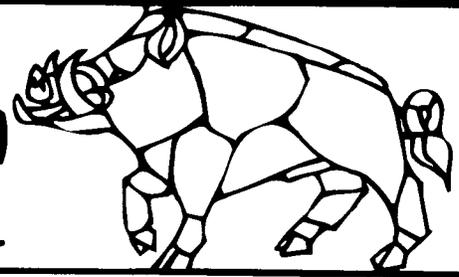


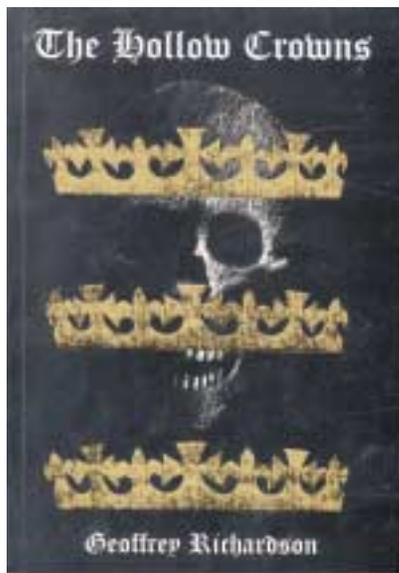
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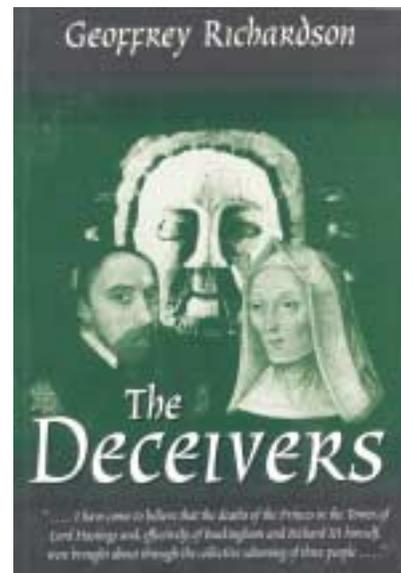
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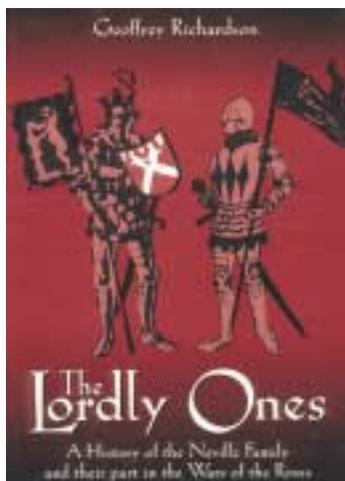
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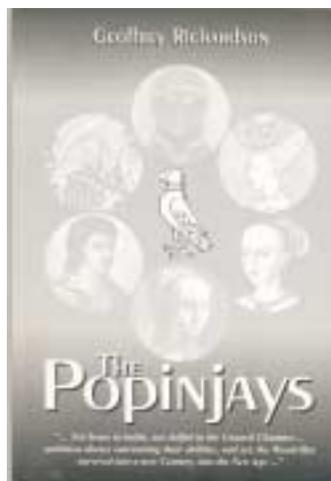
*All the battles of the Wars of the Roses
in one volume*



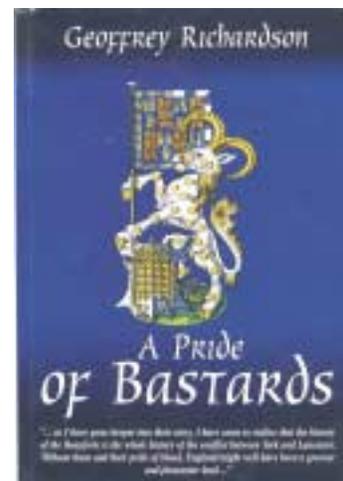
*Lays the blame for the deaths of the
Princes in the Tower*



The History of the Neville Family



The History of the Woodvilles



The History of the Beauforts

GEOFFREY RICHARDSON
1929-2003
The Power of One

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

The Richard III Society is a nonprofit, educational corporation. Dues, grants and contributions are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

Dues are \$30 annually for U.S. Addresses; \$35 for international. Each additional family member is \$5. Members of the American Society are also members of the English Society. Members also receive the English publications. All Society publications and items for sale may be purchased either direct at the U.K. Member's price, or via the American Branch when available. Papers may be borrowed from the English Librarian, but books are not sent overseas. When a U.S. Member visits the U.K., all meetings, expeditions and other activities are open, including the AGM, where U.S. Members are welcome to cast a vote.

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In This Issue

Remembering Geoffrey Richardson	4
The Gullible Duke of Buckingham, <i>Geoffrey Richardson</i>	14
Ricardian Puzzle, <i>Charlie Jordan</i>	18
Battle of Shrewsbury, <i>Brian Wainwright</i>	19
Battle of Bosworth Memorial Service <i>Barbara Vassar-Gray, Eileen C. Prinsen,</i> <i>& Dianne G. Batch</i>	21
Scattered Standards	22
How I Met Bill Hogarth <i>Robert Vivian</i>	23
Non-Fiction Library Transfer, <i>Jean M. Kvam</i>	23
Fiction Library Transfer, <i>Ananaia O'Leary</i>	24
Donations	24
Welcome to New Members.	24
Two Year Profiles, <i>Eileen Prinsen</i>	25
From the Membership Chairman <i>Eileen Prinsen</i>	25
Publicity Report, <i>Pamela Butler</i>	26
Ricardian Reading, <i>Myrna Smith</i>	27
Listserv Report, <i>Pamela Butler</i>	31
Chapter Contacts.	32
Membership Application	32



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2003 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

OCTOBER 3-5, 2003

PHOENIX AIRPORT HILTON
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

KEYNOTE SPEAKER & FEATURED GUEST:
MICHAEL JONES
**RICHARD III AND THE BATTLE OF
BOSWORTH: THE UNTOLD STORY**

The story of this famous battle has been told and re-told to great effect by the winners, the victorious Tudor dynasty. It is their version of events that has largely passed into the history books. But suppose much of it is downright misleading or wrong . . .

What alternative story might Richard III have wished to tell? Drawing on the startling new discoveries in his book, *Bosworth 1485: Psychology of a Battle*, Michael K. Jones will offer a radical reappraisal of this clash of arms and the king who fought and died there. He will argue for an alternative battle site and for the first time give Richard a legitimate cause to fight for. The battle will not be decided by God's moral judgment, or an inevitable betrayal, but by extraordinary chance.

Mike taught medieval history at Glasgow University and Winchester College and now works freelance as a writer and presenter. He is the author of a biography of Lady Margaret Beaufort, *The King's Mother* (CUP, 1992) and numerous articles on the Wars of the Roses. His most recent book, *Bosworth 1485: Psychology of a Battle*, was published by Tempus/Arcadia last year.

Activities will include the Friday evening Hospitality, Luncheon Meeting and Workshops on Saturday, a Saturday evening Banquet and the Shallek Memorial Breakfast on Sunday.

Plans are being made as we go to press, so look for a mailing in mid-July with further details and registration forms.

REMEMBERING GEOFFREY RICHARDSON

Geoffrey Richardson came into my life via letter and fax in Fall, 1996, in contrast to the e-mail virtuosity which later become his signature communication. He wrote to introduce his book on the War of the Roses, *The Hollow Crowns*, and expressed his regret he was unable to join the American Branch in the City of Brotherly Love (for our AGM), envying us the opportunity to meet and discuss Paul Murray Kendall, whom he greatly admired. (Who had not, “unfortunately for Richard and all Ricardians, taken the final quantum leap towards which all his arguments led and which, as luck would have it, I have felt able, or rather compelled to take for him.”) I thought at the time, here we go again . . .

When Geoffrey happily began writing for the *Register* (see *Bones of Towton*, Fall 1998), our e-mails became more frequent and more personal. Engaging the modem to find an e-mail from Geoffrey was to enjoy a warm light in one’s mailbox. That light burned brightly, scolding, cajoling, teasing, supporting and — most of all — passionately sharing his tremendous knowledge. The most remarkable part of his great ethernet presence was he was thus to so very many.



Cub Scout, aged 7 or 8

This man must have sprung forth at birth with a total command of words; he used that gift freely and to great result. He appeared to have total recall of everything he had ever read, and an eagerness to not only absorb the knowledge gained but take the further step to analyze and humanize and share his interpretation of it with those less endowed.

I regularly shared with him the foibles of dealing with clients in my printing business, and the vicissitudes of the various newsletters we produce. He was highly amused with the composition of my clients and interested in what services I performed. He wrote in 1998:

My own finest hour, just before I retired, was to provide a totally original International Code of Practice for the accurate and truthful fibre-content marking of Woolen and Worsted fabrics. I had been writing “official” documents for the best part of 40 years — and nary a one was a Code of Practice, so I got hold of a similar document for ecological honey producers and used exactly the same plot-plan for mine. Would you believe it took off like a rocket and they are still using it six years later!

Yes, I believe it. He was obviously a very smart man.

When I mentioned that I was working on the *Tennessee Williams Literary Journal*, he left me ROTFL (as we e-mail people like to say):

Strangely enough — I also KNOW Stanley Kowalski — my beloved Brother Bill who used to do all the cooking in NYC, and he was damned good in his day, but if any of his women-folk were dumb enough to “suggest” that this or

that other “might” have done with something or other different, he would clear their plates Kowalski style. They had such messy walls for awhile until the lasses learned SENSE. Me, I was chicken from day one (and I liked his cooking anyway) so every dish one said LOUDLY, “Oh Willy, you did it again!” That way, you got to finish it and he would open another bottle of bourbon as well. I’m no fool.

Geoffrey retired in 1993 to care for his ailing wife, Betty. His retirement present, by his request, was as many books on the Wars of the Roses and that era as possible.

As late as 1998, he was still filling in for his old company, producing statistical interpretation and composing detailed tables which he lamented he had never been able to pound into them. As he gleefully noted, this effort kept him in pencils, paperclips and fax machines!

Never one to fritter away his time and energy, he returned to an early love of the military history of England, and determined to produce a book that had not ever been written, a history of the battles of the Wars of the Roses. He referred to his books as Opus No. (whichever was underway); once they were published, he and his friends on the Later Medieval Britain e-mail list called them the “doorstoppers”, distinguishing one from the other by the color of the cover. His books were distributed at schools and libraries and museums, most often as a donation. For the cause of Richard III, he was willing to go to most any venue and speak or instruct.



Geoffrey and Betty’s wedding

In 1999, when he agreed to my request for an article on Richard’s “friends,” (see *Cat and the Rat and the Dog*, Winter 1998), Geoffrey wrote:

You will see from my further posting in response to answers on my query, that I do indeed think Catesby MUST have been playing both ends against the middle. He undoubtedly backed the Deceivers in getting rid of Hastings so he could take over much of that poor old fool’s land-holdings. And, having been sucked in by as such as Morton and Beaufort, he would not get off the hook until he had done whatever they could get from him against their other enemies — and we both know who number one target in that field was!

And then, mission accomplished, get rid of the sucker before he has time to open his mouth. Things haven't changed much really, have they? If you know people now, you know them then, no question. I only hope that one day I can have the time and the material to get further than I have been able to do to now — and I wouldn't have got anywhere at all if you hadn't asked me to do the piece.



Geoffrey at 25 sitting on the Delph in Clayton, where he was born

The writing of the article tasked him more than I had intended, but Geoffrey rose to the occasion, researching with Geoffrey Wheeler the availability of family coats of arms on the “friends.” I did so hope he would be able to write further on his insights on Catesby’s behavior. I believe the material was used to later develop his talk on the Henchmen.

As confident and out-spoken as he was in his own powers of deduction, Geoffrey could ruffle feathers of those who disagreed. He was totally unyielding in his belief that Richard was innocent of the bad rap history has dealt him and felt strongly that the Society founded in his name should boldly state no less as part of its mission. He was also insistent on pressing a re-examination of the bones in Westminster Abbey, which put him at odds with some Ricardians.

His is an amazing example — most of his life a businessman, husband and father, with no formal academic background in history, at 68 years of age he published his first book, followed by four more in the next 6 years. His is a shining example of the power of one, to inspire and share and educate. In the words of Emerson, “Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.”

We — and Richard — have lost a good friend. I will not ever now have that beer with him in Masham, as so often promised. This will remain one of my larger regrets.

Carole Rike

Following are short remembrances of Geoffrey from various Ricardian friends and his daughter, Jane, and his niece, Brenda Skogg:

Jane Ridsdale

What I remember about my Dad.

There is one time that I can remember as being the best and proudest memory I have of my Dad and that was the year 1983, 20 years to the day, that he received his OBE.

Not many of you will know, but my Dad was awarded this medal for Services to the Woolen Trade and my Mum, Dad and myself were invited to Buckingham Palace to witness the occasion, and what an occasion it was.

My Dad had to leave my Mum and me and he went off in another direction. My Mum and I were gobsmacked to say the least at all the art work on the walls as we went to our seats. I was so awed with everything, I fell over the red

carpet, and the Beefeater guy who was taking us to our seats must have felt sorry for me, cos he gave us seats right at the front where we could see everything.

It was my Dad’s wish that the Queen would be the member of the Royal Family to present him with his medal, as at that time, she was the only one that he hadn’t met before, and bless him, he got his wish.

All the recipients came in alphabetical order, stood before the Queen, bowed and got their medals pinned on. I remember David Putnam, the film director, got his medal before my Dad, and I was thrilled about that, but when it came to my Dad’s turn, I got a big lump in my throat. I wanted to stand up and shout, “that’s my Dad,” but realised that wouldn’t be appropriate.



Geoffrey with his OBE award

After the ceremony was over, the *Telegraph* and *Argus* (Bradford’s local evening newspaper) took a lovely picture of my Dad, which I have enclosed with this and looking at it now, it is a fitting tribute to a man who gave so much of his time to the trade that he loved.

This comes with love from me, to my Dad, and Dad, I miss you a lot.

Brenda Skogg.

Geoffrey was born, the youngest of three boys, to Ellen (nee Brewer) and Lewis Nicholls Richardson, on 8th November, 1929. He was born at 17 The Avenue, Clayton, Bradford, Yorkshire, and spent most of his childhood at that address. Geoffrey, when we used to sit around talking, or when he wrote something to us about the past, used to say “It’s a long way from 17 The Avenue.” Geoffrey attended the Church School in Clayton and then followed his two older brothers, Ken and Bill, to Thornton Grammar School, across the Delph from Clayton. He used to walk across to school every morning, go home for lunch, walk back to school and then in the afternoon, he would walk back home to Clayton. Quite a few miles, across the fields and streams and through the woods, each day, summer or winter.

Following school, as I remember him, he was like all brash youths, a bit of a tearaway and my husband, Ernie, reminded me the other day that Geoffrey said the best thing that happened to him after leaving school, was being conscripted into the Air Force at 18. In those days, England still had compulsory National Service. Many of you may have read some of his reminiscences of that time, when he was stationed in Wales, on the various Lists, but in particular in the archives of the LMB List.

My personal memories of Geoffrey at this time are many. Geoffrey was only 13 when I was born, so rather

than being an "Uncle," he was more like a big brother to me and to my brother, David, who Geoffrey spoiled disgracefully. He was also at an age when pocket money never went far enough and so he was occasionally to be found baby-sitting his young niece and nephew. I am afraid, looking back, one would have to say that he was not the ideal choice to leave in charge of two tender-hearted innocents. One of his favorite games was one he called "witches." David and I would be huddled in a corner and Geoffrey would come slowly towards us chanting "here comes the witch." And when he had enough of scaring the two babes to death, he would sit us on the kitchen bench and give us a crushed up aspirin in strawberry jam on a spoon to make us sleep, so he could go away and listen to his favorite radio programmes. His only problem being that he had so thoroughly frightened us by that stage that he used to have to lay down on the floor between our two beds and hold a small hand in each one of his until we went to sleep. As we know from another case, he didn't believe it was possible for an Uncle to kill his nephews (or niece), so we survived. I can still see him in his Air Force uniform, tall, thin and very blond, standing on a chair in my Grandma's house, teaching David and me the tune and full words of "Cigaretts and Whisky and Wild, Wild, Women." We were 5 and 6 years old!

When Geoffrey was released from his temporary confinement in the Air Force, he met his beloved Betty, almost immediately, at a dance in Clayton I seem to remember. It was probably about 1949. They married in the early 1950's and had two children, first Jane and then John. In 1951, my parents decided it would be a good thing for us to live in Australia and so I did not see Geoffrey again until he came to visit us in Sydney, when I was 20. In the meantime, every birthday and Christmas brought a money order for 10 shillings, which event was eagerly awaited. One year he sent me a book, *Alice through the Looking Glass*, instead of the money. I wasn't impressed at the time, but I grew to know that it was much more desirable than 10 shillings.

Geoffrey's visit to Sydney was associated with his job with the National Wool Textile Export Corporation. My Dad, Ken, his middle brother, Bill, and Geoffrey had always communicated over the years. When Geoffrey came to Sydney, to discuss tariffs with members of the Australian public service, he came in early February, which in this part of the world, can mean hot and humid. The



Brother Bill captioned this one: Do I know Richard????

temperatures were over 100°F and he had his English, winter suits with him and he hated every minute of it. But we had a lot to catch up on and we made the most of it.

I don't think Geoffrey had reached the dizzy heights of his professional life at that time. He went on to be the Director of the National Wool Textile Export Corporation and traveled extensively, both in Europe and in particular to Japan and America. He had so many wonderful stories to tell about those trips and, being Geoffrey, he was much taken with the tiny Japanese ladies, who immediately told him he was like Jamesa Bondo. What man could resist that? It was a good thing that he had the perfect partner awaiting his return in Yorkshire! I benefitted from his trips to Japan indirectly. Some high-up Japanese official presented him with a perfect pearl ring for Betty. Betty didn't like pearls and so guess who got it?

His trips to America had the added bonus of usually being to New York, and who wouldn't love a trip there every year or so? However, the main cause of pleasure in those trips to New York was that his middle brother, Bill, lived in the Bronx, with his wife and children. My American cousin Lesley adored him too, but like me, she always told him he was an M.C.P.! He was always under the impression that a man should take care of his woman, and she should stay home and take care of the children. It took Lesley and I quite some years to convince him that there was an alternative. So poor Geoffrey got a liberal dose of "feminism" long before it became fashionable. I think it was those times spent in the Bronx in New York that helped form the great friendship that developed between Geoffrey and a U.S.A. Richard III member, Jerry Klein.



Geoffrey's favorite picture of Betty and himself, 1982

Geoffrey, as the Director of the National Wool Textile Export Corporation was awarded an O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire) in the 1983 New Years Honors List, for services to Export. Again, as inevitably happened with anything to do with Geoffrey, I had video taped a programme on the Royal family and their "duties," and as I watched it a few nights later, who do you think they showed receiving an honor from the Queen at Buckingham Palace? They even showed Betty and Jane, who accompanied him to London to be officially awarded the O.B.E., leaving him in the quadrangle and going to the door for the audience.

Before that time, I traveled back to England with my husband, at the age of 22 in the early 1960's and lived in London. It never occurred to me to live elsewhere, which did not sit well with my Uncle. Who wouldn't have wanted to live in London at that time of crazy fashion and the Beatles as it was the center for everything exciting? But

despite our base in London, we traveled to stay with Geoffrey, Betty, Jane and John, when we could. Geoffrey thought we were crazy traveling so far for a weekend, but in Australia we are used to traveling long distances and we thought nothing of the trip from London to Bradford, especially knowing what awaited us when we arrived.

Geoffrey took us around his much loved Yorkshire and taught me again about my heritage and made me love it more than I already did. In one of his last letters to Bill, his brother, and me, he described his last visit to Middleham with Jane to deliver some more books and he said "Is there anywhere in the world more beautiful than the Dales on a perfect day?" He took me on my first trip to Middleham, just after we arrived in England in February 1964. The weather in Yorkshire in February was as appalling to us as the heat in Sydney was to Geoffrey in February. Middleham Castle was not very different to today, but English Heritage hadn't taken the interest in it that it did eventually. There was no bookstall, no specially built viewing ramps and no admission fee. We stood in the cold, damp air of Middleham and felt the history. It was at this time that Geoffrey gave me his copy of *The Daughter of Time*, and so he gained another recruit to Richard's cause. I don't think he ever missed an opportunity then, or later, to further the cause of Richard III. And Betty was a marvelous cook and there was warmth and love as we sat in front of the fire with Jane and John and talked and talked and talked. There were long gaps between the times we were all actually together, but the closeness and love of family, which Geoffrey believed was, in the end, the most important, never dimmed.

Betty was found to have Parkinson's disease, and although every new treatment was tried, it became necessary eventually for her to have a full-time caretaker. Who else would it be but the husband who adored her, and he resigned from his position as Director without hesitation when it became necessary. But he did not sit in front of the television feeling sorry for himself. He nurtured and loved Betty and when he could, he taught himself how to use word processing and wrote a book . . . *The Hollow Crowns*. I am proud to say that he sent me each Chapter as he wrote it, as he did with all his books. They were sent for my enjoyment, not critical acclaim, though he got that, but Pam Benstead, his devoted editor gave him advice as necessary.

After Betty died, Geoffrey came once again to Australia with Jane and Gemma, his Granddaughter, in July 1996. We were no longer living in Sydney, but at Ocean Shores, on the coast near the border of New South Wales and Queensland. We would walk on the white, sandy beach which stretched for miles each morning for about an hour. He never missed one day and loved every minute of it. Then he broke with tradition and instead of having "mi egg" for breakfast, my Canadian husband, Ernie, would make him a huge plate of bacon and eggs. He put lots of weight on, despite the long walks. July is winter here and Geoffrey thought the day-time temperatures of between 70 and 75 degrees were just about perfect. Geoffrey, Jane and Gemma came to Ocean Shores, Australia, again in 1999 and it was during that visit that Geoffrey acquired his love of Australian Shiraz. Geoffrey also brought a video tape of that wonderful time in June 1999, spent at

Middleham where, for the first time, he met so many of his much-loved friends face to face, and so I too got to fit faces to names.

Your esteemed Editor, Carole, has a way of getting information out of people without you even knowing what she is up to! One such occasion began with "I have lots of questions, but the biggest question is — was he always so sure of himself?" I told Carole that I think the answer had to be yes, as much or if not more than most people. However, that didn't mean he couldn't change his mind, given a strong enough argument to make him investigate further. During Geoffrey's trip to Australia between writing *The Hollow Crowns* and *The Deceivers*, we were sitting in the sun on the verandah, and he said he had come to the conclusion that Buckingham "did it," and that wicked man Morton was behind it. I told him I thought Margaret Beaufort was in it up to her neck, just as much as the others and Geoffrey thought I was way off beam. Scraggie Maggie (as we have affectionately come to call her) was a woman and he felt she had no part in it. I pointed out that she was married to Stanley and Henry Tudor's mother, but asked him if he knew that one of her homes was at Deeping, in the territory of the Bishop of Ely . . . Morton. It is also interesting to note that Crowland Abbey, from whence the much-quoted *Chronicles* sprang, is in the same area. My Dad supported me in our efforts! After much laughing and arguing back and forth, Geoffrey said, "Aye, lass, it is something to think on". And he did, and learned much more than me and so Maggie became one of *The Deceivers*. Geoffrey didn't tell me and I didn't find out till he sent me a copy of *The Deceivers*, but I felt so blessed when I read he had dedicated that book to me and my Father, as well, and as ever, to his beloved Betty.

Geoffrey had planned to come to Australia again in July, 2001, but his eldest brother, my father, Ken, died unexpectedly and at the same time, Geoffrey was diagnosed with Mesothelioma. We weren't to meet face to face again, but we had that wonderful invention, e-mails and of course, the telephone. What would we have done without them? In December 2001, Geoffrey wrote in a letter to his brother and me that he had visited the Oncologist and he told us "Like the rest before him, he HAD to comment, after a while, that I didn't seem worried at the prospect of departing this mortal coil and I had to explain that I'm in a win-win situation. I'll keep on as long as I can for the kids and then I'll go and cosy up to my Betty again — what have I got to lose???" And I'm sitting here laughing as I write this, so it must be true."

On 17th March, Geoffrey wrote in a letter to us "Between the oxygen concentrator [I gather it is called] the steroids and the asthma inhalers, I steer a steady, if slightly infirm path towards the sunset and guess it will not get any better than it is right now. However, I can still sit here and type, we will shortly find out if I can write still, since the papers and books are starting to come in now and the book finally took shape in my head. It's all the "thinking about me stuff" practice I had, Bill, that does it. The "Wicked Man" is not Morton at all, it is CATESBY about whom I have pondered [as Brenda knows] since I wrote about him for her Ozzie lecture tour she wanted to launch me on. With him as the central figure I can build the other two in

more easily and look at the whole question — who killed the Princes, who killed Hastings, who killed Buckingham and Richard — from a new angle and end up on Bosworth field with Catesby's demise”.

Geoffrey rang me on the Monday before he died, since I hadn't answered his last e-mail quickly enough! He thought something might be wrong here. Typically, even when he was so sick, he thought of his family. I asked him how the book was progressing and he said he had it all in his head, but that typing it may be too hard physically for him. I suggested that he get a tape recorder and send me the tapes and I would transcribe them for him. I suggested that as his dear Pam Benstead had more knowledge than me, she could edit what I typed for him. He rang me the next night, full of excitement and said he had talked to Pam, and yes, she would help. His son John was bringing him the equipment he thought would be the best for the job. The next day he had his accident, and so it was not to be. Anybody want to do some research on Catesby?

Many of Geoffrey's friends have asked me about the funeral, and like you, living in Australia, I couldn't attend, but his daughter Jane wrote the following to me:

I got some pictures of the lovely roses at the crematorium, (286 white roses sent by Becky on behalf of each member of the LMB list) but because I didn't think they were very good, I took some of the sprays home with me and we took some proper pictures so at least you will be able to see what they looked like. Brenda, they were beautiful. 6 sprays all side by side. We decided to leave a few of the sprays at the crematorium so that they could be given to the BRI, the hospital where my Dad passed away, so that other people can appreciate them as much as I do. The others, as I said, I brought home.

The day was beautiful, Brenda. I couldn't believe how many people turned up. At least 100-200 people were there, most of them from Dad's work, even Peter Ackroyd, who had traveled all the way from Argentina managed to get there. My Dad, bless his heart, was there too, sitting and standing in all different places, just thoroughly enjoying himself. We didn't have any hymns, just music when we came into the place and out of it. The vicar gave a lovely tribute for my Dad. I made sure my families on both sides of the world got mentioned and Gemma's speech just took our breath away and of course Dad had to be there with his hand on her shoulder, guiding her along.

Gemma is Geoffrey's pride and joy. He told me that when she was born, he and Betty went to the hospital to look at the new baby, and when the nurse pointed her out in the nursery, she was so beautiful that they looked at each other and said “that can't be ours.” Gemma is 18 now and she is probably the only one in the family who has not at some time caused him to tear his hair out. She and Jane, her Mother, went to live with Geoffrey when she was only a few years old and when I first met Gemma in 1994, she called Geoffrey “Dad.” She knew and loved her biological Dad, but Geoffrey had nurtured her and encouraged her and supported her in every way for all her life. It was one of his great aims to see her settled in University before he passed on. This he did not achieve, but it was to his great joy that he learned in January that she had been accepted

into the Natural Sciences course at Durham University, the course that she will start later this year. Gemma's wish, since she was about 10 years old has been to become a Vet and if she still wants it in the next few years, you can bet she will achieve it.

Gemma sent me a copy of the eulogy that Jane referred to:

I've often found myself saying this past week that I wish none of this had happened. Having said that line, I recalled several from one of my favorite books. One of Grandad's least too! The line goes, “I wish none of this had happened and yet so do all who live to see such times, but it is not for them to decide. All you have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to you. There are other forces at work in this world besides those of evil”. Here was a very special man who had so many tales to tell, lessons to teach and love to give. I can safely say that he taught me everything I ever needed to know about life. I think that even in his lifetime there were some lessons, tales and love that he couldn't give, but he gave enough for me to love him dearly and his loss is a sad one for me personally, as I'm sure it is for most of you here today.

We all have our own special memories about this man. The one memory that sticks out most in my mind was very recently when I had fallen out with a close friend. I couldn't turn to Mum because frankly, she didn't know what to say or do. Grandad always knew the right thing to say. It was the last time he comforted me and the thing he told me that I'll never forget was that if I ever needed someone to talk to and felt like I was alone, all I had to do was call for him and he'd be there, even in death. He also said that friends, men and whoever else, come and go, but family is forever. I think that's a very important point.

Even in death, he is still teaching me and I think he always will. To me, he was my father figure, my role model, my hero. I don't know if you ever get that feeling that something in your head is talking to you. Even when I was sitting in the hospital beside his bed, I could hear his voice in my head. The first thing he said to me after his death was that I was cheeky for eating his sweets! It was a really weird feeling, but I sensed that he and my Grandma were in the room with me. It's my belief that he made it to her and they're now together again and happy.

The other day I found a card on my Grandad's desk with a verse on it. I was told that it was given to him when Grandma died. I'll finish talking with this verse. As I read this, try and remember what a wonderful man he truly was and remember your happiest moments with him.

Death hides – but it cannot divide. Thou art but on Christ's other side. Thou with Christ and Christ with me and so together still are we.

When Geoffrey did visit us in Australia, his bed was in the same room as my computer. We were early risers and of course, went for that well-loved beach walk each morning, but before I had even arisen, Geoffrey had been on the computer, accessed all my e-mails from the Lists and had answered half of them before I even had a chance to read them. He typed with two fingers, but at such a speed. A

few times I had to say “you can’t say that from my computer address,” but who could stop him?

Apart from his books, the enormous number of e-mails he exchanged with his ever-growing number of acquaintances and fellow champions of Richard III, brought him so many dear friends. In addition, there were those he “talked” to about battles (his initial interest). I think he could have taken someone around the battle site at Gettysburg, which he visited on quite a number of occasions, and on which he read many books, just as well as he did his “tour” of Towton. Each one of you enriched his life and in turn, I and the rest of his family, thank you for the overwhelming outpouring of love that occurred following his death. I knew he was popular with so many, but the messages that have been received by his family are beyond anything I have experienced. Thank you all so much.

At the end of the Beatles’ album, Abbey Road, there is a line which I think fits Geoffrey to perfection:

AND IN THE END, THE LOVE YOU TAKE IS EQUAL TO THE LOVE YOU MAKE.

Pam Benstead

Geoffrey Richardson died peacefully in his sleep on Thursday May 8th, following a fall. His family was with him. The funeral was held on Friday May 16th at Bradford’s Scholemoor Crematorium, which was packed out in honour of a very popular man. Bunches of white roses, 286 in total, one for every member of the Later Medieval Britain email discussion list, decorated the crematorium, together with wreaths from the Worcestershire and the Yorkshire Branches.

His family are very proud of the innumerable email tributes from all over the world to this remarkable man, whose second career as an author of books about Richard III and the families involved in the Wars of the Roses made him extremely popular amongst Ricardians. Many have become interested in Richard III thanks to reading his fascinating books.

The Worcestershire Branch had just made him an honorary member and Geoffrey was delighted. He will stay an honorary member of the branch for as long as it exists, and his daughter will receive copies of “Dickon Independent.”

The Hollow Crowns, his first book published in 1996, was also the first to cover all the battles of the Wars of the Roses in one volume.

Inspiration struck as he worked through all the battles, puzzling about who had killed the Princes in the Tower, and he presented his radical solution in an appendix. This generated a lot of interest and he developed his theories to produce *The Deceivers*, published in 1997, which lays the blame for the deaths of the Princes in the Tower and the defeat of Richard III at Bosworth squarely at the door of three people.

Three more books followed, each one telling the story of three of the greatest families who influenced the course of the Wars of the Roses:

- *The Lordly Ones* is the history of the Neville family (1998)
- *The Popinjays* is the history of the Woodvilles (2000)
- *A Pride of Bastards* is the history of the Beauforts (2002)

Each one broke new ground by being the first ever history of each family, and *The Popinjays* was the first medieval history to be published in England in 2000. It’s also the one in which I’m honoured to share the dedication with Judy Pimental and, most importantly, Betty Richardson.



Geoffrey and Pam Benstead at
the Crooked Billet

Geoffrey was a kind, generous friend who made me and my husband feel at ease immediately when we met for the first time at Middleham Castle in 1999. I first got to know him when I wrote to him with some minor corrections, and he promptly invited me to proof read any future books! I remember spending one birthday working through *The Lordly Ones*, as he was running out of time for getting it published, but I didn’t mind at all.

When we met at Middleham I picked up another precious package — *The Popinjays*. Geoffrey also joined us on the last day to give us his Towton Tour, including Saxton Church, the Lead Chapel, and the giant Yorkshire pudding at the Crooked Billet! That holiday is the best I’ve ever had.

The following year Geoffrey came to Worcester in May to talk to the branch about Richard’s henchmen, spending the weekend with us. The talk went well and members were keen to talk to him afterwards and buy copies of his books. He loved that informal bit, chatting to people and sharing his vast store of knowledge about Richard.

Geoffrey donated copies of all his books to our branch library, and also gave signed copies to send to two members who had suffered strokes. When I asked for some copies to sell at Tewkesbury last year, he immediately said we could keep the profits for the branch, a very generous gesture indeed.

His long experience of explaining obtuse government publications to plain-speaking mill owners in Yorkshire and Scotland stood him in good stead when it came to writing his books in clear attractive prose. His recipe for producing his books was to read all he could find, digest it, then tell it how he thought it happened, while remembering to put the story into history.

(Pam is editor of the Dickon Independent, the newsletter of the Worcester Branch)

Peggy Allen

Geoffrey’s Pun

Geoffrey autographed a complete set of his books for me one day last fall. When the books came, I eagerly looked through them to see what he had written. The inscriptions’ date – 05-11-2002 – caught my attention. November 5 has always been a special date for me, my mother’s birthday. It’s also a special date in English history, Guy Fawkes’ Day, noteworthy to Ricardians even

Richardson

though it commemorates an event more than 100 years after “our” period.

The inscription in *The Popinjays*, Geoffrey’s book about Elizabeth Woodville and her family, showed that Geoffrey took note of the date, too. It reads, “An appropriate day to send a book about a real little ‘cracker’.”

Of course, the “cracker” refers to Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot – firecrackers. And there are at least two dictionary senses of “cracker” that could apply to Elizabeth Woodville, maybe three. Check the *OED* and draw your own conclusions.

I’m sorry I only knew Geoffrey through his published writings and via e-mail. He was generous with his e-mails. Generous, too, he was to *The Ricardian Register*, providing this journal with so many articles that he was designated “Special Correspondent – Yorkshire” on its masthead. And many American Ricardians have testified publicly to his generosity: He gave them his time and knowledge, personally guiding them to historical sites when they were touring his beloved Yorkshire.

Fare thee well, Geoffrey. We will miss your many generousities.

Sandra Worth

I first met Geoffrey Richardson in Middleham in July 2000. True to form, he had chosen to stay at the one inn that bore Richard’s name, The Richard III Hotel, though the amenities were better elsewhere. He was seated in the back garden when I walked up to introduce myself, husband and daughter in tow. I’d come to know Geoffrey through the Later Medieval List of which I was a member at the time, and though the discussions often raged raucous, his voice remained restrained and reasonable. I considered him a friend even before meeting him at Middleham that summer.

As I expected, in person he was gracious, cordial and every inch a true gentleman. With typical generosity, he took us on a lengthy tour of Ricardian sites, including the Towton battlefield — a tour he had not tired of giving on numerous other occasions for friends and strangers alike. Afterwards, we all enjoyed Yorkshire pudding at the historic pub, The Crooked Billet, where Warwick is said to have set up his headquarters during the battle of Towton, and which still bears the Neville arms on the sign.

After the death of his beloved wife, Geoffrey gave his heart over to Richard and dedicated himself to setting the record straight. He wrote books, gave lectures and tours, and founded a new Richard discussion group on the internet. His books were all dedicated to his “lovely Betty” and when the last one was completed and sent off into the world, he took his leave.

I was always impressed by his way with words, and his resourcefulness in finding opportunities to promote Richard in newspapers and on radio. He encountered many setbacks, yet he remained resilient and undeterred. Accorded the Order of the British Empire by the Queen, a considerable honor, he nevertheless remained humble and without airs. Now that Geoffrey’s presence is lost to us, I can’t help thinking that he embodied something of Rudyard Kipling’s perfect man, the one who could talk with crowds and keep his virtue, and walk with Kings nor lose the common touch. We’ll miss him.



Clockwise (Walter Worth, Roo Vaccara, Phil Vaccara, Becky Vaccara, Geoffrey Richardson, Sandra Worth)

Anne Smith

Geoffrey did not believe in fiction — he told me he would probably never read my novel — but that didn’t stop him from e-mailing me privately on a wealth of general information from piss buckets for the wool trade to battle details to help me be more accurate. We toured Towton field on a windswept May day and I listened with fascination as he relived every moment of the battle. I could practically see the writhing, bloody bodies in the stream and hear the whirring arrows cascading down from overhead. Ee by gum, he was impressive! I regret I didn’t force him to read my chapter on how the princes were dispensed with — *The Deceivers* gave me the idea and I ran with it. I have a lot to thank him for and I shall miss him — even his right-wing politics!

Jacqueline Bloomquist

I had not met Geoffrey in person, but, we began a correspondence via e-mail about 1997 when I wrote him about a point he made in an article printed in the *Register*. I ordered one of his books *The Deceivers* and he autographed it for me. Of course once I read one of Geoffrey’s books I had to read them all and he autographed each one for me, which adds to their value.

We exchanged Christmas cards and each one Geoffrey sent had a beautiful handwritten message inside for me. These along with post cards and a booklet on York Minster are in my Ricardian treasure box.

He wanted to know all about me and my family and what it was like living first in Berkeley, California and then in Nevada, a transfer he never could quite get used to. His comment wondering if there was “anything there” made me laugh.

He was very proud that he lived in Yorkshire and also he spoke of his late wife Betty with such love and affection that I know they are together again.

My last e-mail from Geoffrey was received about ten days before his death. I had not heard from him in a while and wondered how he was keeping. A mutual friend was also ill here in the States and I asked him to write a little something to cheer him up; Geoffrey came up with the most beautiful letter one could imagine, so poignant that it brought tears to my eyes when I read it and thinking of it now I can tell you that this was a most unusual and beautiful person and I am glad that I had him in my life.

Lois Griffiths

I really appreciate the opportunity to share my memories of Geoffrey. We corresponded about his first book, but we never did meet in person — my husband became too ill to travel after our last trip, but Geoffrey was very encouraging by e-mail, and always held out the hope of a Towton battlefield walk and a giant Yorkshire pudding at the Crooked Billet!

As a military historian, he was interested in our Arnold Expedition Historical Society, and greatly admired Arnold's leadership through the Maine wilderness to Quebec and at Saratoga.

I have all of his books personally inscribed, and we always looked forward to his contributions to r3.org and the LMB list — we will miss his wit and wisdom!

Lorilee McDowell

I knew Geoffrey for just a short time, but I did have some communication with him via email. He was delightful, and although I really didn't "speak" with him that much, I considered him a friend. We chatted about his books some, because they weren't available on Amazon U.S. at that time, and he directed me to Amazon U.K. And then he found out that I was going to be in York that summer of 2000 for the Mystery Plays, and suggested that the Richard III museum in York had the books, and that, since I was going to Sheriff Hutton to meet Linda and the tour, he would be pleased to sign the book for me there. It all worked out just that way, and we had a lovely conversation on a gloomy day, and he did sign the books for me.

And then there was the amazing Towton tour. Wow. He did know his battlefields!

I really like his books. And I tend to agree with his very strong opinions, mostly. He does not mince words! As far as the bones-in-the-Abbey business went, I thought he got a little carried away, and can understand why folks got upset, but I wasn't happy when he left the list. I have always thought that someone ought to be checking out the bones using modern science. (And I giggled at the thought of what they might do with that lovely Wren urn if the bones turned out to be not the Princes!!)

Of course, we knew that Geoffrey was ill, but it's still a shock that he has gone. I will always remember him with great fondness.

Geoffrey was one of those absolutely irreplaceable characters. We will all miss him.

Brian Wainwright

Geoffrey was a remarkable man; he was one of those rare people who make you feel, at first meeting, that you have known them for years, and that your friendship is particularly valued. I met him face-to-face a couple of times, at Sheriff Hutton and Middleham. I knew him best through the Lists and private e-mails. He was passionate in his arguments, and fierce in his belief that Richard III was innocent. As far as he was concerned, it just did not make sense for Richard to have killed the boys, nor could he credit that such a man would have done so vile a deed. I think he had difficulty in understanding why some people did not share his conviction.

Despite his terrible illness, I never once heard him complain about his fate. Indeed he was still cheerful, still very much the old Geoffrey, until the end. Only a few weeks

before his death he was in contact with me over some question of research for his latest book, and although he admitted that the work might be his last, that was the only concession he made.

A generous man, a brave man, and a gentleman. That is how I shall remember him. I am proud and glad to have been reckoned his friend, deeply sorry to have lost him. It is strange to think that he will not be at Middleham this year, for the Festival he loved so much.

Becky Tarantola

As someone who doesn't normally contribute to Real Richard group discussions, but silently lurks about enjoying and learning from the back and forth comments, I felt it important nonetheless to contribute my bit about Geoffrey and how his influence had touched me. I was so very sad to hear of his passing, as he has been someone to whom I looked up to and always looked forward to his postings to the group. It was after four years of reading posts on LMB and reading 3 of his books that I ever thought to thank him for the insight he had given me into RIII and the WOTR. He responded so very thoughtfully, thanking me and encouraged me to look him up when I finally made my visit across the pond.

Geoffrey did care that youngsters were encouraged in history and helped my son, Jacob, (9 years old) with a favor for school this past autumn. It was so like Geoffrey to write as he did to Jacob and Jacob was very excited with what Geoffrey sent him. I am enclosing a copy of his post to Jacob for you all to read (FYI: "Flat Stanley" is a paper doll that travels the world over; Jacob mailed him to Geoffrey). It is with great sadness that I know Jacob and I won't get to meet him when we do finally travel to England, but his writing and kindness has inspired me nevertheless.

September 12, 2002

Flat Stanley scheduled for take-off tonight. Should be with Jake early next week. Leave it entirely to you as to whether you tell him this and risk the perpetual "Didn't it come yet...?" until it does. Or whether 'tis safer to make the usual comforting motherly remarks. Hope he likes it.

P.S. In the interests of safer transit I wrapped it in part of a Lordly Ones cover. Jake might appreciate the soldierliness of the design!!

September 11, 2002

Thought you'd better have a preview of my projected letter to Jake. If this is all right, let me know and I'll post it off tomorrow. Didn't seem appropriate to send it today when we're all thinking of all of you over there. Hope it's OK.

September 12, 2002

Dear Jake:

I hope it's all right calling you Jake. Your name is not very common in England, so you are my first-ever friend called Jake. Thank you for sending me Flat Stanley. He arrived safely yesterday morning, which was lucky because I was just getting ready to set off on an adventure when the mail arrived. So, I took him with me. I had to go to one of our ancient battlefields to take pictures for a website we are making. The field is called Bosworth and it was here, on

August 22nd, 1485 that King Richard III was killed in the fighting. The really interesting thing about it for Flat Stanley is that two of the people on the other side were also called Stanley, though this was their family name, not their first name. They were Lord Thomas Stanley and his brother Sir William and they were both traitors to their King. I told Flat Stanley all about it and he agreed with me that they were not a credit to the name of Stanley. I showed him where the battle lines formed up and where King Richard stood during the fight and I kept trying to get a nice picture of the King's battle standard blowing in the wind, but it wouldn't do it for me. So, Stanley asked if he could try and I said all right and Bingo!

Right away he got it. Flat Stanley's a pretty clever guy with a camera. Then we drove back here to my house and got the film developed and, you know what? Flat Stanley's picture came out perfectly so I said he could have a copy as a souvenir to bring back and show you. Wait till you see it! There, lots of work to do today, so I'd better get on and pack Flat Stanley – and his picture – for return mailing to you. I have tried not to tear him and hope he gets home just as safely as he got here. Please give my regards to all your friends and Mrs. Tanner and your mother.

Pamela J. Butler

My first contact with Geoffrey Richardson was in the fall of 2001, soon after I'd joined the Society, to tell him how much I'd enjoyed reading the first four books he'd written, and that I especially appreciated the map layouts of the battles of the Wars of the Roses, particularly in *The Hollow Crowns*. He graciously expressed gratitude that I'd enjoyed them. He once mentioned that his book, *The Lordly Ones*, which discusses the Neville family history, "was a bestseller by a mile at Raby Castle."

Most of what I know about Geoff was learned through public postings on the listservs. He would often comment about the blunt, straightforward, no-nonsense nature of Yorkshiremen. He sometimes received messages from American correspondents with nuances he didn't fully understand, causing him to lament that "I used to speak fluent American."

In the spring of 2003, he teased several of us who wrote to the Later Medieval Britain list that we put too much credence in the romance between John of Gaunt and Katherine Swynford as represented by Anya Seton's *Katherine*, written half a century ago. I hope to read Geoff's *A Pride of Bastards* in the near future to see his own interpretation of the Beaufort Family.

One of his very last emails to me was sent on February 13, 2003, regarding my planned summer 2003 trip to England. In part, it reads:

While I hate to add to the pile of OT info you have been collecting...I must come in to support what Rainey and Elizabeth have to say about the R3 Museum. I have found it 'curious,' 'different,' 'laid back,' you name it. But it is a genuine historic building in the partial building of which R3 was involved. So go in there and absorb the atmosphere!! I also support the thought of joining in the discussions on August evenings...

On Towton, I doubt I shall make the tour again myself — longevity doth have its price — but you may be able to get

some help from the Battlefield Society or the Yorkshire Branch . . . Have a good time anyway.

Geoffrey Richardson was inspirational in his care for the memory of Richard III and in his work to bring that part of English history into all of our lives. More importantly, Geoffrey Richardson was my friend.

Tamara Mazzei

I originally "met" Geoffrey several years ago on the Later Medieval Britain e-mail discussion list; he helped me with some research I was doing on medieval Lincoln. I was charmed by his willingness to help someone he didn't know, and by his wonderful sense of humor.

My aunt and I received one of Geoffrey's famous tours of Towton in the Spring of 2002. Though Geoff's health was already failing, he met us at the station and gave us a Grand Tour that we'll never forget. Standing at the top of the slope at Towton, Geoffrey described the battle in such a way that I could almost feel the ground shake as horses foundered in the mud. He commented lightly that he wouldn't like to walk across that field at night and it was all I could do to keep from visibly shuddering. The power of his words turned names and statistics into dying men on a battlefield, awaiting the departure of their souls.

Back home in the US, I helped Geoffrey with a website where he could publish some of his articles and opinions online. His dedication to making a great website was nothing short of amazing. After months of scanning, mailing, writing, and organizing, I was especially saddened that Geoff didn't get a chance to see the last article posted and the site officially launched. I think he would be pleased to know that we did get that article online, and there it will stay, as long as I'm around to see that it happens.

Geoffrey often closed his emails, "Best always, Geoff." And that is how I'll remember him. Best always.

(Tamara's website can be viewed at www.trivium.net/realrichard3.)

Wendy Zollo

Geoffrey Richardson, mentored me, laughed with and at me and held out his hand while I faltered on my new Ricardian toes. He moved my chair about so much in LMB remedial it made my *cyber* head spin!

But it was when I asked Geoff if he wanted me to set up RealRichard for him that he became my friend, my demanding boss, my constant worry, and my dearest and deadliest flirt!

The thought of never again receiving any one of those dastardly dramatic, terribly endearing emails saddens me. Yet, I count myself so very fortunate to have known Geoffrey and for him to have valued me enough to work his cause with him. He didn't leave me empty handed though, he left me with the care of RealRichard, memories and a full thermos for remedial . . . which he never did let me graduate from.

(Remedial was a class Geoff tossed together mostly for those of us who weren't yet up to par on all things Ricardian, or who disagreed with him or fooled around too much (that's where all the drinking jokes came from. . . that thermos wasn't full of soup!) It was terribly popular on LMB. We all still refer to it.)

Judy Pimental

“My” Geoffrey

On May 8, 2003, Geoffrey Richardson passed to his greater reward. Friends of his on various e-mail discussion groups, such as LMB and RealRichardIII, were devastated. So were people who frequently argued with him, to the greater education of many. He had made a great impression virtually everywhere he went, and not always a positive one, whether in print or in person. When I saw him for the first time, I could not believe his physical size. Nor his looks, nor his deep and “booming” voice! I recall seeing at least one photo of him in a long-ago issue of the Ricardian Register, accompanying an article by Laura Blanchard. It was not very revealing of the man. When I finally saw Geoffrey face-to-face at Middleham in 1999, I was astounded! The first thought I had was “He looks (and sounds) like Boris Karloff” — who, I believe, was also a Yorkshireman!

In early 1999, Becky Vaccara, then a member of the Richard III Society U.S. Branch, although living in England, formed another e-mail discussion group; many Ricardians began participating in that group, as well as participating in the British and U.S. Branch listservs. It was on LMB that I “met” Geoffrey. The initial group was “settling in,” and there was a lot of “jockeying for position.” Geoffrey’s contributions were always forthright and often argumentative. He always believed unequivocally in Richard’s “innocence”!

I don’t recall how, or why, I began writing to Geoffrey off-list, but we became friendly and, I must admit, I began to feel more than just friendship for him. He sensed it early on, and immediately disabused me of any such notions. So, I settled for “eternal friendship”. At first, he thought me very young, because I was in the process of applying for the Peace Corps. He ultimately became my “parfit gentil knight”, forever. I also had the honor of doing some little editorial work on his then Ricardian work-in-progress — Opus 4, I think. Pam Benstead of the British Society also assisted in the project. Eventually, my Peace Corps appli-



Geoffrey & Pam Benstead at Middleham

cation was accepted, and in January 2000, I went off to Panama for two years and three months. I unsubscribed from the listservs so I would not be distracted from my “mission”. Geoffrey was one of the very few people outside of my family with whom I kept regular e-mail contact.

Six months before I left for Panama, there was the Middleham Festival of the summer of 1999! Marilyn

Jacobs, a true-blue-dyed-in-the-wool Ricardian, decided to hold her 50th birthday party there. With the help of Becky Vaccara and a few other people “on the spot.” she pulled together a fantastic party! At the Castle itself! And I was invited! Becky invited me to stay with her in Magor, Wales, and the Tewkesbury Festival was an added attraction.

Becky, her husband Phil and I, arrived in Middleham and settled in to our respective lodgings. The place looked a lot different from what I remembered from my (in)famous bike trip in the summer of 1981, when I just visited the Castle ruins — there not being much else there, I thought. A horrible thought hit me! I had my camera, but not enough of my preferred film! It was available in Middleham, but not in the large roll. What was I going to do?!!!

What else? I telephoned my parfit gentil knight, who agreed to stop and buy several large rolls for me on his way up to Middleham the day before the party! I walked to his hotel early the next day, and found he had purchased the just right film!

The great party took place, and much amusement was had by all. It coincided with the annual Middleham Festival, so there were many activities available for the enjoyment of the attendees and vicariously by some of the other visitors! — notably, the procession of Queen Anne Neville (Marilynn) to the castle gate, mounted on her destrier “Fergie”, led by her maidservant Judith. Geoffrey invited Becky, her husband Phil and me to see the Towton Battlefield. When we arrived at one of the better spots from which to view the “lay of the land”, I was able to take a “classic” picture of Geoffrey! He was standing some 10-12 feet away from me, on a small mound, and pointing to “that tree over there” as a significant feature of the battlefield layout. Given that Geoffrey was at least 6’4” and I considerably shorter, I had a great view of his extended arm, from well below. I will never forget that lovely summer interlude, nor my parfit gentil knight!

When I got back from my Peace Corps assignment, there were already troubles a-brewing. Geoffrey had kept me up-to-date on some of the occurrences. He had been seriously ill a couple of times while I was away, as I learned from his periodic e-mails. He was not feeling well, but had finished and published Opus 5, and was actually thinking about Opus 6. When word came of Geoffrey’s death, I was stunned but not surprised.

Geoffrey is now at peace, with his beloved wife (who predeceased him by many years). I see him also with Richard, discussing all the events of Richard’s life in thorough detail. Now Geoffrey knows the truth — whatever it might be. The great pity will be that now there is no longer Geoffrey to tell us all about it! I am sure that, in some way, he will be able to communicate with us and tell us the whole story!



Geoffrey at Middleham

THE GULLIBLE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Geoffrey Richardson

This article is based on a talk given to the Baildon Hall Local Historical Society in Yorkshire, on Monday, September 21, 1998.

Summary

Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, has long been regarded as an enigmatic figure. There are five source documents accusing King Richard III of murdering the “Princes in the Tower”, one of which is ambiguous and could be read to mean Richard murdered the Princes on the advice of or by the device of the Duke of Buckingham. Four other source documents directly accuse the Duke of murdering the Princes. As with all source documents, there are problems of interpretation. For example, the Portuguese text that accuses Buckingham of starving the Princes to death has a chronology as well as a credibility problem.

More importantly, there has been up to now a difficulty in appreciating a motive for Buckingham’s revolt against Richard III. Geoffrey Richardson has taken a little-read section of Sir Thomas More’s *Historie of King Richard the Thirde* and adduced reasons for the murders and the subsequent revolt.

Background

Three years ago I decided to try to write a book I had always wanted to read and could never find anywhere: a pure Military History of the Wars of the Roses.

You can — with some trouble — get hold of ancient tracts by Ramsey, Gairdner et al — boring and almost entirely inaccurate, at least where the military side is concerned anyway.

You can — with similar difficulty — read Burne’s accounts of individual battles — first class, but not available as the story of the Wars, and he does cheat now and again and he doesn’t cover all the battles (nothing on Mortimer’s Cross, Wakefield, Hexham, Northampton, for example). And his battlemaps are *very small*. Still, he was about the best available for wide — though incomplete — view.

Some individual writers like Andrew Boardman, Philip Haigh and Peter Hammond, have done excellent books on individual battles, but to cover the whole Wars in the detailed way they do, you would be talking in terms of Runciman’s *History of the Crusades*. And — subject to any correction this morning — I am the only person I have ever met who has read all three volumes of Runciman — and it took me a long time!

So, it seemed to me there was a gap in the coverage which needed filling — and I needed something to occupy my mind — and, as I said, I had always wanted to read the story of the Wars. So I sat down to try and write it and, rather to my surprise I must admit, eventually succeeded in producing a new-style History, comprising all the Battles, in sequence, AND with decent Battlemaps, which I called *The Hollow Crowns*.

So far, so good. BUT I had hit a SNAG.

It happened as I was doing the basic research for the final Chapter which, obviously, covers the brief reign of Richard III leading up to the Battle of Bosworth. I was looking — as I had done so many times before — at Richard’s abrupt (to say the least) execution of his old comrade in arms Lord William Hastings and wondering about it — and about the Duke of Buckingham’s following [and apparently unrelated] revolt — and asking myself for the umpteenth time in my life: Why?

And suddenly — there it was. In a photo-copied extract I must have looked at a dozen times over the years was one short passage which had never really registered before. It comes from Thomas More, as related by Paul Kendall, when he is talking about the aftermath of the famous “Strawberry Meeting” in the Tower — immortalized by Shakespeare — from which Lord Hastings was led out to execution, and states:

Hastings’ colleagues (in the conspiracy) got off very lightly. Two of them were, after all, Bishops. The ineffectual Rotherham (he was Archbishop of York) suffered only a brief imprisonment.

And then, the Punch Line:

At Buckingham’s request, John Morton was despatched to the Duke’s favourite castle of Brecknock, where he was comfortably lodged.

The one concept which had never registered before is in the first three words: “At Buckingham’s request...” And, as usual, I asked myself “Why” and one thought led to another, and then, quite suddenly, the light dawned, and I knew why Hastings must have died as he did AND much more important — I knew who was really responsible for the murder of the Princes in the Tower.

BUT then — the snag I mentioned earlier: How do I put this into a Book of Battles? It doesn’t fit the theme, how could it? Do I forget it? I can’t — it’s too important. Do I rewrite the book? I can’t just chuck all the work away and start again. To cut a long story short, I compromised: I left it out of the Book-proper and added an Appendix which I called: “Who Killed the King?”

And now, we can go on to “the most famous mystery in the annals of English History” — so called by the almost equally famous American historian, Paul Kendall, and namely the murder of the sons of Edward IV.

I am sorry it has taken a while to reach the subject as advertised, but I thought you might be interested in how I got to what I am going to talk about today. You may also wonder why other historians, using the same materials I had, seem to have missed the main point.

So, at last — let me take you back to a warm mid-June day in London in 1483. A pleasant Summer in prospect — the strawberries in Holburn are already showing at their best — and William lord Hastings has been cold in his grave these past four days. John Morton, Bishop of Ely and member of the King’s Council, is staying at the London

residence of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham principal ally of the Lord Protector, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Morton is awaiting completion of arrangements for his reception at Buckingham's castle in Brecknock (Brecon we call it today) and passes as much time as may be with his gentle jailer.

At first glance the two are an ill-assorted pair. Buckingham is just past 30, a lover of fine clothing — quite a dandy in fact — young and overweight — proud, volatile, talking constantly, voice often rising to make his points, obviously ever-conscious of his royal ancestry. Morton is well past his sixtieth birthday, short and plump from good-living, grey, round-faced —almost cherubic — with his shrewd, watchful eyes always on Buckingham, noting every gesture, every inflection, and ever ready to encourage the noble Duke's flow of words with a well-weighed comment or question and to help conclusions to be reached through a final summary of immaculate logic.

Henry Stafford, is the second Duke of Buckingham. The first Duke, his Lancastrian grandfather, was wounded at the First Battle of St. Albans in 1455. Young Henry succeeded to the Dukedom after the Battle of Northampton in July 1460, where his grandfather — again acting as chief supporter of Henry VI — was less-lucky than at St Albans and was killed in the fighting.

Buckingham was only a boy when he became Duke and, still short of his teens, he found the arrangement of his marriage had been gifted by a doting Edward IV to his wife Elizabeth Woodville, who wasted no time in marrying off this wealthy, direct descendant of Edward III to her sister Katherine who was some years older than her groom. Such differences in age were not an obstacle to worry the grasping Woodvilles overmuch — the Queen also married one of her young brothers off to the 80 year old Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, who was also an aunt of Warwick the Kingmaker, but that's part of another story.

Equally, neither Queen nor bride were concerned that Buckingham himself was not keen on the match — which, by all accounts, is putting it very mildly indeed. The young lord was very conscious of his descent in the direct male line from Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III, and his royal blood-line was reinforced through his mother, who was a Beaufort, directly, if illegitimately, descended from John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III.

There can be no doubt that Buckingham bitterly resented his forced marriage with a commoner, dowerless, and much older than he and this feeling was exacerbated as he came to manhood by his treatment by Edward who, doubtless under the influence of his Queen — and she resentful of Buckingham's coldness towards her sister and all her family — kept this high-born Duke from any of the high offices of State.

Buckingham, seeing the pointlessness of pressing his cause, stayed away from court and lived mainly at Brecknock, nursing his grievances. Years later, when news of Edward's death arrived, Buckingham was quick to see and to seize his opportunity for revenge, and he armed himself, gathered his men and took horse, north and eastwards to join with Richard Duke of Gloucester.

John Morton's life had lasted twice as long as Buckingham's and had, perforce, been lived much more

fully. Born in 1420, the eldest of five sons of a small Dorset landowner, he was educated at Cerne Abbey (where his uncle was Prior) and at Balliol College Oxford. He took deacon's and prior's orders in 1446 and by the time he was 31 he was Doctor of Civil and Cannon Law. His legal practice gradually gravitated towards the London courts, where the real money was and where he soon made a name and was commended to the King's notice by Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.

By the Palm Sunday of 1461 when Towton was fought, Morton was Clerk to Henry VI's privy council and high in the King's confidence. I'm sure he was with the King and Queen in York Minster praying fervently — and fruitlessly — throughout the battle. After Lancaster's defeat, when the Duke of Norfolk's division arrived late and drove into Lancaster's left wing, turning their line and progressively sweeping the Red Rose army to catastrophe down those awful, icy slopes of the Cock Beck ravine, he fled with the royal party to Scotland and thence to France, where he stayed with the Queen, Margaret of Anjou's court-in-exile for eight years.

At the end of this period, he helped Louis XI, the Spider King of France, to negotiate an unlikely alliance between Margaret and the Kingmaker and came back to England with Warwick as watchdog for Margaret. But when Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick, had died at Barnet, and Lancaster's cause was finally destroyed three weeks later at Tewkesbury, Morton decided enough was enough and made his submission to Edward.

Edward IV was glad to have so experienced a civil servant as Morton working for him and made him Master of the Rolls with a brief to sort out the royal Council's records and install — for the first time — a proper filing system. The task took him three years, but he did it so well that Edward promoted him to be his chief adviser on fund-raising, where he came up with the idea of what he called Benevolences which provided much of the needed funding for Edward's French invasion, and for this, the King put him in the English negotiating team which successfully worked out the peace treaty with Louis of France. This netted Morton a major share of the largesse Louis gave to the English negotiators and raised his stock with Edward higher than ever.

Returned home, Morton cultivated contacts with the Woodville family, particularly Queen Elizabeth and her sons by her first marriage, Dorset and Grey, and through their influence and because of his own high regard for Morton's work, the King nominated John Morton as Bishop of Ely following the death of the incumbent in August 1478. Morton, short of his sixtieth birthday, stood high in the favour of his King and the royal family, with a rich Bishopric, a seat on the Great Council, wealth, lands, and a commission to instruct the Prince of Wales in the virtues becoming to a future king.

And, I firmly believe he was an unreconstructed Lancastrian, still hungry for vengeance on the House of York.

So then, back to London in the June of 1483, where, after two or three days of companionable living with his new, pliant friend, Henry Stafford, Morton was sent on his way to Brecknock, well escorted and provided with all things

necessary to a comfortable journey. With him he had books and papers which he expected would help to pass the time of his temporary exile, pending the arrival of Buckingham, who had important business to transact in London.

The Bastards

This stemmed from a visit two or three weeks previously, by Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and a former Chancellor to King Edward, who had visited Richard of Gloucester secretly and revealed that his brother Edward had made a binding betrothal to Lady Eleanor Butler prior to his marriage to Elizabeth Woodville. The legal effect of this arrangement made Edward's union with his Queen bigamous and the children of the marriage illegitimate. There was no way Edward V, or his younger brother Richard, could follow their father on England's throne. The only feasible successor now was Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

I am sure that Richard of Gloucester told Buckingham about Stillington's revelation and asked his advice, and — given Buckingham's background and his hatred of the Woodvilles — there can be no doubt that he would have encouraged Richard to take the crown. And, I have become equally sure that what Stillington told Richard also provided the final impetus to events leading to the death of Hastings. But that, again, is another story. Immediately, we are concerned with the actions of Richard the Lord Protector of England and Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham in response to the news brought by Stillington.

On June 25, 1483, 12 days after Hastings' execution, the Lords, Commons and Clergy of England met at Westminster, where they had originally been summoned to meet their new-crowned King, Edward V. Instead, they were told by Buckingham that the children of Edward IV were barred from the throne by their bastardy, and that the only logical successor to prevent a return to constant civil war was Edward's brother Richard of Gloucester.

The next day, the three Estates of the Kingdom formally presented themselves at Baynard's Castle, the London home of Cecily Neville, Richard's mother, where he was staying, and through their spokesman, Buckingham, begged Richard to accept the crown. With some reluctance, Richard accepted and was acclaimed by all those present as Richard, King of England and France. His coronation was set for Sunday, July 6th, 1483.

Richard's crowning was the most magnificent royal occasion anyone could remember and Buckingham, taking on the Master of Ceremonies role traditionally held by the Duke of Norfolk as Hereditary Earl Marshal, enjoyed himself hugely. The feasts and functions following the coronation enabled him to change costume regularly and there was much comment on the gorgeous garments he wore. Cloth of gold was not in it!

He also did very well out of the division of the spoils, being made Great Chamberlain — which had been Lord Hastings' Office — as well as Constable of the kingdom which gave him the right to enter all royal castles and fortresses at any time and made him — other than the King himself — the only man in England empowered to raise armed levies. In monetary terms, he also benefitted quite hugely, recovering 50 manors worth 700 pounds per year, long claimed by his family, but which had pertained to the

crown since Henry VI's days. In case the sum in question does not sound very much to our modern ears, the equivalent sum today would be around 1.25 million pounds per annum, which is not a bad return for four months' work.

As a new King, not too widely known outside his own Yorkshire estates, Richard intended to make a royal progress around his realm showing himself to his people and ending at York — his favourite city — which would climax in further ceremonial, so magnificent that some sources reported it as a second crowning ceremony, and he started this tour a week after the coronation, heading west to Reading, Oxford, and on by easy stages to Gloucester, and turning north and easterly there, up through the Midlands towards York and Home.

Buckingham supervised the royal departure and stayed for a short space in London to make sure there were no untoward developments during the new King's absence. Then — full of himself, his new ranks and titles, his added wealth, the honour shown to him by the King, his own blood — royal at last receiving its due acknowledgment — he set out for Brecknock to make arrangements for the recovery of his estates and to share his delight in his new-found, AND rightful, glory with his so-called 'prisoner', John Morton.

The Bishop of Ely was not unaware of developments in London. He had been kept fully informed through regular visits by Reginald Bray, steward to Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and wife to Lord Thomas Stanley. The Countess was Buckingham's aunt by marriage and she and Lord Stanley had also been shown particular favour during the coronation ceremonies. One further — and QUITE important — distinguishing factor: Margaret Beaufort was mother to Henry Tudor and the indefatigable proponent of his groundless pretensions to the English throne. And so, by the time Buckingham got home to Brecknock, Morton was already well briefed on recent events and had — with the active collaboration of Margaret Beaufort — devised a plan for using his mental dominance of Henry Stafford to forward their scheme for the downfall of the House of Plantagenet of York.

Quite simply, my research indicates that with Hastings gone (and I believe Morton was deeply involved in that particular affair) Morton saw very clearly that Buckingham was Richard's only substantial remaining property within the Kingdom. There was mutual dislike between the new King and the rump of the Nevilles, and between Richard and the Percies — Earls of Northumberland. Stanley, who controlled much of the northwest, was a trimmer, AND stepfather to Henry Tudor, and the south and southwest of England was still Beaufort country to a large extent. With Buckingham removed from the reckoning, Richard could count only the Yorkshiremen and "the Men of Norfolk" as certain supporters.

So, when Buckingham returned full of his own importance, the new Great Chamberlain, the new Constable of England, and a million pounds a year richer — and all of it due to his own shrewd choice of leader and that leader's recognition of his help — Morton, while lavish with his praise for Buckingham, immediately and skillfully planted seeds of worry and doubt in the Duke's mind.

Don't take my word for it, you can read it in 8t Thomas More's *Histone of Richard the Thirde* — the verbatim report, which can only have come from Morton himself, of his talks with Buckingham, and which “breaks off” as the crunch point is reached, to be completed 60 years later in Hardyng's *Chronicle*.

According to Hardyng, following a merry rendition of one of Aesop's fables (the closing part of More's account) which Morton shrewdly slants to reflect discreditably on the King and, conversely, to show Buckingham up in a very good light, the Duke opened his whole heart to Morton — whatever that may have involved — and the two of them immediately go on to devise a scheme of rebellion favouring the return from exile of Henry Tudor, who would marry Richard's niece, Elizabeth, and rightfully repossess the throne as the true heir of Lancaster.

Ridiculous, isn't it? But, you know, I believe it DID happen. I believe the basic account of this discussion came direct from Morton's own papers, and the only change the Lord Cardinal-Archbishop made to the script is the timing. This particular dialogue happened AFTER Richard and Buckingham had a very major falling-out at Gloucester during Richard's royal progress and not, as More indicates, prior to the coronation.

However, back to Morton's brainwashing of the gullible Buckingham. There can be no doubt that Morton in intellectual terms was immeasurably superior to Buckingham, Thomas More tells us that Morton had “...no equal in the wisdom — the knowledge of the ways of men —” and the ways of applying it to ensure his mental inferiors reached desired conclusions and then followed indicated courses. He would have made the “Yes Minister” team look like rank amateurs!

In here (He shows copy of book, *The Hollow Crowns*) I have called Morton the English Machiavelli, with one important difference: the Italian wrote about the ruthless acts often required of a Prince — a Master of Men — to ensure his will was done, Morton carried them out.

On this occasion, I believe Morton double-deceived Buckingham. On the one hand he made him believe that Richard's throne — and hence Buckingham's new-found grandeur — was not secure, certainly not so long as Edward's sons were alive. And, on the other, he made clear that while Richard would do nothing himself against his beloved brother's children, he would be bound to be eternally and immoderately grateful to any true friend who would rid his Kingdom of these (potentially) turbulent princes!

The Murders

Buckingham, as Constable, had immediate access at any hour to the Tower where the boys were lodged and I am certain he lost no time in spurring back down the road to London, where he supervised, in total secrecy, the murder of the Princes in the Tower, Edward and Richard, at the beginning of the last week of July, 1483. He then chased after the King to tell him of his action — his deed of ultimate fidelity — and caught up with the royal train at Gloucester as the month drew to a close.

Richard would have responded immediately to Henry Stafford's request for a private audience, little expecting the revelation which was to come, and must have been

horror-struck and terribly enraged by what Buckingham had to tell him. He must have considered immediate seizure and execution for his erstwhile friend and closest counsellor, but just as quickly would have realized that because of Buckingham's closeness to him throughout the trying times since Edward's death, just over three months, it would have been supposed that he himself must have been involved in the killing of his nephews, perhaps even that he had ordered their deaths.

I believe, therefore, that he decided revenge was a dish best eaten cold and decided he must continue with the all-important tour of his new realm, complete it, and then deal with Buckingham after establishing himself as the new ruler. Meantime, he ordered Buckingham to stay at Brecknock, to keep away from the levers of power in London and to await further word from his King. Henry Stafford left Gloucester without further ado and the two men never met again.

While Richard continued onwards from the West country, Buckingham returned to Wales to tell the Bishop of Ely his tale of woe, of the King's appalling ingratitude to his most faithful friend and kinsman, which John Morton, clearly, would have seemed to view with equal astonishment and disgust. He would also be ready with further advice on the best future course when Buckingham turned to him for it. And THEN, most logically, would have come Hardyng's completion of More's little tale as John Morton led Henry Stafford further down the slippery road which would lead in short course, to his further dishonour and death.

Morton undoubtedly involved Buckingham in the conspiracy then developing between the rump of the Woodvilles and the Lancastrian remnants, controlled by Margaret Beaufort, which they expected would be reinforced by a mighty French invasion force led by Margaret Beaufort's only son, Henry Tudor. It didn't quite turn out that way, but it was Buckingham's only viable last throw — if Richard and his throne survived, Buckingham was dead. He could flee to exile and lose everything — lands, honours, titles, all of it — or, like Macbeth, he could “try the last” and become involved in the replacement of Richard with a new King, which is what he did.

Unhappily for him, the revolt went off at half-cock. The Kentishmen and Men of Kent jumped the gun by two weeks and their solo opening was easily quelled by John Howard, Duke of Norfolk. Buckingham's army of Welsh and West Country men melted away under torrential Autumnal downpours and he was betrayed to the county Sheriff by a former-servant with whom he took shelter. Henry Tudor's smaller-than-expected invasion force appeared briefly off the south coast and returned to France without striking a blow.

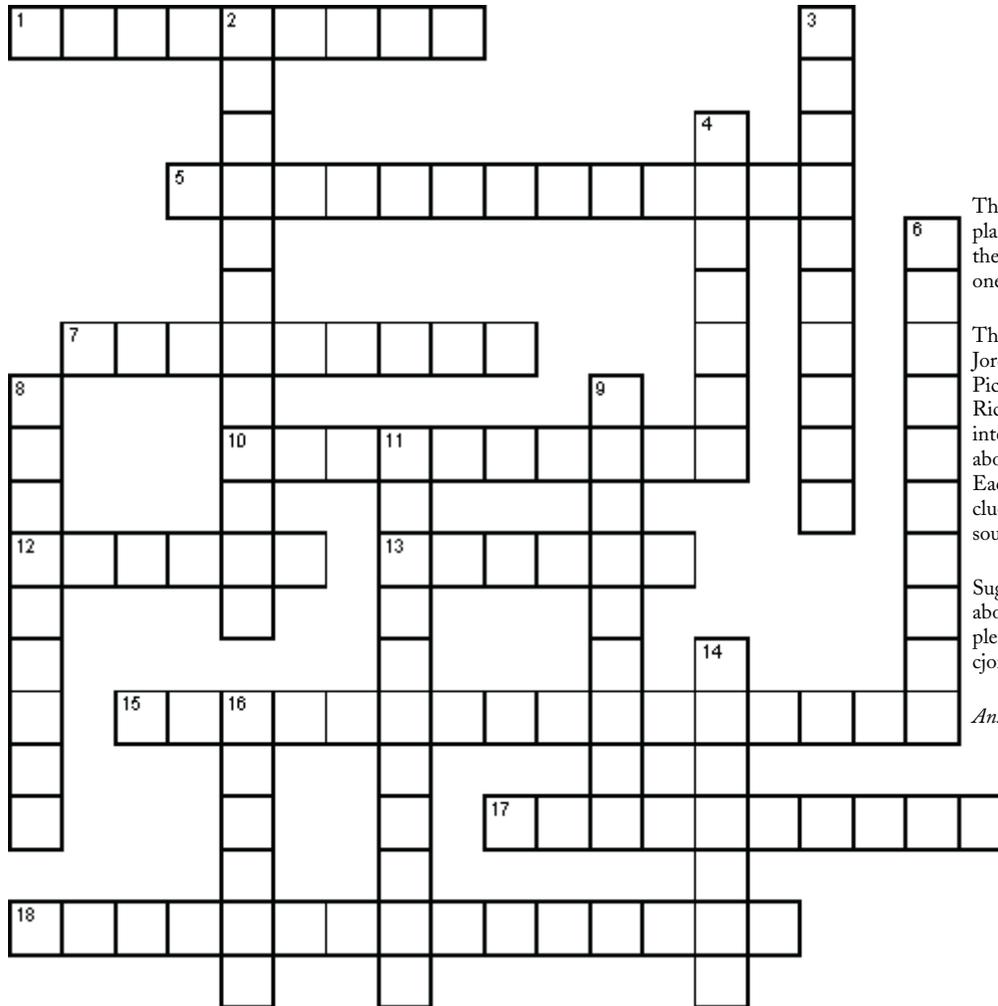
Buckingham's meteoric career and his life ended in Salisbury market place on November 2nd, 1483, barely six months after he had raced to Richard's side and become his chief support. From the least-known Plantagenet, to the King's friend, to beheading as a traitor, and all in less than half a year. After he was sentenced, Buckingham sent to Richard begging for a personal audience before he was executed. The King, still enraged and horrified by the murder of his nephews, refused to see him and Henry Stafford

Buckingham

went to his grave less than two years before Richard died on Bosworth field.

I still wonder sometimes why Buckingham wanted so very urgently to see the King he had wronged so badly. Was it just to plead for mercy, which even he would see was unlikely to be forthcoming? Or did he, in his last hours on earth, realise how he had been duped and by whom, and did he wish to pass this on to Richard while he could? And, if

so, how much might history have been changed had Richard learned about the real plotters who continued to work against him and the House of York? To these questions, I doubt we shall ever know the answers.



RICARDIAN CHURCHES

The theme is churches. Think of the place where the church is rather than the formal name of the church – with one or two exceptions!

The Ricardian Puzzlers are Charlie Jordan, Jeanne White, Lorraine Pickering, and Nancy Northcott. The Ricardian crossword puzzles are intended as a fun method of learning about Richard and his life and times. Each puzzle will have a theme and clues are drawn from widely-available sources.

Suggestions for themes and feedback about the puzzles are welcomed; please send comments to Charlie at cjordansprint1@earthlink.net.

Answers on page 21.

Across

1. John and Elizabeth de la Pole's effigies are found here.
5. Popularly thought to be the tomb made for Richard's son, the alabaster monument of a small boy in this church has since been found to be empty.
7. Representations of Richard's maternal grandfather and his two wives can be found in this County Durham church.
10. Richard is said to have been buried in the grounds of their friary at Leicester.
12. In 1484 Richard donated his blue Parliament robe to this NE Norman cathedral.
13. Cathedral where Henry Tudor is said to have sworn to marry Elizabeth of York.
15. Richard and Anne held a joint Coronation here.
17. Henry VIII allowed alms to be collected for masses to be said at this church in honor of those who died at Bosworth.
18. Stall plates of members of the Order of the Garter are to be found here; burial place of Hastings, Edward IV and Henry VI among others.

Down

2. The church is the only building left at Richard's birthplace.
3. A major fire in this Durham church several years ago destroyed the medieval wooden tombs of Richard's Neville relatives.
4. ____ Cross; Friar Ralph Shaa delivered a sermon here announcing and defending Richard's accession.
6. After a decisive battle nearby, Edward IV ordered that Somerset and others were not to be granted sanctuary here.
8. Richard's request to found a college here was agreed a short time after Clarence's execution.
9. A little chapel on the bridge can still be seen in this Yorkshire town; site of battle where Richard's father lost his life.
11. The celebrations here were so grand many thought a second Coronation had taken place in this magnificent Gothic building.
14. Weightman writes that Margaret of York was "buried in the church of the monastery of the Recollects" in this town.
16. Lord Dacre and his horse were buried here after Towton.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY, JULY 21ST 1403

Brian Wainwright

2003 marks the 600th anniversary of the Battle of Shrewsbury, viewed by some as the first conflict of the Wars of the Roses.

The battle had its origins in the usurpation of the English throne by Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, in 1399. The Percy family, headed by Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, his son and heir, Sir Henry Percy alias “Hotspur”, and Northumberland’s brother, Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, were among the first to adhere to Bolingbroke, but by 1402 their opinion of King Henry IV had radically changed. They claimed he owed them vast sums for their services in Wales and the Scottish Borders – though very substantial payments to them are a matter of public record.

The Battle of Homildon Hill, an overwhelming victory for the English (largely the Percys and their followers) over the invading Scots, led to a further grievance. Henry IV claimed that all the important and valuable prisoners taken should be handed over to him. The Percys fiercely disagreed.

The last Percy grievance was more complicated. Henry IV was not the heir of his deposed cousin, Richard II, according to the rules of primogeniture. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a boy of 8 in 1399, should have succeeded Richard, but was passed over to Bolingbroke’s advantage. King Henry was rather naturally suspicious of the rest of the Mortimer family.

Revolt had broken out in North Wales early in 1400, under the leadership of Owain Glyndwr. On June 17th 1402, March’s uncle, another Edmund, at the head of a force of Herefordshire gentry and Mortimer tenants was defeated by Owain Glyndwr’s forces at the Battle of Pilleth. Bolingbroke, scenting treason rather than incompetence in this defeat, refused to allow the captured Mortimer to be ransomed and confiscated his property. Mortimer, despairing of release, made peace with Glyndwr, married one of his daughters, and called upon the Mortimer tenants and affinity to make common cause with Owain, with a view to restoring Richard II (rumoured to be alive and well and living in Scotland) or alternatively placing the Earl of March on the throne.

It so happened that the elder Mortimer’s sister, Elizabeth, was Hotspur’s wife. Hotspur was so enraged by the King’s refusal to ransom his brother-in-law that he indulged in a fierce head-to-head quarrel with Bolingbroke during which the King lost his temper sufficiently to strike the Percy heir in the face. (Hotspur was a man of roughly his own age, not the youth depicted by Shakespeare.)

There was an outward reconciliation. In June 1403 Northumberland and his son began operations against the Scots, attacking a remote and far from strategic border castle at Cocklaws. King Henry gathered an army in the south intending to go to their aid, and by mid July was already in the midlands, apparently reaching Lichfield by the 11th of the month. Within a couple of days he had the news that

the Percys were up in revolt, and his first impulse was to retreat on London. From this course he was dissuaded by his friend George Dunbar, the Scottish Earl of March, who had given him his allegiance. By 16th July, at Burton-on-Trent, he had more certain news, and sent forth orders for the mobilisation of sixteen counties.

Hotspur had left the northern border early in July with a flying column of around 200 men, including the Earl of Douglas¹, one of the Scots captured at Homildon, who was now in league with the Percys. It appears the intention was that Hotspur’s father should bring the bulk of the Percy forces south at a more leisurely pace, but in fact the Earl was rather too leisurely, and never got anywhere near the eventual battle.

Hotspur reached Chester on July 9th and distributed the White Hart badge of Richard II. Cheshire had been a hotbed of support for King Richard and there were still many men willing to risk their lives for him. A rendezvous was arranged for July 17th at Sandiway — a crossroads a few miles east of Chester — where Richard II was supposed to appear. Meanwhile Hotspur rested at Petronilla Clark’s house in Chester, Petronilla’s son, John Kyngesley, being one of his foremost supporters in Cheshire.

The muster at Sandiway duly took place, although King Richard did not appear, no doubt due to the fact that he had been murdered more than three years earlier, in February 1400. As far as can be ascertained Hotspur’s men were recruited mainly from Cheshire and the adjacent and associated Welsh lordship of Flint. His force seems to have amounted to between 5000-7000 men, including those brought in by his uncle, the Earl of Worcester. Worcester had been with the Prince of Wales (future Henry V) at Shrewsbury, and deserted, bringing a very substantial proportion of the unpaid and discontented garrison with him. Other prominent rebels included the Cheshire knights Richard Craddock, John Poole, Hugh Browe, Richard Venables and Richard Vernon.

Both Hotspur and the King were now marching towards Shrewsbury, Hotspur in the hope of taking out the Prince and the small force he retained, the King with the intent of securing his son and the strategic town he controlled. Shrewsbury was a key gateway to Central Wales, and if it fell into rebel hands it would be an obvious doorway through which Glyndwr and his supporters could enter England. Bolingbroke made the greater haste, forcing his men to advance at a pace of around forty miles a day. By the time Hotspur approached the town, the royal banner was already flying over the castle. The rebels hesitated, then retreated a little way to a defensive position about three miles north of Shrewsbury. There was no sign of Glyndwr – he was, for reasons best known to himself, a good hundred miles away in West Wales — or of the Earl of Northumberland and the main Percy army. The arrival of

either would probably have finished Bolingbroke, who prepared to attack before his enemies could be reinforced.

Last minute negotiations were held, through the good offices of the Abbots of Shrewsbury and Haughmond, but to no avail. It was said later that Worcester had withheld the King's final terms from his nephew for fear they might be accepted, but this seems unlikely. Matters had gone too far.

The chosen battlefield sloped upwards to the north, favouring the rebels, while various ponds and crops of peas added to the interest of the topography. King Henry led his forces in person, with the van commanded by the young Earl of Stafford, husband of Henry's cousin, Lady Anne of Gloucester. The left was under the banner of the sixteen-year-old Prince of Wales. Among the other principal loyalists were the earls of Kent, Arundel and Warwick², all in their late teens or early twenties, the aforementioned Scottish Earl of March and a certain Sir John de Stanley, the man destined to found his family's fortunes. While the royal army was undoubtedly the larger, it is questionable whether the shire levies Henry IV had mustered in such haste were of the same quality as the men of Cheshire and Percy's borderers, many of whom were professional soldiers, or at least men accustomed to regular fighting.

At least one of the rebels, Richard Horkelesley, crossed over and joined the King when he saw the royal standard displayed. Others, tenants of Lord Lestrangle, were later to claim that Hotspur had dragooned them into fighting with threats of death if they refused.

Shortly after midday the Cheshire archers began the battle, shooting down the slope until they grew short of arrows. Then the rebels advanced, killing the Earl of Stafford and driving his division from the field. A desperate fight followed, in which King Henry was personally involved in hand to hand fighting, his enemies, particularly Hotspur and Douglas, actively seeking him out. Meanwhile on the left wing the Prince of Wales was seriously wounded in the face by an arrow.

According to some sources Bolingbroke had various knights bearing the royal arms to deflect some of the attention from himself. If this is true, it was a policy with its own hazards, since the rebels seemed to think they had killed him and began a cry of victory "Henry Percy – King!" At which point Bolingbroke appeared in the front line again – the chances are he had merely withdrawn for a rest.

Before long the cry changed to "Henry Percy – dead!" Hotspur was struck down, perhaps by a chance arrow, and the rebels lost heart. Douglas and Worcester were captured, but the majority fled, and were chased from the field. Afterwards, bodies were found as far as three miles away, such was the slaughter from the pursuit.

So ended "one of the wyrste bataylys that ever came to Inglonde, and unyndest." A squire of the Duchess of Norfolk, wounded in the battle, crawled on his hands and knees under a hedge, weighed down by his armour and panting for air. He spent the night watching as local pillagers wandered around the battlefield, despatching the wounded and stripping the dead. The King lost nine knights in the battle, and at least 1600 men lay dead on the field while another 3000 were wounded, many of whom subsequently died as a result. One chronicler estimated the total deaths to be as high as 8000.

On Monday 23rd July Worcester, Vernon and Venables³ were executed in the centre of Shrewsbury, where a small plaque commemorates them. Their heads were sent to adorn London Bridge. Hotspur was at first allowed decent burial, but when a rumour sprang up that he was alive, the King had his body exhumed and displayed in Shrewsbury, set up between two millstones. His quarters were sent to Newcastle, London, Chester and Bristol and his head to York. His widow was allowed to collect the pieces in November 1403, and they were interred in York Minster. Douglas⁴, as a Scot, was treated as a prisoner of war and eventually released. Most of the other rebels received pardons in due course, though the men of Cheshire were heavily fined. Certain lands in Cheshire, late of William Stanley, were granted to John Stanley.

Northumberland was forced to surrender by forces raised by Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland. After some time in prison at Baginton he was tried for treason before Parliament, but found not guilty, except of trespass. He rose in rebellion again in 1405, fled to Scotland, and returned in 1408 for another attempt. This time he was killed, at Bramham Moor, Yorkshire.

In 1410 the king founded a chantry on the battlefield, which eventually became a parish church. This has survived, and is well worth a visit, though it is no longer in regular use for worship. It was restored in 1861, having lost part of its roof over the years, and is thought to be built over the grave-pit. It stands down a very quiet lane, just off the main A49 road, a fitting memorial to those who died. If you chance to go there, remember those brave men, on both sides, and also remember that it could so easily have marked the location of Henry IV's Bosworth, and a premature end to the House of Lancaster.

Notes

1. Douglas also had a personal feud with the Scottish Earl of March.
2. Daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, murdered (or executed) by Richard II's orders in 1397.
3. The famous Richard Beauchamp.
4. Elizabeth Fitzalan, sister of the Arundel who fought in the battle, widow of the Norfolk who had famously quarrelled with Bolingbroke in 1398.
5. Hugh Browe was also executed, but not at the same time as far as I can gather. Browe was Arundel's retainer, which may have made things awkward.
6. He was killed in France, many years later, still fighting the English. Despite their enmity Henry IV took a liking to him, and had his portrait painted.

*Brian Wainwright has been a member of the Richard III Society since 1983, when he first met someone who knew the Society's contact address. His interest in the House of York goes back a long way before that, and covers the family from Edmund of Langley onwards. His first novel *The Adventures of Alianore Audley* was published by Jacobyte in 2002, and a further novel, *Within the Fetterlock*, will be forthcoming later in 2003 from Trivium Publishing. He is currently working on a novel about Richard III, but completion is not expected any day soon. Brian lives in the north of Old England, and in his spare time works as an Education Officer.*

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH MEMORIAL SERVICE

MARINERS' CHURCH OF DETROIT

Sponsored by the Michigan Chapter of the Richard III Society, Inc

(Deprived of the focus of a final resting place, by the Memoriam as a way to reach out across the centuries to pray "rest in peace.")

Barbara Vassar-Gray, Eileen C. Prinsen, and Dianne G. Batch, Chapter Moderator

Five years ago on Sunday, August 24, 1997, members of the Michigan Chapter of the Richard III Society participated in a commemorative service, at Mariners' Church of Detroit, for all who fell at the Battle of Bosworth Hill on August 22, 1485.

Conducted by the Reverend Richard W. Ingalls, the service included a prayer from Richard's *Book of Hours*; *King Richard's Hymn* composed by the Reverend Tom Hunter-Clare; and an address by Dr. Ronald R. Stockton, Professor of Political Science, University of Michigan-Dearborn. Professor Stockton spoke from the premise: We are here to reflect upon a human life. The traditional spray of white roses, a symbol associated principally with the City of York, England, and its favorite son, Richard III, lay on the steps of the altar.

On Sunday, August 24, 2003, the 518th anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth, with the kind consent of the

Rector and the Members of the Board of Trustees, we will again participate in the service at Mariners' Church, as described above, in commemoration of this long past, but not forgotten, battle. Assisting at the service will be The Reverend Richard W. Ingalls, Jr., recently ordained to the priesthood, and Honorary Assistant, The Reverend Jesse Roby, Jr., Deacon. The church uses the Anglican Tradition as its form of service.*

Following the service, those attending plan to meet for brunch/dinner in one of the-within-walking-distance new restaurants in the revitalized downtown Detroit area.

If you would care to join us we'd be delighted to see you — for further information, directions to the church, etc. please telephone Barbara at 313-861-6423 or E-mail to Eileen to prinsenec@comcast.net.

**Founded in 1848 by Julia Ann Anderson, Mariner's Church of Detroit, also known as "The Maritime Sailors' Cathedral" — celebrating its 161st year — is a National and State Historic Landmark.*



"Let us acknowledge before we go further that our gathering here is a solemn and sacred occasion. We are here in this church for a religious service. We are here to call upon God to grant to Richard III, King of England, to the great persons of note, and to the nameless soldiers who died in the Battle of Bosworth Field requiem eternum et lu perpetua, eternal rest and perpetual light..." "A Meditation Upon the Life of Richard III by Dr. Ronald Stockton (Mariners' Church, Detroit, Michigan—August 1997)

Answers to Ricardian Puzzle



SCATTERED STANDARDS



ARIZONA

Forget the Bosworth-Atherstone controversy, tough decisions were made recently by Arizona chapter members in choosing a church to support. St. Mary's, Barnard Castle with Richard's boar carved in exterior stonework? St. Mary's, Staindrop — with its strong Neville ties? Or perhaps the obvious St. Mary's and St. Alkeld's in Middleham? Members of the Arizona chapter had decided months ago to choose a church with Ricardian ties as the chapter fund-raising recipient; choosing the benefitting church proved to be a bit harder. The chapter intended not only to try to provide a small, annual contribution to the church, but also wanted the association to be more personal: a place chapter members would be sure to visit; somewhere we would learn the names of the clergy. "Somewhere our help wouldn't get lost" was the sentiment of one member.

Although the chapter knew of the Ricardian Churches Restoration Fund (<http://www.richardiii.net/begin.htm>), initially members felt that surely those on the list benefitted greatly from Society help; the Arizona chapter's small contribution was sure to be lost amongst the larger contributions sent by the Society. Members also were intrigued with the idea of finding a church with a small congregation — a place, perhaps, with Ricardian ties, but too small to be on the Restoration Fund list.

With members scouring the World Wide Web for information on churches or hounding email list members for suggestions, the chapter gathered quite a bit of information on churches in England — those with Ricardian ties and without. The chapter encountered words such as "archdeaconry," "benefice," "deaconry" — terms some of which were very new to the "unchurched" members.

Letters were sent to various archdeaconries asking about "electoral roll" numbers and annual finances. (An electoral roll is a "parish church's register of electors and is the list of those qualified to attend and vote at the Annual Parochial Church Meeting.")

At the last chapter meeting, members tackled the task of making a decision, weighing the cold data of facts with items of emotional appeal. The unanimous choice was St. James, Dadlington. This church, with its proximity to Bosworth and as the resting place of many from the battle and coupled with its small size and great financial need, seemed a perfect fit for the Arizona chapter. Chapter leader Joan Marshall has sent a letter and an initial sum to St. James following receipt of word that the church will be delighted with whatever support the chapter can provide.

The project has been beneficial to the chapter. The fact-gathering tasks provided members with much new information about Anglican churches in England and greatly

increased our knowledge of Ricardian ties to many churches. Having a project provided focus for members; having a beneficiary for fund-raising efforts should give impetus to chapter activities. The chapter also learned that the Ricardian Churches Restoration Fund is a great source of information.

If you happen to visit St. James, Dadlington and encounter tourists, go ahead and ask if they're from the Grand Canyon State — you might just meet a fellow Ricardian!

MICHIGAN

Since the 2002 AGM hosted by the Michigan Chapter, we have continued to be very active. October was the annual business/election meeting with Dianne Batch elected as moderator. The members applauded her for her efforts, nationally and locally, in coordinating the AGM.

At the April meeting, Barbara Underwood repeated her AGM presentation: "Medieval Costumes," along with a display of various items of clothing, she gave suggestions for the purchase of ready-made items and patterns. An enthusiastic e-bay buyer, Barbara also displayed a fascinating variety of different types of "boars"—some made of silver, some of skin; some small, some large—purchased on the net.

On the first of July, the Fox and Hounds of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, a restaurant of great food and even greater ambiance, will again be the site of our annual Richard III Birthday Banquet. As he did last year, our branch secretary, Larry Irwin, is again planning, coordinating and providing the program. Participants will be responsible for their own meals at the restaurant, but should RSVP to Larry at 248-626-5339 in order to facilitate the room arrangement.

In March of this year, a letter was sent to the history and literature department heads of six community colleges in the Detroit-Tri-County area offering class presentations, at their convenience, of our ongoing project: Richard III in History, Literature, and Drama. We emphasize that this is not a recruitment effort for the Society; we take along some of our publications and other materials, and inform the students about our Web site and various history links.

Members are already making plans to attend AGM 2003 in Phoenix, Arizona, among them past-moderator Barbara Vassar-Gray who, with her "reluctant Ricardian" sister, Vivian Redd, plans to take the scenic route via Amtrak Railway.

Submitted by Eileen Prinsen

Minnesota

Rod Hale is attempting to organize a Minnesota Chapter.

If you are interested in participating, contact him at:
rod121451@yahoo.com.

HOW I MET BILL HOGARTH, JOINED THE RICHARD III SOCIETY AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Robert Vivian

It all began at a luncheon in mid-town Manhattan in the mid-1960's. I was Director of Public Relations and Advertising for a major paper company, and I was meeting with John C.W. Evans, the Editor of an important industry trade journal, to discuss ideas for a feature article.

We were both interested in history, and at one point in the conversation John mentioned that instead of counting sheep when he couldn't sleep, he counted the Kings of England (in order) and then their wives. That got us started on the merits/demerits of various sovereigns, and we agreed that Richard III was a lot better than history made him out.

We also agreed that Shakespeare was the quintessential PR man. Writing during the reign of usurper Henry VII's granddaughter, his work to blacken Dickon was unbelievably successful. In fact, it could be considered the most successful PR campaign ever.

As a PR person, that interested me. Then John suggested that since one can find almost anything in New York City, we could probably locate a group dedicated to clearing Richard's name.

I left the table and checked the Manhattan Telephone Directory. Sure enough, there in the listings was something called the Richard III Society. I called the number, and a pleasant voice answered. It was Bill Hogarth.

After a brief conversation, John and I finished our lunch, hailed a cab and went to Bill's apartment where we each paid him \$6.00 I have been a member of the Richard III Society ever since.

REMEMBERING MARY DONERMAYER

The New England Chapter has made a donation in memory of Mary Donermeyer.

Given Mary's love of learning, the donation is to be used for the Schallek Scholarship Fund.

NON-FICTION LIBRARY TRANSFER

Jean M. Kvam

As the new Research Librarian for the Society, I would like to thank Dr. Helen Maurer for her past service and the gargantuan effort she made in getting the contents of the library safely to Carson City. I am currently in possession of all of the books and should have all the *Registers* and papers by the middle of summer. I encourage all of you to take advantage of the extensive resources available to all Richard III Society members.

I would also like to thank the Board for affording me this opportunity to become directly involved in furthering the aims of the Society, namely, the reassessment of Richard III's life and the study of 15th century history and culture.

As a history teacher, I know the importance of questioning information presented as fact, and my political experience gives me insight into the inexact nature of "his"-story. As a legal researcher, I am challenged by a mystery and am always looking for information to solidify an argument.

Having said that, I would offer all of you my services in answering any of your questions regarding Richard III or 15th century culture and I will do my best to investigate possible answers. If I get enough interest, it might be possible to do a column in each *Register* and publish some of your questions and my findings. Please email me at teatyme@sbcglobal.net.

Editor's Note: Jean is a graduate of the University of Nevada, Reno, with a B.S. degree in Political Science and served as Administrative Assistant to the Attorney General of the State of Nevada just prior to entering the teaching profession. She currently teaches U.S. History at Carson Middle School in Carson City, Nevada.

Desire the Kingdom A Story of the Last Plantagenets



A historical novel by Paula Simonds Zabka based on the lives of Richard III and Anne Neville of Warwick, the last Plantagenet King and Queen of England who stood at the center of treason, turmoil and tragedy during the Wars of the Roses. This novel confronts the mystery and controversy that, to this day, still haunts the reign of Richard III.

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FICTION LIBRARY TRANSFER

Ananaia O'Leary

I am delighted to be taking on the stewardship of the Fiction Library. The opportunity to serve as the new fiction librarian for the Society, to savor the rich tapestry of Ricardian fiction and to support other members in doing the same is certainly a thrill. The library transfer is in full swing as the *Register* goes to press, so we will be back in the business of loaning books by the time you read this.

We have received a number of new donations, which arrived shortly before the transfer. I will be cataloguing these new additions, and hope to have an update of the library's holdings for the website in the near future. As always, we are grateful for the generosity of our members. Thanks!

I look forward to expanding our fiction collection and to exploring avenues for enhancing the library's usefulness for members. If you have suggestions or questions regarding the fiction library or would like to borrow material, please feel free to contact me via email at dragonsong@comcast.net or by mail at 8029 Lieber Rd. Indianapolis, IN 46260.

In closing, let's take a moment to doff our caps to Jeanne Faubell for 6 years of dedicated service as our fiction librarian. Thanks, Jeanne!

DONATIONS

Plantagenet Angel Level
Anthony C. Collins

Honorary Fotheringhay Level

Adrienne Devereux
Janis M. Eltz
Ruth J. Lavine
Susan McCallie
Ananaia R. O'Leary
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Generous Ricardians

Roberta Craig
Thomas Edsall
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Phil Goldsmith
Judith C. Lichtenstein
Russell Milton
Kirsten E. Moorhead
Katherine M Moriarty
Nita S. Musgrave
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John L. Price
Judy Tessel



MEMBERS WHO JOINED BETWEEN MARCH 1, 2003 - MAY 31, 2003

Martin B. Adams
Soorya Bateman
Angela Bolger
James S. Donahoo
Nancy Donovan
Jule S Dubner
Karin Durette
Richard F. Endress
Lee Gilliland
Beverly O. Harrison
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Ruth Madden
Gloria J. McCary
Edward L. Nolan
Zoe O'Brien
Tina Ponzetti
Barbara Radd
Sharon Raible
George Sapio
Jon Stallard
Robert E. Sullivan
Judy Tessel
Gwen Toma
Morven Troost
Joseph H. Waters
Clive Willingham

FEEL FREE TO PAY IN ADVANCE!

Paying in advance saves both the Society and the member some postage costs, plus time and effort. If you would like to do this, no special procedures are needed — our database can handle it!

Simply make out your check for as many years' dues as you wish and write a note on the renewal card to the effect that you wish to pay for that many years in advance.

TWO-YEAR MEMBER PROFILES

(Compiled by Eileen Prinsen)

Richard III reigned for only a little over two years. In commemoration of that fact, this regular feature in the Ricardian Register profiles people who have renewed their membership for the second year (which does not, of course, mean that they may not stay longer than two years!). We thank the members below who shared their information with us — it's a pleasure to get to know you better.

Pamela J. Butler found the Richard III Society while researching ancestors who were involved in the Wars of the Roses. “The wonderful website came up time and again, so I decided to join in order to learn as much as possible about this complex era.” Pam’s interest in medieval England began in 1970 when she saw the movie “Becket” and attended a Madrigal dinner presented by her high school. She followed up by reading the four Thomas B. Costain books about the Plantagenets.

“After that, real life intervened—college, marriage, a career as an apothecary, which was soon set aside to raise three children, school and community volunteer work (which included leading two Girl Scout troops and editing a community association newsletter), completing an MBA and becoming addicted to genealogy, which led me straight to the Society! It’s fascinating to find others who can discuss the Plantagenets as if they were members of the immediate family! It’s like being transported through time.”

Pam’s other interests include travel, photography, reading history, deconstructing movies, art, researching genealogy, and supervising cooking chores which have been delegated to others! Tel: (505) 856-6186 (leave message). E-mail: PamelaJButler@aol.com.

Bettie Ladd, retired English teacher now living in Sun City, Arizona, became interested in the Richard III Society through what has become, over the years, the classic route—Josephine

Tey’s *Daughter of Time*. As Bettie says, “that was enough!” And as happens so often among our members, when she met up with Joan Marshall, the chapter contact for Arizona, she quickly discovered other interests they both shared. Among those interests, Bettie lists “reading, especially History, Biography, and Whodunits. Tel: 623-972-8710. E-mail: bladd1@cox.net

Arlene Naylor Okerlund, San Jose State University English professor, lists her leisure interests as ‘Traveling the world; (and) playing the tenor banjo in the Peninsula Banjo Band.’ Asked how she became interested and/or found the Society, Dr. Okerlund says: “As a student and a teacher of Shakespeare, I have always been interested in Richard III and the cast of characters surrounding him. But when I began to research the life of Elizabeth Wydeville, I discovered that the most significant research about her had been published in *The Ricardian* (the British journal), specially the articles by Anne F. Sutton and Livia Visser-Fuchs. In appreciation, I joined the Society!” Now semi-retired after 37 years of teaching, Dr. Okerlund says she finally has the time to indulge in the research, reading and writing that she loves. Tel: 408-377-4424.

Cheryl Rossillo, High School English teacher and Drama Coordinator in Fort Lee, N.J. lists three reasons for her interest in the Society: 1). Always been interested in anything dealing with Richard’s reign and the entire controversy surrounding him. 2). Found the Society while searching on line one day while doing research for her role in Richard III by Shakespeare; and 3) Lifelong fascination with all medieval English history. Cheryl goes on to say: “I’ve had the joy of traveling to England to take in all the fascinating Ricardian sites. I enjoy enlightening others about England’s greatest king!! Tel: 201-242-8950. E-mail: Chermar72@yahoo.com

A GENTLE SCOLDING FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

On receipt of renewal checks I like to send a note of thanks by E-mail to those who have one, but over and over I receive “undeliverable” messages, with explanations that often are indecipherable, at least to me!

Also, in an effort to save postage and printing expense, a month before renewal time, a reminder is sent out to all members with an E-mail address in the membership files, to remind them that their membership will be due in a month.

It is suggested that members may like to take advantage of the PayPal system to remit dues, or, perhaps, send a check accompanied by the renewal form included with the E-mail. Sadly, at least a quarter of these E-mails are returned “undeliverable.”

Of course, later in the month a “snail-mail” reminder is sent along.

However, again sadly, many of the renewal cards have E-mail addresses that are not active for some reason, or, on the other hand, have not been updated.

I realize this is a small problem in the world-wide scheme of things, but the Board of the American Branch of the Richard III Society, believes it is of importance that members are due the courtesy of an acknowledgment, where possible.

Eileen Prinsen
Membership Chair

PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN REPORT

MAKING THE CASE

Tony Collins

Pam Butler

(See right, Tony Collins' report on a recent production of *Richard III* in Washington, D.C.)

I recommend this same approach to other Ricardians when THAT PLAY is being produced in your area. Cheers, Tony Collins.

The text of the one-page article that ran on page 9 (of 46 pages), complete with the NPG portrait of Richard, appears below. The quarter-page advertisement appeared on page 8, to the left of the article, depicting the Boar logo with the "Loyaulte me lie" motto. Below that, "www.r3.org" appeared in large letters.

We hope this will lead a number of Washington, D.C. area theatergoers to our website. A copy of this program will be on display at the Phoenix Annual General Meeting on October 3-5.

I am a long-time contributor to Washington D.C.'s Shakespeare Theatre. Last January, I got an e-mail inviting me to a cast reception and I replied that my wife and I could not attend. Then — knowing that A CERTAIN PLAY was on the theatre schedule — I asked if I could write a pro-Richard piece for the program as well as take out a small ad with the white boar logo and the web site. I never expected a positive response.

I was therefore agreeably surprised when the theatre rep agreed. I took a quarter-page ad and was told that I could have 600 words. My first draft ran considerably longer than that, but by cutting ruthlessly, I arrived at the 600 word limit. On Saturday evening, March 29th, I had the pleasure of sitting in the audience before the play started — watching dozens of people reading the case for Good King Richard. I was sorely tempted to tap folks on the shoulder and ask "Any Questions?" — but managed to restrain myself.

I hope that the Society web sites will get a number of hits due to my ad and article.

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Loyaulte me lie

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Join Us in Greece This September for
The Oedipus Plays at The Athens Festival

The Shakespeare Theatre has been invited to bring Michael Kahn's production of *The Oedipus Plays*, featuring Avery Brooks, to Greece's internationally acclaimed Athens Festival. *The Oedipus Plays* will be performed in the Herodes Atticus Odeon, an open air amphitheater at the foot of the Acropolis.

The Shakespeare Theatre is sponsoring a week long travel package to Athens and the Festival. For more information, please contact Scott Eichinger, Membership Manager, via email at teach@shakespearedc.org or at 202-547-3230 ext 2324.

For an online or
<http://www.shakespearetheatre.org/greece.html>

Good King Richard?

A Response from the Richard III Society

Investigate Richard III and you will find a man very different from the one you will see on stage.

Richard died in battle. His supporters were silenced. It was left to the winner, Henry Tudor, to decide how Richard would be remembered. Since Henry's claim to the throne was weak, he blackened Richard's name—enslaving his own reputation.

Historical accounts of Richard date mostly from after the battle at Bosworth field, where Henry Tudor defeated Richard. In the Tudor Age, no one dared defend the late king. Shakespeare used these sources and through his genius, an evil caricature was created.

A look at the real man shows that Richard was not deformed. There is no evidence he killed Henry VI or the Duke of Clarence. As for the Princes in the Tower, there is no proof when they died.

In short, much of what you will see in this play is Tudor propaganda. That is not to say that Richard was a saint. He may indeed be guilty of murder. But the real man was a loyal son and brother and a faithful Christian. His one Parliament shows his desire to rule justly and well. He was a brave and competent soldier who died defending his country.

The Richard III Society was founded by people unconvinced by Tudor myths. The Society's Patron, HRH Richard Duke of Gloucester, has said: "The purpose and indeed the strength of the Richard III Society derive from the belief that the truth is more important than the lies—a faith that even after all these centuries the truth is important. It is proof of our sense of civilized values that something as evasive and fragile as reputation is worth campaigning for."

The Society and its American Branch have two web sites
www.richardiii.net and www.r3.org

Anthony C. Collins
Member of the Richard III Society and
Daily Editor at the Voice of America





RICARDIAN READING

Myrna Smith

Most books reviewed here can be purchased at www.r3.org/sales.

One of the perks of this position is hunting out howlers, boners, bloopers — whatever you want to call them — in fiction and non-fiction. Sometimes there is a rich mine to exploit, but some times, alas, I am disappointed. Herewith, a mixed bag.

(The headings are from **NON CAMPUS MENTIS: World History According to College Students**, a collection of *Cretinalia Historica* (not my inspiration, alas), compiled by Professor Anders Hendricksson, or is that Hendrick Andersson? Published by Workman Publishing, NY, 2001. In case you think these quotes, which are only the top of the ice-cube, are an indictment of U.S. education, many of them had their origin in Canada.)

**Renaissance merchants were beautiful
and almost lifelike.**

📖 *The Book of The Heart* – Louisa Young, Flamingo, Harper Collins, UK, 2002; Doubleday Books, US, 2003

This book called to me from the New Books shelf at the public library at least three times before I succumbed and took it home — seizing the day, because I don't know whether I'd have stumbled across it on its regular shelf or not, and I'm glad I didn't take the chance of missing it.

This is not a medical book, nor a poetry book — though it contains snippets of both. It's a history of the folklore and mythology of the human heart, a history of mankind's slowly acquired understanding of the physical heart, a discussion of the heart's place in Religion and Art. (Ever wonder why the Valentine Heart is shaped like ... a heart...rather than an actual human heart? It has to do with an anatomical misapprehension of long standing.) More than anything else, *The Book of The Heart* reminds me of Diane Ackerman's *Natural History of The Senses*. It's a charming collection of popular science essays, poetic associations and off-the-wall facts, freely wandering off on whatever tangent catches the author's attention — and rewarding the reader.

Of special interest to Ricardians is the list of notable figures in the Middle Ages whose hearts were given separate burial — Richard the Lionheart, King John, Eleanor of Castile, Robert the Bruce, Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, Mary Queen of Scots — and Thomas Hardy, proving that the custom did not die out so long as the reasons behind it remained. There is also a lengthy exploration of Rene D'Anjou's writings and art, a selection of Mary Queen of Scots's poetry, and even a recipe for Pork Hearts a l'orange — potential AGM fare?

Susan Dexter, PA

Medieval builders gave God his usual chair in the church roof. Without the discovery of the flying buttock, it would have been an impossible job to build the Gothic cathedral.

📖 *Heroes, Rogues and Eccentrics* – Jack Binns, Blackthorn Press, Pickering, UK, 2002

Subtitled **A Biographical Journey Through Scarborough's Past**, this book traces Scarborough's history and bears Richard's National Portrait Gallery portrait on the cover. (I made sure that Richard was not presented as a rogue before I bought the book. I do not subsidize Richard-bashers.)

Scarborough may or may not be named for a fictional or real hare-lipped Viking, but it was certainly acquired by the Romans, who build a signal and watch-tower on its seaward cliffs. For 35 years the citizens of Scarborough were subjected to raids by Harold Hadrada, King of Norway. In 1066, Hadrada and Tostig, ousted Earl of Northumberland, invaded England and were defeated soundly by King Harold. However, they destroyed Scarborough and there is no mention of the town in the Doomsday book.

The present castle, now in ruins, was build by Henry II, its grounds encompassing the Roman ruins. The town was re-formed as a royal borough. By Henry's death, Scarborough was a thriving trading and weaving center. The town flourished and shrank during successive monarchs until Richard III, under whom it achieved freedom and favor never previously enjoyed. As Duke of Gloucester, Richard had exchanged lands in Cheshire and Hertfordshire for land in the North, which included Scarborough and the surrounding area.

Richard regarded Scarborough as a place of naval importance, as a base for privateering, an assembly port for operations against the Scots, and a provisioning base in protecting English fishing boats. He ordered the building of a formidable jetty and quay, and began a stone wall around the town.

As king, Richard visited Scarborough twice, once to order provisions for defending the realm and once to assemble a fleet of warships against the Scots. The fleet won a significant battle due to Richard's "own skill," according to a reliable but unnamed source. Richard gave the town a charter of liberties so extensive that it showed an "astonishing preference."

Richard's death was a great blow to the town. His charter died with him, his wall went unfinished and his jetty fell into decay. But Scarborough never forgot Richard, and in 1998 celebrated the 500th anniversary of his stay there. The present Queen is the first monarch to visit Scarborough since Richard.

Scarborough passed from royal interest and control but maintained a colorful history. Mineral waters were discovered there and at one time it rivaled Bath as a “spa” town. It is now a seaside resort, and the crowds down the wide street to the sea are thick in winter, impenetrable in summer. The Richard III House still stands on the Quay, but its parts have gradually been replaced until the earliest section dates from Elizabeth I. But Scarborough has not forgotten its allegiance to Richard.

Dale Summers, TX

[Ed: 1998 must have been a BELATED celebration of the 500th anniversary of Richard's visit.]

Among the things that helped Christianity grow was the promise of an eternal afterword.

In the early part of the Middle Ages female nuns were free to commit random acts of contrition and redemption.

 *The Squire's Tale* – Margaret Frazer, New York, Berkley Publishing Co, 2001

Dame Frevisse is again drawn from St. Friedswide's Priory with her friend, Dame Claire, whose medical skills are needed for a childing woman. The time is Lent, and Frevisse takes on the journey as a religious duty, much preferring the serenity and order of the nunnery. Frevisse is aging, her austere efficiency mellowing, her compassion growing.

The squire of the title is Robert Fenner, who appeared in an earlier book, and was in love with Thomasine, now Sister Thomasine. Her image haunted him so that he named his daughter after her. He is now the third husband of a difficult older woman with a grown son by her second marriage.

The plot concerns marital disputes, property disputes and marital disputes about property disputes. The parties decide to settle matters by arbitration. But Robert's stepson is found murdered, and since he and the young man quarreled violently, and Robert threatened to break his neck — the manner of death — the suspicions for Frevisse and the reader falls on Robert. However, Frevisse's powers of observation and analysis are undimmed by age, and when the murderer strikes again, he is caught. All ends happily.

Frazer's powers of description are evocative. Her knowledge of medieval foods and medicines are broad. With a satisfying mystery, this is a book to savor.

Dale Summers

The latest Dame Frevisse novel, just out, is *The Bastard's Tale*. Frevisse is ostensibly visiting her high-placed cousin, and is given a watching brief by the equally high placed Bishop of Winchester. Something is going on in Bury St Edmunds that bodes ill for Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, but it is his illegitimate son Arteys who is accused of murder. How can Frevisse protect the Duke and save Arteys from the headman? She has to struggle with her conscience, for her efforts lead her toward — not breaking her vows to the church — but breaking a commandment that all Christians are expected to obey. What choice will she make?

Duke Humphrey did actually have a bastard son, usually called Arthur, but given his Welsh name by Frazer. His

being accused of murder, however, is fictional. But Ms. Frazer gives the ring of reality to her inventions.

During the dark ages it was mostly dark.

 *Our Lady of Darkness* – Peter Tremayne – St. Martin's Press, NY 2000

Another sleuthing nun, sister Fidelma of Cashel, is featured in this story. Fidelma is a sort of 7th century precursor of Perry Mason, and a courtroom scene an important part of the plot. Fidelma's friend, the Saxon Brother Eadulf, has been accused of rape and murder, and is about to be executed, when Fidelma shows up, like the U.S. Cavalry, in the nick of time. She knows Eadulf and knows he couldn't have done it, but how to prove this?

I don't think I will be giving anything away by saying that she does prove it, nor by telling you that at the end of the book, the relationship of Fidelma and Eadulf has reached another plateau.

Sister Fidelma has a website, by the way, and an International Sister Fidelma Society, at P.O.Box 1899, Little Rock, AR, 72203-1899, of all places! It's run by David R. Wooten. Those interested should contact him.

Society was inedibly stamped with class conflict. Elitists practiced various snobberies over the masses.

 *Keepers Of The Kingdom – The Ancient Offices of Britain* – Alastair Bruce, photographs by Julian Calder and Mark Cator, The Vendome Press, NY, 1999

Beginning with the Sovereign and ending with the Boy Bishop of Hereford, this coffee-table book celebrates many of the real and ceremonial offices of the crown. Some are strictly business, of course, such as the Chief of the Air Staff, but what of the Archdruid of Anglesey, the Tolly-keepers of Winchester College, Mr. Houison Craufurd who washes the Sovereign's Hands, the Cock o' the North, the Herb Strewer, the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of Scotland, a.k.a. Princess Anne? Do not, however, consider this just trivia and froth. The essays on each position are clear and erudite historical writing. The book is arranged in sections according to when the various positions came into existence or became important. Black Rod, for example is in Reformation and Fear, 1485-1603, and the Unknown Soldier under Change of Emphasis- The Twentieth Century, which also contains portraits of the General Secretary of the Transport and General Worker's Union and the Chaplain to the Oil Industry. The photographers deserve equal billing, also. They have striven, in most cases, to pose their subjects in appropriate surroundings and costume, although I doubt the Hereditary Keeper of Dunstaffnage Castle goes about all the time barefoot and in a plaid! And no doubt the Sisters of the Hospital of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity save their red cloaks and “witches' hats” for best. I bought this from a remainder house, and don't remember exactly what I paid, but I know it was under \$20, which I consider a good buy for what it contains.

The crusades enlarged opportunities for travel.

 *The Widow of Jerusalem* - Alan Gordon , St. Martin's Press, NY, 2003

Theophilus the Fool (aka Feste) has a family now — a baby daughter — and is perhaps less inclined to run into danger. So with the Papal army on their tails, Theophilus, Claudia, and little Portia find it prudent to take a little trip. While they are on the road, Theo decides to while away the time by recounting one of his previous adventures, involving Isabelle, Queen (later widow) of Jerusalem, her husbands and suitors, Scarlet the dwarf, and intrigue in and out of the palace. This he does, with occasional interruptions and acid comments from his bride. Good light reading.

 *The Falcons of Montabard* - Elizabeth Chadwick, Time Warner Books, London 2000

This thirteenth novel from Ms. Chadwick is her best yet. Set against the heat and politics of the Holy Land in the early 12th century, it sweeps the reader into a story of love, courage and danger.

Sabin FitzSimon is the illegitimate son of an English noble, an impetuous scalawag who does little but charm the ladies, train for battle, drink and brawl. When he inadvertently kills a man, he is packed off to the Holy Land with a veteran of the First Crusade and his daughter. Annais, daughter of Edmund Strongfist, was raised in a convent, but has no vocation for that life. Both thrilled and apprehensive about her journey, she is happy to be reunited with her father, and curious about the scandalous young man accompanying them.

A battle with pirates cements the bonds between the traveling companions. Freed from his reputation, but still haunted by the death of one of his lovers, Sabin finds his new life far more pleasing than he'd imagined. Though his promise to steer clear of Annais grows more difficult to keep, her father's trust in him bolsters his confidence. Then temptation, in the form of Strongfist's new wife, threaten everything, until Annais's new husband agrees to take him on. Though less than thrilled with all the conditions, Sabin realizes he has been given another chances, and vows not to mess up again.

Life with Gerbert de Montabard is not as easy as Annais thought it would be, but gradually their marriage becomes one of deep affection, despite Gerbert's abrupt and moody ways. Then King Baldwin calls on Gerbert for help, and Sabin is left in charge of Montabard. At first he baulks at his responsibility, but soon comes to adjust and finds himself enjoying his new role.

A son brings Annais and Gerbert even closer, but disaster strikes, leaving Sabin and Annais to hold Montabard together. Their marriage proves difficult until they face the past, overcome it, and admit the love that has been smoldering between them. That happiness is cut short by a renewed call to arms, which leaves Strongfist a captive and sets Sabin and Annais on the road to their role as hostages, held until King Baldwin can pay the ransom. Even when it is paid and they are freed, danger stalks them and they face one final battle for their lives and their love.

Ms. Chadwick has gained a reputation as one of the best writers of medieval historical fiction. With this novel, she moves into the lead. With consummate skill she weaves

together all the elements of a fine work of fiction — complex and appealing characters, a many-threaded plot, thoroughly integrated setting and narrative, and attention to historical detail. Sabin is especially noteworthy. We first meet a selfish and resentful young scoundrel who will stop at nothing for his own pleasure, including sleeping with the mistress of the king. Even when that proves disastrous, he does not learn, allowing his resentment of his stepparents to lead him to drink so heavily he finds himself at the center of a fatal brawl. The Holy Land, with its scorching heat and life-or-death politics, provides him with the chance he needs to remake himself. He seizes it and slowly becomes the kind of man his father would have admired. The transformation is slow and not without setbacks, yet by the midpoint of the book a new Sabin has been born.

Annais, meanwhile, is a heroine to admire as well. Proud of her Saxon ancestry, she overcomes her initial fears of life outside the convent and discovers just how strong she is. Assuming the role of chatelaine in a remote fortress provides her with a test for that strength, one that pales when she must choose between serving her queen and keeping her family safe. Though she has less growing up to do than Sabin, her sense of pride does interfere with her judgment at times. Their developing romance demonstrates the healing that love can bring, yet is realistically portrayed. There is no melodrama, only heartwarming human interaction and abiding devotion.

Though Sabin and Annais are at the center of this story, their supporting cast is equally interesting. From Annais's father, Strongfist, to King Baldwin and Queen Morphia, from Gerbert de Montabard to Usamah ibn Munquidh, Ms. Chadwick has people this book with characters the reader cares about.

The Holy Land itself is in many ways another protagonist. Harsh, demanding, with a hint of softness in its oases, it is the perfect backdrop for this story. The author brings it to life in all its glory, from the heat of its plains to its rainswept, windy peaks. The other settings are no less realistically portrayed, while the description of the food, especially the tart sherbets, made my mouth water. I experienced life in 12th century Outremer while reading this book.

As with all her novels, Ms. Chadwick builds a strong plot, supported by several sub-plots, which bolster the main storyline rather than detracting from it. History and politics are seamlessly intertwined with the narrative. The language has enough of a medieval feel, with authentic terms and phrases, to give the reader a real sense of place, yet it does not overpower. Words are chosen carefully, and it is delightful to see the author give full flight to her fancy on occasion, when describing the landscape or a particularly exotic room or creature.

Fans of historical fiction, no matter what the period, will want to add this book to their to-be-bought list, post-haste!

Teresa Eckford, Canada

(Teresa is also a reviewer, and Membership Secretary, for the Historical Novel Society. Contact them at www3.simpatico.ca/eckford/Reviews.htm or www3.simpatico.ca/eckford/terest.htm)

Mediaeval people were violent. Murder during this period was nothing. Everybody killed somebody.

 *Murder and Mayhem* – D.B. Lyle, M.D. – St. Martin's Press, NY, 2003

If you want to write a Medieval mystery, or a mystery set in any other period, this is a very useful text for determining e.g. what kinds of poisons were available at the time, how various methods worked, etc. At least, I hope you will use it only for literary purposes. The author and publisher are concerned, also, because they print warnings to this effect:

THIS BOOK IS TO PROVIDE WRITERS OF FICTION WITH ANSWERS TO BASIC AND COMPLEX QUESTIONS ON MEDICAL AND FORENSIC ISSUES. IT IS NOT TO BE USED FOR DIAGNOSIS OR FOR REAL-LIFE BEHAVIOR.
And:

This book is not to be used as a manual for any criminal activity or to bring harm to anyone.

(their typography). That said, an interesting point to Ricardians is the query about spinal muscular atrophy, which the symptoms of the fictional Richard – or even perhaps the real one – would seem to fit. There's a lot on poisons, as expected, but Dr. Lyle covers a number of subjects, from the use of shock therapy to the cause of death in the case of Goliath v. David.

New weapons forced the nobles to deride from their horses. Knights now had to carry armored plates into battle. Castles became more elaborate, with thick walls, moats, and towers topped by rows of crustaceans.

 *Just Curious About History, Jeeves* – Erin Barrett and Jack Mingo, Pocket Books, 2002

Jeeves has done his research, but has been too quick to accept the easiest, or most interesting, stories — and not just with regard to Richard III. For example, they refer to Oklahoma as a “desert wasteland.” A wilderness it may have been in the mid-nineteenth century, but it has never been a desert, at least to anybody who knows deserts. Chain mail is referred to as being comfortable and lightweight, in comparison to plate armor, when in fact it was the other way around. It isn't a total waste of money however; Barrett & Mingo, (a married couple who have their own Jeeves — a life-size cardboard figure) have an ear for the scandalous and disreputable, and for the simply intriguing. Know why the Red Baron, who wasn't a Baron, was red?

The Hundred Years War was fought over English holidays in France.

 *Henry V, War Criminal? & Other Shakespear ePuzzles* – John Sutherland & Cedric Watts - Oxford World's Classics, OUP, 2000

Including such momentous questions as “Is Portia a virgin?” “Why does the Duke Leave Town?”, “How much time does Richard (II) waste?” and other puzzles and contradictions in the plays. Richard III is mentioned only in passing, e.g. in the

chapter on “How many Shakespearian cannibals?” (figuratively).

Mr. (Dr?) Watts is a professor at the University of Kent and a Shakespearian scholar. Mr./Dr. Sutherland is also a professor, and has written, among others, several books similar to this, all published by OUP in the same paperback format: **IS HEATHCLIFF A MURDERER?**, **CAN JANE EYRE BE HAPPY?**, and **WHO BETRAYS ELIZABETH BENNETT?** Either the author or the publisher seems to be a fan of Laurence Olivier, as he appears on the cover of all four. Did the titles come first, or were they selected to feature the scenes from those particular films? Either way, these puzzles are fun to read, and may encourage one to read or reread the books – including most of the classics, e.g. *Adam Bede*, *Bleak House* etc.

Freud opened the door to people understanding what it is to open your own mind instead of having the thought that others had already.

 *Bosworth 1485: Psychology of a Battle* – Michael K. Jones, Trmpus, Stroud, Gloucester, and Charleston, S.C. 2002

This is one of a handsomely produced series on important battles; others include Bannockburn, Hastings, Agincourt and Flodden. Mr. Jones makes an effort to examine Richard III's psychology and that of his rival, as well as the psychology of the battle, but this rests on somewhat dubious grounds. His premise is that Richard believed that he was the legitimate heir to the throne, and was the legitimate heir, because Edward was a bastard. And he knew, of course, because his mother told him so — in fact was willing to swear to it at one time. For this, Jones depends on Mancini and More, who in turn got their information from someone else — in Mancini's case John Argentine, who might have heard rumors, but was unlikely to have been an earwitness of Duchess Cecily's accusation. In More's case it was Jane Shore, who got it as pillow-talk from Edward IV himself. More may have seen Ms. Shore around, but there is no indication that he was on any kind of confidential terms with her. But the fact that this transmittal could have occurred proves to Mr. Jones that it did in fact occur, and if the transmission is possible, then the story much be factual. At least that is the way he reasons.

Equally unlikely, he believes that Richard's father and namesake knew he was not Edward's father, which is “proved” by his not having as elaborate a christening as his younger brother Edmund. That there could be other reasons for this never occurs to him. Nor does he seem to realize that Cecily is shown in rather a bad light — not so much because of the adultery, which could be an act of impulse, but because she was willing to perpetuate a fraud on almost everyone but her husband — the nation, the Church, even her own son. If the author's thesis is correct, she was willing to do so until provoked by Edward's marriage to a woman she disapproved of, was bribed/coerced into keeping silence, but did nothing until after Edward's death. Nice work for a ‘very pious’ lady!

There is no room for coincidence or simple mistakes in Mr. Jones' universe. If Henry VII was misidentified as the son of Henry VI, this was not an all-to-likely copyist's error, nor a matter of Henry Tudor not bothering to deny it

(how would he explain the difference in names?) but something he was maneuvered into doing by the French, for reasons of their own. This is the reasoning employed by conspiracy theorists of all stripes. Perhaps it's true, but other explanations seem more plausible

He does believe the battle of Bosworth was not fought at Bosworth, but that hardly makes him unique, although he does make a good case. Perhaps we will never know for sure. And what went on in the hearts and minds of the men and women of that time we can never fully know, but we can speculate on what would be likely, and this scenario seems highly unlikely.

Feel free to look for my errors, bloopers, etc. and let me know about them!

FESTSCHRIFT

Current members should now have received the Festschrift. This publication celebrates Anne Sutton's 25 years as editor of *The Ricardian* and replaces the four issues of *The Ricardian* for 2003.

A few members have reported errors in the bindery of their individual copy, with pages out of order.

This is quite a large book and we anticipate not all of you will have read it as yet. We ask that you check your copy now and determine there are no problems with the bindery.

We have only a limited number of this publication and will not be able to make replacements indefinitely. If you have a problem, please contact Eileen Prinsen, who currently has the extra copies.

LISTSERV REPORT

Pamela J. Butler

Mystery plays, *Bosworth, 1485* (the new book by Michael K. Jones), the "usefulness" of medievalists in modern society, the research of Alison Weir, and the creation of a list of the most influential people in medieval times for a class of fourth graders were the topics that produced the most postings on the listserv in the second quarter. Other topics receiving significant attention were issues surrounding the legitimacy of Edward IV, events at his coronation, the battle banners at Bosworth, the *Festschrift*, the possible formation of a new chapter in the St. Paul/Minneapolis area of Minnesota, and expressions of regret that Geoffrey Richardson in Yorkshire passed away on May 8, 2003.

In one posting, Peggy Allen informed us that a mention of Richard III had occurred in the Wall Street Journal: Page D8 of the April 8, 2003, *Wall Street Journal* contains an article by Stuart Ferguson about the Napoleon III exhibition currently at the Forbes Gallery, 62 Fifth Ave., NYC. Christopher Forbes is quoted as saying, "The French still cannot stand Napoleon III; to them he's an embarrassment ... But he's one of the great underrated world leaders ... Not since Shakespeare traduced the reputation of Richard of Gloucester [Richard III] have we seen anybody so successfully besmirched."

A total of 368 messages were posted, with 52 of the 93 subscribers posting at least once for a participation rate of 56%. The listserv is open to all members of the Richard III Society worldwide, and of the 93 subscribers, 70 are from the United States, 11 are from the United Kingdom, 7 are from Canada, and 5 are from Australia. The digest list now has 20 subscribers. Those who posted most frequently on the list are, in descending order, Pamela Butler, Paul Trevor Bale, Ananaia O'Leary, Cheryl Rothwell, Sheilah O'Conner, Eric Moles, Janet Trimboth, Virginia Poch, Laura Blanchard, Charlie Jordan, Peggy Allen, Margaret Anderson, and Judy Pimental.

The first posting was by Brian Wainwright, who responded to Pam's query about the location of Greyfriars in

Salisbury, where the Duke of Buckingham was said to have been buried after his execution in 1483 for inciting the rebellion that bore his name. Brian cites a source, *English Medieval Monasteries, 1066-1540*, by Roy Midmer, which states that "such parts [of Grefriars] as survive are incorporated in Windover House on the south side of St. Ann Street." (The postal code is SP1 2DR).

Another thread involved assembling a Richard III display kit which could be put to use at a moment's notice should a Shakespearean festival take place near one's home. Some of the suggested items were: two card tables, posters or pictures of battles and/or individuals, fiction and non-fiction books about the Wars of the Roses era, bookmarks which we can print out ourselves from the website, older Ricardian Registers, etc., and everything prominently displaying our website address. We were considering how to make clipart more widely available.

The last posting of the quarter was part of a discussion about potential seminars that could be considered for the Annual General Meeting. Discussion ensued regarding the efforts to produce a mystery play; another topic was creating medieval manuscripts and using gold leaf. Laura pointed out her wonderful site, which has much how-to information: www.leavesofgold.com.

For members who would like to join the listserv, the easiest way is to go to the website at www.r3.org/members and to click on the link: Members-Only Electronic Discussion List. Once membership is confirmed, the applicant's name will be added to the list.

Another way is to send an email to: richard3-subscribe@plantagenet.com, or, in order to subscribe to the digest only, to send an email to: richard3-digest-subscribe@plantagenet.com. Any member who has difficulties signing up for the listservs should contact richard3-owner@plantagenet.com

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