fumbled to get his clothes off.

However, I cannot rate this book higher than a three. The first problem I had was with the writing style, featuring long rambling sentences filled with extraneous phrases. If a descriptive phrase or clause is a good thing, then the author apparently thinks two or three more in a sentence would be even better. The author also has a habit of repeating things. She writes, for instance, that "Richard was aware that Warwick intended that he marry Anne" and a couple of paragraphs repeats this point. And then I can't

overlook the sentence in which someone is said to have "*leered"* at his thick Yorkshire accent."

The author states her intention to exonerate Richard from the atrocities attributed to him, and she provides a dutiful account of the history of the period. As a result, most of the novel reads like a history report, a lot of "telling" rather than "showing." There are a number of errors in that account: e.g., Hastings fighting at Richard's side at Barnet, or a rumor that Elizabeth Woodville and her "guileful mother Jacquetta" poisoned Edward IV. Jacquetta must have been more than guileful since she died more than ten years prior to Edward.

Nonetheless, if you're in the mood for one, this is a fairly entertaining Ricardian romance.—P.C.

Comment: In my self-appointed and semi-unofficial position as the Branch's grammar guru and punctuation pundit, I have to say something about the faulty proofreading. This may not even be the author's fault—except that she should have hired a different one. The proofer understood that subordinate clauses— and there are a lot of them—should be set off by commas, but not that the person addressed in a conversation should also be set off. e.g. "Congratulations on your betrothal Eleanor."

Aside from that, I can only agree with Pauline. There is too much 'tell' and not nearly enough 'show.' However, I would give the book a 3.5, feeling that it deserves a fractional point, at least, for giving us a well-rounded working-class heroine.—M.S.

THE PROTECTOR—Kathleen M. Kelley. Page Publishing, Inc. 2017

I read this novel a few years ago, and when asked recently to review it, I thought I remembered it well. It turns out what I remembered was the sex: Richard, in a vulnerable moment, succumbing to Buckingham's sexual advances; Richard raping Anne; Buckingham raping Jane Shore; and, Katherine Woodville having an affair with a member of the Vaughan family.

What I didn't remember was the account from Hastings's perspective of the machinations of the Woodvilles to seize control of the government immediately upon the death of Edward IV. I had also forgotten that Anthony Woodville was not made a party to his family's scheme at the outset, seeing no reason not to meet Richard of Gloucester at Northampton until he learned Buckingham was also to join them. This novel gives some interesting perspectives on these and the other events from the spring of 1483 until the end of Buckingham's rebellion, and, although generally well written, the story can be slow in places. In particular, the Katherine Woodville storyline seems unnecessary and unduly prolongs the novel.

The principal players during the protector ship are well represented even if somewhat one-dimensional. Edward V, for example, is every inch a Woodville who taunts Richard by pointing out the fate of past protectors. Richard himself is shown as an uptight individual who finds it difficult to express his emotions openly. He feels more comfortable in the company of his soldiers than in that of his wife. It seems perfectly in keeping with his character that he suffers self-revulsion when he has sex with Buckingham. Buckingham is homosexual and misogynistic. Buckingham's volte-face is explained as the result of being spurned by Richard as a lover after their one sexual encounter. A possibility, certainly, and this is not the only work of fiction that has suggested it. Overall, an entertaining novel, although if you are looking for a more well-rounded Buckingham, try Isolde Martyn's *The Devil in Ermine* where he displays an acerbic wit, appreciates nature, architecture, and women, and craves respect and high office above all else.—P.C.

Comment: This is almost the polar opposite of Ms. Beauchamp's novel. There is about the right amount of 'tell,' but way too much 'show' - and I do not mean just the sex scenes. It's a day-by-day, almost hour-by-hour account of Richard's doings and thoughts over the summer of his Protectorship and the later summer and early fall of his reign. I doubt that letting some of this go on off-stage would have lessened the impact of the story, though it might have lessened the postage cost of the book. Otherwise, we have another case of Great Minds running in the Same Channels.—M.S.

THE HOLY TUDORS: Inheritance—Sharyl Rains, Spring Arbor Distributors, Canada, 2016

Do I sense the collective Ricardian readers of this column drawing in breath for a collective hiss? Save it. The title does not refer to the Tudors generally, but a small, select, sub-set of them—three, by actual count. The story does open in the summer of 1483, with a murder taking place in the Tower of London, and Margaret Beaufort and James Tyrell are involved. But don't jump to conclusions here. Notice I did not name the victims, nor the perpetrators?

We then fast-forward to the spring of 1502, with a death taking place in Ludlow, in Wales, the first of our 'Holy' trio, Arthur, Prince of Wales. But don't jump to conclusions here, either. Instead of dying, he is spirited away and healed, while a person of no importance is poisoned in his place. He is taken to a lonely and well-disguised castle in Wales, where he waits for several decades before being joined by his nephew, Henry VIII's illegitimate son, Henry Fitzroy, whom King Henry was considering making heir to the throne. Again, a substitute is brought in to provide a body.

A couple of decades later, they are joined by the young King Edward VI. Why is all this hugger-mugger necessary? Because these three young men—adolescents, really—have a very specific task to perform. They are to be Guardians of the Holy Grail, the legendary chalice made either by Jesus or Adam, depending on which legend you prefer. To fulfill this responsibility, they are gifted with perfect health and long life, and nearly eternal youth. At age 500 +, they appear no more than 35. On the minus side, their lives are intensely lonely and involve a lot of hard work, since they cannot have servants or technology.

All of this will require a considerable suspension of disbelief on the part of the reader, but it will be rewarded. The interplay between and among the Guardians is well depicted, with Henry usually playing the part of peacemaker, their dreams, their little jealousies (why is Arthur the only one who seems to have a direct line to God, Edward wonders, while the Henrican Henry runs interference between the intensely Catholic Arthur and the Protestant Edward.)

There are brief stopovers at various points of history, and a longer one in the era of the Napoleonic wars. Bounaparte is the villain of the piece, so far as there is one, and the Grail is in real danger of being stolen by the hated Frenchies. Our Tudor heroes are successful in protecting it. Henry Fitzroy has a leading part in that protection, though we are not shown just how, as he dies soon after, at the relatively early age of around 300. The two survivors, being the ones whose personalities sometimes clash, have to reach some kind of truce. They compensate, to an extent, by taking up hobbies, gardening for Arthur, and wrought-iron sculpture for Edward. Edward finds another emotional outlet when the Guardians go to Russia to recruit and transport more potential Guardians, Alexi and Anastasia Romanov. Edward falls in love with Anastasia, only to lose her again, and Alexi fails as a Guardian, like the Plantagenet princes, centuries earlier. Perhaps they were just too young. It would seem that 15 is the earliest age that a potential Guardian can be trusted with such great responsibility.

The story comes down to the late 20th century, when two likely candidates, Marie Christine of Hesse, age 19, and a Hanovarian princeling named Ludwig, perhaps in his early 20s. Both have the royal bloodlines, if no actual titles. (In fact, both may be fictional; I'm not sure.) Arthur, having fulfilled his responsibilities, passes away. Edward will have to stick around for a while to complete the education of his charges. The Deity finally appears to Edward, in the form that he had always pictured Him. Care to make a guess? That is respectfully handled, but is nonetheless a comedic moment.

There are others. On one of their trips to the nearby village for supplies, Edward and Arthur stop at a pub. Arthur, growing nostalgic as his 400-something wedding anniversary approaches, and in spite of the necessity for our heroes to avoid calling attention to themselves, orders a Wedding Ale, and tries to explain to the bemused bar staff how to make it. "Warm this up…not too hot, not tea hot. Could you also bring me a cup of honey, And some cloves, if you have them." And there are many poignant moments.

The writing is sometimes a little stilted, and some loose ends are left untied. Our boys acquired a vehicle about the time of World War I. What do they use for money to buy it, and the petrol? And to buy plane tickets, at a later date? Edward has Beatles posters in his room, but where would he have heard them? Their stronghold has no electricity, no TV. Perhaps the car radio (on a later model), or snatches heard in the pub?

My recommendation: Approach this with an open mind, and you may find it interesting, even fascinating. This appears to be part of a series, but I haven't seen any of the other books in the series, and don't know if they were even written. Do they deal with the previous history of the Grail and its Guardians, perhaps the Kings of Wessex? That would be interesting to follow up.—M.S

You go out and get yourself an 'ism, and you're in business.—"You Can't Take It With You"

THE SISTERS: The Saga of the Mitford Family—Mary S. Lovell. W.W. Norton & Co. NY & London. 2001

If you have an interest in interwar history, whether triggered by Mr. Unwin's novel or not, you might enjoy this family biography. You might enjoy it for its own sake. The Mitfords were a fascinating clan, though some of the fascination was of the "Good Lord, what are they going to do next" variety. As the paterfamilias once observed: "I'm normal, my wife is normal, but my daughters are each more foolish than the next."

If Medieval families did not use much imagination in naming their children, this was certainly not true of 20th-century parents, and absolutely not true of the Mitfords. There was one son, Tom, and the daughters were Nancy (the oldest—Mum & Dad had not hit their stride yet), Pamela, Jessica, Diana, Deborah, and—wait for it—Unity Valkyrie! Having given them these formal names, their parents informally christened them with nicknames. Unity, for example, went by Bobo. Considering Bobo's later flirtation with Hitler, and the fact that she was probably conceived at Swastika, Ontario, where her parents were panning for gold, it is tempting to see this as a case of *nomen est omen.* Not at all. Here is where I feel the author should have

explained that in the early decades of the 20th century, the swastika was simply regarded as a good-luck symbol.

Throughout, Ms. Lovell makes a commendable effort not to let her personal moral or political views color the story of her subjects' lives. She actually seems to like her subjects, and to appreciate them just as they were, for their entertainment value, if nothing else. The reader should probably approach the family story with the same attitude.

So, what did the Mitford girls have that made them so famous? Beauty, yes, thanks to their very good-looking parents. Wealth? They were born into the class that could best be described as 'shabby genteel,' though they could also make it 'shabby chic.' Aristocratic bloodlines? They were rather minor nobility, though linked by ties of blood or marriage to many of the most prominent families of the UK—the Hoziers, the Churchills, the Stanleys.[ii]

Intelligence? Certainly, good native intelligence, but they had basically the limited education that was typical for Edwardian debutantes. Literary ability? There were authors in the family, though neither parent was bookish. No denying, the sisters were articulate, and they had a rich vein of material in their own home circle.

Seemingly, they were just famous for being famous.

Ms. Lovell (is she connected in any way with the 15th-century Viscount?) recounts the sisters' romances, marriages, travels, and other adventures, their triumphs and failures. In short, high-class soap opera. If you binge-watched *Downton Abbey*, you will probably enjoy this. There is a bit of Evelyn Waugh (*Vile Bodies*) thrown in, and more than a bit of P.G. Wodehouse's Blandings Castle.[iii]—M.S.

THE WORLD OF COLUMBUS AND SONS—Genevieve Foster. Illustrated by the author. Beautiful Feet Books. Sandwich, MA. 1965

Years ago, I remember checking out the hard-cover edition of this book from the children's section of the Houston Public Library. So, when I came across a paperback edition of the same book at Half-Price Books, I had to buy it, although it was more than half of the original price. ($15.95) Maybe if I am lucky, I will run across some of the other books in the series, dealing with the worlds of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Augustus Caesar, William Penn and Captain John Smith. At least one of these, I did read, back in the day (pre-1994).

Ms. Foster covers what was happening in various European countries during this period (late 15th-early 16th centuries). It does not cover all European countries—Scandinavia is not represented, though Russia is—but does cover some non-European nations that impinged on English history, or were impinged on by it. E.g., China, Africa, what would eventually be

certain countries in South America and the Caribbean. Within those parameters, it is a very good overview of what was happening in the world at the time. You don't have to be a kid in order to read any of the books in this series.

Oh, and incidentally, very fair to Richard.—M.S.

P.S. On the same visit to Half-Price Books, I saw a copy of a biography of EDWARD IV, at about the same price. The budget would not run to both, so the above review reflects my considered decision. Life is full of hard decisions.

When the legend becomes fact, print the legend.—"The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance"

UNCROWNED QUEEN: The Life of MARGARET BEAUFORT. Mother of the Tudors—Nicola Tallis. Basic Books. NY. 2020

Ms. Tallis describes the life story of her subject as resembling a 'Medieval soap opera,' and there are a number of similarities. There are long, slow-moving stretches when nothing much seems to happen except for the good-looking characters talking to one another, interspersed with periods of frenetic action, and some criminal activity. The author heightens the resemblances by introducing a Dramatist Personae, which helps the reader to keep the characters straight (so many had the same names and the same titles) but tends to obscure the fact that they were not characters in a daytime drama, but real people.

Tallis' biography of Margaret Beaufort is useful in outlining the background and youth of her subject. Margaret was her father's only legitimate child, but not her mother's. On that side of the family, she had 7 or 8 half-siblings, and later acquired 5 step-siblings, thus giving her only son a slew of semi-cousins. (How many in a slew? Merriam-Webster says the word comes from the Irish *slough,* and indicates a large but indefinite number.) Margaret had a bastard half-sister on her father's side, named Tacyn, who apparently lived with the family, and made a good marriage. Odd how 15th century parents seemed to save imaginative or unusual names for their illegitimate offspring. Not often enough, though. Mostly they were given the same names as the legal heirs—Margaret, Elizabeth, Edward, etc, etc. All the more reason for Tallis' Cast of Characters.

One person missing from that list is the Original Tudor, the Grandpapa of the Tudors, Sir Owen himself, although he does appear in the story, as does his illegitimate son, David. On the rather delicate subject of Margaret's sex life, Tallis does acknowledge that she had reached the age of consent at the time—12 years—and was sexually mature (her periods had started), otherwise she would not have been able to conceive and bear a child, but

she may have been physically immature in other ways. This is a conclusion that many authors, both pro-Tudor and anti-Tudor, have reached. Tallis brings up a variation: that she may have been frigid. Her early and traumatic childbirth put her off sex for the rest of her lifetime, and can you blame her? This doesn't mean she was incapable of emotional and romantic attachments, however.

Both the title and the dust jacket art are a little misleading. The portrait is the most common one of Margaret in nun's habit and wimple, kneeling at an altar. In real life, she loved rich and fashionable clothing and lots and lots of jewels. (It ran in the family.) She was also fond of hunting, hawking, and gambling, just like many less pious folks. And, unlike her cousin Cecily, Duchess of York she never claimed the title of Queen, nor did anyone claim it on her behalf. Instead, her title was a unique one: My Lady the King's Mother. After all, a king might have more than one queen (as Margaret's grandson would demonstrate), but he would not ever have more than one mother.

Having covered the pluses of this biography of Margaret Beaufort, let us now turn to the minuses. Where to start? Ms. Tallis criticizes the efforts of Ricardian novelists who pin various crimes on Margaret Beaufort, and they are open to criticism—as fiction. They do not pretend to be history. Tallis does accept, without comment, many fictional accounts passed off as history, (More, Shakespeare) and many secondary 'historical' sources that owe a great deal to fiction (Virgil, Weir et al), making this a tertiary source, at best. She is prone to accept anything that sounds like a good story, without asking herself, "Is this likely?" E.g., Clarence was drowned "in a jar of sweet wine."

When we get down to the nitty-gritty—the deposition and death of the Princes, Tallis follows a combination of most of the traditional 'histories.' No sooner had the doors of the Tower shut behind the boys than rumors began to circulate that they were dead. People were so sure of it that they were weeping in the streets. At the same time, some were so convinced that they were alive, that they were hatching a plot to free them. This convinced Richard that his throne was in danger, and he resolved to make the rumors come true by murdering the boys—and then not telling anybody they were dead. The author dismisses out of court the theory that Margaret Beaufort had any part in their deaths. She states categorically that Margaret 'had no motive.' Wrong. She had motive. What she did not have was good opportunity and perhaps means. She was never one of the Top Five suspects anyway.

The coronation of Margaret's son as Henry VII is an anti-climax in the story. The activity sort of settles down, and nothing much of note happens

after that. But there are a few tid-bits of interest. Like her son, Margaret signed her account books on every page. Tallis calls this 'penny-counting' instead of 'penny-pinching,' and there is some evidence for that distinction, since both were quite capable of really splashing out on occasion. Also like her son, her eyes dimmed in middle age (as those of nearly all of us do). She had to depend on reading glasses, which she kept in a 'richly decorated case.' I would love to see what a 16th-century spectacle case looked like, whether actually owned by a Royal or not. But, alas, no pictures, except for the one of Margaret on the dust jacket. The book does contain many other appurtenances of historical biography, such as timelines, family trees, and lists of sources.

The latter is strictly edited. Tallis repeats all the sources that claim that Richard was lusting after his niece, Elizabeth of York, but not the evidence that he was, at that same time, trying to arrange Portuguese marriages for her and himself—to other people, that is. This does not make Richard look too good, as the Queen was not actually dead yet, but at least it refutes that particular rumor. But the rumor makes a much better soap opera, *n'cest pas?*

This book is from the Society library. If I had to spend my own money on this title, I think I would wait till it comes to Half-Price Books, and it would have to be actually at half the cover price.—M.S.

Endnotes:

[i] Some people might say one of your reviewers has a habit of doing this also. Hmmmmph!

[ii] Speaking of names, the Hoziers had an unusual fondness for the names Clement and Clementine, though I doubt it had anything to do with the American song.Academics are not the only offenders, of course. Politicians are past masters of the art of obfuscating perfectly clear ideas, on the rare occasions when such exist in a state of nature, and come into their ken. But at least they tend to use shorter words.

[iii] There are a number of Berties in the combined family trees, as well as an Uncle George and a Cousin Julia, plus more than one "Kid Clemintina." Some have a Wodehousian aura even when the names are not similar. Do I sense a likeness between Oswald Mosley (RL) and Roderick Spode? (Fic.)

Did you know that the author Evelyn Waugh (m) was briefly married to a woman (f) named Evelyn? Friends and family called them he-Evelyn and she-Evelyn to avoid confusion. I once worked in an office where we had a he Shawn and a she-Shawn, spelled differently but pronounced the same. At the time, I had a she-Shawn of my own, and still do.

See all the things you will learn by reading this very erudite column!

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Memoriam: Arthur Kincaid

Wayne Ingalls

We were saddened to learn of the death of Arthur Kincaid, PhD, Oxford University (Christ Church College), founder of the American Branch of the Richard III Society. Arthur died on July 24, 2022 following a long struggle with lung cancer. Arthur was a lifelong Ricardian whose sympathetic interest in King Richard III never ceased, along with his constant reading and research on the subject.

Arthur became a naturalized British citizen in 1974, and (in Ricardian circles) he is perhaps best known for a new edition of the classic work by Sir George Buck [Buc]: *The History of King Richard the Third (1619). Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Noel Kincaid* (1979). Arthur's edition was based on an early manuscript, not the shorter and corrupted version published by Buck's great-nephew in 1646. His one great concern during his last months was to see the publication of his revised edition of Sir George Buc's work, a thoroughly updated work which reflects new insights extending right up to the present day. With the collaboration with Annette Carson on this project, Arthur was overjoyed at the success of plans to have it published by the Society of Antiquaries with the support of the Richard III Society, CLG. This is a fitting memorial to his decades of work in the Ricardian cause, and we look forward to the fulfillment of this goal.

Arthur's interest in Richard III started while he was in middle school. He went to the Westtown School, a private Quaker K-12 school outside Philadelphia, where one of his middle school teachers taught Shakespeare's Richard III in an "enlightened way" by challenging its depiction of the historical king and suggesting that it was a smear propaganda job to support the Tudor dynasty. This left a profound impact on Arthur who started to read everything he could about King Richard III, which led him to reading Josephine Tey's *A Daughter of Time* and becoming a life-long Ricardian.

At the UK Society's 2019 AGM in Edinburgh, Arthur spoke about his experience as a young Oxford scholar working with the original MSS at the British Library, a project that provided him with the nucleus of his first published edition of that manuscript. After Oxford, Arthur remained in the UK, married his wife, Deirdre, and entered the teaching profession. His teaching posts were mostly in England but he did spend some time in Estonia. Arthur's scholarly interests were English literature—particularly

Shakespeare and the poetry of William Wordsworth—and the origins of Quakerism in England. He wrote an academic article challenging the historicity of Thomas More's *History of Richard III* concluding that it was more of an exercise in rhetoric than a credible account of the king's life and reign. Arthur was also a keen actor and singer who enjoyed depicting on stage celebrated people such as John Wilkes Booth, for which he starred in a one-man show. He also played the role of Richard III created by Shakespeare, for which he admitted feeling some guilt to the real king but he refused to wear a hunchback and instead crafted a character with uneven shoulders which he felt was more historically accurate. While living in the UK, Arthur befriended Isolde Wigram, the founder of the reconstituted Richard III Society in the UK, and developed a life-long friendship with her. He was the first to introduce her to Lovell Hall, the Oxfordshire residence of perhaps King Richard's closest friend, Sir Francis Lovell.

The Richard III Society, American Branch extends our heartfelt condolences to Arthur's family and friends. He will be greatly missed.

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Memoriam: Roxane Murph

Mary Miller

I have the sad duty to report the passing of Roxane Murph. She died on June 23, 2021, in Fort Worth, Texas, after a long illness. She was a close personal friend and a guiding light of the Richard III Society for many years. Roxane served as chairman of the American Branch of the Richard III Society from 1986 to 1989 and as Immediate Past Chairman off and on for several more years. She was a co-founder of the Southwest Chapter and was a mentor to many in the Society.

I first met Roxane at Texas Christian University in 1972. I was taking a class in British History from the legendary Dr. Marguerite Potter. Dr. Potter was a devoted Tudor advocate. I stopped after class one day to tell her that there was another side to that story, and her eyes twinkled as she told me that I should talk to her graduate assistant Roxane Murph. And that was the start of our friendship. Roxane received her Master's in History from TCU in 1976. We occasionally saw each other at TCU basketball games. Around 1982, we decided that we should start a chapter of the Richard III Society in Texas. We had some luck, drawing members from around the state as far as Houston and Alpine, and one from

Roxane Murph with Ken Miller at Falkland Palace, Scotland, in 1978

Oklahoma. In 1985, we decided to commemorate the 500th anniversary of Richard's death by leading a tour of Ricardian sites in England. Six members and two husbands drove around England, from Minster Lovell to Middleham, in a VW bus. I remember the astonished looks on English faces when a bunch of Texas Ricardians poured out of a van to look at a battlefield.

Roxane became involved in the national affairs of the Richard III Society and was elected Chairman when the Society reorganized under new by-laws in 1986. She brought a discipline and precision to Society meetings, inspiring many more members to become involved. She was a great encourager, telling someone unsure that she thought they were capable of handling a new task or responsibility. Roxane was awarded the Dickon Award at the 1990 AGM for her many services to the Society, and she continued to advise the Board for several more years.

Roxane was a focused person, spending years on research. Her first book, *Richard III: The Making of a Legend*, was published by Scarecrow Press in 1978, This book analyzed the historical background of Shakespeare's play. Roxane searched out obscure and long out-of-print books about Richard III. She found and read books about the Wars of the Roses that few had ever heard about. In 1995, Greenwood Press published *The Wars of the Roses in Fiction: An Annotated Bibliography, 1440-1994*. Roxane wrote the introduction to *Richard and Anne: A Play in Two Acts*, by Maxwell Anderson. Anderson, much more famous for works like *Anne of the Thousand Days*, was deceased, but Roxane persuaded his wife to permit the publication of the play. Roxane's interests extended beyond the Wars of the Roses. Greenwood Press published Roxane's books *The English Civil War through the Restoration in Fiction: An Annotated Bibliography, 1625–1999* and *Rewriting the Wars of the Roses: The 17th Century Royalist Histories of John Trussell, Sir Francis Biondi and William Habington*.

Roxane was married to her husband A.F. (Frank) Murph from 1948 to 2011. Roxane and Frank were a delightful couple, welcoming friends into their home and sharing their passions for food, books, and music. My husband and I were fortunate to travel with them to Wales and Scotland, sharing many a glass of whisky and exploring castles, cathedrals, and battlefields.

Leader, mentor, scholar. Roxane Murph, although a petite, soft-spoken person, was a great advocate in the cause of searching for the truth about Richard III. We were fortunate to have her in our midst.

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Promoting American Branch Activities

This space can be used to promote forthcoming American Branch activities, such as the biennial General Membership Meeting, Chapter events and member activity such as trips to museum exhibitions, attending Renfaires, and related Zoom events.

Please submit your promotion to Editor at info@r3.org.

Submission Deadlines:

January 1–March Issue

July 1–September Issue

From the Editor

Please welcome Colleen Goos to the Assistant Editor staff, joining Diana Rubino. Both will assist me in sourcing articles and reviewing submissions. As a result, the article submission process has been modified from submitting to the Research Office to now submitting articles to Assistant Editor.

In the past, members have been able to advertise in the Register. Since I've been editor starting in 2011, I have received a handful of ads, mostly for member authored books. Since it's so under-used, I have come to the conclusion that a column to promote American Branch and Chapter activity would be more beneficial.

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Submission guidelines

- Word doc or docx file type or Open Office Writer odt file type, or rtf file type
- Please submit articles for publication to the Assistant Editor at assistant_editor@r3.org, All other submission should go to the Editor at info@r3.org
- 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. Times New Roman is used throughout the publication.
- Images that are in the public domain should be stated as such, those that are not require permissions and attributions
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- Paper must have references in the form of endnotes or footnotes (which are converted 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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Please list members at the same address (other than yourself) who are re-joining

For non-U.S. mailing address, to cover postage please add: $15.00 $_____

Contributing and Sponsoring Membership Levels

Honorary Fotheringhay Member $75.00 $_____

Honorary Middleham Member $180.00 $_____

Honorary Bosworth Member $300.00 $_____

Plantagenet Angel $500.00 $_____

Donations*

Judy R. Weinsoft Memorial Research Library $_____

General Fund $_____

Morris McGee Keynote Address Fund $_____

Schallek Special Projects Fund $_____

Total enclosed $_____

*The Richard III Society, Inc., is a not-for-profit corporation with 501(c)(3) designation. All contributions over the basic $60 membership are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

Circle One: Mr. - Mrs. - Miss - Ms. - Other: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Country (if outside of U.S.): _____

Residence Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

___ New ___ Renewal ____Please check if new address

Date of birth to register with Parent Branch of the Richard III Society_____

Note: Registration is required for receipt of the UK publications including the Ricardian Journal and Bulletin. If you are renewing your membership and have registered, then you do not have to reregister.

___Please check if you wish to OPT OUT of registering.

If this is a gift membership please place the following message on the gift acknowledgement email: _____

Make checks payable to: THE RICHARD III SOCIETY, INC. (U.S. Funds only, please.)

Mail to:

Richard III Society Membership Dept.
c/o Wayne Ingalls
704 NW Euclid Ave.
Lawton, OK 73507

For instructions on how to join or renew online, go to r3.org/join/

~Contents~

Mail to:

Richard III Society Membership Dept.
c/o Wayne Ingalls
704 NW Euclid Ave.
Lawton, OK 73507

Inside back cover

(not printed)

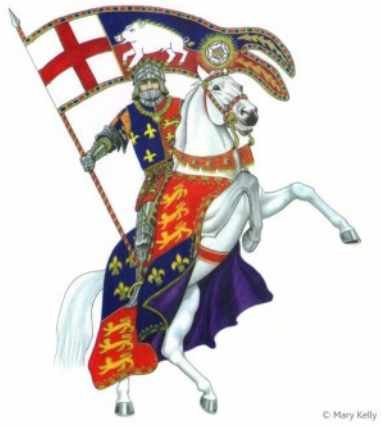
Front cover:
King Richard III by **Jamal Mustafa**

Stained Glassic Studio, Birmingham UK , stainedglassic.com, email: theportraitartist@gmail.com

Richard III Society American Branch Logo

Created by Emily Newton, Secretary

Richard III Forever



2022 General Membership Meeting

In person: October 28 – 30, 2022

Zoom: October 29, 2022

Hyatt Regency Dulles
2300 Dulles Corner Boulevard
Herndon, VA VA 20171

Register online: hyatt.com/en-US/group-booking/DULLE/G-RIRD

The cutoff date for individuals to book their rooms is on 10/7/22.

Go to American Branch website (r3.org) for program details and online registration.