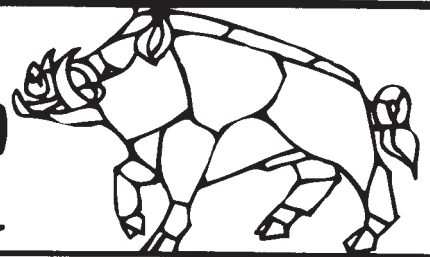


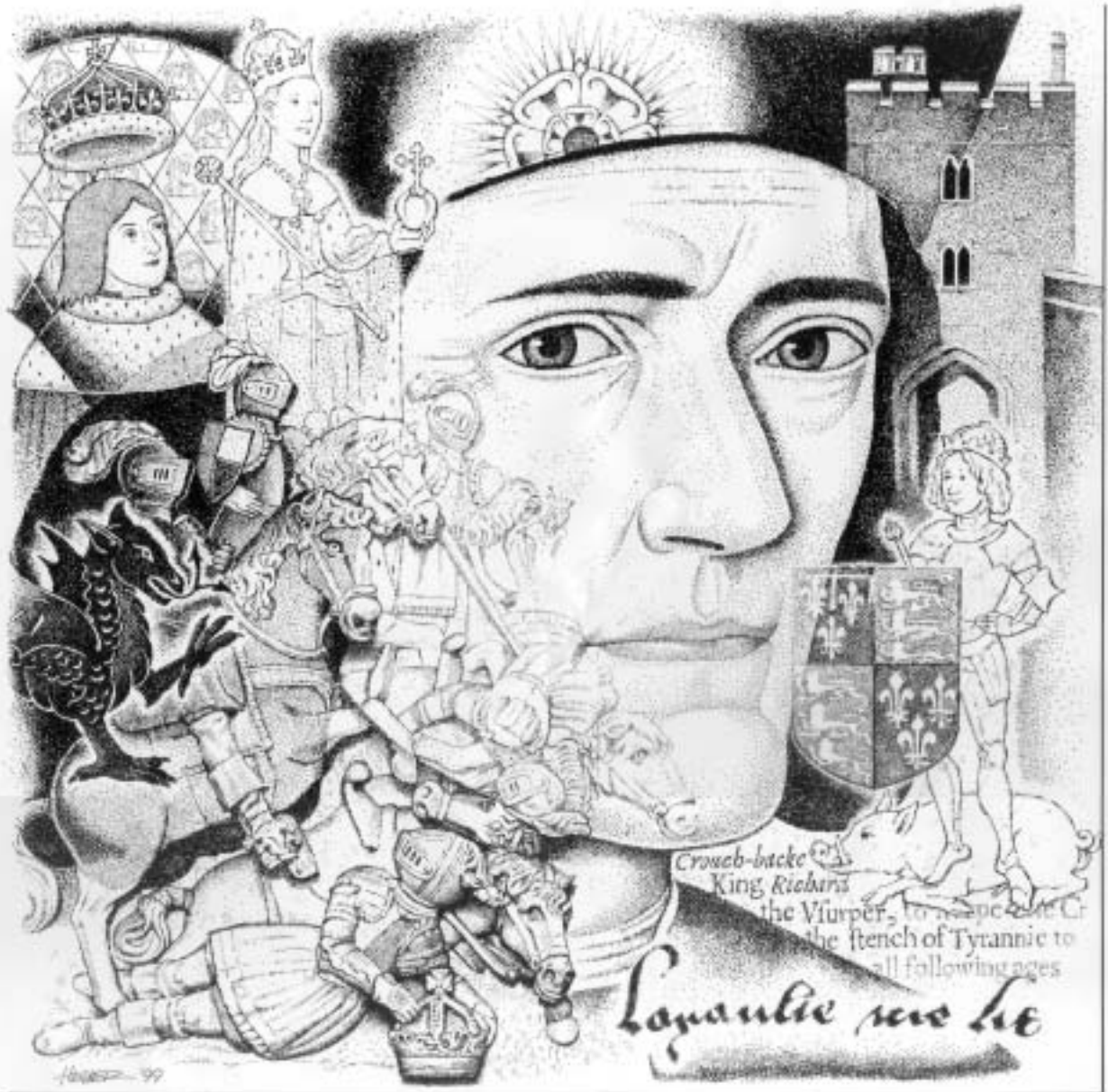
Ricardian REGISTER



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— William Heurr

Register Staff

EDITOR: Carole M. Rike

4702 Dryades St. • New Orleans, LA 70115 (504) 897-9673
 FAX (504) 827-0443 • e-mail: carole@word-catering.com

RICARDIAN READING EDITOR: Myrna Smith

Rt. 1 Box 232B • Hooks, TX 75561
 (903) 547-6609 • FAX: (903) 628-2658
 email: normclay@txk.net

ARTIST: Susan Dexter

1510 Delaware Avenue • New Castle, PA 16105-2674
 e--mail: sdexter@icix.net



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Society Internet address:

**<http://www.r3.org>
info@r3.org**

Changes of address and dues payments to:

*Peggy Allen, Membership,
 1421 Wisteria • Metairie, LA 70005*

In This Issue

Editorial License, <i>Carole Rike</i>	3
Richard and the Stanleys, <i>Sandra Worth</i>	4
Richard III Society 2000 Tour	8
Middleham Midsummer Mania, <i>Judy Pimental</i>	9
The Other Side of the Story, <i>Janet Trimbath</i>	15
Ricardian Post.	16
Welcome To New Members	20
Studies In England	20
Greetings from U.K.	20
Exhibitionists Wanted,	21
1999 Ricardian Tour, <i>Lois Griffiths</i>	21
Appointment Announcement: <i>Joy Simpson</i>	21
Annual Appreciation Awards	22
Ricardian Reading, <i>Myrna Smith</i>	23
Margaret of Burgundy, <i>Phil Stone</i>	28
Scattered Standards, <i>Judie Gall</i>	29
More Medieval Bloopers	30
Board Chronicles	31
Chapter Contacts.	32
Membership Application	32



EXECUTIVE BOARD

CHAIRMAN: Dr. Sharon D. Michalove
309 Gregory Hall • 810 Wright St. • Urbana, IL 61801
(217) 333-4145 • e-mail: mlove@uiuc.edu

VICE CHAIRMAN: Dawn R. Benedetto
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(708) 209-1409 • email: dabenedetto@lucent.coms

SECRETARY: Dianne G. Batch
9842 Hawthorn Given Drive • Grosse Ile, MI 48138-2115
(734)67501801 • email: batchdg@aol.com

TREASURER: Bonnie Battaglia
5191 Hanks Exchange Road • Placerville, CA 95667
(530) 622-6470 • e-mail: bonnieb@innercite.com

MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN: Peggy Allen
1421 Wisteria • Metairie, LA 70005 (504) 837-0974
e-mail: peggyall@accesscom.net

IMMEDIATE PAST CHAIRMAN: Dr. Compton Reeves
Dept. of History • Bentley Hall
Ohio University • Athens, OH 45701-2979
email: reevesc@profor@kachina.net

COMMITTEES

CHAPTER COORDINATOR: Judie Gall
10071 Sturgeon Lane • Cincinnati, OH 45251
(513) 742-1472 • e-mail: bwgcg@fuse.net

INTERIM DIR. OF ADVANCEMENT: Joy A. Simpson
P. O. Box 12670 • Charleston SC 29422
843-762-1037 • joy.simpson@citadel.edu

ON-LINE MEMBER SERVICES: Cheryl Rothwell
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Fax: (423) 961-2519 • e-mail: Yorkist@monarchy.com

LIBRARIAN: Audio/Visual: Yvonne Saddler
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RESEARCH OFFICER: Dr. Sharon D. Michalove
309 Gregory Hall • 810 Wright St. • Urbana, IL 61801
(217) 333-4145 • email: mlove@uiuc.edu

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER: Marianna K. Preston
143 Beach Plum Pl #A • Lewes, DE 19958-1737

SALES OFFICER: Jennifer Reed
44 Bartemus Trail • Nashua, NH 03063
email: jlrreed@ix.netcom.com

SCHALLEK MEMORIAL/GRAD: Nancy Northcott
1915 Euclid Avenue • Charlotte, NC 28203-4707
(704) 334-7793 • westcotts3@aol.com

SCHOOLS COORDINATOR: Anne Vineyard
4014 Broken Bow Lane • Garland, TX 75044
vineyaa@highlandpark.k12.tx.us

WEBMASTER: Laura V. Blanchard
2041 Christian St. • Philadelphia, PA 19146
(215) 985-1445 • FAX (215) 985-1446
email:laura@rblanchard.com

EDITORIAL LICENSE

Carole Rike

This issue's cover is a photostat of an 18" square original done in the old stipple technique, utilizing only dots of black ink. Quoting the artist, Mr. William Heuer, "As you can see, I also took the HUGE liberty of moving Richard's gaze to look right out at the viewer. I know that's terminally bad history, but perhaps it's good 'drama' to involve the viewer directly into the controversy." The original drawing decorates the wall above his Richard III bookshelf. And don't we all have at least one of those?

Mr. Heuer has been an unofficial Ricardian for 20 years and has only recently joined the Society. We appreciate his contribution and urge him to honor us with more of his artistic efforts in the future.

We have just finished up the Annual General Meeting (AGM) in New Orleans. This year's AGM was chaired by Peggy Allen and reflected her usual thoughtfulness and courtesy. Although not as heavily attended as some in the past, we had a fun weekend, with lots of time for personal updates, browsing the sales office offerings, and getting to know new friends. The Trivia Contest moderated by Myrna Smith at the banquet was my personal highlight of the evening; Myrna chose three very able participants who challenged the audience to determine who was offering the correct definition of various 15th century terms. I had no idea Bonnie Battaglia was such a dry wit! Maria Torres was her usual well-versed self, and Janet Trimbath flirted with the audience whilst trying to confound us. Bonnie was the panel member who most consistently bluffed us.

Oh, the company of Ricardians! There is nothing quite like it — whether that be singly, two avid individuals discussing the subject, or in a large group where we are able to have all sorts of inside jokes and shared historical insights. Much more in the Winter issue about the AGM, and some pictures!

In this issue is a lengthy article by Judy Pimental about Marilyn Summers' birthday celebration at Middleham during Coronation Weekend. Marilyn also provided me with an article on the weekend, but I chose to use Judy's, as it may be the last chance we have for awhile to hear from her. Judy will be leaving for a Peace Corps stint in January, and will be sorely missed by her Ricardian friends, online and off. I hope you enjoy the shared experience of Marilyn's birthday. This was an enormous undertaking on her part, and most of us will be envious of her concept — realized — of riding a horse into Middleham Castle. That her special day was enhanced by so many Ricardian friends must have been a special boon.

RICHARD AND THE STANLEYS

Sandra Worth

When Lord Thomas Stanley came to Richard requesting permission to retire to his estates that fateful summer of 1485, Richard could have refused. With a motion of the hand he could have sent the ‘Wily Fox’ into custody and eliminated the threat Stanley posed to the security of his throne and to his life. Yet he chose to grant permission, knowing full well the danger inherent in that decision and what it might cost him.

Why? Since the solution facing Richard was both simple and obvious, the answer to this question could not be more complex. It embraces both the character of Lord Stanley and his brother Sir William and the very essence of who Richard really was, his life’s experience and how he saw himself, his view of his kingship and his relationship not only with the Stanleys, but with all his nobles, his people, and with God. Like rivers pouring into a sea, these all fed into Richard’s psyche to culminate in that last critical, and ultimately fatal, decision before Bosworth.

Richard had to be as aware as everyone else how Thomas Stanley had earned his nickname ‘Wily Fox.’ The Stanleys were survivors. They deserted their allies time and again, yet always managed to wiggle back into favor in time to ride at the winner’s side. Marguerite D’Anjou, the Duke of York, the Earl of Warwick, King Edward and even Richard himself had all shared the dubious honor of having been betrayed by the Stanleys, not once, but several times. Each time, the Stanleys were not only forgiven, but rewarded. About the Stanleys, Paul Murray Kendall writes:

In a century of civil strife, fierce partisanship, broken causes, in which many of the lords and gentry had been brought to ruin and extinction, Lord Stanley and his brother Sir William had thrived. They thrived by daring to make politics their trade, by sloughing off the encumbrances of loyalty and honor, by developing an ambiguity of attitude which enabled them to join the winning side, and by exploiting the relative ease with which treason in this age might be lived down, provided it were neither too passionate, too overt, nor too damaging.ⁱ

Richard’s first personal encounter with Thomas Stanley’s treason came during the troubles with Warwick in the early spring of 1469, when he was seventeen. On his way north from Wales to Edward’s side during the Robin of Redesdale rebellion, he had a

confrontation with Lord Stanley’s men, who blocked his path.

Unknown to him, Lord Stanley, who was married to Warwick’s sister, had sent Warwick assurances of his support. After Warwick lost the Battle of Lose-Coat Field, he fled west to Stanley for the succor he had been promised, but Stanley, as a result of the skirmish with Richard, had lost his nerve and “hastily deciding that the Earl’s chances were dim,” changed his mind.ⁱⁱ Warwick was forced to flee England. On Warwick’s triumph against Edward the following October, however, Stanley rode into London at his side, somehow managing to excuse his previous desertion, a testimony to his glib tongue and powers of persuasion.

Marguerite D’Anjou, the Duke of York, the Earl of Warwick, King Edward and even Richard himself had all shared the dubious honor of having been betrayed by the Stanleys, not once, but several times.

Lord Stanley’s artful way with words and the success of his unique ‘divide and conquer’ strategy whereby each member of the family would, on cue, take a different side, had saved their lives and their fortunes many a time and would do so again on at least three other occasions: Tewkesbury; Hastings’ conspiracy; and Buckingham’s revolt. One can imagine Lord Stanley’s explanation after the destruction of the Lancastrian cause at Tewkesbury: . . . He had been forced into taking King Henry’s side . . . His heart had always been Yorkist . . . He had avoided the battle, hadn’t he? . . . And his brother had remained true to Edward. Not only did Edward forgive Stanley the betrayal of his oath — canceled by the betrayal of his oath to Henry — but he drew him into his intimate circle and made him Steward of his Household.ⁱⁱⁱ Despite Lord Stanley’s slippery tongue, one cannot imagine how he managed to extricate himself from Hastings’ plot in which he was caught red-handed. But manage, he did, and when his new wife, Henry Tudor’s mother, became the prime mover of Buckingham’s revolt and lost her estates, Richard gave them to him, along with additional grants of lands, an appointment as Constable of England. Paul Murray Kendall observes:

Granted his smooth pliancy, his shrewd and wary maneuvering, his wonderful capacity to inspire confidence, still, at a remove of five centuries, it remains puzzling that he so often escaped the consequences of his betrayals.^{iv}

Indeed it does, and it also remains baffling why a man who had proved himself a traitor at every opportunity would then be heaped with honors that would augment his powers so dangerously. If Richard had been stupid or a fool, one could understand, but that was certainly not the case.

At this point we must examine Richard, the man. It was as obvious to Richard as to everyone else that if Henry Tudor triumphed, Lord Stanley would be step-father to a King; that if Buckingham's rebellion had prospered, Stanley would have betrayed him; that he had, indeed, betrayed him with Hastings. Richard lost no time executing Hastings, a man with whom he had shared Edward's love and many a peril, yet he pardoned Stanley and then permitted him to carry the mace at his coronation, an ancestral honor belonging to the dukes of Norfolk. Kendall, a scholar of Shakespeare and human nature, affords us the clearest explanation of these seemingly incomprehensible actions:

To forgive Stanley was a kind of twisted expiation for the execution of a better and a dearer man. Besides, Stanley was a timeserver. With Stanley Richard felt no competition in loyalties.^v

Loyalty, Richard's strongest trait, is reflected in his motto *Loyaulte Me Lie*. When faced with the critical choice between his love for Anne and loyalty to his king, unlike Lancelot, he chose loyalty. No doubt the decision cost him dear since from that point on, when faced with disloyalty in those he loved and had trusted implicitly — Hastings, St. Leger, Buckingham — his reaction was swift, violent, deadly. He could pardon Stanley because Stanley meant nothing to him and, therefore, he expected nothing from him. Hastings, however, had been friend, kin, and ally. His sin was too great to be borne.

Perhaps it was during the break with Warwick that Richard chose his motto of loyalty. Seventeen years old, alone among the Woodvilles he hated, bereft of the girl he loved and the family who had meant home and hearth to him, he must have suffered greatly before reaching his agonizing decision that loyalty bound him to his King. This loyalty to his brother the King would continue to define him, not only in the eyes of the world, but in his own eyes — until the very moment when he assumed the throne.

In taking that throne, Richard was forced to set aside Edward's sons. The fact that he did so to save the realm from civil war and his own family from destruction by the machinations of an evil queen could have brought little comfort to a man in conflict with himself. For Richard, a pious and gallant knight who placed loyalty above all else and saw himself as one who had betrayed his brother, there could be but one path of atonement. That path lay in good works for his people and in resting his crown not on force, but on loyalty. Only then could he expiate himself from what he saw as his great sin. Just as he had once "kept himself within his own lands and set out to acquire the loyalty of his people through favors and justice", he now set out to do the same with his realm:^{vi}

He had to rule by merit because such rule was good in the judgment of Heaven and because it might even be good enough to mitigate his transgressions.^{vii}

Richard's first and only parliament which gave us bail, the presumption of innocence, the statute of limitations, and the protections against tainted jury verdicts and corrupt jurors is unprecedented and unparalleled. During Richard's progress through the realm in 1484 he was offered money to defray his expenses by the various town he visited, but he declined all their offers, "affirming that he would rather have their hearts than their treasure."^{viii} An observer, Dr. Thomas Langton, Bishop of St. David's and later of Salisbury, records this verdict: "He contents the people wherever he goes best that ever did prince; for many a poor man that hath suffered wrong many days have been relieved and helped by him . . . God hath sent him to us for the weal of us all."^{ix} Clearly, by the justice and goodness of his rule Richard sought to satisfy himself, his subjects, and God. As Kendall notes:

Seldom has a rule so brief been so impregnated by the character of the ruler; seldom has a ruler spoken with so personal an accent. Both the government and those it governed he conceived in intimate terms. He wore the function of the Crown like a coat of his own making: it contained and represented him. Thus, he was unusually sensitive of his self-imposed duties to his subjects, but he was also unusually vulnerable to the attacks of his conscience.^x

Richard's efforts met with great initial success; his subjects were content. Buckingham's revolt collapsed almost before it began; relative peace and order wrapped the kingdom; and his enemies had difficulty finding charges to bring against him.^{xi} Philippe de Comynes, a French statesman and friend to Louis XI and Henry Tudor, noted that the beneficence of

Richard & the Stanleys

Richard's rule was acknowledged by the mass of the people.

Then, in April, 1484, Fate intervened and everything changed. Before Richard and Anne could reach Middleham, their only child, ten-year old Edward, died. His death at Easter came almost exactly a year to the date of King Edward's own death. This tragedy was followed within the year by the death of Richard's queen, Anne. It is impossible to comprehend the magnitude of Richard's loss. Anne was bound to him by blood as well as by marriage. She had been his companion since the tender years of their childhood. She was his helpmate and the grand passion of his life. Her father had been his own surrogate father, and she had shared his greatest joys, and the burden of his greatest sorrows. Now Anne, whom Richard had loved as long as he could remember, was dead. All were dead: his Neville family; his brothers; his son; his daughter, Katherine; and now his beloved wife. He stood alone; the last of his line. If his nephews had been murdered — by Buckingham or Margaret Beaufort or John Morton — he must have held himself responsible and wondered whether the Hand of God had dealt him divine retribution. What else could explain these tragedies, the coincidental timing of young Edward's death with King Edward's^{xii}, and the darkening of the sun at the hour of Anne's death — the sun, which had been his brother's proud symbol? As Richard left for Nottingham to await Henry Tudor that summer he had to have been filled with an agony of doubt over the righteousness of his course. He had taken the crown, and the crown had cost him all whom he'd held dear:

He had recreated Clarence in Buckingham, and Buckingham had promptly fulfilled the recreation by betraying him. He had taken the throne from Edward's son, and Heaven had soon after taken his own son from him. The woman to whom he had given the life of his heart had sunk into the grave, stricken by despair as much as by disease. His efforts to rule well had been mocked by rumor; the quiet of the realm and his own peace poisoned by conspiracy. His courage had not diminished; his will to pursue the path he had marked out did not falter. But he could not sink the man in the King.^{xiii}

Assailed by these doubts, facing a bleak future^{xiv}, no longer able to trust himself to make the right choices, shattered by grief and brooding on his losses, Richard no doubt turned to a higher authority for guidance. Let God decide his destiny; he would do nothing to help himself.

In this state of mind, as he waited at the "Castle of His Care" in Nottingham on the eve of invasion,

came the Wily Fox to request permission to retire to Cheshire to tend the business of his estates.^{xv} Kendall notes that from the day Richard took Lord Stanley into his favor after the execution of Hastings, there is no record that Lord Stanley had ever left his side. Stanley's excuse was transparent and Richard knew it. Yet he allowed Lord Stanley to ride away because his allegiance had to be freely given, or in the critical hour Richard would be evading the test he had set for himself and his rule.



Nottingham: The Castle of His Care

Commander and captain though he was, Richard listened to another language than strategy and he was moved by a deeper compulsion than reason.^{xvi} Richard's councilors must have been stunned. In the end, aware of his duty to his men whose lives he was risking — and perhaps, caring more for theirs than for his own — Richard set a condition, though it meant blunting the edge of his test: Lord Stanley was to be replaced by his son, Lord Strange. Stanley complied, knowing full well that his son's life was surety for his own good behavior:

Like his father before him, who had groped for the throne so awkwardly because he was playing a role alien to his nature, Richard had persuaded himself to assume the scepter; but he could not wield it comfortably because he could not assume with it the double conviction that he had done what he ought and that his one object must be to keep what he had got.^{xvii}

Stanley's betrayal could have held no surprise for Richard. Yet there was one last surprise in store for him. At Bosworth, in response to his demand that Lord Stanley join the royal army or his son would die, Stanley sent back the reply — perhaps because he knew Richard would never take an innocent life — "I

have other sons." To a devoted and loving father in the depths of emotional despair over the loss of his boy, this had to have come as a bewildering, shattering revelation. The 'Wily Fox' had proven himself more repulsive and reprehensible than Richard could ever have imagined. At that moment the world that was inhabited by creatures such as Stanley — and Henry Tudor — must have seemed to Richard an unbearably hideous place. Moments after he received Stanley's reply, he made his suicidal decision to charge behind enemy lines — and pass directly in front of Stanley's position.

After Richard's death, Sir William Stanley crowned Henry Tudor with Richard's battered crown which he retrieved from a thorn bush. Despite this grand gesture, he was later executed by Tudor for treason.

At least, for one Stanley, luck had finally run out.

References:

- i *Richard The Third*, New York, 1954, pp. 403-404
- ii Paul Murray Kendall, *Ibid*, p.404
- iii *Ibid*, p.405
- iv *Ibid*, p.405
- v *Ibid*, p.250
- vi Anthony Cheetham, *The Life and Times of Richard III*, Shooting Star Press, New York, 1995; p. 91
- vii Kendall, *op. cit.*, p. 379
- viii Harl. 433, f. 110; John Rous, *Historia Regum Angliae*. Rous, a Warwickshire monk, compiled the history of the Earls of Warwick in the Rous Rolls. After Richard's death he attempted to win Henry Tudor's favor by inventing the tale that Richard was born after two years in the womb with talons and a full set of gnashing teeth.
- ix Anthony Cheetham, *op.cit.*; pp. 215-216
- x Kendall *op.cit.*, p. 370
- xi Kendall, *op. cit.*, p. 385
- xii Poison was rumored at the time and may indeed have been a possibility. If so, Prince Edward's death came as a direct result of Henry Tudor's thirst for Richard's crown. This horrific possibility no doubt occurred to Richard, further fracturing his fragile emotional health.
- xiii Kendall, *op. cit.*, p. 403
- xiv The prospect of a marriage with Johanna of Portugal — who wished to be a nun and was nothing like Anne — could have offered little hope of personal happiness for Richard. Moreover, he had evidently come to recognize the need to rest his rule on force instead of loyalty in the future and could not have relished this notion. Witness his address to his men just before the Battle of Bosworth where, according to the Croyland chronicler, the king, in rather weary fashion, told his men that whichever side won the victory, it would prove the utter destruction of England, for he was determined to crush his opponents once and for all, while his enemies doubtless planned to wreak vengeance on his own men.
- xv Richard called Nottingham Castle the "Castle of his Care" from a poem by Piers Plowman, since it was at Nottingham that he received the news of his son's death.
- xvi Kendall, *op. cit.*, p. 407
- xvii *Ibid*, p. 419

About the Author:

A transplanted Canadian with deep U.S. roots grown during thirty years, mostly in Texas, Sandra was educated in England and spent half her childhood there. At the age of fifteen she acquired an English step-mother and, thirty years later, an English son-in-law named Richard.

Sandra holds an honors B.A. in Political Science and Economics from the University of Toronto, and has been published once by the University of Toronto Press, an annotated bibliography, Metropolitan Reorganization.

For the past twenty years, she has lived in Houston with her husband, three daughters, and usually, two dogs.



Ricardian Revels

Divertissements and Festivities in Medieval England

July 8 – July 18, 2000

Minstrels,
mummings, and
merriment all round!

Come join us for a millennium celebration with a fabulous twist! This special tour of Richard III's England will feature medieval entertainment and pastimes, and we are the invited guests. Join in the fun of the Middleham Festival! Frolic at the Sheriff Hutton Medieval Fair! Marvel at the York Mystery Plays! Enjoy a falconry display, visit a royal hunting lodge, and much more!

This delightful tour is perfect for those with a keen interest in Richard III and England's medieval period in general. Sites we will visit having associations with Richard III include, but are not limited to, the famous city of York; Middleham, Sheriff Hutton, Richmond, Barnard, Skipton, Penrith, Pickering, Bolton and Warkworth castles; and the churches at Penrith, Sutton Cheyney and Dadlington. We will be treated to an excellent guided tour of Bosworth Battlefield, where Richard III lost his crown and his life. Also included will be such outstanding venues as the exciting restoration of medieval Barley Hall in York, magnificent Durham Cathedral, the beautiful ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, ancient Lindisfarne, Hexham Abbey, and a scenic tour of the Lake District. We will receive a warm welcome from our English Ricardian friends in whose company we will enjoy several special occasions.

Traveling by comfortable mid-size coach, our accommodation will be in select smaller hotels and inns in charming towns or the lovely countryside, well away from large package tour groups. There will be 11 full days of leisurely touring, with all admissions, accommodations, 9 evening meals, and full English breakfast daily. Our tour coordinator is Linda Treybig, long-time member of the Richard III Society, specialist on travel in Great Britain, and director/escort of 9 previous Ricardian tours.

Tour membership is limited to a maximum of 14 persons. **Note:** Preference will be given to members of the Richard III Society; however, members of the general public are welcome as well. As several persons have already requested information or made commitments, you are urged to respond as soon as possible if you are interested in joining our friendly and enthusiastic little band of travelers for a unique experience and a truly memorable tour of 15th century England!

On or before November 1, 1999, brochures will be sent to all members of the American Branch Richard III Society, and full details will appear on the Richard III Society web site.

For further details: Visit the Richard III Society web site: <http://www.r3.org/travel/>, or contact:

Linda Treybig
340 Sprague Rd., # 303
Berea, OH 44017
Telephone: (440) 239-0645
E-mail: treybig@stratos.net

MIDDLEHAM MIDSUMMER MANIA

Judy Pimental

On July 4, 1999, long-time member Marilynn Summers was to celebrate her 50th birthday. As many are already aware, Marilynn is suffering from an illness that has no sure cure, and what cures may be are literally worse than the disease. So, Marilynn decided to have her birthday party and make it a big one. She selected Middleham Castle, a site dear to the hearts of all true Ricardians! On previous visits, Marilynn had made the acquaintance of influential English Heritage employees, and she was granted use of the Castle precincts for three hours on the evening of 4 July.

The plans for the event were firmed up in the early Spring, disseminated widely over the internet, and everyone who could conceivably be there scrambled to make reservations. Having made several trips to Middleham in the past, Marilynn knew all the best places to stay, and had booked several accommodations in advance. It was difficult for Marilynn to make all the arrangements by herself, and Society member Becky Vacara, an American living in Wales and a truly dynamite organizer, assisted her.

Marilynn's birthday nicely coincided with the Middleham summer festival week, which is held each year on the weekend closest to the date of Richard's coronation. As such, there were a number of events to attend, and there was literally no room left at any nearby inn for latecomers.

Marilynn's own party was impressive, consisting of Marilynn herself, her husband Alan ("Lanny"), her daughter Diana, friends Tammy Summerville, Frances Carroll (a British citizen), and Meri Swayze. I was taking advantage of Becky's kindness and hospitality; my "headquarters" for the trip was Becky's home in Magor, Wales. The guests and other hangers-on began convening in Middleham on Friday, July 2. Becky's "party" consisted of Becky, her handsome and indulgent husband Phil, 3-year-old son "Roo" and me.

Many of the participants had "met" through the American Branch e-mail discussion list; they were already well acquainted before ever meeting one another face-to-face. There was little awkwardness involved in forming a cohesive and congenial group.

When Becky, Phil and I arrived on Friday afternoon, Marilynn had gone to the nearest train station to pick up Paul Trevor Bale, member of the Parent (British) Society, and frequent contributor to the e-mail discussions. I had arranged to meet Paul my first day in London, where he and I joined Becky,

*Becky & Phil
Vacara at
Middleham*



Phil and Roo for a tour of the "Banana" exhibit at the Museum of London (we called it that because of a controversial archaeological "find" made at excavations of an old Tudor palace near the Thames — the old "Richmond" palace, beloved of the two Tudor Henries).

We lost little time in heading for the Castle, and making or firming the acquaintance of the English Heritage representatives and any number of very friendly and talkative cats that lived in the area. We all had dinner in the patio of the Black Swan, where the Vacaras and Paul Trevor Bale were staying, and where Geoffrey Richardson would stay when he arrived on Saturday. The fare at the Black Swan was excellent and reasonably-priced. At midsummer in the northern latitudes, it stayed light until quite late (and was daylight again very early in the morning — although I was about the only one affected by that phenomenon, probably because I was overexcited to begin with).

After dinner, it was back to the Castle for Marilynn, Becky, Phil, Roo, Paul and me. By that time, the Castle was officially closed. As it was still daylight, Marilynn decided she wanted to be inside. She climbed over the drystone wall, a very easy thing to do. Becky couldn't let Marilynn do it alone, and joined her. To my eternal regret, I declined to break "the law." I learned later, to make my regret even more poignant, that even the locals frequently visit the castle "after hours." What really hurt was that

Middleham Midsummer Mania

while I was standing outside, Marilyn and Becky had observed a “manifestation,” in that Marilyn had called upon Richard to appear, and the two heard (believe it or not) the clanking of metal on metal, where no metal was apparent in the area to explain away the phenomenon. This was the first of two “ghosts” which manifested themselves for Marilyn and Becky, while I was nearby and totally unaware — their psychic connections are apparently much stronger than mine.

Eventually, all of us retired to our lodgings. I was located at the Castle Keep, in a lovely room all to myself. As I am a chronic early riser (hugely out of step with the rest of the world most of the time), I was up and out well before breakfast would be served anywhere. I was treated, although the morning was overcast, to the sight and sound of many of Middleham’s famous racehorses clattering up the hill from their stables, on their way to be exercised on the North Yorkshire dales. What lucky young people are they who find summer jobs as jockeys-in-the-making at Middleham! They came in several waves, all the beautiful horses. I was so fortunate to have seen the whole routine and snapped many pictures of this daily event. I heard one of the locals complaining to another that he had been bothered by the noise that morning and I could not understand how he could not have been accustomed to it.

In 1981, I visited Middleham only to stop at the castle itself, and had somehow forgotten the town itself. I was surprised that there was so much of it. None of the immediate clusters of buildings appeared to be less than 200 years old, so it must have been much the same in 1981. I explored and eventually found a newish housing estate or two close by.

Actually, the reason I found the housing estates was that — horror of horrors — I was less than four days into my three-week trip and was running out of film! My preferred film was not available in Middleham and I refused to accept substitutes. I would be forced to travel into the nearest larger town to find anything. This was Leyburn, approximately two miles away (it turned out to be a fairly large town, at that, although I was not after all forced to stop there). I was overcome by one of those brilliant thoughts that seem to occur when one is truly desperate; I would call my dear friend (as yet unmet in person) Geoffrey Richardson and ask him to get some on his way up to Middleham that morning! I had Geoffrey’s phone number with me, but I could not get the pay phone in the square to work. I didn’t want to wake anyone (else), so I asked a local to help, and he couldn’t make it work either. He directed me to another pay phone in a nearby housing estate — up the hill, naturally. I couldn’t get that phone to work,

either! In desperation, I wandered back to the square, tried that phone again with similar results. Then it occurred to me that I might have written Geoffrey’s number incorrectly. Sure enough, with the assistance of BT’s information, I reached Geoffrey — bear in mind, it was still prior to 7:30 a.m. His granddaughter answered the phone, and summoned Geoffrey. “It’s some American-sounding lady.” I “introduced” myself thus: “What American woman do you know who would be so rude as to call at such an ungodly hour?” “Only one that I can think of.” Well, he was dead right on that one. I pleaded and otherwise coerced the knightly Geoffrey (he of a very deep and impressive voice) into acceding to my whim.

I walked around Middleham, sat at the base of the market cross and had a delightful conversation with a gentleman from Alberta until the rest of his party arrived, watched the preliminary set-up for the “medieval market” to be held in the square Saturday and Sunday, had breakfast at the Castle Keep, and sat down at a table outside the Black Swan to await the descent of Becky, Phil and Roo and/or Paul, or anyone I knew. Presently, a small red car parked close to the Black Swan, and a very tall gentleman emerged. Was it Geoffrey?, I wondered — it was not near enough to 10 a.m., I thought, so didn’t have the courage to ask.

Eventually, I tagged up with Becky, Phil and Roo, and Paul. As it turns out, Geoffrey had already checked in, so it had indeed been he in the red car. I accosted him in his room, introduced myself, retrieved my film with hastily-expressed gratitude, and



Entertainers at the Middleham Fair

joined Becky, Phil, Roo, Paul, Marilynn, et al., for a trip to Castle Bolton. Geoffrey had business to conduct. As an author, he is well known to the good folk of English Heritage and the local bookstores. Lanny stayed at the charming Waterford House lodgings (probably named in honor of its impressive collection of crystal), working on his own book, when there wouldn't be a troupe of noisy females running in and out.

I used some of Geoffrey's film to photograph Castle Bolton, with a few shots of the impressive scenery of the surrounding country. I don't know what it is about old castle ruins that I find so photogenic, but I had to reload at least once. There is quite a lot left of Castle Bolton, and it has some very interesting displays — dungeon, chapel, garderobes, etc. Naturally, I missed the stellar attraction, completely unknown to all but a select few. Marilynn entered a room I had vacated but a moment before; Becky was nearby. Marilynn saw or sensed some movement in an alcove. She alerted Becky, very quick on the "trigger" of her digital camera, who snapped a picture. When she checked it out a day or two later, there appeared to be a ghostly figure. Phil and some friends from another e-mail discussion group, who had the technology and skill, brought out the "best of the ghost" and the picture was disseminated widely. Therefore, I had missed the second manifestation.

We drove back to Middleham, and went our individual ways, intending to meet at the jousting exhibit near the Castle at a certain time. I went by myself, stayed for awhile, didn't see anyone I knew, and so I wandered off. By the time I found Becky, the jousting was over. I was not particularly impressed by the exhibition, having seen better "at home." The draw was seeing it done in a place where it seemed "natural." Nor was the medieval market particularly impressive.

There was a re-enactment of some sort within the Castle precincts but I was too late to grasp the thread of what was going on. I did notice the actor, whose name I do not know, who was portraying Richard. If he wasn't exactly the "dead spit" of Richard, he was fairly close. He graciously posed for a picture. To my eternal regret, I appear to have lost at least one roll of exposed film — this one.

Some of Marilynn's designs for her big day had been finalized well in advance. Others were tacked on ad hoc as she went along. One request that most of us tried to honor was to appear in medieval costume. Marilynn even provided a number of the costumes herself. Becky had gone to great lengths to have one made — it didn't fit just right, so there was last-minute scrambling to get it all together.



Marilynn Summers and Becky Vacara at Middleham Castle with friend

My presence was requested at the Waterford House, to help make decorations for the horse! Horse? What horse? One of the added attractions was that equinophile(?) Marilynn wanted to arrive at her party on horseback. Becky had somehow found a horse, and Marilynn had tried it out that morning. The stablemistress seemed to think Marilynn couldn't handle the elderly horse, which had glaucoma, tending to render the poor animal more skittish than not and permission to use the horse was withdrawn. Becky spoke with the jousting people, who would have graciously donated one of theirs to Marilynn's cause, but they were already packed up and on their way to another venue. Several of us assembled at the Waterford House to make caparisons for a horse which might not be.

While we were busy, Becky disappeared. In the time she was gone, she accomplished quite a bit. First, she and Paul visited the nearby Jervaulx Abbey ruins. The other major accomplishment was that Becky found another horse. Back at Middleham, she and Marilynn visited a pub. They were talking about the disappointment of losing the horse. Someone in the pub had one that might be available. As Marilynn tells the story, Becky flattered, begged, coerced or otherwise "worked" the horse's owner into lending the horse. There was a proviso. First, we would have to catch the horse! The horse was loose in a pasture with sheep, one field away from the location of the "original" horse, about a quarter-mile

Middleham Midsummer Mania

outside of the town center and the Castle. Becky brought the saddle, bridle, and a girth that might not fit. This was Saturday, and the party was set for Sunday; there was time, yet. Becky, Marilyn, Tammy and I rode down to check out the horse. Becky had a pack of peppermint Rollos (“life savers”), to be used as bait, that someone had told her no horse could resist, along with the standard carrots and apples. We eventually found the right field and the sheep. The horse was not to be seen, but only because she was standing at the bottom of the meadow. When the sheep gave warning, she came into sight, to investigate us. The horse was a draft horse of unknown breed — she was just big! Her name, we were told, was “Fergie” because she had a very broad beam. Fergie turned out to be one of the calmest, most agreeable horses one could ever wish to meet. We talked to her, petted her and made friends, and then left for the evening.

Next day, Marilyn decided she wanted gold fringe attached to the bridle for special effect. By this time, the pressure was really on — only a few hours to go before the big event. Would everything fall neatly into place? Would it be a disaster from start to finish? While the other “girls” worked on attaching the heraldic designs to the makeshift “horse blanket,” I made a few false starts, but finally got the fringe attached loosely to the reins. Then I found that the bridle had been assembled higgledy-piggledy, and was twisted. The leather had not been well maintained, so I had a bit of a problem disassembling it and putting it right. But it all came together, somehow. The caparison looked perfect.

My job was to assist Marilyn in catching the horse and leading horse and rider to the castle. As I was to be dressed as a peasant, I didn’t have to worry very much — it was fitting, somehow. I wore my “tennies” and packed my sandals for later, along with my camera and photography accoutrements in my backpack. I figured the “tennies” were better for horse-catching than sandals.

We found Fergie, gave her some treats, and got her “dressed.” It was apparent that we could not use the saddle, as the leather girth was insufficient to go around Fergie’s girth. But she stood still and cooperative for the bridling and the caparisoning. Marilyn would have to ride bareback. With some reservations on both our parts, I gave Marilyn the standard clasped-hands boost and she mounted. After a moment, she felt secure enough, and we started off. Marilyn looked every bit the gorgeous Lady Anne she wished to be. We started up the road, a quarter of a mile or more to the Castle.

Fergie was a cart horse, so was fairly secure walking along the road, with cars zooming by. To give

them their due, the drivers did tend to slow down. I could not tell if it was due to British politeness or shock at what they saw! We proceeded with as much caution as possible. As we got closer to the center of town, word must have been passed along somehow, because everyone who could conceivably do so was watching the spectacle — the beautiful lady mounted on horseback, so unexpected even on this special weekend. Marilyn and Fergie both rose to the occasion. Fergie, of course, accepted the occasional bribe of carrot, apple or Rollo as her due. Except for a few instances, she behaved as regally as the great lady seated on her back. We made it up to the Castle without major incident, Marilyn and I (the uppity peasant) giving the “royal” wave along the way, and smiling, smiling, until the smiles were fairly locked into place. We were enjoying ourselves immensely.

It is possible that we were photographed by the BBC, although we may never know for sure. We were told later that the Beeb had sent a team to cover the “official” festivities that day. Everyone who had a camera handy appears to have used it. No doubt Marilyn, Fergie and I will be anonymously immortal in many family albums.



Marilyn as Lady Anne

“Richard” was there to greet his lady upon arrival. The actor who had portrayed Richard at the reenactment had consented to take a small part in our drama. Becky had engaged a piper for a special ceremony to take place, and Becky had the piper appear to pipe the Lady Anne into her home. Unfortunately, this gave Fergie her only “bad” moment. She was frightened by the unfamiliar noise. The piper was silenced, the horse calmed.

For the first time in perhaps several hundred years, a horse crossed the “drawbridge” and entered the Castle grounds. We passed through the gate and into the precincts, where Richard helped the Lady Anne to dismount. They processed into the Great Hall, to greet their guests and well-wishers.

As peasant-in-charge, it was my job to walk Fergie back to her pasture. Geoffrey told me later that he had stood bemused as Marilyn and I had approached the castle. He was expecting Marilyn on horseback, to be sure, but who the h*** was the person leading the horse? “That was a ton-and-a-half of horse, young lady! Are you mad?” (or words to that effect – I was too flattered at being called “young lady” that I didn’t quite get it all). “Why did they pick the two smallest women in the group to do such a feckless thing?!”

Among the other guests at the party were the obliging English Heritage people and Pam and Bill Benstead, Parent Society members. Almost everyone Marilyn had become acquainted with while in Middleham was also there. There were a few gate-crashers who thought that the affair must be public, part of the faire celebration.

The meal was beautifully catered. There were actors and musicians providing appropriate background entertainment, sometimes unfortunately drowned out by the escalating conversations. There was an exquisite birthday cake, done by one of the caterer’s assistants, with beautiful sugar Yorkist roses and an exquisite white boar for decorations. I snagged one of the roses as my “due,” but Marilyn appropriately took possession of the boar. Eventually, the party was “adjourned” to Middleham’s Key Centre, a new community center available for various purposes. The entertainers were there, too, and the party continued for several hours.

All too soon, the time arrived to call the celebration to an end. Everyone was weary, but reluctant to give up the great feeling we all experienced. It was an event completely worth waiting for and attending, even with a few snags and frustrating experiences.

Monday morning, we went our separate ways. My early-rising eccentricity was an asset that day. The grocery/convenience shops opened fairly early, so I made a few purchases and trotted (well, ambled)



Geoffrey Richardson and Paul Trevor Bale

down the road to say goodbye to Fergie. She was still there, almost exactly where I had left her the evening before, as if time meant nothing to her. I assured her she had been such a good horse, the surprise hit of the evening. I fed her a couple of apples, several carrots, and a full pack of Rollos, said a fond adieu, and went in search of my own breakfast. Only later did it occur to me to worry that she might have developed a bad case of colic. I don’t suppose I will ever know.

At Towton battlefield, Geoffrey gave us a marvelous guided tour and commentary. We also visited an important nearby church, where Lord Dacre had been buried, and had a pleasant pub lunch.

Lanny had to go home a few days after the party. Marilyn stayed to do research for a very important project she was working on, accompanied by Fra and Tammy and Diana. Among their later activities, they visited Althorp in Northamptonshire, where Diana was photographed with Charles, Earl Spencer.

The Vacaras and I were present at a reenactment at Tewkesbury the following Sunday. While not quite as polished in some respects as a well-arranged Renaissance Faire in the U.S., the battle reenactment was realistic enough to impress even the most jaded of observers. In fact, there was a casualty. I do not know if it was from actual “battle injury” or simply

Middleham Midsummer Mania

heat prostration, but an ambulance had to be called to remove the wounded person.

There was a reenactment at Sheriff Hutton that weekend, as well. Not for the first time, I wished for the ability to clone myself for a day.

We had arranged to meet friends from another e-mail list, and I went off with Dave Mundy and Jude Lockett for a few days. I was treated to a quick tour of the Cotswolds, where I had not previously spent any significant time — the Cotswolds are every bit as beautiful as they have long been touted to be. I saw a bit of Coventry, and was taken to Bosworth (where there was enough breeze that day to fly the heraldic standards) and Sutton Cheney. An unexpected sight was a 19th century memorial to Piers Gaveston, not too far from Coventry, on private land, reachable only on foot, through a jungle of brambles and nettles.

The Middleham group met again at Hampton Court. Fra is a registered guide, and she walked us through that beautiful Wolsey-Tudor-Stuart palace, providing information that would otherwise have been available only on printed cards, which no one has time to read when walking around. It was a very rewarding experience, and an appropriate “end” to the Middleham experience, as far as I was concerned.

On the way back to Magor, Becky granted one of my wishes. It never dawned on me that Oxford was not on a direct route to Wales. Becky took me to see Minster Lovell. I had not realized there was so much of the manor house left standing. It was beautifully impressive in the late afternoon sun. I couldn't have been more delighted.

Becky is crusading to save Pen Coed, an old castle near her home in Wales, derelict-but-restorable if sufficient funds were to be found. Unfortunately, it is currently slated to be demolished to make room for a theme park. It is a beautiful place. One can only hope that the developers will be prevailed upon not to destroy it.

Alas, all good things come to an end sometime. I wish to thank Marilyn and Becky especially, and all my other friends, for making this visit to Britain such a special one. Oh, and Geoffrey, too, deserves my undying gratitude, as does Paul. My love, gratitude and best wishes to all my dearest friends, and their friends.

From Becky Vacara on her ghost at Bolton Castle:

It was a Saturday when we decided to visit Castle Bolton. The day was overcast but it simply added to the beauty of the moors. As we wandered around, Marilyn Summers and I ended up in the guardroom. We both had

a strange feeling in this room; the air had a thick haze we hadn't noticed in the other castle rooms. Marilyn thought she saw a misty figure move in an alcove in the guardroom, I didn't see anything there when I looked. We were talking about spirits and I said that they never leave us proof, the closest people ever get is the picture, I would love to take a picture like that. I crossed the room and looked at the garderobe. When I turned to come out I jumped, in a split second I had seen something orange, it was small and moving quickly about the size of a cat and then it was gone. I wasn't sure what I had seen, there was no real shape to it, and it was gone in a split second. We found my husband Phil and returned to the guardroom with him. I was looking into the alcove where Marilyn had seen the figure, and I took a photo of that alcove. My husband, who is a bit of a physic, then turns to me and asks, “How did you know where?” I answered Marilyn told me. We had not told him about the alcove, and he also picked up on that area. I moved a few feet to my left and took another photo. I have a digital camera, and you can view the image on a 2-inch screen after you take the picture. I did this as I was curious, there just seemed to be something in the alcove and I was trying to look at it and see something. When I viewed the photo I had just taken on the camera, I thought I saw a face, but it was hard to tell. I sat there looking from the camera to the alcove trying to figure it out. I never saw a face while I was standing in the castle. I wasn't sure what I had on the photo, but a couple days later we looked and couldn't believe what we saw. Maybe he had heard my earlier request for a picture. I don't necessarily believe in things like this, so I tried to explain it away to myself. Could it just have been the stone and plaster looking like a face? I could probably say that if it weren't for the eyes, but I just can't get past those eyes. In the two photos the eyes seemed to have moved as though they followed me when I changed position. I have taken thousands of pictures of castles before and never have I thought to have a photo like this. I do believe that I took a picture of something from a past world.

I rang the owner of the castle to tell him about the picture I had taken. He told me that the alcove used to lead to a small chamber under the guardroom. He didn't know what the room was used for, and just said it was empty and they had blocked it off.

When we returned home I put the photo up on the Internet and asked the members of a discussion list I run called Later Medieval Britain to have a look at it. We still haven't reached any real explanation. You can also view the photos by going to <http://www.homeusers.prestel.co.uk>. The photos seem to have trouble being viewed on larger monitors, anything over 15” may have problems. If anyone would like to join the list you can do this from the web site, we would be happy to have you.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

Janet M. Trimbath

Two times in my memory the American Branch of the Richard III Society has come to the aid of teachers requesting assistance in teaching about our favorite Medieval king. In both cases members of the American Branch sent copies of Shakespeare's play *The Tragedy of King Richard III* and Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time*, to help teachers present two sides of the life and times of Richard III.

The most recent occasion was documented by Laura Blanchard in the Spring, 1999 issue of the *Ricardian Register* and described how the members of the American Branch assisted Russell Baker, a teacher in Guam, by sending copies of the aforementioned books to his English classes studying Shakespeare's "Richard III." (Also see the letter from Mr. Becker in the Summer 1999 *Ricardian Register*).

As a result of these requests, a suggestion was made on the Ricardian List, that we prepare for future possibilities by creating a single point where spare copies of Tey and Shakespeare could be stored.

I would be willing to serve as the focal point for collecting and storing these second-hand books and will do the mailing out when the time comes. Since this is not strictly a "sales office" kind of project, it would be preferable to keep the used books separate from new stock that the American Branch offers for sale.

This is a relatively inexpensive way to tell 'the other side of the story' to students studying Richard III. Many times teachers' budgets are too tight to allow them to use anything other than the prescribed texts in teaching history or literature. Through the generosity of our members, the American Branch of The Richard III Society can assist those teachers who want to go the extra mile and show that there is more than one view of the story of Richard III.

The Plantagenet Connection

PO Box 1401; Arvada, CO 80001;
Voice: (303) 420-4888 Fax (303) 420-4845
E-mail: KHF333@AOL.com

We bring genealogical data to life by exploring HISTORY THROUGH GENEALOGY. We are a unique and thought-provoking journal for historians, genealogists and students of royalty. USA subscriptions are \$24 per year for 2 issues of about 200 pages. Add \$8 per year for foreign air. Single copies are \$12. Issues began in 1993. FREE BROCHURES on contents and other publications. MCA/VISA accepted. Fax or call to use your card. QUOTE THIS REFERENCE AND YOUR FIRST COPY IS FREE: RR.



Students in Russell Becker's English class in Guam, with a display they made for an academic fair after studying about Richard III. The American Branch sent books and Ricardian items to assist the students gain a balanced view of King Richard III

It is the ultimate goal of The Richard III Society, "to promote in every possible way research into the life and times of Richard III, and to secure a re-assessment of the material relating to this period, and of the role in English history of this monarch." We can all have a part in this — one student at a time — in ways and places we may have never thought possible.

If you would like to participate in this project, send copies of Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time* and William Shakespeare's play *The Tragedy of King Richard III* to :

Janet M. Trimbath
1095 Sugar Creek Drive
Rochester Hills, MI 48307





RICARDIAN POST

Ricardian Books Available

[As] a former member of the Richard III Society, and an avid reader, I have accumulated a large collection of books on Richard, the Plantagenets, Tudors, English history, French history — both fiction and non-fiction. My books are in pristine shape. I am interested, at this time, to find a good home for these books (list available) and am certain that some of your newer members may be searching for the very books in my library, many acquired in Canada and England, and others now out of print. If you have some way of sharing this information with your members, I would be most appreciative.

Gloria Kanter

[Ed.: Members interested in getting a list of Mrs. Kanter's books may contact her directly at 12751 Coral Lakes Dr., Boynton Beach FL, 33437.]

Via e-mail:

OOPS!! On page 14 of the *Ricardian Register*, I'm "Ellen Pearlman" and on page 15, I'm "Ellen Perlman." One of us is the real me. Thanks for printing the Dali postcard.

Ellen [somebody]

[Ed: At least I got it right in one spot. Or did I?]

Teaching History

I thought your readers might enjoy this follow-up from a teacher who wrote to the Richard III Society web site address. She said that she was working with younger students who were coloring "Kings and Queens of England" pages, among other exercises. I offered to scan and put up some of the finished works, and asked her to keep in touch. Here is her reply:

"This is Nikki Watson — experimenting with teaching Richard III to 7th graders. Did offer to have coloring book entries scanned as a prize, but everybody wanted to create history books with them and take them home bound in paper tablets and adorned with borders, decorated letters, or tissue paper stained glass. . . . so I just let them go with it. It was a wonderful success. . . .and those that hoped to be with me in the 8th grade requested that 2 of the

"required" novels that they have to read for me be *Catherine, Called Birdy* (which takes place in the 14th century) and *The Midwife's Apprentice*, both by Karen Cushman. Needless to say, the majority of the class were quite smitten by this period of time and medieval custom and political convention.

I can't begin to tell you the number of books brought to class from libraries (from out of town even!!) showing great color pictures of the Wars of the Roses or the British Monarchy or information on people, including 'didya knows' about Richard III. Of course, the heroine in the final composition of "What character would you like to play and what, if any, events in that character's life would you change?" was Kathryn Swynford — a source of wonderful conversation for the girls. She was the Cinderella of the story to them — from mistress to Great-grandmother of Kings . . . Opinions on Richard's guilt were quite favorable. Most thought he really couldn't have killed his nephews because he had no real reasons to do so. So, in our little mock court the last week of school, he was acquitted of all charges!!

Just thought you'd like to know the outcome. . . Thanks for your interest in the little "hormonal horrors!!!" The right button can really stir those 7th graders up! "

On a related note, I passed Ms. Watso's original mail on to the Richard III Society discussion list. Tina Cooper was inspired to create a teaching aid for students such as these — a simplified genealogy, showing the path of the crown from Edward III to Henry VII, with short biographies and coloring book pages for each monarch. Surf on over to Tina's site (<http://www.yorkist.com>) and see what one motivated Ricardian can do to help the cause of teaching the fifteenth century!

Laura Blanchard

Greyfriars

The article "Greyfriars Friary" by David L. Treybig which appeared in the Spring, 1999 issue of the *Ricardian Register* has prompted me to write this letter, which I had intended to write several years ago.

The standard historical line has been that after Richard III was killed at Bosworth Field his body was

taken to Leicester where it was publicly displayed to show the populace that he was indeed dead. His body was then given to the Greyfriars for burial in their Friary. Later, so the story goes, his bones were disinterred and thrown into the River Soar. Like many Ricardians, my husband and I visited the site of the Friary and paid our respects to Richard in the Leicester Cathedral and also visited the site on Bow Bridge where there is a memorial marker.

It was sometime after this visit that I read the book, *Catherine of Aragon* by Garrett Mattingly, copyright 1941 and published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. On Page 312 (Part III, Chapter III) he wrote, and I quote, "The aisle of Leicester Abbey, where the body of Thomas Wolsey was laid near the body of Richard III, popular hatred christened 'the tyrants grave' . . ." Unfortunately, this was not referenced so I was left in the dark as to where Mr. Mattingly found information stating that Richard III was buried in Leicester Abbey and not in the Greyfriars Friary.

I wrote to the Leicester Tourist Board and received a letter stating that, to their knowledge, only Cardinal Wolsey is buried somewhere in the abbey grounds but it is not known where, although a memorial slab to the memory of Cardinal Wolsey was unveiled on the abbey site on October 24, 1934, near the spot where, according to tradition, his body was buried.

I also wrote to others for possible leads, but was unable to discover any more information as to the source of Mr. Mattingly's statement.

I provide this as information for other Ricardians and interested readers, and to also ask if anyone else has ever read that Leicester Abbey was Richard III's burial site and if so, what are their references?

Vicki A. Hild

And from the article's author:

In response to my article about Greyfriars, I received a letter from a British member of the Richard III Society. This person was kind enough to enclose a new tourist map of central Leicester.

I'm enclosing the map with this letter. As you will notice, it does a good job of showing the whereabouts of Castle Gardens, the statue of Richard III, and Bow Bridge. It makes no mention of the Greyfriars monastery, but at least the streets surrounding where it was are clearly visible.

David Treybig, Ph.D.

(via e-mail, from a new member)

I feel that I have rediscovered an old friend in Richard. I first became fascinated by him back in the 1970's oddly enough while watching Shakespeare's version with Sir

Lawrence Olivier in the title role. I 'knew' that that version was wrong and I started to read anything I could find on him. I started with the biography by Paul M. Kendall. I have (or had, I can only find the first volume now) the 4-volume set of the history of the Plantagenets by Thomas Costain. I also have several novels about Richard including *We Speak No Treason* and *The Sunne in Splendor*.

Back in the '70's a friend and I just about re-fought the War of the Roses because her favorite king was Henry VIII. I still have a 3-D plaster picture she gave me of Richard mounted for battle with the Plantagenet shield in one corner and the White Boar in the other. And though time and interests moved on I have always had white roses on display somewhere in my house.

This past summer I rediscovered Richard while doing genealogy. Someone has done extensive research on their family tree that ties into mine in southern Virginia. Those lines go back to the Plantagenets and others. (Their line even includes the Nevilles and Elizabeth Woodville, though I missed those lines.) I did discover an ancestor that fought in the Battle of Northampton, though I haven't a clue on which side. At any rate it has been very interesting and I've had a crash course on English History.

Sorry I've rattled on so long but I wanted to share how I came about finally joining the Richard III Society. It's something I wanted to do almost 25 years ago but didn't know how to go about it, or maybe the time wasn't right. I guess now was the right time.

Mary Higgs

From Anchorage:

I do not know if you have seen these references (from unlikely sources) to Richard II before — thought you might be interested.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*, 1851, Chapter 55, forth to last paragraph:

As for the sing-painters' whales seen in the streets hanging over the shops of oil-dealers, what shall be said of them? They are generally Richard III whales, with dromedary humps, and very savage; breakfasting on three or four sailor tarts, that is whaleboats full of mariners: their deformities floundering in seas of blood and blue paint.

But these manifold mistakes in depicting the whale are not so very surprising after all.

Was he saying that the misrepresentation of whales was similar to the misrepresentation of Richard III?

Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln, *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, 1982, Part Three, Chapter eleven, The story of Wolfram von Eschenbach, fifth to last paragraph:

Indeed Fulques, count of Anjou, himself became, so to speak, an 'honorary' of 'part-time' Templar. In 1131, moreover, he married Godfroi de Bouillon's niece, the legendary Melusine, and became king of Jerusalem. According to the 'Prieure documents', the lords of Anjou — the Plantagenet family — were thus allied to the Merovingian bloodline. And the name of Plantagenet may even have been intended to echo, 'Plant-Ard' or Plantard.

The bloodline in question is based on the premise that Jesus had children before his ministry. It goes on that the holy family moved to France after his crucifixion. The Holy Grail was really the bloodline of Jesus. This sections links that bloodline to that of Richard III.

Carl M. Hild

Note with newspaper clipping:

Don't you hate writers who accept Shakespeare's description of Ricard and use it as accepted fact? Ricardians know better, and the columnist should too. I always enjoy the *Register*. Thanks for all you do.

Anna Stites

[Ed. Note: Ms. Stites encloses a clipping from the *Dallas Morning Post* of a column by Charles Krauthammer, from which I quote below. I'm not sure if the writer here meant to 'hit on' Richard:

Early on, kids learn the rule of thumb for sorting out the good guys from the bad guys in the movies: the good-looking guy is good, and the bad-looking guy is bad. And if he has something visibly wrong with him — say a limp or a scar — he will be an especially cruel one.

Of course, Hollywood didn't invent this cultural convention. It is a tradition that goes back at least as far as Richard III, whose "deformed, unfinished . . . half made up body" prefigured the disfigurement of his soul.

Hollywood, the manufacturer of both dreams and nightmares, always has been of two minds about how to portray those who, like Richard III, are "rudely stamp'd." It has settled on one of two stereotypical responses: sentimentalize or demonize.

email from Ellen Perlman:

From the second issue of "All Animals," a publication of the Humane Society of the United States: The first line of a story about seahorses, "The Darling of the Sea," is: Richard III once offered his kingdom for a horse.

[Ed note: Did I get it right?]

Ask and ye shall receive

I saw your column. I thought I'd write about your question about lager. I belong to the Beer Can Collectors of America and the National Association of Breweriana Advertising. As you can guess, I know a bit about beer. Lager has no connection with large. Lager is pronounced logger, it is a type of beer like ale, stout, porter, and bock. Lager beer originated in Bohemia. It's a bottom-fermented beer while ale is a top fermented beer. Lager is fermented at colder temp, ale is fermented at warmer temp. As you probably know, ale originated in England around the 7th century. It was popular in the U.S. until the 1840's, when German immigrants came to the U.S. They brought with them the lagering process. It quickly replaced ale as the preferred beer. Today lager accounts for 90 percent of all beer produced in the U.S. I hope this answers your question.

Albert Doughty

From England:

I have just recently joined the King Richard III Society in England, but I found your webpage on the internet first! . . . My local library in Bury lets me have some information from the internet at their own expense, very largely I think because they know I am interested in English Medieval history.

You and your Society may be able to help me with a bit of English local history research. Sir Thomas Pilkington was Lord of the Manor of Bury and Pilkington and survived the Battle of Bosworth Field and the accession of King Henry VII. He finally met his death at the Battle of Stoke, on the failure of the Perkin Warbeck rebellion. Sir Thomas Pilkington's uncle, Sir John Pilkington, is somewhat better known, not least because he made a substantial contribution to the Collegiate Church in Manchester (nearby).

The Barton Library in London is both very helpful and very useful. They would afford you some very good ideas too, as, indeed, they have done for me. I have been associated with the local history in Bury for rather more than twenty years, although this

departure into the study of medieval Bury is an innovation. Approximately twenty-five years ago substantial remains of the medieval castle in Bury were archeologically excavated amidst much excitement. No one knew Bury ever had a castle, or had long forgotten about it: at the time of writing this site is being “landscaped” as a garden of ease. We do know that Sir Thomas Pilkington obtained a licence to crenellate all his castles in 1469 and that he was attainted after 1485. Whilst it is understood his castles to have been slighted, it is interesting to find that they were being fortified again a hundred and fifty years later in the English Civil War.

Are any of your members interested in Sir Thomas Pilkington, his life and times? It is conceivable that you number amongst your membership some homesick, ex-patriate Lancastrians, (or Yorkists — Sir Thomas was a Yorkist) willing to discuss with me the fate and fortune of Sir Thomas Pilkington.

Charles R. N. Walker

[Ed. Note: Members wishing to respond directly can contact Mr. Walker at 35 Cromer Road, Brandlesholme, BURY, BL8 LES, U.K.]

False Fleeting Perjur'd Clarence

I note that in the June edition of the Ricardian Bulletin, Diane Horlsey laments that *False Fleeting Perjur'd Clarence* is not in print. It is!! Headstart History Publishing reprinted it in hardback and paperback in 1992! Copies may be obtained through the History House at a discount. The paperback *Richard III* is currently being reprinted and will be available next month. Other titles of interest including the offprint from *Medieval History* of Michael Hick's *Warwick the Kingmaker* are noted on the enclosed order form. I have also listed *The Valois Dukes of Burgundy* due for publication in October. Payment for all titles should be sent with order and all orders will be acknowledged and receipted.

The History House is a mail order bookshop and member of The Booksellers Association. We will obtain any new book for you whether it is published in this country or the USA at a discount of at least 10%! If the book is a present, we will gift wrap it free. We can supply book tokens and the Bookseller Association special Christmas Catalogue: *Books for Giving*.

[Ed. Note: Members wishing to contact The History House may do so at The Old Brewery, Priory Lane, Burford Oxon, OX18 4SG UK, e-mail: judith@history.u-net.com and fax (01993)824129. The enclosure lists several offprints for a volume discount of £14, which appears reasonable. Included in this set are Warwick the Kingmaker, Michael Hicks;

Margaret of Anjou, *Diana Dun*; Monarchy Renovated 1461-1509, *A.J. Pollard*; The House of Bowes & the Wars of the Roses, *A.J. Pollard*; The Renaissance Court of England, Florence and Burgundy, *David Loades*; and Cardinal Beaufort, *Gerald Harriss*. Prices on the Clarence book are £15 for the hardback and £10 for the paperback.]

From Laura Blanchard, on the R3 discussion list:

I found this on the Hinckley Times's web site folklore section, and thought it might be of interest to members. The notion of Richard III, spectral preservationist, appeals to me:

The ghost of Ambion Wood

The following strange event took place on New Year's Day 1992.

For commercial purposes a substantial part of Ambion Wood had been cut away. Two men were walking near to where this had taken place. It was late afternoon and it was beginning to get dark.

Suddenly, they saw a figure emerging from the wood. He was wearing a luminous green cloak and a golden crown. The apparition walked from the wood and seemed to glide alongside the canal.

One of the men turned and ran but then stood transfixed and watched the spectre move an arm in the direction of the felled portion of Ambion Wood, as if complaining about the change to the neighbourhood.

The ghost then turned and moved backwards towards the wood. When it reached a pile of stones it seemed to disappear into the ground.

The following spring other people saw the ghost and there were reports of sightings from as far as the Fen Lanes. Many thought that it was the ghost of King Richard III killed at the Battle of Bosworth.

Richard Sightings

In Thomas Costain's *Below the Salt*, a strange combination of a male rags-to-riches story and a novel within a novel tale of the Plantagenets, the Irish lord of the castle, Patrick O'Rawn, says to his cousin, the American Senator Richard O'Rawn "... I've been doing something on the character of Richard III and taking a few bits of skin off that lady who tried to whitewash him ..."

Since the book was copyrighted in 1957, I'm assuming "that lady" was Josephine Tey. But maybe not.

Have a great AGM. Sorry to miss it. Please spell my name right, if you use this. Thanks.

Ellen PERLMAN



American Branch Members Who Joined 01-JUN-99 Through 31-AUG-99

Justin T. Beck
Jill Bradley
D. E. Bristow
D. Michael Caudill
Ted E. Crump
Judy K. Farrell
Donna Flatley
Richard Foster
LaRue Foster, J.D.
Paul E. Gemmill
Mary M. Helffrich
Cindy Hopkins
Ruth Humleker

Jacqueline M. Jarvis
Cheryl Jorgensen
Margaret Koelliker
Tiya Madden
Michael B. & Kelly Martin-Davis
Rania Melhem
Alexandra Merton
Pamela Mills
Keith Molesworth
Katherine Plisko
Martha Rieth
Edward S. Riggs
Julia Crosser Scarborough

Kathryn Simmons
Joy A. Simpson
Carmen Smith
Katie Spoo
Shawn C. Tanner
Anne M. Van de Castle
Alexandra von Wrede
Gilman DeWayne Warren
Patricia Watson
Daniel Wright
Jill Richards Young

STUDIES IN ENGLAND

Long-time Society member Carol Bessette of Springfield, Virginia reports that there will be three courses of interest to Ricardians offered at Clare College in Cambridge, England, July 9-22, 2000.

- **Shakespeare in His World and Ours** will discuss Shakespeare's plays in the context of the theater for which he wrote; the dramatic conventions he inherited, and the dominant beliefs of his society and the way modern actors, directors and playgoers interpret them.
- When Pope Urban II preached the First Crusade in 1295, he inaugurated a movement that would last until the end of the Middle Ages and affect every region of western Christendom. **The Crusades: Europe's Holy Wars** will examine the origins of the crusading movement and its development in the 12th and 13th centuries.
- **The Tudor Age** is a detailed analysis of the cultural history of an age that has a strong hold on the popular imagination: the lives of Henry VII and VIII and Elizabeth I, the routing of the Spanish Armada, and the creative genius of Shakespeare will all be explored for a deeper understanding of their times.

Founded in the early 14th century, Clare is the second oldest of the Cambridge colleges. Its grounds span the River Cam, and are located just a short walk from the center of town, yet it enjoys a peaceful location in extensive riverside gardens that are among the loveliest in Cambridge.

Contact Dr. Joann Painter, 714 Sassafras Street, Erie, PA 16501 for further information, or call her at (814) 456-0757.

Carol will be happy to talk to any Society members who are interested in the program; call her at (703) 569-1875 or e-mail jcbessette@aol.com.

GREETINGS FROM THE U.K.

The Society in the UK — sometimes referred to by American members as 'the Parent Society' — sends greetings to the American Branch on the occasion of its Annual General Meeting.

It has been, as usual, a busy year, and we continue to be impressed by the industry of your webmaster [/mistress] and her helpers: the American Branch website leads the way, and is quite a mature being now. The Society website is much younger, and will reach its first birthday at the time of the AGM.

This year we have seen both the pleasures and pitfalls of electronic communication, but even the latter has had a positive side, and enabled a learning exercise.

We had excellent weather for Bosworth this year, after a run of poor years, but were sorry not to have the presence of yourself, [i.e., Compton Reeves] and hope to see you again in future years — even if you bring rain with you!

With all good wishes to you, and your AGM.

*Yours sincerely,
Elizabeth M. Nokes*

EXHIBITIONISTS WANTED!

Looking for brave Ricardians, who are planning to attend the AGM in New York City Sept. 29-Oct. 1, 2000, to express their interest in helping to put on a Reader's Theater version of Maria Torres' new play, *Loyalty Lies*. No previous acting experience required, but if you have it all the better!

The play, read in this format, runs about 90 minutes. Characters needed (in order of role importance):

Richard
Buckingham
Morton
Thomas Stanley
Elizabeth Woodville/Anne Neville
Hastings
Edward V
Rivers
Stillington

Please e-mail me, or send snail mail if you aren't connected, and indicate which role you might be interested in. It would be helpful if you could include a general description of yourself, any acting experience and your voice type (deep, high, etc.) so we can try and match the characters as best we can. Maria will serve as consultant in the final choices! Again, you DON'T need to have stage experience, but it would help. You will receive a copy of the play in good time to get a feel for your role before we meet for a rehearsal sometime during the AGM.

Looking forward to hearing from you!

**Anne Easter Smith: gloucester@juno.com or
82 North St., Georgetown, MA 01833**

APPOINTMENT ANNOUNCEMENT

Joy Simpson has been appointed Interim Director of Advancement for the Society. By her own admission, Joy has been a Ricardian fanatic for years and devoted to the cause. She recently joined the Society and volunteered to help with fundraising.

Joy has more than 15 years experience in fundraising and development work. She has run annual and capital campaigns, including designing all of the written materials for them, written grants, solicited gifts in kind, set up major gift societies, instituted and planned giving programs (bequests, charitable remainder unitrusts, etc.) and lots more.

She is working on her masters degree in addition to holding a full time job as Director of Major Gifts for the Citadel.

1999 RICARDIAN TOUR

Lois Griffiths

The 1999 Ricardian tour arranged by Linda Treybig enjoyed lovely weather and the beauties of late June in England, visiting such Ricardian highlights as Middleham Castle and Bosworth Field, as well as the more obscure Eastwell church ruins, Sandal Castle in Wakefield, Crowland Abbey and Gainesborough Old Hall.

We spent a day in York, and were impressed by the careful restoration of Barley Hall — then we had time to shop, went to the Treasurer's House for lunch, and to the Minster in the afternoon. English Ricardian friends joined us at several of our stops — Middleham, Sandal Castle, Bosworth Field and Great Malvern Priory church — deepening our appreciation with their local knowledge.

This sounds like a travelogue, but we also visited the castles of Bodiam, Hedingham (Earls of Oxford), Ashby-de-la-Zouche (Hastings), Conisbrough (Dukes of York), Stokesay, Warwick and Ludlow; the cathedrals of Canterbury and Ely; Kings and Queens Colleges in Cambridge; ruins of Battle Abbey and Jervaulx Abbey; Selby and Tewkesbury Abbeys and Sutton Cheyney church; and the beautiful and fragrant gardens at Great Dixter and Haddon Hall.

Careful planning made all this possible — we progressed up the eastern side of the country, toured the Yorkshire dales, then came south to the Cotswolds, stopping at Minster Lovell before returning to London. We spent the nights in B&B's, in little towns or out in the country, and always found an interesting pub for lunch. Our driver, a good Lancashire man, made our trip memorable with his knowledge of many parts of the country.

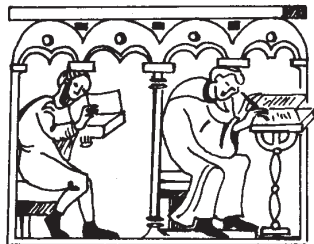
We were even able to work in a couple of genealogical photo stops — Wicken Bonhant in Essex for Margaret Drake, who is a Bradbury, and Spofforth castle, where my paternal Spofford family came from.

Among the highlights for us was a chance to see the southeast and Channel coast (we loved the Cinque Port of Rye); an exhibit on the Kingmaker arming for the Battle of Barnet at Warwick Castle; and Middleham, even in our one day of rain. But don't ask about sore muscles from climbing to the battlements of castles, and the infamous Ring Road around Leicester!

ANNUAL APPRECIATION AWARD CITATIONS

The Board together with Ex Officio members Webmaster Laura Blanchard and *Ricardian Register* Editor Carole Rike decided to cite active Committee Chairs and other members who had given generously of their time and services in furtherance of the Society's goals, as follows:

- **Dianne Batch**, for her presentation to AGM '99, "Henry II: The First Plantagenet".
- **Celeste Bonfanti**, for her presentation at the AGM '99 Benefit Breakfast on the plays in the Ricardian library.
- **Tina Cooper**, for her production of many additions to the Society's Web site and, especially, for her valuable services in designing the web pages for AGM '99.
- **Susan Dexter**, for her long-time services to the Society and especially to the *Ricardian Register* in the area of graphic design.
- **Jeanne Faubell**, for her valuable services in the position of Fiction Librarian, 1997 — current.
- **Judie Gall**, for her services as Chapters Coordinator 1997-1999 and for her production of many additions to the Society's Web site, including most recently, "Ferne-Ago, An Introduction to Medieval Terms and Words", and for other long-time services to the Society too numerous to mention here.
- **Janet Harris** and the Arizona Chapter, for organizing Ricardian efforts in Arizona.
- **Sherry Liff**, for her valuable services in processing membership renewals during 1999.
- **Helen Maurer**, for her long-time and valuable services in the position of Research Librarian.
- **Rania Melhem**, for her valuable services in AGM '99 preparation and hospitality.
- **Roxane Murph**, for recruiting and selecting speakers for AGM '99 and for her own presentation to AGM '99, "Shakespeare, Genetics, Malformations, and The War of the Roses", and for other long-time services to the Society too numerous to mention here.
- **Nancy Northcott**, for her valuable services in the position of Coordinator for the William B. Schallek Memorial Graduate Fellowships Award since 1997 — current.
- **Judith Pimental**, for volunteering to make the Grand Prize for the AGM '99 Schallek raffle.
- **Jennifer Reed**, for her valuable services in the position of Sales Officer 1998-1999 and for preparing and shipping Sales Table items for AGM '99.
- **Cheryl Rothwell**, for her valuable services in the position of Online Member Services Chair, 1996 — current, and for her production of the web pages containing the Research Library holdings.
- **Yvonne Saddler**, for her valuable services in the position of Audio-Visual Librarian, 1995 — current.
- **Lloyd Scurlock**, for his presentation to AGM '99, "The Church in the Fifteenth Century".
- **Myrna Smith**, for her production at the AGM '99 banquet of the Great Ricardian Trivia Quiz, and for her enduring services as Book Review Editor of the *Ricardian Register*.
- **Maria Elena Torres** and the New Yorkists (New York Chapter), for organizing Ricardian efforts in New York and for volunteering to host AGM 2000.
- **Anne Vineyard**, for her valuable long-time services in the position of Schools Coordinator.
- **Marti Vogel**, for arranging local publicity and for collecting Schallek raffle prizes and notifications for AGM '99.



Nature fits all her children
with something to do.

He who would write and can't write, can
surely review. — James Russell Lowell

(The headings in this column come from The Writer's Little Instruction Book by Paul Raymond Martin, Writer's World Press, Aurora, Ohio. I hasten to add that the statement above isn't necessarily true. Many of our reviewers are authors as well, and what's wrong with being a good reviewer?)

Think of your story as if each scene were to
be illustrated, for that is exactly what
the reader does.

📖 *The Reel Middle Ages — Films About Medieval Europe* - Kevin J. Harty-McFarland & Co, Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640, 1999

This filmography covers, as the subtitle suggests, Medieval Europe, between roughly the time of St. Patrick (432) and the Battle of Lepanto in 1571, and in location mainly in Europe, touching the Near and Far East only when their history impinges on that of Europe. This enables Mr. Harty to include John Wayne's portrayal of Genghis Kahn, and other delineations of the same character, including one from the Philippines and one from China, none of them much better. This is the author's opinion, and he is not afraid to state his opinions. He excludes Shakespeare's history plays, as they have been adequately covered in other filmographies, and anything about Christopher Columbus, possibly because of not being strictly European History, though of the 23 films with Viking themes there are several that deal with the Norse discovery of America.

But there is quite a lot left. Of the 564 films discussed, 57 are in some way based on Arthurian legends, including a goodly number about the Connecticut Yankee, one of them coming from the late Soviet Union. A much smaller sub-genre might be called the Yankee reversed, represented by *The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time* (from NZ, 1988) and *Les Visiteurs* (France, 1992), which bring Medieval people forward to our time. Of other themes, 46 are related to the Crusades in some way, 18 have something to do with Henry II and/or his family, and 41 are about Robin Hood. (There is some overlap and duplication here, of course). The richness of Scottish history seems to have been mostly overlooked, accounting for only 10 films, most of them based on Sir

RICARDIAN READING

Walter Scot's novels. Lives of saints make a respectable 16, with Francis of Assisi leading. Besides these, Joan of Arc has 13 to her credit, including one made in Nazi Germany as propaganda, believe it or not. Of purely literary creations, the Hunchback of Notre Dame has 11 different depictions, Faust 15, William Tell 15. Twenty-five have something to do with the *Decameron*, though more in the costuming, for whatever time the participants remain in it, than the story. Not all the subjects are treated with great seriousness. Monty Python is on hand, and the Keystone Kops (*A Game Old Knight* 1915). Mack Sennett also made a couple of Medieval movies as an actor. In *The Call To Arms* 1910, he appears, apparently "straight," with Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, and Henry B. Walthall in a D.W. Griffith epic. A number of countries have their own equivalents to Monty Python, and they are covered as well.

Only 15 films are based in the period of the Wars of the Roses, including 4 about Jane Shore, 2 versions of the *Tower Of London*, and several of the *Black Arrow*, with, again, one from Russia. This would be a useful guide to hunting for tapes for your viewing pleasure, though I really don't know where you could find many of them.

— m.s.

In submitting non-fiction, always give your editor more than is expected by providing sidebars, charts, ideas for graphics, photographs, etc.

📖 *English Through The Ages* — William Brohaugh, Writer's Digest Books, F & W Publications, Inc. 1507 Dana Ave, Cincinnati, Oh, 45207, 1998

If you want to write a screenplay, play, or novel with a medieval setting, and don't want to commit any howling anachronisms in dialogue, this is the book for you. In fact, if your epic is set in any time from 1150 (or earlier) to 1990, this is the book for you . . . You will learn, for instance, that the word tough was used in a literal sense (of meat) by 900, in a figurative sense by 1350, as a verb ("to tough it out") by 1830, and as a noun by 1870. Even if you don't plan to



write anything at the moment, it's fascinating to a word person to trace the history of the language through the years.

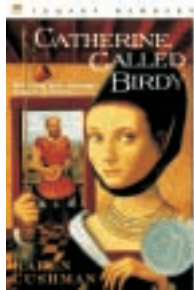
The first three groupings reflect the first three major stages of the English Language: Old English (to 1150), Middle English (to 1350) and Late Middle English (to 1470). After that, the entries are grouped in rather arbitrary chapters — covering 50, 25, or 10 years - the later, the shorter the time-frame. Datings really only reflect the first time a word was seen in print; they may have been used long before in speech. I know for a fact that 'aqua' was used to describe a color well before 1970. This is not the type of book you could read clear through, though there are amusing sidebars to catch the eye and mind, but it would be a very useful reference.

— *m.s.*

In life and love and writing, when one door closes, another opens.

 *Catherine, Called Birdy* — Karen Cushman, Harper Trophy, NY, 1994

Pre-teen girls will identify with Catherine's desire *not* to marry the undesirable suitors her greedy father chooses for her, and will cheer the schemes she dreams up for turning them off. Readers who research Medieval England will enjoy Karen Cushman's spectacular understanding of the late 13th century. *Catherine, Called Birdy* won the Newberry Award and three ALA awards including 1995 Best Book for Young Adults.




The novel consists of Catherine's journal for the year she turned 14. Each entry begins with an item from a book of saints. Naturally, the plot, such as it is, comes and goes in the activity at the Linconshire manor-house. She tells us about the stench of making soap and reminds us about mud and fleas. Catherine experiences considerable guilt over the effect of her spell to break up a pair of lovers, but none at all over practicing medicine with careless panache. I was, however, disappointed that Catherine's biggest problem was solved by fate instead of something she did, intentionally or otherwise.

In an author's note, Ms. Cushman tells us of her fascination for daily life in the Middle Ages — so do each of the 205 pages of her book. This is just possibly the best effort I have seen at getting into the thinking of medieval people.

— *Lila M. Rhodes, WA*

In real life, events of the day sometimes foreshadow future developments. In story life, they always do.

 *The Burning Road* — Ann Benson, Delacorte Press, NY, 1999

Across a chasm of 600 years, two physicians struggle with the same hideous problem — bubonic plague.



Alejandro Caches, a 14th century Spanish physician, and Kate, illegitimate daughter of Edward III, have wandered through Europe for 10 years, trying to evade Edward's forces.

A bounty on Alejandro's head keeps him from practicing medicine openly, though he tries to help the plague victims in secret, recording his observations in a cherished book he has acquired. The plague subsides and returns, again and again, spreading through the Continent and killing almost half of the population. Alejandro and Kate are forced to separate and Guillaume Karle, a Frenchman fighting the oppression of the French poor, becomes Kate's protector. They move forward, hoping to reunite with Alejandro.

Janie Crowe, an American physician in the year 2007, struggles to obtain reinstatement in her field after a surplus of surgeons causes many to be retrained for other medical areas. She has acquired an ancient book which she believes is just an interesting commentary on health care in the Middle Ages. A new outbreak of plague helps her realize the book's true value.

The story switches back and forth from the near future to the past. The reader comes to see how much Alejandro and Janie have in common — their professions and inability to use their training to help others, their frustrations and feelings of medical inadequacy. (In the 14th century, there are no antibiotics. In the 21st, antibiotics are useless against the plague.) On a personal note, Alejandro and Janie are separated from those they love.

Fourteenth century France is traversed by a variety of minor characters — people trying to escape the plague, soldiers, and knights who have joined the Free Companies. These are renegade knights whose lords are now hostages of Edward III. The knights run wild, stealing and looting at will. The 'burning road' refers to a practice used during the plague years. So many died, there was no longer room for them in graves. Often, the corpses were left along the sides of roads and set afire, so many in fact that the roads appeared to be burning.

Using the theme of the plague in the Middle Ages and the near future, Ann Benson has created a compelling novel. Each story could stand alone. Intertwoven as they are, *The Burning Road* is recommended to any reader who would like a different sort of Medieval story. (*The Burning Road* is a sequel to Ms Benson's *The Plague Tales*, which more fully develops the Plantagenet theme.)

— Nancy Madison, TX

Always play fair: The reader gets to know everything the point-of-view character knows.

📖 *Royal Whodunits* — Mike Ashley, ed, Carroll & Graf, NY 1999

From Good King Wenceslas to Good Queen Victoria, and with the Duke of Windsor and Grand Duchess Anastasia thrown in for good measure, these stories from recognized masters of the mystery genre feature royals either as victims, detectives, murderers, or bystanders, innocent or otherwise. In one, *Who Killed Fair Rosamond?* by Tina and Tony Rath, the royals do not appear, but are talked about by the common folk, their scandals then as now providing the basis for speculation and gossip. Mostly the kings and queens are English or Scottish, but Napoleon and Cesare Borgia, among others, get a look-in. Two feature Richard III, one as innocent bystander. This is *Neither Pity, Love nor Fear*, by Margaret Frazer, who writes the Dame Frevisse novels. In the other, *Happy the Man . . .* by Amy Myers, he is neither a bystander or innocent. The purist may object to her depiction, since she appears to change narrators in mid-story, without so indicating. That is not playing fair. Ricardians will simply object.

Peter Tremayne, Mary Monica Pulver, Edward Marston, Morgan Llywelyn, and others contribute, and Paul Doherty wrote the Foreword.

— m.s.

When you are inundated by an emotional tidal wave, pour it out on paper. Then distance yourself from it for a time and begin anew, but keep the power of what you wrote earlier.

Elizabeth Enstam says she "didn't mean to" write the following review, but simply couldn't help herself. We're glad she was lacking in will power in this case.

📖 *Richard III: England's Black Legend* — Desmond Seward, Penguin Books, London, 1997

Desmond Seward never heard an anti-Richard rumor he didn't like. He accepts them all, and even with his choices of words, communicates his conviction that Richard III was basically evil. A few examples illustrate

the book's tone, and several remarks are simply astonishing in what purports to be a serious study. The statement that Yorkshire "has always produced hard men" could be attributed to knowledge of the area's violent past. But commenting that Richard "may have learned to speak in the harsh accent" of the North smacks of a bias that, in the US, could be considered a regional slur.

Seward values "the right" personal appearance, as well as "the right" accent. In a perhaps nationalistic loyalty to English beauties — presumably all blondes — he describes Margaret of Anjou as "beautiful in a dark-haired, foreign way." More serious for his pretensions to objectivity is the description of Richard at 12 as "puny." Here, Seward sneaks in the old "Richard-as-monster" theme, having apparently forgotten that most twelve-year-old boys are still children. Seward seems not to know that nowadays, disparagement of physical appearance is unacceptable, particularly when it carries the implication that a flawed appearance indicates flawed character.

Aside from his personal quirks and prejudices — which are occasionally entertaining — the book's main weakness lies in the reliance on Thomas More's *History of King Richard the Third*. Without doubting More's character and integrity, it is necessary to remember that even saints have, all of them, been human. They made mistakes; they



were not omniscient. Aged seven when Richard died, Thomas More could never have had first-hand knowledge of political events in the years before 1485. And although More went to great lengths to talk with members of the older generation, human memory, including that of eyewitnesses, is notoriously unreliable. People often say what they believe an interviewer wants or expects to hear, and sometimes they will fill in with imagination whatever they cannot remember, but think they should. Moreover, interviewers have to learn not to ask "leading" questions and thereby inadvertently influence the answers. Without knowing whether, or to what degree, Thomas More was aware of these problems, we cannot evaluate either his sources or his work with them.

After More, Seward depends on Shakespeare. But, except to reveal the attitudes, mores, and mentalities of an era, fiction is not acceptable as historical evidence. Poets, playwrights and novelists routinely rearrange events, collapse and stretch time, ignore dates, and otherwise mangle historical facts for dramatic purposes. Shakespeare did it all, even in his "history" plays. A theoretical factor appears here, too. If Shakespeare was the Earl of Oxford, as evidence within the

plays may well indicate, he had good reason to despise the Yorkists. The earls of Oxford were Lancastrians; as Oxford, Shakespeare's title, lands, and standing in the realm depended on the legitimacy of the Tudor claims.

Regarding Dominic Mancini, Polydore Vergil, and Philippe de Commines, Seward is no more careful. Despite first-hand observation of certain events, the fact that all of them were foreigners left them not, as Seward claims, more objective, but only at a greater disadvantage in acquiring accurate information. In keeping with his prejudices against the king, Seward uses only the negative passages from the Croyland Chronicle, which many scholars consider the most dependable and balanced of the contemporary sources. Most amazing is his apparent trust in the judgment of Louis XI, England's most dangerous enemy. Seward actually seems to believe that if the Spider King considered Richard to be "extremely cruel and evil," then it must have been so.

One of the book's major flaws is Seward's willingness to credit even the most unlikely accusations, yet to neglect analysis of the identities, behavior, motives, and ambition of Richard's enemies. Without consideration of the pervasive intrigue against the king, we cannot have anything like a balanced account of his life. After categorizing Richard III's every action as an expression of his greed and consuming ambition, detractors like Seward uniformly fail to deal with what seems, within their own line of reasoning, to be a very obvious question: assuming that the king possessed the brilliant, tireless, calculating malice which they ascribe to him, why did he never seek to distract attention from himself by accusing someone — anyone — of murdering his nephews? He certainly had the resources to have a scapegoat tortured into confession, condemned at a show trial, and executed. Any of the Tudors would have done so.

In conclusion, *caveat lector!* Only a reader unfamiliar with the literature on Richard III, and unaware that there are more than two sides to his story, or someone inclined against the king could read this book without resenting the money spent for it.

— Elizabeth York Enstam, TX

Elizabeth also reports that during a visit to Scotland and the North of England, she "kept meeting people who were sympathetic to Richard III," — maybe just because they don't care for the way Seward refers to them, but who cares why?

Choose as your point-of-view character the person most at risk in the story.

 *In The Time Of The Poisoned Queen* — Ann Dukthas, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1998

Ann Dukthas once again meets Nicholas Segalla, a priest who has traveled through many a century, who

presents her with a manuscript detailing a historical mystery. This is the fourth encounter Ann has had with the mysterious Jesuit and it deals with the possibility of Mary Tudor being murdered by slow poison.

All of Europe was watching and waiting for Mary to die, circling like vultures over wounded prey. They all believed she was being poisoned and they were all suspects: her half-sister, Princess Elizabeth, waiting with her "little wizard" Cecil at Hatfield House; Mary's estranged husband, Philip II of Spain; Catherine de Medici, known as the Queen of Poisoners and the mother-in-law of the Scottish Mary Stuart who had a better claim to the English throne than Elizabeth did. Segalla is sent by Pope Paul IV to discover if, indeed, Mary was being poisoned and, if so, who was doing it. He also investigates the mysterious letter that troubles both Mary and Elizabeth from "The Four Evangelists" that quotes Mark 15:34.

I knew very little about this period before reading the book. I enjoyed it overall, though I found the ending disturbing. Mary is portrayed sympathetically and I enjoyed learning more about her. She was a good person, but haunted by the fires at Smithfield and disheartened by the lack of love her people had for her.

The book has intrigued me enough to research further and hope Segalla was not right in his conclusions.

I hope one day Segalla will solve the mystery of the Princes in the Tower, but P.C. Doherty has already done that under his real name in *The Fate of Princes*.

— Anne Marie Gazzolo, IL

People love to look into others' lives — especially if the others aren't aware of it.

 *The Secret Diary Of Anne Boleyn* — Robin Maxwell, Simon & Schuster, NY, 1997, pb

We 'friends of Richard III' know how easy it is for a writer to destroy the reputation of a historical figure. Robin Maxwell has actually done the opposite in *The Secret Diary of Anne Boleyn*, her novel about a diary handed down to Queen Elizabeth I by her mother's former lady-in-waiting.

It is difficult to decide if this is Anne's story or Elizabeth's, but we know it isn't Henry's. When Anne writes of her own experiences in this diary, she naturally assumes her actions are admirable. She does admit that she can be shrill at times, often angry, and frequently cold to those who purport to love her. She rarely sees herself as others saw her.

We meet Elizabeth when she is a recently crowned queen, surrounded by adoring, flattering courtiers, and her councilors who are intent upon getting her married off. Each foreign prince they suggest, however, receives a scathing criticism and rejection.

Elizabeth's obvious infatuation with her Master of Horse, her friend since childhood, Robert Dudley, caused consternation among her advisors. Handsome, noble, and ambitious, he was still a married man and Elizabeth's relationship with him was suspect, to say the least.

Here we meet the Virgin Queen at her least virginal. Maxwell suggests that the queen and Dudley were lovers and she writes of their trysts with the flair of a romance writer. The language here is as ornate as the elegant gowns Elizabeth wore, sensuous and detailed. It is a fascinating bit of reading whether you choose to believe it or not. Dudley wants to marry her, but how much of this is love and how much ambition? Will Elizabeth marry, give up her independence, and let Dudley become King of England?

Reading her mother's diary helps her make up her mind in spite of what her heart says. Having had one mother and 5 auxiliary mothers — some of whom were kind to her — the queen resolves never to marry anyone, writing 'Finis' to the House of Tudor in a blaze of glory, but with no heir.

Anne's diary reminds us that she was of a much lower class than most of Henry's retinue. Henry raised Anne's father to a higher rank, however, probably because the king had made Anne's older sister, Mary, his mistress. Mary was beautiful and charming and tried to encourage her little sister to learn the techniques of making a man love her. Anne, however, had observed queens and their ladies and knew she'd prefer to be a queen, rather than a mistress to be cast off when the romance wore thin.

While this story has the potential of being sad and even morbid, it is not. Elizabeth is moved to tears by her mother's words, but heeds them and is nurtured by them. Anne has shared her strengths and weaknesses in the diary, but urges her daughter — only 3 years old at Anne's death — to be strong, independent, and to take control over her own destiny.

Author Robin Maxwell knows her history and humanizes it in this novel. There is fine attention to the customs and details of royal life in the 16th century. The story rings true, novel though it is.

— Helen Curé, *CA*

**Every fiction writer should compose poetry;
it sharpens imagery and disciplines diction.**

Helen adds a useful aide-memoire in verse form to keep Henry's women straight in your mind:

The Women of Henry VIII by Helen Curé

*Sweet Catherine of Aragon was truly a paragon
Of virtue, politeness, and love.
But she gave to Great Harry but one daughter, Mary
And lost out when his push came to shove.*

*Round, blond Bessie Blount was a veritable fount
Of affection who gave Henry his boy.
Though just a wee bit, he was too illegit,
So they just named him "Henry Fitzroy."*

*Now young Anne Boleyn eschewed every sin,
But accepted a ring made of pearl.
She attended royal dances, but refused royal advances
'Til wed, then she birthed him a GIRL!*

*The red-headed child was like Henry, so wild
That everyone knew she was his.
But she wasn't a boy, so brought Henry no joy,
So he orphaned his royal little Liz.*

*Jane Seymour was plain as a day drenched with rain,
But she promptly produced little Ed.
The prince was not tickly, but pale, wan, and sickly,
And poor Jane never rose from her bed.*

*After years with no wife, the old king took his life
In his hands, once again, and would wed.
The Princess of Cleves found multiple peevies
With old Henry, wouldn't join him in bed.*


*Young Catherine Howard was never a coward,
Though she knew how her cousin had fared.
She, alas, lost her head for trying to bed
As many young men as she dared.*

*Sedate Catherine Parr was better by far
Than the other sad wives of the past.
She took care of Henry, who now forgot ven'ry
And outlived the old king at the last.*

*Young Edward did reign, but the Heavenly train
Whisked him off through the Pearliest Gate.
Mary Tudor did storm and the blood flowed quite
warm.
Her people despaired of their fate.*

*But when all's said and done, Henry's longed-for
bright "sun,"
Elizabeth, Queen, ruled the day.
She was brilliant and strong; she rarely did wrong.
In my grade book I give her an "A".*

Send all your finished work out to market.
No fair hiding stuff in the drawer.

 *The Last Plantagenet* — Hazel Bird, Catesby Press
(Headstart History), 1994 ISBN 1-873041-53-5

This book is a work of historical (romantic) fiction. It tells the life story of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, from the time of her father Clarence's death in 1478 to Margaret's own in 1541. It is well written and, as far as I can tell, historically accurate insofar as "facts" may be pinned down. Its primary target audience appears to be females in their late teens. The designation as "Headstart History" is a clue.

The eleven-page introduction gives an even-handed summary of events from the time of Edward III through Margaret's execution. At first, I was afraid the book would have a rather "traditionalist" slant. The story line is almost totally revisionist, however, and therefore found favor in my eyes.

The 4-year-old Margaret overhears the news (and supposed method) of her father's execution delivered to the servants of Warwick Castle by a grandson of Ankarette Twynyho. She is stunned and sickened, and cannot answer the calls of the servants looking for her. Margaret is found by Marion Chamber, the fifteen-year-old nurse to her brother Edward of Warwick, who becomes Margaret's companion and support through the next 60+ years, good and bad. Margaret becomes an eye-witness to history, and we see the story through her eyes.

Margaret eventually meets almost every important personage of her time. She possesses an uncanny knack for discerning both their strong points and their weaknesses. Historical personages appear as 3-dimensional characters. Margaret Beaufort becomes The Meddler; the infant Henry VIII has eyes like a pig, which he never outgrows. Upon learning

that her brother Warwick was sacrificed to facilitate the marriage of 'The Tudor's' son to Katharine of Spain, Margaret curses the marriage. She suffers pangs of guilt later, as she becomes Katharine's life-long friend. The development I liked most involves Margaret acquiring a copy of More's ms life of Richard III being circulated among More's friends. She points out its inaccuracies to the author after a dinner in More's home. The book was never published in More's lifetime, as we know.

The history ends as Margaret opens her prison door to go to the block, attended only by the ever-faithful Marion. The headsman will be an apprentice, all his more experienced conferees having been sent North to deal with rebels, and is Marion's grand-nephew. Margaret is confident, even so, that the man will do his job well.

In the afterword, the author lays to rest the most colorful legends surrounding Margaret's execution as inconsistent with all accounts of her character, and accepts the version sent to Emperor Charles V by his ambassador, Chapuys. I never realized that Margaret was apparently beatified along with More, in 1886.

Although apparently intended for young adults, the book is suitable for older adults as well. I recommend it highly, if one can find a copy. [*Editor's note: This book is available through Amazon U.K. site.*]

— Judy Pimental, OH

I'll leave you with two final thoughts:

The number of typographical errors varies directly with the creative force of the writing — also with sleep deprivation.

There are worse crimes than burning books. One of them is not reading them.
— JOSEPH BRODSKY

MARGARET OF BURGUNDY TO BE HONORED

Phil Stone

Of the magnificent tomb that marked Margaret's last resting place in the Church of the Recollect Friars in Malines (modern Mechelen) nothing now remains. It was destroyed in a bout of iconoclasm in the 17th or 18th century. As a mark of respect for a remarkable woman — 'that infernal Duchess' as Henry VII called her, so she must have been doing something right — the Richard III Society has designed a plaque to be installed as close as possible to the original site in Mechelen. The plaque will be unveiled in the presence of many dignitaries from the town and probably some Belgian royalty, as well as a number of members of The Richard III Society. Plans are already afoot for a visit to be made for the purpose. The date of this event is Saturday, 24th June, 2000.

In order to make this even happen, and in order to have a plaque to unveil, we need to raise about £3000. If any of you would care to make a donation towards this entirely laudable project, please would you send your cheques, money order, cash, to: John Ashdown-Hill, 28, Hughes Stanton Way, Lawford, Manningtree, Essex, CO11 2HQ, U.K.

SCATTERED STANDARDS



CHAPTER COORDINATOR'S REPORT

Janet W. Harris

This will be my last report as Chapter Coordinator, a position I've enjoyed, but which circumstances have forced me to relinquish, and I wanted to take this opportunity to thank everyone with whom I've been working over the past eighteen months, or so. It has been a distinct pleasure getting to know all of you.

As I leave my post, I can look back with satisfaction at the two new Chapters, Arizona and New York/Metro, which have come into existence during my watch. Both show distinct signs of becoming enduring entities in the American Branch of the Society. The established Chapters seem to be doing very well, for the most part, although those who seemed to have vanished, such as the Mid-Atlantic, New England, Southeast Pennsylvania, Northern and Southern California, and the Rocky Mountain Chapters are regrettably still inactive, despite some serious efforts to revive some of them.

It is still my firm belief that Chapters are the backbone of the Society and provide unique personal enrichment to anyone belonging to one, as well as a superb training ground for national officers and committee members. There are areas, such as Florida or western Pennsylvania, for instance, where large, viable Chapters could be formed and I would urge anyone from those areas to contact the Membership Chairman for a listing of Ricardians in your area. Starting a Chapter is nowhere near as hard as it sounds. It simply takes good communication skills and a little enthusiasm for the task, and the rewards are well worth the effort.

On that note, I take my leave and reiterate what a pleasure it has been to serve in this position.

Judie C. Gall,
Chapter Coordinator

ARIZONA CHAPTER

The Arizona chapter has had a busy year with many enthusiastic members joining. We meet every 2 to 3 months. We are beginning to build up a chapter library, and have reports on various conferences members have attended.

We submitted a very nice In Memoriam (written by Charlie Jordan), that ran on August 22 in the *Arizona Republic*, which is distributed throughout the state.

MICHIGAN CHAPTER

**Coronation Celebration, Saturday, June 26, 1999,
Botsford Inn, Farmington**

The room set aside for our group provided just the right setting, with room for two tables for seven people, with space to display Ricardian books for sale and the quiz prizes. On a separate table was Barbara Underwood's decorated Richard III Society cake which tasted as good as it looked.

The group was very congenial and the absence of a formal program or presentation gave them time to get to know each other a little better, plus, of course, to discuss things Ricardian. Dianne Batch proposed a loyal toast, and, our plans for a little of Shakespeare's *Richard III* having fallen through, Eileen Prinsen passed out the Ricardian Quiz questions which a greatly missed Janet Trimbath had prepared. The scores for the twenty-one questions were pretty high. Barbara Underwood took first place with 18 questions, with Judy Betten a close second. The first prize (donated by Barbara Underwood) was a hard-back copy of *The Anglo Saxon Chronicles* by Anne Savage, which Judy Betten happily traded for her prize, a cartoon version of Richard III.

A short, informal business meeting was held during which suggestions for our October meeting were offered. The University of Michigan Musical Society Theatre of Voices program entitled *Fragments* (which draws upon two important manuscripts of early English music) to be held at St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church, Ann Arbor, on Friday, November 12, 1999 at 8:00 p.m. had considerable support. Eileen and Barbara will pursue this idea and get an idea of ticket cost; also look into the possibility of a gathering place for a meal before the performance.

October also means election of officers. Joan Smith and Sandy Bartkowiak have agreed to serve as secretary and treasurer, respectively. We have no candidate for moderator at present but hope someone will step forward to take on the job, which is not really all that onerous. So many of our members are willing to share their talents by presenting or arranging programs, which makes the moderator's task much easier. Conflicting activities will prevent several of our members from attending the AGM in New Orleans this

year. However, the Michigan Chapter will be well represented by Dianne Batch, Janet Trimbath, Linda Peecher, Chuck Ficteau, Barbara Vasser-Gray and Barbara's sister.

Dianne reported that the year 2000 AGM will be held in New York City whereupon everybody announced they would clear their calendars in order to attend!

Eileen C. Prinsen

OHIO CHAPTER REPORT

On Sunday, August 22nd, the Ohio Chapter met at the home of members Bobbie and John Moosmiller in Westerville for a meeting and some serious "medieval snacking". Members were asked to bring a "medieval snack" of their own choosing (along with the recipe) and we spent the better part of the afternoon indulging ourselves in age-old foods from Rome, the Middle East, and Europe, all of which would have been familiar in some form to medieval English men and women. As we munched away, we were assured by Tom Coles, who presented a program on medieval snacking, that we were doing something people were as addicted throughout history as we are today. The recipes for some of the snacks can be obtained from Judie Gall, 10071 Sturgeon Lane, Cincinnati, OH 45251-1752.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, October 24th, at the Cincinnati Art Museum, after which we will have dinner at the Montgomery Inn Boathouse on the city's beautifully revitalized riverfront.

We are proud to announce the debut of the Chapter's new web domain at: <http://www.yorkist.com/>, which is still linked to the American Branch website. Currently at our site you'll find such things as *Fifteenth-Century Life, Medieval Miscellany, Coincidence & Humor* (under construction), a large annotated bibliography of references to works relating to life in fifteenth-century England, and *Ferne-Ago: a glossary of medieval words & terms*, which contains over 3800 entries and is still growing. And, of course, there's information about the Chapter and its activities. There's also a visitor's guest book and we cordially invite all of you who can to visit the site and sign in to say hello or pass along your comments and suggestions. Tina Cooper, the Ohio Chapter Webmistress, created the domain and it's growth and maintenance are the responsibility of Tina and Judie Gall.

This year we celebrated our thirteenth anniversary and are looking forward to many more years of Ricardian activities and fellowship.

Judie C. Gall

MORE MEDIEVAL BLOOPERS

From John Carmi Parsons in Canada: These appear in *The Weekly Telegraph* for 25-31 August 1999, which states that they have been collected over the past 20 years by the headmaster of King's School, Rochester, Kent. I give them here with the editors' comments in brackets.

HISTORY:

[in 50 BCE]: Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul.

[in 871 CE]: The Danes so dispersed and routed Alfred's soldiers that the King was obliged to disguise himself as a pheasant and take refuge in a cottage belonging to one of his cowherds.

[in 1066:] William the Conqueror was thrown from his horse. He ruined the feudal system.

[And:] Prisons in the Norman period were not like ours; they were dull and dreary.

[While:] In the Middle Ages, people lived in mud huts with rough mating on the floor.

[in 1215:] The chief clause in the Magna Carta was that no free man should be put to death without his own consent.

[Later:] Martin Luther first came to the historians' eye in 1517, when he nailed his 95 feces to the church door at Wittenberg.

[And probably more insightful than most:] Why were the monasteries dissolved? So that the bricks could be used for the Renaissance.

[While:] Queen Elizabeth was a virgin and a queen. As a queen she was a great success.

[Though this is hard to believe, since:] Elizabeth found it difficult to formulate policy with the ghost of Mary Queen of Scots hovering in the background.

[About early 19th century British legislation:] Before the Reform Act the British electoral system was corrupt and unfair. For instance, many towns did not exist.

[In 1854:] Florence Nightingale never got any sleep for three years before she was continually being needed by the soldiers.

ENGLISH:

[Literature is tested against common experience:] Unbelievable as the Nun's Priest's tale is with animals, just imagine how unbelievable it would be with humans. Just picture a man running off with another man in his mouth and then trying to escape up a tree.

[Medieval scholarship is indebted to writing such as this:] A verray parfit gentile knight.

[And this:] The Prioress' greatest oath was to St. Loy, the patron saint of swearing.

BOARD CHRONICLES

Sunday, April 11, 1999

The conference call meeting was called to order at 6:25 PM (DST) by Chairman Sharon Michalove. Officers present included: Sharon Michalove, Dianne Batch, Bonnie Battaglia and Peggy Allen. Laura Blanchard also attended.

Treasurer: The Treasurer reported a January balance of: \$44,585.24. Expenditures to date: \$3,764.57. Income to date: \$6,785.23. Balance as of April 11: \$47,585.23

Bonnie reported that the signature transfer has been completed.

Membership: Peggy Allen reported current membership as of March 1: Individual members- 602. Family Members- 84. Total membership- 770 (Family memberships count as 2 per family.) There have been 58 new members recorded since the January meeting, of which 52 are credited to our Web site.

Unfinished Business

1) Inactive Chapters: The situation was discussed and it was agreed that no further action is indicated. MOTION: Battaglia/Allen, That in the future, the Treasurer suggest to each autonomous chapter that goes inactive that their treasury be deposited with the American Branch, to be returned when the Chapter reconstitutes. PASSED

2) Non-Fiction Library: As there is no contraindication in the American Branch Constitution and/or Bylaws, the Non-Fiction Library is now to be known as the Judy R. Weinsolt Memorial Research Library. A small label will be affixed on all current printed renewal and membership application notices, and the correction will be permanent when a new printing is needed.

3) Memorial Donation: There was discussion concerning the appropriate memorial for Dawn Benedetto's husband. MOTION: Battaglia/Allen, to donate \$100 from the American Branch to his alma mater (or other designated recipient) as a memorial. Bonnie will send a note from the Branch to Dawn. PASSED.

New Business

1) Schallek Award: There are five (5) applicants for the Scholarship funds and \$2500 is currently available for the award(s). Dr. Morris McGee has stated that he is retiring from the Scholarship Committee. As there will be a vacancy, several candidates to fill the position were suggested. Nancy Northcott will be given these recommendations for follow-up. Dianne will write a note of appreciation to Dr. McGee for his many years of service to the American Branch and the Schallek Scholarship.

2) Barley Hall Appeal: Laura Blanchard requested that the Branch consider a donation to help restore Barley Hall, a 15th century town house in York. One day sponsorship costs 75 pounds. July 4 was considered appropriate. MOTION: Allen/Batch: That the American Branch sponsor one day (Preferably July 4) for benefit of Barley Hall restoration. PASSED.

An article for the *Register* and space on the Web site will notify our members of this project. The E-mail address for Barley Hall will be available for individual donations.

3) Wills and paleography project: Laura will notify the Board of progress by E-mail.

Sunday, May 30, 1999

The conference call meeting was called to order at 6:25 PM (DST) by Chairman Sharon Michalove. Officers present included: Sharon Michalove, Dawn Benedetto, Dianne Batch, Bonnie Battaglia, Peggy Allen and Compton Reeves. Also attending: Carole Rike.

Treasurer: Bonnie reports an April balance of \$47,585.24. Expenditures to date: \$2,602.46. Income to date: \$1,695.97. Balance: May 30: \$46,679.41

Membership: Peggy reports 616 individual members. 80 family members. Total: 776 members (family members count as 2). NOTE: 32 of the recent 33 new members came from the web site.

Unfinished business:

1) Barley Hall: Bonnie will contact Laura Blanchard for address to send check for £75 to sponsor a "day" for the restoration. (See April minutes) NOTE: Have since received confirmation of check from Barley Hall, via Carole Rike E-mail. July 4 is also confirmed, and we are also a member in their "Guild of 365".

2) 1999 AGM: An article will be in the Summer Register. Peggy noted that ads in the AGM program will be solicited. The program is set. The brochure will be sent out in late July.

3) Future AGMs: The hotel for the 2000 New York AGM has been selected. Dallas/FortWorth has requested 2001, but Michigan says they have first "dibs"; therefore, 2001 AGM scheduling was tabled, pending information on the location of the exhibition of the Philadelphia genealogy manuscript. Wherever it is being exhibited should logically be the 2001 AGM site.

New Business:

1) Schallek Committee: There is a position to be filled on the committee MOTION: Allen/Benedetto: To appoint Compton Reeves to fill the vacancy. PASSED.

The amount to be awarded each scholarship recipient was discussed. (Note that recipients have been chosen by the Schallek Committee and E-mails from Peggy Northcott to the Board outlined their qualifications.) MOTION: Allen/Batch: Award \$1100 to Craig, \$950 each to Barrett and Diamond. PASSED.

The endowment fund for the Schallek Scholarship was called to the attention of the Board. As a fund-raising project may be indicated to enable the endowment fund to generate more income, the topic was tabled until the next meeting, to allow for appropriate study and constructive ideas.

2) The *Register*: a) Carole Rike was welcomed to the meeting and she discussed the current status of the *Register*. b) She requests that all Chapter information should now be sent to Judie Gall, who is responsible for correlating the information for publication. c) Is the web site considered a "publication of record" (for AGM reports, etc.) or must everything be printed in the *Register*? This topic was tabled pending study of the Constitution/Bylaws for an informed opinion.

d) All Branch Librarians are asked to report their current book lists/bibliographies to the *Register* for quarterly reports. This should encourage use of the Libraries. Dianne will notify the Librarians of record of this need.

e) There will be a sales office order form in the next *Register*.

3) Funding publication of Conference Papers: (See January minutes) Alan Sutton Company is asking £1500 to publish the papers. This charge is similar to other conference publication costs. (Printing is high and circulation is small)

MOTION: Reeves/Allen: To fund the publication of the May 1998 conference papers from the General Fund. PASSED. A further discussion of the status of the Monograph Fund and budget allocation was tabled until the next meeting.

4) 1999 Dickon Award: MOTION: Batch/Rike: That Roxane Murph and Compton Reeves be appointed the selection committee for the 1999 Dickon Award. Their report and decision is to be forwarded to Board members by E-mail prior to the next Board meeting. PASSED.

5) Board Elections: As there are no elections needed this year (makes a nice change, doesn't it?) a notice to that effect will be placed in the Summer *Register*.

6) Morris McGee Award: The possibility of an additional Branch award, to be given at the AGM yearly and named to honor Dr. McGee's contributions to the Branch, was brought to the attention of the Board. This issue was tabled until the next Board meeting to give time to think about the purpose, funding and criteria for the award.

CHAPTER CONTACTS

Arizona

Mrs. Joan Marshall
10727 West Kelso Drive
Sun City, AZ 85351
(602) 815-6822

Illinois

Janice Weiner
6540 N. Richmond Street
Chicago, IL 60645-4209

New York-Metro Area

Maria Elena Torres
3101 Avenue L
Brooklyn, NY 11210
(718) 258-4607 e-mail: elena@pipeline.com

Middle Atlantic

Jeanne Faubell
2215 Westmoreland
Falls Church, VA 22043
(804) 532-3430

Michigan Area

Eileen Prinsen
16151 Longmeadow
Dearborn, MI 48120
(313) 271-1224

New England

Jennifer Reed
44 Bartemus Trail
Nashua, NH 03063-7600
(603) 598-6813 email: jllreed@ix.netcom.com

Northwest

Jonathan A. Hayes
3806 West Armour Street
Seattle, WA 98199-3115
(206) 285-7967 email: jhayes7868@aol.com

Ohio

Bruce W. Gall, Chairman
10071 Sturgeon Lane
Cincinnati, OH 45251
(513) 542-4541
email: bwgicg@ix.netcom.com

Rocky Mountain

Pam Milavec
9123 West Arbor Avenue
Littleton, CO 80123
(303) 933-1366

Southeastern Pennsylvania

Laura Blanchard
2041 Christian St.
Philadelphia, PA 19146
(215) 985-1445
FAX (215) 985-1446
email: laura@rblanchard.com

Southern California

Roberta E. Craig
5545 Via de Camp
Yorba Linda, CA 92887-4916
e-mail: CWCREC@aol.com

Southwest

Roxane C. Murph
3501 Medina Avenue
Ft. Worth, TX 76133
(817) 923-5056 afmurph@flash.net

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Country: _____

Phone: _____

Fax: _____

E-Mail: _____

- | | |
|---|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual Membership | \$30.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual Membership Non-US | \$35.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family Membership | \$ _____ |

Contributing & Sponsoring Memberships:

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Honorary Fotheringay Member | \$ 75.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Honorary Middleham Member | \$180.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Honorary Bosworth Member | \$300.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plantagenet Angel | \$500.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plantagenet Family Member | \$500+ \$ _____ |

Contributions:

- | | |
|--|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Schallek Fellowship Awards: | \$ _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> General Fund (publicity, mailings, etc) | \$ _____ |

Total Enclosed: \$ _____

Family Membership \$30 for yourself, plus \$5 for each additional family member residing at same address.

*Make all checks payable to Richard III Society, Inc.
Mail to Peggy Allen, 1421 Wisteria, Metairie, LA 70005*