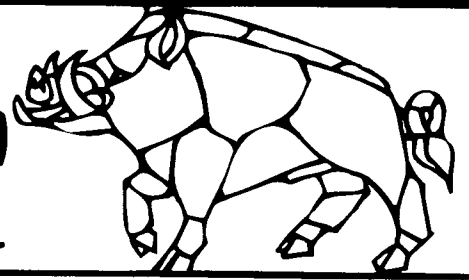


Ricardian REGISTER



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The Very Model of a Military Monarch

— Photos by Geoffrey Wheeler, London

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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

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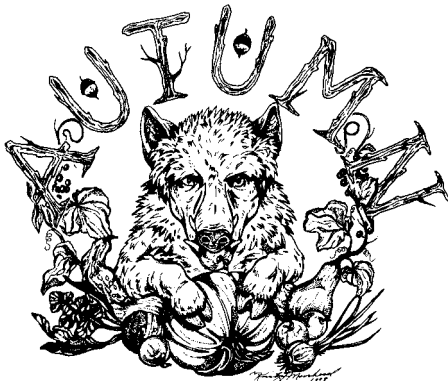
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EDITORIAL LICENSE

Carole Rike

This issue is predominantly travel — to Bruges, to England with Linda Treybig's tour group, and to Bosworth. I hope you find Pam's extensive research into ways to travel to Bosworth by public transport to be helpful on your next trek to England. Kim Malo's survey of Ricardian Pilgrims was a labor of love. Traveling to Bosworth has changed a great deal over the years and we appreciate those members who shared their experiences with us. If you would like to contribute your experiences, please send me a letter or email and we'll carry yours as well.

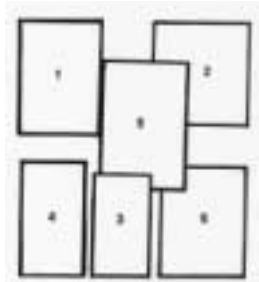
Thanks to Tom Lockwood, who has extensively reviewed the Festschrift for our benefit. I found its size to be daunting.

Myrna comes through every issue with her Ricardian Reading, and I still enjoy her column more than anything else in these pages.

Myrna and I are looking for input from you — book reviews, articles, letters, or whatever you can contribute. We can't keep going without you guys!

Cover Key:

A survey of some of the more accurate scale models of Richard III at Bosworth produced within recent decades: (1) A defiant pose of the King's last stand by Pete Armstrong^(a) 1985 [90 mm]. (2) An Olivier inspired figure - Hussar Models 1993 [90 mm]. (3) (4) (5) Complete figure and details of large scale model [approx 2 ft high] as displayed at Bosworth Battlefield Centre, but with differences of detail - Peter Dale [display only].^(b) (6) The Armoury of St James's^(c) latest model, with removable crown and sallet (helmet) 2003 [90 mm].



^(a) Romanby, Manor Park, Keswick, Cumbria, CA12 4AB, UK (www.borderminiatures.com)

^(b) 12, Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall, London, SW1Y 4UY, UK (www.peterdaleltd.com)

^(c) 17, Piccadilly Arcade, Piccadilly, London, SW1Y 6NH, UK (www.armoury.co.uk/home) - mounted figures range from ,800 - ,1,200.

Photos (all from colour originals) and text by Geoffrey Wheeler, London.

RICHARD III AND THE CITY OF BRUGES

Sandra Worth

Often referred to as the Venice of the North for its canals and medieval atmosphere, Bruges, the city that offered Richard III refuge during two exiles, is perhaps best described by the nineteenth century novelist Georges Rodenback, who called it a mysterious sleeping city of the dead. The dead who sleep here are ones with whom Ricardians are familiar: Mary of Burgundy, Phillip the Good, Charles the Bold, Louis de Gruthuyse, Maximillian of Austria. They are present at every turn, as large in memory as they were in life. Indeed, the ghosts of Charles the Bold's empire seem to linger in the narrow streets and squares that bear their names and which echo, day and night, with the beat of horses hoofs against the cobbles. Paintings and murals honor their images and scenes from their lives; gilded effigies adorn their tombs; hotels and inns bear their names; and pageants celebrate their proudest moments.

First established between the seventh and ninth centuries on the shores of the Zwin, the once magnificent seat of the Dukes of Burgundy has been an international center of trade since its inception. Today the bustle of traders has given way to tourists who come to visit the fifteenth century that marked Bruges's Golden Age. They flow down the streets, glide along in barges, and clip-clop past in carriages, faces upturned to the city's historic splendors. Old houses and leaning trees border the quiet canals that wind by ancient churches, cathedrals, belfries, almshouses, statues and old bridges. White-capped matrons sit in open doorways, skillfully weaving the fine lace that was part of Burgundy's once famous textile trade, and black-garbed Benedictine Sisters stroll through the gardens of a thirteenth century hospital that is one of the oldest in Europe. Standing tall amongst these sights are a plethora of architecturally splendid gothic buildings, brimming with treasures and bearing silent testimony to the opulence and power that was fifteenth century Burgundy.



The Gruthuyse mansion in Winter

When Richard arrived in Bruges for his first exile, he was seven years old. His eldest brother Edward had not yet won his crown, and the benevolent monarch Phillip the Good was Duke of Burgundy. On that first occasion, Richard and his brother George stayed with William Caxton, a wealthy English burgher who would later bring the Guttenberg printing press to England under Edward IV. Nothing remains of either Phillip the Good's palace or Caxton's home, but their absence weighed against Bruges's riches bears scant notice. Senor de Gruthuyse's gothic mansion, however, where Richard found sanctuary as a seventeen year old exile the second time he fled to Bruges, stands proud guard over the hedged gardens through which he once strolled, beside the great Church of Our Lady in which he surely attended services.



Sandra Worth in front of the residence of the Governor of Holland, where Richard spent his second exile.

Today the Gruthuyse mansion is a museum, and an especially meaningful one for the Ricardian visitor. Here can be found room after room with gilded wood ceilings, polished tile floors, fifteenth century wrought iron work, carved stone, wooden filigree screens, marble columns, stained glass windows, magnificent tapestries and baroque statues. Here, too, is the original medieval kitchen that prepared the food on which Richard dined. The museum overflows with paintings by artists who were Richard's contemporaries: Jan Van Eyck, painter to the court of Phillip the Good; Hugo van der Goes, who is thought to have painted the contemporary portrait of Richard's sister, Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy; and Hans Memling, who sold a triptych to Lord Hastings's brother-in-law, Sir John Donne, which now hangs in the National Gallery.

Louis de Gruthuyse, one of Bruges most admired and honored Burgundian figures of the late fifteenth century, served under both Phillip the Good and his son Charles the Bold with great distinction. He was the confidante and envoy of Mary of Burgundy, and in all likelihood, this man who had known Edward IV and Richard III also proved a good friend to Margaret of York. Revered in his time as a brilliant diplomat, a brave warrior, and a patron of the arts, his motto, *Plus est en Vous*, More is in You, is evident throughout the estate, and suggests a man of ideals. It was Senor de Gruthuyse, Governor of Holland, who risked Charles the Bold's censure by rescuing Edward

from certain capture or death at the hands of the ships of the Hanseatic League. As soon as Edward regained his throne the following year, he rewarded Gruthuysse with the earldom of Winchester and a generous annual income. Gruthuysse wasted no time using this money to build a chapel connecting his mansion with the famous Church of Our Lady so that he could follow church services from his home.

Of all the rooms and treasures in the Gruthuysse Museum, it is this small chapel, built with Edward's money, which provides the strongest link with Richard's era. The chapel, completed in 1472, of carved wood and



Hall of Gruthuysse Museum

stone, connects the Gruthuysse mansion with the chancel of the Church of Our Lady where both Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy are buried. Their ornate bronze tombs, gilded and decorated with recumbent statues and the family coats of arms, are clearly visible from the chapel window. Mary's sarcophagus, commissioned by her son Phillip the Fair and completed in 1502, was surely admired by

Margaret of York, the step-mother who had loved her, before Margaret left for Mechlin, where she herself would die a year later.

The Church of Our Lady where Mary of Burgundy and Charles the Bold lay side by side in their magnificent tombs, is itself a splendid gothic building that dates from the thirteenth century. Stunning stained glass windows trace Mary of Burgundy's genealogy, from her grandfather Phillip the Good down to her grandson Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.



The Gothic Town Hall

A few steps away, along the central nave, are thirty coats of arms above the stalls belonging to the knights who were present at the second Chapter of the Golden Fleece, the Order founded by Phillip the Bold. The ceremony was held in the church in 1468, as Edward's sister Margaret was preparing to leave England to wed Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and as the Earl of Warwick's rift with Edward and his Woodville queen was about to rupture into war.

A short walk from the Church of Our Lady, along Gruthuysse Street and the canal, takes the visitor to the Town Hall, which fronts a quiet square. Inside the ornamented building whose façade is decorated with six pointed arched windows and forty-eight baroque statues are housed larger-than-life paintings depicting the final moments of the last of Burgundy's rulers, appropriately entitled *The Death of Charles the Bold*—who died besieging Nancy in 1477 — and the *Fatal Fall of Mary of Burgundy*, who

was killed in a fall from her horse in 1482, and whose death unleashed the events that plunged Burgundy into decline. Here too is the gorgeous gilded council chamber first used by Phillip the Good in 1464, as Edward in England secretly wooed and wed Elizabeth Woodville, a fateful marriage that set into motion the bevy of disasters soon to devour the House of York and end forever the four hundred year reign of the Plantagenets.

Across town rises the Jerusalem Church, which Richard surely visited. Completed in 1470 as he arrived in Bruges for his second exile, it was inspired by the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem and is one of the rare buildings to survive intact from the fifteenth century. The nobleman and his wife who founded the church, and who no doubt met Richard and dined with Margaret of York and Charles of Burgundy, are buried here, at the center of this evocative stone, brick, and wooden church.

Not only does Bruges bear witness to its Golden Age with architecture, monuments, statues and art work, but it celebrates the era with music and pageants that hark back to historic moments. The most noteworthy of these is the re-enactment of Margaret of York's marriage to Charles the Bold, a banquet held every Saturday evening from April through October in a converted Jesuit church, while minstrels, fire-eaters, jesters, knights and falconers entertain the hall, as they did in 1468.



The Church of Our Lady dates from the 13th century



Sarcophagus of Charles the Bold, Church of Our Lady, Bruges, Belgium

Bruges's decline began with the mismanagement of Charles the Bold, whose character is perhaps more accurately conveyed by the other translation of his name, "Charles the Rash." His premature death besieging the inconsequential town of Nancy led Louis XI to claim



Sarcophagus of Mary of Burgundy, Church of Our Lady, Bruges, Belgium

that the duchy of Burgundy had reverted to France in the absence of a male heir. Mary of Burgundy's marriage to Maximilian of Austria kept Louis at bay temporarily, but what Burgundy urgently needed to resolve the matter was England's help in fighting France. Although Burgundy was England's traditional ally against France and the keystone of English trade, Edward hesitated, reluctant to forfeit the fifty thousand crown annuity Louis XI paid him according to the terms of the Treaty of Picquigny. The annuity had not only bought Edward freedom from the money worries that had plagued the early years of his reign, but had afforded a lavish life style that he, and his avaricious, luxury-loving Woodville queen, were loathe to relinquish.

In addition, Louis had cleverly dangled yet another choice morsel before their hopeful eyes: The prospect that their daughter, Elizabeth of York, betrothed to the Dauphin by the terms of the treaty, would one day become Queen of France. For these reasons, when Margaret of York came to England in 1480 in a final effort to save her adopted country, Edward refused his sister the aid that could have rescued Burgundy.

As Burgundy struggled to survive in these dire circumstances, there followed in 1482 a disaster that would prove its death knell. Mary of Burgundy, an avid horsewoman, was thrown from her horse and killed, leaving her duchy in the hands of her husband, Maximilian of Austria, whom some now hated as a foreigner and a tyrant. Christine Weightman, Margaret of York's biographer, observes the following:

"She (Mary of Burgundy) was buried in the Church of Our Lady in Bruges... There, in the only church north of the Alps to possess a statue by Michaelangelo the young duchess lay at peace while rebellion broke out all over her territories."¹

By the end of the year Maximilian was forced to come to terms with Louis of France. He signed the Treaty of Artois, and his daughter Margaret of Austria was betrothed to the Dauphin, her dowry to include all of Burgundy. The Golden Age of Bruges was over.

Across the ocean, less than four months later in April 1483, Edward IV died, prematurely and suddenly, consigning England to the machinations of his detested Woodville queen. His daughter had been spurned by Louis, and his income decimated; some claimed that Louis's humiliation was the blow that killed him. Whatever the truth of the matter, his death threw England into crisis. For three months the land tottered on the verge of civil war. Then Richard of Gloucester stepped forward to take the throne as King Richard III, the last in the long line of glorious Plantagenet kings of England.

About the Author

Sandra's debut novel on Richard III, *The Rose of York: Love & War*, is coming November 1st 2003 from End Table Books, an imprint of Metropolis Ink. The book, which carries a foreword by our own former chairman Roxane Murph, is nominated for the 2003 Dorothy Parker Award, a reviewer's choice award, and has won three other awards, including one judged by Thomas J. Colgan, Senior Editor, Berkley Publishing Group (Penguin Putnam).

For more information, and to see a short movie, visit her website at www.sandraworth.com.

Down a little back road in England...

HANLEY CASTLE, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Brian Wainwright

Hanley Castle is a small village just off the Upton-upon-Severn to Worcester road, about 8 miles north west of Tewkesbury. The little side road ends at a village green, around which are grouped an attractive collection of cruck-framed cottages and a pub, The Three Kings, that claims to date back to the 15th century. One of the rooms in The Three Kings possesses what appears to be a medieval oven.

Just off the village green is the unusual village church, the chancel and tower of which are built of 17th century brick, the nave of 14th century stone. The interior is disappointingly plain, but fans of 18th and 19th century tombstones will find a rich harvest in the churchyard. The church has two porches, on the north and south sides of the chancel, the disused southern one facing across the open fields to the site of the long-vanished castle.

A clear path runs through the churchyard and leads to an iron wicket gate. Soon after the path divides, the branch to the castle running along the edge of a field of corn, with a deep ditch to the right. After about 200 yards you cross a small bridge and soon after that the dry moat and mound of the castle become visible. Not a single stone remains.

Hanley Castle was built for King John about 1210. It passed to the De Clare earls of Gloucester, and then to the Despensers. The widow of the very last Despenser, Eleanor Neville, Countess of Northumberland, was granted a share of it as part of her dower: "A great room at the end of the hall to the west, with two towers of stone and one third of the pantry and buttery under the said room, two rooms called 'les guesenchambres', three towers in the south with a fourth in the corner of the castle towards the south, a third part of the bake house and kitchen, also in the said corner, and one third of the palisade and moat adjacent to the said four towers towards the south." She was also to have free access to the chapel. This description probably covers about a third of the castle and gives an idea of its overall size.

Henry Beauchamp, later Duke of Warwick and last male of his line, was born there in 1425 — his mother

being Isabelle, the Despenser heiress, granddaughter of Edmund of Langley. He died at the castle in 1445, and was buried at Tewkesbury Abbey, where a large skeleton, thought to be his, was located in the 19th Century. Henry's young daughter died a few years later and her inheritance passed to her aunt, Anne Beauchamp, wife of Warwick the Kingmaker. Hanley Castle fell into Clarence's share of the Warwick inheritance, but by this time may not have been in regular use.

In 1480-81 repairs were carried out to the gatehouse, pool and mill, and floodgate, at a cost of four pounds, seven shillings and ten pence. Under the Tudors repaired ceased altogether and demolition began. Nothing was left by the mid 17th century except a "littll rubbyshe". The last masonry was removed in 1795 to repair a bridge.

As we walked back towards The Three Kings we sighed over the vanished glories and I suggested that there might be a "Hanley Jewel" somewhere in the vicinity, dropped by the Kingmaker or Clarence on his way to church! It was a nice thought.

The food and traditional cider provided by The Three Kings was also worth the diversion in its own right. Let's just say I was glad I had a driver with me.

So there it is. Not really worth a special trip, but highly recommended as a stopping place if you're in the vicinity some time.

About the Author:

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.

RICARDIAN REGISTER ONLINE

Back issues of the *Ricardian Register* are now available at www.r3.org/members in the highly readable Adobe Acrobat format, and more are being added as this issue goes to press.

The members-only section is password protected — to receive a password, richard3-owner@plantagenet.com.

CORRECTION!

Teresa Eckford's review of Elizabeth Chadwick's *Falcons of Montabard* did not make clear that she is the membership secretary for the Canadian branch of the HNS, not the whole Society. Also, her web domain is sympatico.ca, not simpatico.ca and there is no "t" at the end of her website url (teresa.htm, not teresat.htm)

2003 RICARDIAN TOUR

Jean Kvam

To begin with, I'm going to go out on a limb and personally petition our tour coordinator, Linda Treybig, to officially change the name from the "Ricardian Tour" to the annual "Ricardian Pilgrimage," as I truly believe our tour participants this year were exactly that — pilgrims. Webster's dictionary defines a pilgrim as "a person who travels to a shrine or holy place." As I traveled with this wonderful and interesting group of people I couldn't help but think we were there for a purpose, a mission if you will, to pay our respects to a person to whom history has not been kind. It seemed we were all there hoping to take something back home with us, whether it was a better understanding of Richard and his times or a deeper sense of purpose to his life. We were on a pilgrimage of understanding.

We began our pilgrimage, uh tour, searching for Richard in Richmond. We stayed at a lovely hotel called the Kings Head which is right below Richmond Castle in the town center, complete with cobble-stoned streets and farmers' market. Richmond Castle was acquired by Richard in 1478 by way of exchange. There are wonderful views from the castle keep, looking over the narrow streets winding through the town and the River Swale which is an unusual clear reddish color. We had a delightful dinner together in the hotel that evening, as some conversations naturally tended toward Ricardian topics while others were focused simply on getting to know one another. We even had fireworks outside our window that night!

The next day it was off to Bolton Castle, which was a marvel. I could imagine Richard and Anne traveling from Middleham to see their friends and being warmly welcomed by the Scopes. Much of the castle is intact, and it was complete with docents dressed appropriately and reenacting some of the activities of everyday life at this beautiful medieval home. As we wandered through the remains of Bolton, I had to believe it was built mainly for the views — Wensleydale is breathtaking!

Our sojourn then took us to Jervaulx Abbey, where we had lunch with several Yorkshire Ricardians at the Abbey tearooms. We did have a little time to explore the ruins of the Abbey, which was set picturesquely amongst a small flock of sheep. Linda Telford, who was among our Ricardian hosts, mentioned that it is believed Richard's white horse was bred by the monks of Jervaulx who were known for their horses. The story seems highly likely as Jervaulx is so close to Middleham. I'm sure if they were known for their ability to breed good horses, Richard would have been keenly aware of the goings-on at the Jervaulx stables.

It was quite exciting to head down the road to Middleham, and my heart began to pound a little harder as the castle came into sight. We walked around



Tour members with Michael Bennett at Middleham

Middleham Castle as John Audsley gave us an insightful tour, pointing out all of the particulars of the castle. I think we were all rather dumbfounded at some of the details, especially the fact that Richard is attributed with extensive latrine building, not only at Middleham but at other residences as well. I couldn't help but think this was an insight into his personality. What it means exactly, I'm not sure. Do we have any psychologists out there who might shed some light on this issue?

The Middleham Festival was also going on; and as a part of that, Michael Bennett performed, "The Trial of Richard III," which was marvelously entertaining and offered a good, concise history of the House of York and Richard's ascension to the throne. A bit of humor and yet some poignant points provided some insight into Richard's actions as well as his fierce loyalty to Edward IV. Jayney mentioned how wonderful it would be to have Michael perform at one of our AGMs. Hey Jayney, do you know how to spell "fundraiser?" Count me in. We then walked the short distance to Middleham Church where a replica of the Middleham Jewel is on display. A stained glass window dedicated to Richard in 1935 graces the south wall; given by the Richard II Society, it depicts Richard III, Queen Anne and the Prince of Wales in the lower quarter portion of the panels. The church exudes Richard's presence in its contents and ambiance. It was difficult to take our leave of Middleham, as I think we all felt it was truly someone's home.

The next day we headed to Barnard Castle, with our first stop being St. Mary's Parish Church where we met the vicar's wife, Kim, who led us on a tour. Richard had applied to make St. Mary's a college with 12 priests, but his premature death prevented that. Kim also pointed out the boar carved next to a window on the outside of the church. Our trek through Barnard Castle was challenging, as much of the castle is gone and it required you

to really stretch your imagination to visualize it as it once was. There is a wooden platform, built to give visitors access to that part of the ruins which includes Richard's oriel window — complete with boar emblem on the ceiling projection over the window. (Richard also had a tower of latrines constructed here.)

A short drive brought us to Raby Castle, the childhood home of Richard's mother, Cecily Neville. Raby was surrounded by beautifully manicured gardens with picturesque views of the castle. Much of the current interior is 18th and 19th century reconstruction and later building, although some of the medieval and earlier portions are visible from outside. The chapel, however, is worth every minute spent at Raby. It is small but ornate and encompasses many centuries of history within its walls.

From Raby, we visited the Birds of Prey Conservation Centre near Thirsk, which everyone seemed to enjoy very much. I just enjoyed listening to the handler, who was an obvious Yorkshireman by the thickness of his accent; but it was his enthusiasm that made it a great show. He picked several out of our group to help him handle the birds as he went through his demonstration and then gave everyone who wanted a chance to handle the birds after the demonstration.

No rest for the wicked, and that includes us. What a tour so far! Now it's off to York for a good night's rest and on to Rievaulx the next day. I have to say that our visit to Rievaulx Abbey was the closest thing to a spiritual experience I have ever had in my life. Words cannot express the magnificence and peacefulness of its setting. I think we all felt rather humbled by its towering ruins, knowing that at times there were upwards of 140 choir monks and 500 lay-brothers residing there and that many are still buried beneath the beloved earth that sustained their community in this beautiful valley. The Abbey was founded in 1132 and was the first Cistercian abbey in the north of England. I would go back in a heartbeat!

We then made a short stop at Sheriff Hutton Church where we viewed the tomb believed to be little Edward's, Richard and Anne's son, who died at Middleham in 1484. We all had the opportunity to take photos of the alabaster figure and pondered whether or not this was truly Edward's final resting place. The tomb had been tucked away in an obscure corner of the church and extensive restoration has been done to its badly worn surface. Of course the bones, if any, could be anywhere.

We came back to York and had dinner on our own. Some gathered together and supped at local pubs. I ended up walking the entire wall surrounding the city, beginning my walk at Monk's Bar which houses the Richard III Museum. I was quite embarrassed by its contents and believe it is unbecoming a king's memory. It is tacky and gaudy and should be under close scrutiny of the Richard III Society to determine whether to solicit the funding for a presentable exhibit or to encourage its



Gainsborough Old Hall

abandonment. I ended the day with a visit to historical York Minster. York is a beautiful city (very walkable) and warrants a stay of a couple of days or so. There are many sites in the area which are particularly pertinent to the Ricardian visiting there.

We packed up our bags after spending two nights in York and headed down to Old Gainsborough Hall where Richard stopped during his procession through the North after his coronation. There are several hands-on exhibits in the hall and especially the kitchens, where a group of school children were having a good time sweeping, cooking and generally playing, as their teacher tried to talk above all the noise. Gainsborough is well worth seeing as it gives you a good idea of how the merchant class lived. There is also a display which includes a lot of information about Gainsborough's history relating to the Pilgrims who eventually settled in the New World. On to Lincoln for lunch.

Approaching Lincoln, the spires of Lincoln Cathedral could be seen towering on the horizon from quite a distance. I could imagine how powerful this image was for many who traveled there. We walked through the town to the cathedral, where we saw the tombs of Bishop John Russell, Richard's Chancellor, and also the tomb of Katherine Swynford, who was the ancestress of both Richard and Anne. Katherine was mistress and later the wife of John of Gaunt and bore the Beaufort line. Her daughter Joan, Cecily Neville's mother, is buried next to her. The stained glass in the cathedral is magnificent. The sun shines through the windows and reflects upon the floors in multicolors. I stood in its reflection and, as it colored my feet and toes, I wondered how many people had done the same over the ages. We left Lincoln and headed to the Angel & Royal where Richard received the Great Seal when putting down Buckingham's rebellion in 1484, and a very attractive display can be found at the bottom of the stairway indicating Richard's presence there. The actual room is a beautiful dark grey stone with three bay windows decorated above each alcove with stone carvings. It is now the hotel restaurant and was clad in very elegant table settings. I was impressed at the wine selection gracing

one large corner of the room! Then on to Melton Mowbray, where we settled into our lovely hotel surrounded by a graceful, rolling countryside and a large garden where we sat and took it all in.

The next day, our first excursion was to Lyddington Bede House which was built by the Bishops of Lincoln as a rural palace. There were once many more structures on the grounds which have not survived, but the large manor which still stands is a great example of medieval living. The timber cornice in the great chamber is exceptional.

Fotheringhay was our next stop. What a church this must have been! It now exists in only a portion of its original grandeur after much of it was destroyed. Only the nave and transepts survive as the present-day parish church. The House of York is clearly represented in the church, as the tombs of Richard, Duke of York, and his wife Cecily Neville stand to the north of the altar and are identified by a wooden plaque above. After the choir of the church was destroyed, it is said that, on a visit to Fotheringhay, Queen Elizabeth I was appalled at the state of her ancestor's tombs and had them moved into the intact portion of the church. At that time, Cecily's remains were identified but those of Richard and their son, Edmund, were not actually located and may still lie in the area where the east portion originally stood. A fifteenth century baptismal font graces the entrance to the church and one is struck with the thought that Richard III may have been baptized there. The ornate pulpit was donated by Edward IV for the reburial ceremony of his father and brother in 1471. On its panels are exhibited the bull and boar. The York Window was dedicated in 1975 and was a gift of the Richard III Society. After lunch we boarded our coach once again and headed across the Fens toward Crowland (Croyland) Abbey. With the exception of the north aisle which is used presently as a parish church, most of Crowland is in ruins. The building lists tremendously and looks rather precarious from the outside. The remains of the church were quite ornate, and you can still get a feel for the original abbey in the miscellaneous figures and bosses still remaining.



Croyland Abbey



At the memorial stone at Bosworth

The next day we traveled to Sutton Cheney to hang our wreath of white roses next to the Richard III plaque inside the church and then headed on to Bosworth Field. The battlefield is preserved remarkably well and has a wonderful tourist center, shop and interpretive exhibit. You can walk the battlefield on clearly marked trails, with each section clearly marked by the banners of all the participants as well as their coats of arms. Pauline Foster gave us an absolutely fabulous walking tour. She was very well versed, and her added dramatization was appreciated. She really made it come alive. Our group stood by the memorial stone near the site where Richard fell during his ill-fated charge and had our pictures taken. We all got a kick out of Evelyn's confession that, on her last trip there, she took some little vials of the dirt in the area of the stone (Another bit of evidence for the tour being designated a pilgrimage!) I must admit that I too felt the urge to grasp a memory, so I slipped off my sandals and wriggled my toes in the dirt.

Kenilworth Castle, the stronghold of John of Gaunt, was our next stop. The older portion of the castle is in ruins, but somehow I feel that touring ruins is much more powerful than, for instance, the experience at Raby. It becomes a challenge to reconstruct a castle in your mind and embellish it with your knowledge of what it might have been like to live during the glory days of these impressive structures. I did not get to meander around Kenilworth as much as I might have liked due to the fact that Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is apparently still there pushing women down stairs. I don't know how I did it, but down I went, and my ankle began to swell immediately. (Oh, did I mention I felt something cold and clammy on my arm before the fall on the stair?) Paula told me about the Dudley legend when we were back on the bus, and I got a good laugh.

The events at Warwick were quite lavish as two knights were at hand-to-hand combat when we approached the castle portcullis. Both resplendent in their armor, the scene was completed by colorful tents erected in the moat area, and several watched as the activities

ensued. Although there were many tourists, that didn't prevent anyone from seeing this spectacular castle in its entirety. Richard was granted Warwick after Clarence's death and spent some time there during his northern progression. It is rather sad to see that the Bear and Clarence towers, which were begun by Richard in 1478, were clearly unfinished due to his death. Some in our group walked down to the Church of St. Mary's in Warwick and reported that it was spectacular to see this monument to the Beauchamp lineage.

We moved on to the Cotswolds where we spent three nights in a lovely hotel in Stow-on-the-Wold. Some of us were dropped off in Stratford to attend opening night of the Royal Shakespeare Company's performance of *Richard III*. The rest of us headed to hotel and crashed. I, of course, procured some ice for my ankle and proceeded to lie in bed with my foot propped up.

*So Few Richards,
Too Many Dicks.*

Our group was stunned when, upon our arrival at the Fox and Hounds in Bredon for lunch, a car parked in the lot had this sticker displayed prominently on its bumper! We all talked about having them printed for the Society with a picture of Richard on the left and Tudor on the right. Before lunch, we had stopped at the perfectly preserved 14th century Bredon Tithe Barn where peasants would gather their grain payments to their feudal lord. In this case, the Bishops of Worcester benefitted directly. The large building was quite stunning and very sturdily built.

After lunch, we wound our way through the Cotswolds to the Tewkesbury Medieval Fair and battle-field re-enactment. You could find just about anything pertaining to the medieval period for sale at the fair. I was impressed with some of the workmanship of the craftsmen there. These were people who are dedicated to authentic reproduction. And speaking of authentic, I was amazed at all the people dressed in their medieval garb, especially those who were donned from head to toe in armor! It was extremely hot and I could not imagine being under all that metal with its layers of padding underneath. I stood at the entrance to the battlefield and watched as each entourage entered the field. As they walked by, each contingent was clearly marked by badges and banners. It was rather exciting and a great opportunity for photos. The battle re-enactment was a hoot and I think everyone enjoyed it very much. Afterwards, we all headed for Tewkesbury Abbey, and what a fine example of Norman architecture it is. We wandered around the monuments to the Beauchamps, Nevilles and Despencers and saw where Isabel and George were buried. The bosses on the painted and gilded ceiling of choir vault represent the Yorkist badges of the sun in splendor. The bosses in the nave tell the story of the life of Christ, and those of the subsidiary ribs on either side bear angels playing medieval instruments. The Abbey is

well worth seeing. Wow, what a tour so far and still not over! On to Stokesay Castle tomorrow.

Stokesay is really a fortified manor house as it was not specifically constructed to defend itself. It is a fine example of a home of the medieval period, complete with the original medieval staircase. It was chilling to walk up and down the stairs, not only because the depth and rise of each stair was rather narrow, but because you couldn't help but consider how many others had walked those same steps. The rooms are comfortable and surprisingly well lighted by sunshine coming in the windows. The surrounding countryside gives Stokesay a rather homey atmosphere. After lunch we headed on to Ludlow. (Oops! Ludlow was unexpectedly closed, as workers were removing the stage sets used for the summer theatre program that had concluded the previous evening. We all walked around the town and took in the ambiance. It gave us a good chance to relax, browse in the street market and have a much-needed ice cream.)

Great Malvern Priory was our next stop and what a treat it was. We were able to see the magnificence of the enormous window given to the priory by Richard, as well as the ceiling work he began. Off we went to our hotel where we rounded off our evening meal with a surprise birthday cake and ice cream in honor of Frank, who was celebrating his 37th birthday.

The next morning, we made time to take a scenic little drive through the Cotswolds before heading out to Minster Lovell. We had lunch at a pub that was once a 14th century monastery; during its heyday, it had provided accommodations for travelers and pilgrims. How appropriate it was for us to be dining there. Minster Lovell Hall proved to be a very romantic place. It is much in ruins, but you can still get the flavor of the old manor which is set along the River Windrush. The little church is esthetically beautiful — small and Gothic in its architecture. The tiles on the floor are still intact and a few of the original stained glass windows survive. I sat with the coolness of the stone surrounding me and just imagined Richard and his good friend Francis there. It was a wonderful way to end another hot day.

On to London! We arrived in the evening and settled in. As it was still light, I decided to take a walk from the hotel and try to find Crosby Hall. I was informed that it was on Cheyne Walk in Chelsea but mistakenly identified a building with a statue of Sir Thomas More in front of it as the Hall since he had once owned it. So, the next night, Frank, Rick and his wife, Paula, and I began another search. We did find it just a few buildings down the road from the More statue, but were unsure exactly what buildings constituted the residence Richard had called his London townhouse. The great hall, however, was clearly identifiable by the grey stone and the high placement of the windows. It was great to finally locate it, but it would be nice to see some kind of plaque on the building designating it as such.



Wreath presented by Tour Group at Sutton Cheney Church

On our final day, the presentation at the Society of Antiquaries was interesting to say the least. Our host was a vivacious young Australian woman who happens to be an enthusiastic Ricardian. We saw two portraits of Richard and one each of Edward IV and Margaret of York, as well as other nobles and, of course, some Tudors too. The SOA believes that the portrait of Richard they have was possibly done during his lifetime (about 15 years earlier than previously thought) but they are unable to research the matter any further at the present due to the funding needed. We viewed a lock of hair belonging to Edward IV and Richard's signet and seal. We also saw the Bosworth Processional Cross which was found near the battlefield in 1786.

After our coach picked us up, we then traveled on to Windsor. St. George's Chapel was impressive. We had a bit of disagreement with one of the guides over whether or not Richard was a Knight of the Garter. Of course,

we were adamant that he was, but our guide said otherwise. As soon as I got back home I began some research as did Nancy who sent me some wonderful facts supporting our view. It only goes to show you that sometimes you have to do your own research in order to cement your views. It seems that there is always an "expert" out there to challenge your knowledge.

We all dined together on our last night, exchanging some funny stories and jokes and laughing a lot. Then we reluctantly said our goodbyes and tucked away a few memories of the people we'd met and the places we had seen over the last two weeks. It was a fabulous trip, with fabulous people and fabulous memories of the places Richard called home.

Tour Coordinator's Notes:

1. Unfortunately, Crosby Hall is now a privately owned property and is not open to the public.
2. Ms. Lisa Elliott, who gave the presentation at the Society of Antiquaries, tells me that the Society believes that these earliest known paintings of Richard and Edward are quite likely copies of those owned by the Paston family. If so, they doubtless bear the closest resemblance to both.
3. I heartily second Jean's compliments about our fantastic group this year! Members included Tom & Yvonne Allen, Nancy Bauer, Craig & Annette Bradburn, Pamela Butler, Dave & Judy Luitweiler, Jayney Mack, Evelyn Perrine, Richard & Paula Mishaga, Frank Wessling and, last but not least, Jean Kvam — to whom I owe special thanks for a super report on a memorable tour!

Linda Treybig

LISTSERV REPORT

Pamela J. Butler

Ricardian solidarity, Laurence Olivier's Richard III (which we hope to see on DVD soon), the Festschrift, the new look of the Ricardian Bulletin, the controversy about the plaque near the urn at Westminster Abbey, Geoffrey Richardson's stories about ghosts at Middleham, and the Wensleydale Railroad were the most popular threads in the third quarter.

The DVD release of Laurence Olivier's movie, "Richard III," made nearly half a century ago, is expected to occur in the near future; the producer indicated that there would be supplementary material included, such as an interview with Olivier and Clark, more information about the actors, directors, etc. A debate ensued between those who like Olivier in this role and those who don't. It was described as a "stage play on screen," rather than an adaptation to cinema and its presentation possibilities.

The "Ricardian Solidarity" thread emphasized that Ricardians must work together rather than allowing minor disputes to cause divisiveness. Also, before sending email, it is useful to reread the message to ensure that a friendly tone is maintained.

The new look of the Ricardian Bulletin created diverse responses; most appeared to like the new format, though there were a few who did not. The Festschrift content was generally

lauded, and several members remarked that they looked forward to reading specifically marked-off articles, but some lamented that the lack of an index makes it more difficult to use this tome as a reference.

In Westminster Abbey, there is no evidence remaining of the translation of the Latin inscription on the urn that is said to contain the remains of the "Princes in the Tower." The plaque that tells the Richard III Society version of events is no longer in place; the Society has attempted to rectify this, but changes to the status quo must wait until a more propitious time, when key decision-makers can be persuaded to allow this to be done.

The listserv is a free service open to all Society members worldwide. To join, send an email from the email address you want to use to richard3-subscribe@plantagenet.com. To subscribe to the digest only, send an email to richard3-digest-subscribe@plantagenet.com. If you have any difficulty, email question to richard3-owner@plantagenet.com. You may also join via the website at www.r3.org/members. Click on the Members-Only Electronic Discussion List; once membership is confirmed, your name will be added to the list.

PRESENTING THE 2004 TOUR FOR AMERICAN BRANCH RICARDIANS

The Ricardian Rover

Travels with King Richard III

June 19 – 30, 2004

Come join me for a delightful touring experience as we explore the England of Richard III! This tour is perfect for those who have a keen interest in Richard and in medieval England in general. Our exciting itinerary includes many major Ricardian sites, a day in historical York, and an excellent guided tour of Bosworth Battlefield. Also featured is a choice selection of England's finest abbeys and stately homes and some of its loveliest countryside. At several sites, we will be warmly received and accompanied on our sightseeing by Ricardians from various English branches and groups — always special occasions for all of us!

You will enjoy 12 days of leisurely touring in a comfortable mid-size coach. Our accommodations, located in attractive market towns or villages, will be in charming smaller hotels and coaching inns where you'll be met with a cordial welcome, a comfortable bed and delicious meals. Many of our lunches will be at characterful village pubs which are recommended for their food. Your enthusiastic tour coordinator / escort will be Linda Treybig, tour coordinator of 14 previous Ricardian tours. **Note: Tour registration deadline is February 10th, and group size is limited to a maximum of 12.** As a number of Ricardians have already expressed a strong interest in joining us, you are urged to request your brochure and further details right away!

A BRIEF SKETCH OF OUR ITINERARY

- Day 1 (Sat.):** Arrival at Manchester Airport and coach transfer to hotel in the beautiful Yorkshire Dales. OVERNIGHT (2 nights): Yorkshire Dales
- Day 2 (Sun.):** ***Middleham Castle*** and ***church, Skipton Castle*** and tour of Yorkshire Dales.
- Day 3 (Mon.):** Byland Abbey, ***Pickering Castle*** and church, and Castle Howard. OVERNIGHT (2 nights): York
- Day 4 (Tues.):** Full day and evening at leisure in the ancient city of ***York***.
- Day 5 (Wed.):** ***Saxton church*** (presentation on ***Battle of Towton***), and Hardwick Hall en route to Leicestershire. OVERNIGHT (2 nights): Leicestershire
- Day 6 (Thurs.):** ***Bosworth Battlefield, Sutton Cheney church*** and ***Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle***.
- Day 7 (Fri.):** Morning drive south, with visits to ***marvelous Tewkesbury Abbey*** and Berkeley Castle. OVERNIGHT (1 night): Near Bristol
- Day 8 (Sat.):** ***Wells Cathedral*** and legendary Glastonbury Abbey. OVERNIGHT (2 nights): Dartmoor area of Devon
- Day 9 (Sun.):** Cothel House and fabulous Dartmoor with Devon/Cornwall Branch – a fun day!
- Day 10 (Mon.):** Lytes Cary Manor and time at leisure in Thomas Hardy's Dorchester. OVERNIGHT (2 nights): Dorset
- Day 11 (Tues.):** ***Corfe Castle, Berea Regis church*** and Athelhampton.
- Day 12 (Wed.):** Winchester Cathedral and Hampton Court Palace en route to London. OVERNIGHT (1 night): London
- Day 13 (Thurs.):** Return flight to the U.S.

Sites having specific connections with Richard III are shown in bold italics; all others are underlined.

A Final Word: Our unique, intimately-scaled tour is a happy alternative to large, impersonal "package" tours and the disadvantages of self-drive. Traveling through England's beautiful countryside and villages with a small group of friendly fellow Ricardians who share your interest in the man called Richard III, enriching your knowledge of him and his times, exploring fascinating places off the beaten track, discovering the best of both medieval and contemporary England — it all adds up to a truly serendipitous experience! Won't you join us?

For brochure and full details, please contact:

LINDA TREYBIG
340 Sprague Rd., # 303
Berea, Ohio 44017

RICARDIAN PILGRIMS

Kim Malo

Bosworth Field has been a travel destination since the summer of 1485, when Henry Tudor organized a group tour from France for his troops. Richard III, King of England, traveled from Nottingham by way of Leicester to join him there on August 22nd. It was an unusually expensive trip for Richard — costing him his crown, his life, and to some degree his reputation. Henry picked them up among his souvenirs.

Battlefields in general are popular historical sites to visit. They offer a rare chance to connect with the past by standing where the world was changed, quite literally following in the footsteps of those who changed it. They're a place to think about the hows and whys and what ifs while looking at the where.

Bosworth has a very personal meaning to many Society members. In the absence of a more conventional gravesite, the place where he died is one of the primary places to connect with Richard as a person — to pay last respects, while looking at gentle hills and fields likely not very changed from what he saw there on his last day, and wonder about what was in his head then and what would be in it now.

Following him there is a pilgrimage of sorts. So with a nod to Geoffrey Chaucer and some earlier pilgrims, here are The Bosworth Tales — a collection of stories about visiting Bosworth from some of the Society's Ricardian pilgrims.

The Battle site has changed over the years. There's now a Visitor's Centre, with a film theatre, information about the battle and medieval times, café and gift shop, banners marking the way, and facilities to handle tour buses. Originally just finding out how to get there and figuring out what you were looking for could be a challenge, and a way to meet new people...

Bosworth Field *is* a field, set among other fields, which can make getting there a cross-country adventure, particularly for those without wheels of their own. This isn't a place you visit by following the arrows from a nearby train platform. As **Carole Rike** noted: "the first time my daughter ever saw "real" manure was when climbing over a stile at Bosworth... at 13, she was outdone."

Nell Corkin (Bosworth, 1968) says her lifelong fascination with Richard III began with reading Josephine Tey's *Daughter of Time* as a teenager ... and when my parents offered a trip to England as a college graduation present, I was determined to see as many sites associated with Richard's life as I possibly could. Most on my list were not hard to find, but Bosworth was another story.

Since Bosworth was off the beaten path, we hired a car and driver, planning to see the battlefield and then

spend the rest of the day in Oxford. The driver, a retired military man, had brought his twelve year old son along, and we were all dressed to make a good impression in Oxford — ties and jackets for the men, dresses and ny-lons for the women (this was 1968, remember.)

I must have assumed that such a famous battlefield would be well marked, but it turned out to be virtually invisible. I knew more or less where it should be, but was completely bewildered. We spent the morning exploring rural roads in the general vicinity of Sutton Cheney and Market Bosworth, with no real success. The only sign we saw warned against spreading hoof and mouth disease.

Our driver, who was being very nice about the whole thing, inquired of several local people who waved their arms vaguely, and weren't much help. Finally, it occurred to me that maybe we would be more successful if we asked for a landmark. That worked, and we finally got directions to the farm where Dickon's Well was located. The farmer was friendly, but bemused. Clearly, we were not the first lunatics to drop by. "I don't see why you people want to come over here," he said. "I'd like to go over there."

He pointed the way, through a field of "young beasts." We were not dressed for this kind of ramble, but I was determined, and the others tried to be good sports. We managed to get past the barbed wire and into the field, which was wet and full of unspeakable muck. The "young beasts" eyed us suspiciously, but kept their distance (perhaps they were afraid we had hoof and mouth disease). Then it was over another fence and through a hedgerow and a nasty patch of nettles. We were in a rather overgrown field, and there was a stone cairn — Dickon's Well. I managed not to cry, but it was a near thing. Forget-me-nots grew around the base, and someone had left a bunch of white roses, now withered. I will never forget it.

The others, I suspect were thinking "Oh, great, now we have to go back the way we came." Which we did, the driver's son muttering under his breath about "stupid old kings". My favorite shoes were ruined, but I couldn't have cared less. Needless to say, we never did get to Oxford.

Maria (Bosworth 1985) took the train from London to Leicester, then a bus from Leicester to Market Bosworth... where I was left to find my own way. I found a tourist office, where a kindly old gentleman brought out a map of the area and gave me directions more or less in these words: "Now, you take this road here, and you go down till you see this. Now, you see this tunnel thing here? Not the little one, the big one. The one that says 'Shenton Station' on it? Well you ignore that, keep straight on. Then what you'll have done is ignore it

and keep straight on. Then you follow the road till you see this little tunnel thing here. Now, you go thhhroough that and follow the road till you see Richard's banner — you know what Richard's banner looks like?"

"Yes, it has a white boar on it."

"Well, it has a white boar on it. Then you just follow the road till you get there: you can't miss it — it's a whole field."

As I started walking (ignoring the big tunnel thing), a car came by, and a little old man with a little old dog offered me a lift. I agreed, and as we rode on, I told him that England was a beautiful country. He said, "Yes, well, it's the green that does that, you know." Sometimes not being a driver is a good thing.

Kim Malo, having no idea how to get to the battlefield, figured the sensible thing to do was plan an overnight stay in the nearest town, where she could ask... I actually stayed for a couple of days while I toured the Leicester area. Market Bosworth, a very small town without a lot of tourists actually staying there overnight, much less for a couple of nights, was much interested. I was a communal property — the town tourist whose comings and goings and speculation about them provided a new source of entertainment.

Staying in the local pub (The Red Lion — rooms named after participants in the battle) initially seemed like a great idea. No one thought to warn me that the entire building was locked up for most of the afternoon, or give me an outside door key to go with the room key. Of course it was raining. Hard. With alternative shelter pretty limited. My choices for staying dry came down to the public loo and a shop specializing in medieval reproduction souvenirs and research your family name services. Fortunately run by very nice and understanding people, who told me about getting to the battlefield site — expressing a great deal of surprise that someone from so far away would visit here just to see it — while hoping that I enjoyed walking. The shortest way — along a gated footpath between a couple of fields was still a couple of miles or more, while staying on the road meant circling even further around. The rain finally cleared and I set off, until I stood at the foot of the road up to the visitor's center, looking up with amazement at the colorful banners snapping in the breeze. There were cows not far behind me still expressing their displeasure over my disturbing their afternoon cud chewing and the banners just seemed from another world. The Centre disappointed a bit — I've never been a fan of Olivier's R3 movie, which could be heard playing continually through much of the place — although I did like the battle mock up. But I'm one of those who gets a kick out of walking where people I'm interested in from long ago did, so seeing Dickon's well, the memorial where he supposedly died, and his banner on Ambion Hill made me smile a bit wistfully, with "at least he died a king" echoing in my mental ears. Walked over to Sutton Cheney to the church and back around via the road to Market

Bosworth to the accompaniment of a few twitching curtains, where I gave my very tired feet the benefit of one of the best things about staying in a pub — lots of convenient general anesthesia with no worries about getting home to bed after.

Susan & Peter Joyce have been great admirers of Richard III for a goodly number of years and were ecstatic when the opportunity to visit England arose a few years back... a highlight would definitely be dropping into the famous battle site. We overnighted at Lichfield and so only had a short drive in the morning. Alas the park was not "officially" open when we arrived. Undeterred we parked our car and wandered about reading the plaques and getting the lay of the land. The day was dark and overcast; the chill temperature and gusty wind rapidly cut to the bone. We decided to drive to the local village of Sutton Cheney.

I had seen the official signs on the way in but could not help being intrigued by an old beat up sign for the village directing us down a narrow lane. The path less traveled, however, seemed to end at a metal barrier. Upon further investigation I noticed a small sign requesting passersby to please close the gate after using. Susan opened and closed the gate for me, and on through the cow pasture we motored. The village end had a second gate and, much to our delight, a pub just on the other side. Even better the innkeeper had a large thermos of mulled wine on the counter. We drank it all.

Much fortified, we took a mini walk through the village then headed back to the battlefield via the same pasture. Bosworth was now in full swing so we took the royal tour, bought everything we could carry from the gift shop and contentedly preceded to Stratford. Our lasting memories are a portrait of King Richard III and his coat of arms, which are proudly displayed in our home. We definitely plan to return on our next visit to the Emerald Isles.

Not everybody was lucky enough to find helpful strangers when they needed them:

Roslyn Rossignol mused... maybe it was my age (24) and the combined feelings of invulnerability and intrepidity that go along with being that age, but I relished the excitement that came from traveling without a plan, figuring things out as I went along. I too went to Leicester without the slightest idea of how I'd get to the battlefield, but kept asking questions (the British are so polite and helpful— especially compared to the French — and I'm part French so I can say that). The first person I met who knew much about the battlefield was an ancient lady sitting on a park bench near the statue of Richard. She was also a member of the National Front (!), so I decided not to trust her information. Eventually I was told that the best thing to do was take a bus to Market Bosworth and then walk from there. It was quite a hike, I got terrible blisters on my heels from my new "walking" shoes, but the feeling my friend and I had charging down Ambion Hill and falling

“dead” at the bottom was worth every bit of it. Ahh, those were the days!

While Shielah’s luck was also a bit out... part of the stress came from doing such things as waiting for the return bus on the wrong side of the market square — only to watch it leave without me! I didn’t have a lot of nice people helping me find my way — they didn’t look too kindly upon young hippie-like individuals with very big backpacks. Not that I didn’t meet nice people, I hasten to add... It is indeed a long walk from Market Bosworth to the battlefield, especially if you aren’t absolutely sure your directions are correct and there are no signs. I was never sorry I did it all, I just take it a little easier now!



Others had understanding relatives to help. Or at least helpful relatives, even if they didn’t quite understand...

Paul T. Bale’s cousin lived in Leicester on King Richards Road (where else?) in the 50s... since seeing Olivier’s film in 1955 (I was 7 years old!) I had been mad about Richard, and as soon as parents told me about my cousin I was pestering them to allow me to visit. Eventually they did, and in 1959 I made my way to Leicester. Where from the moment of my arrival I was pestering the family to take me out to Bosworth Field. I did the town and the few remaining associated with Richard sites in the first few days, so by the end of day four they had no excuse. And off we all went. They didn’t know where it was so I gave instructions to Sutton Cheney and then started peering out of the car windows in the rain, as it began almost as soon as we got close to Redemore. I suddenly saw something in a field and screamed for cousin Tony to put the brakes on. Jumping out of the car I clambered over a fence into a vast field where, in the middle was this tiny sign at the top of a wooden stake announcing that near this spot the battle of Bosworth Field had been fought on August 22nd 1485. I burst into tears, and my cousin and aunt had to come and pull me away, after I’d stood there for almost 20 minutes getting wetter and wetter as the rain continued to pour down.

They all thought, as so many have since, that I was totally mad!



Marta Christjansen’s first trip to England was in 1990... to visit my uncles. They very kindly indulged me by driving us (my mother, brother and I) to Bosworth. After touring the centre, my brother (who doesn’t acknowledge history before WWII) and I walked a path around the battlefield, pausing at Dickon’s Well and ending up atop Ambion Hill beneath Richard’s banner with the plain spread out before us. Next we were taken to the memorial by the little stream marking the place where Richard III is believed to have fallen, and then the Church of St. James. The cherry on top of my Ricardian tour was a trip to Leicester where I saw the statue of Richard (but not the bridge) and the city museum. One of my uncles must have ratted me out because a curator approached me while I was examining the Roman relics and offered me a look inside

the metal box he was carrying. Within was a scrap of faded, rotting red silk. According to family legend of the people who had donated it, the silk was a shred of the banner Richard had ridden under at Bosworth. The curator ruefully admitted that there was no real provenance for it, but it was nice to think that that piece of silk had once flown above Richard’s head. I think that curator must have been a closet Ricardian. Here’s what my copy of Ricardian Britain says about the museum (the Jewry Wall Museum at Leicester):

The museum includes a plan of the battle, weapons picked up on the field, illustrations of people and places connected with the battle, and a small piece of cloth said to be from a standard carried at Bosworth.

I could have sworn the curator said it was supposed to be a part of Richard’s banner, but it’s 13 years later and perhaps it was/it is wishful thinking on my part. Obviously it made a big impression on me.



Pamela Butler labeled her story Bosworth—The Easier Way because she went as part of an organized tour rather than on her own. There’s still a lot of walking, so it’s not too easy, and at a guess, this sort of tour is probably the way most people today visit the site.

Perhaps the easiest way to visit the traditional Bosworth Field without having to drive it yourself is to join up with a tour group that includes it in the itinerary.

Linda Treybig’s annual summer Ricardian tour includes the Sutton Cheney church and Bosworth Field every time. The limitation here is that one must be able to have that particular time frame open for travel, and that one is willing to sign up for the entire tour. The information is usually available the previous autumn, allowing for plenty of time to make arrangements in advance.

Regarding admission costs, our Great British Heritage Passes allowed us to visit the field without paying. Without a pass, the cost is £3.00 for adults and £8.50 for families; car parking costs £1.00.

Our group was given about a two-mile walking tour of the battlefield by a local Ricardian, so we hardly escaped the walking requirement.

From the parking lot area, we headed north, away from Ambion Wood. Richard’s boar banner, where Richard and his troops were positioned prior to the battle, was to our left. After going down the hill, we reached a path at which we made a left turn towards Shenton Station. It didn’t take long to encounter Tudor’s banner.

After we passed Shenton Station, we came upon King Richard’s Field; we posed for photos next to the stone memorial commemorating the site where Richard was thought to have died. We backtracked to Shenton Station and took a path leading southwards towards the west end of Ambion Wood, then turned left, or east to see King Richard’s Well, from which he is said to have taken a drink during the battle. (He had time to drink?) A short walk returned us to the parking lot, and beyond

that, the Battlefield Shop, where we bought books and souvenirs, and the Buttery, which offered refreshments.

Judy Pimental combined the ‘easy way’ of having wheels with the flexibility and independence of the play-it-by ear travelers and saw Bosworth while traveling around England by bicycle:

Arriving in Leicester, I booked a B&B through the Tourist Information Center, settled in my lodgings and wandered back through the town. I did not see a great deal to engage my interest. I found a park where the Richard III Society had recently dedicated a statue in memory of Richard III. Which statue, I understand, is regularly vandalized. But I had not known of its existence. I was happy to see it there, however. Any recognition of Richard was welcome to me. The visit was sad for me, because I knew that most of the medieval town had been built over. All the places associated with Richard were gone — such as the old stone Bow Bridge, which had been standing at least into the early days of photography. One legend maintains that, as Richard was riding out of Leicester on the day before the Battle, he scraped his spur against the wall of the Bow Bridge. An elderly woman (witch?) cried out that where Richard’s heel had struck, there would strike his head. After the Battle, Richard’s naked and mutilated body was taken into Leicester, slung over the back of a horse. Crossing the Bow Bridge, legend persists, his head was crushed against the same wall where he had scraped his spur. This is probably a very good example of wisdom after the fact, but it makes another great story.

And I almost didn’t find Bosworth Field! I rode out the following morning, in search of Bosworth Field. I headed south, as the map indicated. Along the route, I noticed several signs indicating “Bosworth Field this way.” After a time, I realized I had not seen a sign for some distance. There had been no sign saying, “This is it!” I went into the town of Market Bosworth and found a more detailed map of the area. I tried to follow the directions and got hopelessly lost. I rode around frantically, but could not find it. I rode back into Market Bosworth to get my bearings to try again. I got back to the right area, but still was unable to find it. I straddled my bicycle while looking at the map, almost in tears. A passing motorist saw my distress and asked if he could help. I followed him perhaps a quarter-mile, and there was the entrance! How I could have missed it, I do not know!

I secured my bike to the wooden fence, and followed the path leading to the supposed battlefield. To my surprise, there was a Visitors Centre, obviously brand new. Naturally, given my luck, it was closed, not to open for several hours yet. I walked around the battlefield, admiring the heraldic standards ringing the field. Then I walked to Dickon’s well, where Richard is said to have taken his last drink of water. Eventually, I found the dell where he is said to have been slain. There was a stone with a memorial plaque. I sat down and cried a little before deciding to head back to Leicester. I didn’t wait for the Visitors’ Centre to open, thereby saving myself quite a sum of money I might otherwise have spent on

souvenirs —especially anything that might have had Richard’s NPG likeness on it.

... one of the three most engaging unexpected sights of my trip. The second sight had been at Bosworth. While contemplating the small monument on the spot where Richard was supposed to have actually fallen, I had heard a noise. Getting up to investigate, I found a roadway lower than where I was standing. There was a small “pickup” truck leading four black and white bovine creatures, who were in turn kept in line by a small black and white border collie

On the way up, we had passed Leicester, and I expressed a wish to see the Church at Sutton Cheney where, legend holds, Richard heard his last mass before the Battle of Bosworth. When we pulled off the highway, we were immediately caught in a monumental traffic jam. There must have been a serious accident! But there was no way out!!! — Literally!!!. So we just sat it out, creeping along. Besides which, the way to Sutton Cheney was not particularly well-marked on our map. We had to ask directions — several times — before we finally found it. We passed through Market Bosworth — that place had certainly changed between 1981 and 1997! With some luck, we made it to Sutton Cheney just at dusk. We found the church, but it was dark. Wonder of wonders, the door was unlocked. I found the light switch immediately, and paid my homage to Richard. The kneelers had been cross-stitched by the ladies of the congregation. I took a few souvenirs, and left the cost and a donation in the box. Then we had a delicious light meal at the local inn — The Almshouse. From there, we made it “home” in no time at all. Mission accomplished.



The last story is Lorraine’s, hauntingly evocative of Richard’s last night in camp, waiting for the battle:

I avoided going to Leicester and the battle site for many years, as I preferred to visit places where he was alive, happy and productive.

When I finally did get round to visiting the battle site, the Centre was already laid out — I didn’t have to clamber about looking for Dickon’s Well or walk 80 miles to get there! :)

However, the last time I was there — about 4 years ago — it was pretty special.

We’d bought a motorbike for me from someone not too many miles away. Not knowing the machine, we’d not wanted to flog it up the motorway so had hired a van to transport it home, and put our camping gear and pushbikes in the back, so we could break up our journey if we wished and make a weekend of it.

We set up the tent at the campsite just outside Market Bosworth. By the time we finished night had fallen. It was 21 August. We had cooked a rough and ready meal on the stove and as I was drinking some wine afterwards, I was struck by how Richard’s last night on earth must have been similar to this — warmish, summer weather, clear skies, the murmurs of conversation from



One Ricardian confronts the natives at Bosworth Field

people in other tents, occasional laughter, cooking smells wafting by, and all the general activity that one finds on a campsite site at night. Some campers even had torch flares stuck in the ground outside their tents.

One could only make out a rough outline of the surrounding area, but the street lights seemed like Tudor's forces were nearby, and it was a really spooky feeling. I thought of all the men who died after a night like the one I was enjoying, and cried my eyes out.

Next morning we went for a bike ride round the surrounding countryside. I am aware that the landscape must have changed a lot since 1485. Despite my empathetic fancies of the previous night, I can't say I felt the battle was fought in any one particular place as a result of that ride, but I did think it put the local topography a bit more in perspective for me, far more than just driving around in a car would have done.

After our bike ride, we drove out to Sutton Cheney. We called in at the church and then went on to the Centre and did the official Battlefield tour. Even if this is not the right site, it is still an opportunity for Ricardians to reflect on how English history was irrevocably altered as a result of the battle, and to mourn the losses of life and reputation.

Tramping round the route was atmospheric, and rather depressing, but, perhaps not surprisingly, 'Sandeford' proved to be the most poignant bit of the visit for me.

We had reached King Richard's Field when the heavens suddenly opened. Everyone, including George, ran for shelter under a tree and I found myself totally alone at the memorial stone, at which bunches of white roses had been placed that morning. It was extremely moving, as was the sign that Leicester Council have put up in this field imploring visitors to treat this area respectfully.



For more information about visiting Bosworth and to see some of the sights in these stories for yourself:

There's a comprehensive virtual tour of the battle sites at: <http://www.r3.org/bosworth/img2/boar1.html>

The webmistress welcomes photo contributions from visitors to Bosworth and other sites of Ricardian interest. For information about submitting pictures of your own, check out the guidelines and contact information at <http://www.r3.org/travel/photos.html>

There are more resources about the battle, including texts, maps, and discussion of alternative battle sites at Bosworth Home <http://www.r3.org/bosworth/index.html> on the American Branch website.

For more information about the Ricardian summer tours run by Linda Treybig that are discussed in Pam's story, visit <http://www.r3.org/travel/tours/2003.html>

Information about the Battlefield Centre — including opening times, admissions price, and directions can be found at http://www.leics.gov.uk/p_t/tourism/visitor_information/attractions/the_great_outdoors/bosworth_battlefield.htm or http://www.leics.gov.uk/community_services/sustainable_development/country_parks/bosworth/index.htm

Directions:

The Battlefield Site is 2 miles south of Market Bosworth near the village of Sutton Cheney. It is signed from the main roads close to the town.

There is also a new limited local bus service that stops at the Battlefield Centre: Operating an all day service on Sundays and Bank Holidays throughout the summer the Battlefield Bus, service 159A, will follow a route that includes the Bosworth Battlefield visitor centre, the Battlefield Line Railway at Shenton Station and Market Bosworth. The Battlefield Bus will also stop at Barwell, Stapleton, Sutton Cheney, Newbold Verdon, Barlestone, Nailstone, Ibstock and Ellistown.



RICARDIAN SPOTLIGHT: WAYNE INGALLS

Judy Pimental

In October 2002, Wayne Ingalls began serving his second term as Treasurer of the Richard III Society (American Branch). His connection(s) with the Society and with “Our Richard” are fortuitous* in the extreme.

Wayne was born in San Diego, CA. He received a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Management at San Diego State University in 1985. Immediately upon graduation, he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the US Army. He also received a certificate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, which course is required of all Majors, the rank he holds.

Wayne has served in a variety of command and staff positions within the United States and overseas. He is currently assigned as the J2 (Intelligence) for Joint Task Force – Bravo at Soto Cano Air Base, Honduras, a one year unaccompanied tour. His previous assignment was as an instructor and chief of the Target Acquisition Division of the US Army Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, OK. As an interesting aside, although he was not a “practicing” Ricardian at the time, Wayne’s radio call sign while in company command in Germany was “Hog 6.”

Wayne met and married the former Cecily Adams, whom he met as a co-teacher of a Junior High Sunday School class. Cecily is a Special Education teacher in a primary grade mild/moderate disability classroom. She is working toward completing her Master’s degree in Special Education.

The Ingalls’ have five children, the youngest of whom will be starting the 9th grade. Of the older children, one is married, one is in the Army, and two are enrolled in the University of Oklahoma.

Although Wayne was “semi-interested” in the period of the Wars of the Roses at the time of their meeting, he and Cecily solidified their interest some years ago, while playing numerous games of “Kingmaker,” a fairly popular board game. Along the way, they were joined by the children.

As the US manufacturer of “Kingmaker” was acquired by a large toy conglomerate several years ago, the game may no longer be commercially available. (You can still find copies on eBay, if you are interested). In the game, each player assumed the role of the leader of a faction, trying to control the royal heirs, getting “his” candidate crowned King, and eliminating or controlling all other claimants. When the original game became a little “old hat,” Wayne and Ceci made their own “house rules” where they felt the official rules didn’t cover a key event (for instance, there is no Henry Tudor game piece included in the set).

Recreation often leads one to search further, as happened with Wayne and Ceci. The “Kingmaker” game

led to led to reading Shakespeare’s history plays, and watching Branagh’s *Henry V*, then reading the sources behind them, to Costain, to a visit to England which included the Monks’ Gate Museum in York, to Jeremy Potter’s *Good King Richard*, to Kendall and, finally, to the Richard III Society. On a subsequent trip to England, Wayne finally visited Bosworth Field.

In 2001, Wayne received a MA in Humanities with Specialization in History from California State University at Dominguez Hills. His final project, a war game simulating the Battle of Bosworth, was selected as the best project of the academic year by the Graduate Studies department.

Wayne based his design on experience with other war games, after walking the Battlefield and studying the terrain. The game is being evaluated for possible publication by a manufacturer/marketer of games in Southern California.

Wayne has a wide range of other interests, as well. He is learning Hebrew and studying the Torah, as well as studying the New Testament scriptures from a Hebraic perspective. He also studied Spanish prior to leaving for his assignment in Honduras, and is continuing to do so in country.

Wayne reports that Honduras is a very beautiful (and also very poor) country. While the threat of terrorism is low, the criminal threat and gang activity are very high. He is stationed at the location of the Honduran Air Force Academy, which is probably best known as the base of operations for Oliver North and the Contras back in the 1980s. Wayne is enjoying this challenging assignment (there are plenty of worse places to be assigned, he says). Unfortunately, his duties will prevent him from attending this year’s AGM.



Wayne at Detroit AGM

REACHING BOSWORTH BY PUBLIC TRANSPORT

Pamela J. Butler

For purposes of this article, I'm defining "public transport" as a way of traveling around Great Britain without actually having to drive a car for oneself. There are several possible reasons that Americans may want to avoid driving in Britain: difficulty in adjusting to driving on the "other side of the road" or using roundabouts; lack of a driver's license; or visual impairment are just three of these.

The transport coverage provided by trains and buses in Great Britain is extensive, although transport to remote areas is on an infrequent or irregular basis. Therefore advance planning is absolutely essential to avoid becoming stranded. Getting to Bosworth Battlefield is the specific focus here, but certain generalizations apply to every situation where one attempts to see a remote site by public transport.

Narrowing down the choices of the areas and sights you want to visit, in this case, Bosworth Field, depends on how long you want to be in the general area.

Do you want to be in the vicinity of Bosworth Field two days or two hours? Do you want to take in Sutton Cheney Church, Dadlington, Stoke Golding, or the "new" Bosworth Field as proposed by Michael K. Jones? These choices, as well as the availability of public transportation and of lodging, will determine the best place for you to stay. It is generally true (in my experience) that, in remote locales, the availability of transportation should be determined before arranging lodging.

Before making specific plans, visit the "overall" transportation website, www.pti.org.uk to get an overview. It provides information about trains, buses, coaches, and ferries at both a national and a local level. Check out the frequency of train arrivals at a particular place (say, Hinckley) by using www.nationalrail.co.uk. In addition to having a standard UK map which shows railway routes and stations, obtain small-scale (close-up) maps from www.multimap.com online; they could prove invaluable.

Use www.traveline.co.uk for more specific journey planning; it gives exact bus stops and times, and it will provide information about alternative connections (i. e., both direct routes and routes where changing between buses or between trains and buses is required.) In the UK, the phone number for Traveline public transport info is 0870 608 2 608. Make a note that many bus and train routes shut down or cut back on Sundays. Check out the timetables both online, if possible, and at the train station in advance. Bus schedules are sometimes included in county websites in conjunction with their public transportation plans.

Here are some scenarios in getting to Bosworth Field from the following nearby locations: (1) Market Bosworth—2 miles distant; (2) Leicester—13 miles; (3) Hinckley—4½ miles; and (4) Nuneaton—6 miles.

Market Bosworth: Once you arrive here, you'll be at leisure to explore the area—by foot or by bicycle. No further public transportation exists (with one summertime Sunday exception) to take you to Bosworth Battlefield, about a 2½-mile walk each way, plus about another 2 miles of walking around the battlefield. This is an occasion when having a bicycle available would be extremely convenient. Folding bicycles which can be treated as hand luggage generally can travel free and without booking restrictions on rail, bus, underground, or ferry services. There are models available with 16, 18, and 20-inch wheels.

Leicester: The www.sceastmidstravel.co.uk site reveals that the Arriva Fox Midlands (Fox) Route 153 travels from St. Margaret's Bus Station in Leicester to Market Bosworth, stopping at Kirby Muxloe, Desford, Barlestone, and Nailstone en route. The Traveline site, www.traveline.org.uk, provides the exact schedules; this example covers only from 7-9 am on a weekday:

Route Information for Leicester to Market Bosworth (just a few examples:)

1. Start from Leicester: St Margaret's Bus Station Stand 10 Take service 158 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:05 Alight at Barwell: Shilton Road (The Square) Arrive 07:35 Transfer to Barwell: High Street (o/s 2) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:40 Finish at Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Arrive 07:52
2. Start from Leicester: Eastgates Stand H7 Take service 152 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:30 Alight at Newbold Verdon: Main Street (o/s 208) Est Arr 07:56 Transfer to Newbold Verdon: Main Street (o/s 187) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Est Dep 07:58 Finish at Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Arrive 08:02
3. Start from Leicester: Eastgates Stand H7 Take service 153 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:50 Finish at Market Bosworth: Barton Road (o/s 7) Est Arr 08:39

This demonstrates that we're not limited to using service 153, which runs hourly between Leicester and Market Bosworth on weekdays and every 2 hours on Saturdays; it provides other options which require bus changes. It also reveals that service 159 serves Market Bosworth from some other origination point (more later about that). Because it's a good strategy to plan the exit before making the entrance, by check out the options for the return trip to Leicester.

Route Information for Market Bosworth to Leicester (examples)

1. Start from Market Bosworth: Barton Road (o/s 7 - HandO) Take service 153 operated by Arriva Fox

County Est Dep 07:16 Finish at Leicester: St Margaret's Bus Station Stand 9 Arrive 08:10

2. Start from Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:52 Alight at Newbold Verdon: Main Street (o/s 208) Est Arr 07:57 Transfer to Newbold Verdon: Main Street (o/s 187) Take service 153 operated by Arriva Fox County Est Dep 08:02 Alight at Kirby Muxloe (LFE): Kirby Lane (o/s 32) Est Arr 08:15 Transfer to Leicester Forest East: Hinckley Road (o/s Red Co) Take service 63 operated by Arriva Fox County Est Dep 08:17 Finish at Leicester: High Street Stand H14 (SDO). As you look at Traveline's printout, you'll see that chart icons appear to the left of the route number. Click on these to bring up the entire daily schedule of that bus route, which should be printed out and carried with you.

Hinckley: As mentioned earlier, service 159 was shown to access Market Bosworth, so by clicking on the icon contained in the Leicester information, the entire day's schedule was available. Here is a sample:

Route Information, Hinckley to Market Bosworth: Hourly schedule on weekdays.

1. Start from Hinckley: The Borough (o/s United Reform Church) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Est Dep 14:31 Finish at Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Arrive 14:52
2. Start from Hinckley: The Borough (o/s United Reform Church) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Est Dep 15:31 Finish at Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Arrive 15:52

Route Information Returning from Market Bosworth to Hinckley (Hourly, weekdays)

Start from Market Bosworth: Market Place (opp Wheatsheaf Co) Take service 159 operated by Arriva Fox County Depart 07:02 Finish at Hinckley: Regent Street Est Arr 07:24

In the spring of 2003, the Leicestershire Rural Partnership announced that a new Bosworth Battlefield bus service, 159A, was being launched to connect the towns of Coalville and Hinckley, serving Barwell, Stepleton, Sutton Cheney, Bosworth Battlefield Visitor Centre, the Battlefield Line Railway at Shenton Station, Market Bosworth, Newbold Verdon, Barlestone, Nailstone, Ibstock, and Ellistown.

This was an all-day service on SUNDAYS and BANK HOLIDAYS which was to run throughout the summer. (The brochure at Bosworth Battlefield noted that the bus would run every 90 minutes, beginning at 9:30 am and ending at 5:00 pm.)

See additional bus route information in conjunction with Nuneaton, below.

Nuneaton: The www.warwickshire.gov.uk site has bus schedules available online.

Service 86, operated by Country Hopper (phone: 01530 260888) leaves from the Nuneaton Bus Station, Stand A five times daily, stopping at Stoke Golding, Dadlington (the closest access point to Bosworth),

Stoke Convent, and Hinckley Bus Station. The schedule, Mondays to Saturdays, runs:

Nuneaton: 8:25 am 9:25 am 12:35 pm 14:35 17:45
Dadlington 8:52 am 9:52 am 13:02 15:02 18:12
Hinckley 9:03 10:03 13:13 15:13 18:23

Hinckley 7:50 am 10:00 12:00 14:00 16:00 17:10
Dadlington 8:00 10:10 12:10 14:10 16:10 17:20
Nuneaton 8:24 10:30 12:30 14:30 16:30 17:40

Service route 7, from Nuneaton (Bus Station Stand A4, as this is written) to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, runs Mondays to Saturdays on an hourly basis from 7:10 am until 18:10, stopping on the last route of the day at Twycross. The closest stop to the traditional Bosworth Field is at Sibson, at 52 minutes past the hour. This route also works nicely for seeing the site of Bosworth Field as proposed by Michael K. Jones: From Nuneaton, it stops at Fenny Drayton, Atterton, Witherly, Atherstone Bus Station, Ratcliffe Culey, Sheepy Magna, Sheepy Parva, Sibson, Twycross, Twycross Zoo, etc. on to Ashby Market Street.

The operator is Cresswell's Coaches (phone: 01283 217215).

Another route, which operates daily, including Sundays, is service 57/157, with stops at Leicester, Earl Shilton, Barwell, Hinckley, and Nuneaton. The schedule is available as a pdf file at www.warwickshire.gov.uk.

On SATURDAYS ONLY, the Arriva Fox County service 20 leaves Nuneaton Bus Station three times: 10:45 am, 13:20, and 15:45, reaching Market Bosworth at (respectively) 11:09 am, 13:44, 16:09. The latter two runs also continue on to Shackerstone, should one be interested in taking the railway to Bosworth Battlefield, although the return would have to be by a different bus route.

From Market Bosworth to Nuneaton, the departure times are 10:16 am, 11:37, and 14:27, and the respective arrival times are 10:40, 12:01, and 14:51.

Bikes, Taxis, Boats, and the Shackerstone Railway

Taxi services are not a prohibitive cost for short distances, and www.multimap.com shows that Hinckley's train station is the nearest to Bosworth Battlefield at a distance of 4.5 miles. To check for the availability of taxi services from a given train station, along with the phone numbers of reliable companies, visit www.traintaxi.co.uk online. When the taxi driver drops you off at Bosworth, make arrangements with him or her to pick you up and return to Hinckley (or another town).

Bicycling by train: Three of the train companies serving this general area are Central Trains, GNER, and Midland Mainline. All of them allow folding bikes to be travel free without restriction, but bikes must be folded and bagged and be able to fit into the regular luggage racks. Regular bicycles are also usually carried without charge, but space is limited and advance reservations (by at least one day) are advised. Some lines will refuse to take bikes during peak travel times.

The best choice (usually, though not necessarily, depending on your priorities) is to get as close as you can to your intended destination by rail, which, for Bosworth, is Hinckley. When disembarking from a train, get oriented by looking at a local area map which is likely to be posted somewhere near the exit. Always have all your area maps along. The short distances between the battlefield and Market Bosworth (2½ miles), Dadlington (around 2 miles), or Hinckley (4½ miles) make a day trip to Bosworth via bicycle entirely feasible. A National Cycling Network trail to the west of Bosworth Field, running north and south, is planned for the area. See the area map at www.sustrans.org.

The Shackerstone Battlefield Line: Shackerstone Station is open on Saturdays

12.00 noon to 5.30pm and Sundays and Bank Holiday Mondays 10.30am to 6.00pm all year round, except Christmas. Check the website www.battlefield-line-railway.co.uk to obtain exact schedules; when open, there are 4-6 departures daily from Shackerstone, generally in the afternoons. It takes 20 minutes to reach Shenton Station, where the train remains for 15 minutes before returning.

One strategy for reaching Bosworth Field would be to take a bus to Shackerstone and catch the train to Shenton Station, which is part of the battlefield trail.

However, the return bus schedules must be carefully checked to avoid becoming stranded.

Narrowboats and Canals: An alternative, though not inexpensive, way to see the Bosworth Battlefield area is by renting a narrowboat and traveling along the Ashby Canal, 22 miles long and lock-free. Not only does the canal run immediately adjacent to the battlefield, it also passes by Stoke Golding (where the Ashby Boat Company is based) Dadlington, Market Bosworth, and Shackerstone.

Allow 20 minutes per mile to navigate the canal, and schedule in time for exploration and pub lunches. For more information, visit www.ashbyboats.co.uk.

Conclusion

The information presented merely serves to introduce ideas for traveling by public transport to the more

SCHALLEK SCHOLAR IN PRINT

2001-2002 and 2002-2003 Schallek awardee Lisa H. Cooper has had an article published in *The Journal of the Early Book Society* (JEBS) 6(2003), 1-39.

The article is entitled "The 'Boke of Oure Charges'; Constructing Community in the Masons' Constitutions" and acknowledges the financial support of the Richard III Society. An offprint will be available to members for borrowing via the research library.

rural areas of the UK, in this case, Market Bosworth and Bosworth Battlefield. Therefore, you'll want to have the most recent information available; browse through the websites listed at the end of this article. Online research should be supplemented by researching the latest-available travel books and magazines in your library or bookstore.

One should never solely rely on a printed source of information as being the final word, as train and bus services are subject to changes in scheduling or even cancellation altogether. Upon arriving in the UK, take advantage of the travel information centres which exist in almost every town.

Pick up the relevant maps and train and bus schedules. Don't hesitate to ask questions to the personnel who work there; they enjoy the opportunity to share their knowledge for the benefit of guests in their country. It pays to be knowledgeable about the geography and the transport systems, as well as observant, inquisitive, and adaptable.

Online References

Maps www.multimap.com www.streetmap.co.uk

Overall travel planning sites www.pti.org.uk www.traveline.org.uk www.jplanner.org.uk www.visitbritain.co.uk www.countryside.gov.uk

Bosworth area travel planning

www.hinckleyandbosworthonline.org.uk
www.sbeastmidtravel.co.uk www.leics.gov.uk
www.warwickshire.gov.uk www.countryside.gov.uk

Rail Travel www.nationalrail.co.uk www.battlefield-line-railway.co.uk www.centraltrains.co.uk www.gner.co.uk
www.midlandmainline.com

Taxis www.traintaxi.co.uk

Buses www.carlberry.co.uk www.ukbus.co.uk www.arriva.co.uk
www.findtransport.net/buses www.showbus.com
www.metrobus.co.uk www.buses.info www.busstation.net

Bicycle Routes www.sustrans.org.uk www.atob.org.uk
www.ctc.org.uk www.atob.info.net

Canal Travel www.waterways.holidays.com www.canaljunction.com
www.calcuttboats.com www.ashbyboats.co.uk

CAMBRIDGE COURSES

Long time member Carol Bessette has been attending two week courses at Cambridge University since 1991, and continues to recommend the program for fellow Ricardians. Next year's program is scheduled July 11-24, 2004. Courses being offered include: The English Country House, Shakespeare in His World and Ours, Western Art from the Parthenon to Picasso, Life in the Middle Ages, and Stuart England.

For further info: www.cssp.net or Dr. Joan Painter, 714 Sassafra Street, Erie, PA 16501 or (814) 453-5502. Carol will be happy to discuss the program. Contact her at jcbessette@aol.com or (703) 569-1875.

THE FESTSCHRIFTE — A FIRST LOOK

Tom Lockwood

The 2003 issue of *The Ricardian: Journal of the Richard III Society* honors the career of Anne F. Sutton, who, among many other things, served for 25 years as the journal's editor. Unlike too many other festschriften, the contributors to this one for the most part actually know the honoree, and each has contributed a brief note describing his or her relationship with Sutton. There is also a comprehensive (though not quite exhaustive) bibliography of Dr. Sutton's publications. The breadth of coverage in this volume is remarkable.

The 38 articles constitute a book-length (more than 400 pages) study of many aspects of Late Medieval life, from grand politics to daily minutiae. For example, in *The Lancastrian Claim to the Throne* John Ashdown-Hill discusses exactly what Henry Tudor put forward as his right to rule. (It wasn't descent from John of Gaunt.) Michael Hicks looks at the lasting effects of the Wars of the Roses in *Richard III, the Great Landholders, and the Results of the Wars of the Roses* and argues that only the third phase (1483-1487) had truly permanent effects on later history. Sean Cunningham tries for a new slant on the events of 1483 by looking at the alien subsidy of that year. Since the subsidy was granted under Edward IV, while collection began under Edward V and continued under Richard III, reaction to it provides a chance to gauge popular feeling towards the changing regimes (More through fear than love: *The Herefordshire Gentry, the Alien Subsidy of 1483 and Regional Responses to*

Richard III's Usurpation). Wendy E. A. Moorhen writes about *The Career of John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln*, one of the most interesting characters of the whole period. And Keith Dockray makes a valiant effort to find out what really happened in *Joan of Arc: Myth and Reality*, winnowing through contemporary and near-contemporary documents in an attempt to judge the Maid's true contribution to the French cause. There is no skimping on social history. Richard Britnell studies *The Woolen Textile Industry of Suffolk in the Later Middle Ages*, and provides some remarkable statistical information about a vital sector of the medieval English economy. In *Home or Away? Some problems with Daughters*, Alison Hanham looks at the practice of well-to-do families boarding out daughters to their neighbors. Sue Powell discusses how St. George ended up as the patron of England in *St. George of England: an Edition of the Sermon for St. George's Day from Mirk's Fetial*, which includes the full text of the sermon. Standing out even in so rich a collection is *The Inventory of a Fifteenth Century Necromancer*, Carol Rawcliffe's analysis of the possessions of Thomas Nandyke, a magician employed by the Duke of Buckingham. The complete list of his property is included; curiously, there is no eye of newt mentioned. The writing in this volume is uniformly good. There are maps and illustrations, especially helpful in some of the articles about 15th century art. Anyone with an interest in English history will want to read this issue of *The Ricardian*.

RICHARD III "INFORMATION BOOTH"

Anne Easter Smith

Last September, a local theater company presented "Richard III" in a park in Newburyport, MA. I called the artistic director and requested permission to set up a display table nearby the site that might provide audience members with a different perspective on Richard. I promised not to be obtrusive or obnoxious! They were enthusiastic about the whole idea — even suggesting a Q&A session with the audience following the performances, which, unfortunately, never came to pass. As a one-person information booth, the following is what I set up.

I bought a 36x48 inch cardboard project display board at Staples, which has three folds. In the center I pinned my colorful tea towel from Bosworth Battlefield Center that shows all the coats of arms of those who fought at the Battle. I thought about using the tea towel of the NPG's portrait of Richard, but decided the other was more eye-catching.

I made a colorful graphic of "Richard III Society" on an 8x11 sheet of paper; printed out the mission statement from our website and blew it up to fit another 8x11 sheet; and then had a third sheet with "check out the Richard III Society websites" giving both addresses in big bold letters. These went on the left fold.

On the right fold was an 8x10 blow-up of my postcard of the NPG portrait that I had taken to the Kodak booth at our local drug store. It cost me a couple of dollars. Then I photocopied and enlarged the boar insignia from *The Ricardian* onto another 8x11

sheet. I then had a sheet with the heading "Did you know that" and had a few choice bulleted truths about Richard to pique people's interest, one of which referred to his championing of the arts — especially music and performance art. To fill in holes on the board, I used several bookmarks of the NPG portrait for colorful effect!

I placed the display on a card table in a forested area of the park, and immediately had problems with the wind! I had chosen a few of the best books from my collection to put on the table as well, so I managed to anchor the board with them somewhat. I think a small easel would have been better. Then I put lots of literature for people to look at as well as the books on the table — including several old *Registers* and *Ricardians* and photocopied membership registration forms from the back of a *Register*.

I only had a day to accomplish this but it was simple but effective. I received the most interest during the intermission, and was able to give a little spiel that provoked a bit of discussion. A lot of people really thought Richard was a figment of Shakespeare's imagination. I wish that character had remained such!

It seems to me this would not be objected to by any company performing the play — whether it be outdoors or in. As long as one is unobtrusive and not standing on a soapbox, it would enhance enjoyment of the play, knowing there was another side to the story. The trick is to present oneself as knowledgeable, reasonable and polite.

ADDITIONS TO THE RICHARD III SOCIETY FICTION LIBRARY

Ananaia O'Leary

Barnes, Margaret Campbell. Brief Gaudy Hour. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co., 1949. 335pp. A romantic, sympathetic retelling of Anne Boleyn's story beginning at Hever Castle (shortly before her voyage to France) and ending (where else?) at the block.

Dymoke, Juliet. The Sun in Splendour. London: New English Library Publications, 1980. 203pp. Sixth book in *The Plantagenet* series. We follow Elizabeth "Bess" Tilney, cousin of Elizabeth Woodville and later wife to Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, as her story interweaves with the history of the House of York from Edward IV's marriage through the aftermath of Bosworth Field.

Everett-Green, Evelyn. In the Wars of the Roses. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., [1912?]. Old-fashioned adventure tale of the life of Edward of Lancaster (son of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou), and of his faithful follower Paul. Anne Neville loves Edward and tries to join him after Tewkesbury. The misfortunes of the House of York are seen as divine punishment for the murder of Edward after the battle.

Hocking, Mary. He Who Plays the King. London: Catto & Windus Ltd., 1980. 232pp. Intertwines the lives of Henry Tudor and Richard (from 1459 to Bosworth), with a refreshingly non-partisan approach. Written in a quiet, poetic style, this book focuses primarily on the inner workings of the characters, who are drawn with sensitivity, humanity and compassion.

Irwin, Frances. My Lady of Wycherly. London: Robert Hale, 1971. Lady Katherine must wed the older Lord Jocelin Vernon, which takes her to London and court during the eventful reign of Richard III and the invasion of Henry Tudor.

Lindsay, Philip. Merry Mistress. London: Wm Brenden & Son Ltd. 1952. Novel about Jane Shore told as flashback as she sits in Ludgate Prison.

Magee, Knox. With Ring of Shield. Publisher unknown, 1901. 363pp. A romantic adventure novel with language so

amusingly quaint, that it is entertaining from a linguistic perspective alone. From Berwick to Bosworth, we follow the exploits of the gallant Sir Walter Bradley (ardent admirer of Hazel Woodville, kinswoman to Elizabeth Woodville) as he champions the cause of "right" and "justice" against the villainous Richard III and William Catesby (who has sordid designs on our hero's lady-love).

Malvern, Gladys. The Queen's Lady. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co., 1963. 189pp. Lancastrian sympathizer, Johanna, serendipitously befriends Anne Neville while she is incognito as a serving girl, hiding in terror from "Crouchback" Richard and grieving the loss of her "beloved" husband Edward. This is a very harsh portrait of the Yorkists in general, but particularly of Richard, who is so madly in "love" with Anne that he tortures her physically and psychologically in order to induce her to marry him. Ugh! Intended for young adult readers ages 12+.

Paget, Guy. Rose of Raby. London: Callinis Clear Type Press, 1937. 355pp. Biographical novel of Cecily, Duchess of York, through the aftermath of the Battle of Wakefield, when she goes into religious seclusion. Really more a biography of Richard, Duke of York, with her as an adjunct.

Tannahill, Reay. The Seventh Son. London: Headline Publishers Ltd., 2002. 432pp. A rather dry look at Richard's life beginning after Tewkesbury. The author was at great pains to "de-romanticize" this story at all costs. The characters lack soul and depth and there is a disproportionate emphasis on Richard's land acquisitions (with a rather over-the-top depiction of the incident with the Countess of Oxford) Still a few fanciful twists on some famous scenes provide some interesting moments.

You can borrow these titles or any of the books in our fiction collection

PUBLICITY REPORT

Pamela J. Butler

On August 20, Laura Blanchard wrote to the listserv:

"Today I placed our annual in-memoriam ad in the *New York Times*. The woman from the NYT who called me back commented that Richard III lived a long time ago. Did I want the in memoriam to run on the web as well as in the paper? When I said yes, she wondered what Richard would have thought of that. I told her I thought he'd have liked it very much, that he was a friend of new technologies and quite a bibliophile, and passed the first law protecting the press from protectionist tariffs. Imagine that, she said.

Imagine that. A teaching moment. And imagine that: someone totally foreign to the Ricardian experience identifying with Richard, wondering what he would have done, what he would have thought, how he would have reacted.

Our in memoriam is the very simple wording that George Awdry came up with so many years ago. I remember having to fight to get an in-memoriam back in the NYT after a number of folks had put in notices so florid that the more recently bereaved objected. One year there were eight or ten, including one for Richard's "victims," put in by pranksters unknown. We were

banned for a decade. So now we use the same wording that appears in the *London Times*, and is on our homepage right now."

The official In Memoriam text is: "PLANTAGENET, Richard. Remember before God, Richard III, King of England, and those who fell at Bosworth Field, 22nd August 1485, having kept faith. Loyaulte me Lie."

Maria Torres replied: I had almost the very same experience when I put in an order for the memorial on Wednesday. The woman said "now who is this man who died?" And off we went. She was amazed that Richard gets a memorial in the NYT almost every year. I told her that when we get an obsession we go all the way; she laughed and included the "Loyaulte Me Lie" phrase even though she'd said five minutes before that the *Times* doesn't really like to include foreign words in the memorials.

Besides placing notices, members have been media-watching for references to Richard. Anthony Collins of Washington, D.C. discovered a negative reference to Richard III in a column written by Charles Krauthammer and responded to the columnist with a lengthy defense. He encouraged other Ricardians to write to Mr. Krauthammer.

DONATIONS,
4/01/2003 - 6/30/2003

Plantagenet Angel Level \$500+

Sharon Raible

Honorary Middleham
Member Level \$180-299

Marianne G. Pittorino

Honorary Fotheringhay Level \$75-179

Jacqueline F. Bloomquist
James J. Dyer
Anna Ellis
Gregory & Christine Huber
Robin Mailey
Mary Patrice Montag
Marcia K. Stone
Generous Ricardians
Susan F. Baker
Linda M. Ballinger
Nancy Donovan
Jule S. Dubner
Peter A. Hancock
Diane Hoffman
Maria Koski
Tom Lockwood
Lawrence J. McCarthy
Polly H. Wilson
Julia R. Scalise
Ruth Silberstein
Reverend Canon Robert S. S. Whitman



Members who joined between
June 1, 2003 and August 31, 2003

Carol S. Armen
Kimberly Barnhart
Edith Charet
Connie Collignon
Kenneth Gibson
June A. Gorbsky
Tiffany Hanks
Floyd G. Kitchen
Maria Koski
Carolyn MacQuarrie
Hilary Martin
Sheri Merriman
Claudia and Edmund Nowos
Betsy Osgood
Paula Richards
Amy Sharistianian
Sharon Springer
Justin Swanstrom

RECENT MEMORIAL DONATIONS

Ed Leland
(in memory of Geoffrey Richardson)

Peggy Allen
(in memory of Grace Leland)

IN MEMORIAM

With great sadness, we report the death of
member Grace Leland, in South Carolina
earlier this year.

Grace joined the Society after marrying long-time
member Ed Leland.

We extend our condolences to Ed and to Grace's
family on their loss.

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.*



RICARDIAN READING

Myrna Smith

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

SOCIAL CIRCLE

First, a few news items. Jacqueline Bloomquist sends a clipping about a book published in the UK: *Perkin: A History Of Deception* by Alan Wroe, published by Jonathan Cape. The title gives some hint of the author's thesis. Nevertheless, if any Gentle Reader has picked up a copy on his or her journeys, I would be pleased to receive a review.

Sandra Worth's novel, *Love and War*, has been getting some glowing reviews. I would like to do one for the *Register*, but since I read and reviewed the book in manuscript, and I am quoted on the blurb, this might be considered a conflict of interest. Again, I will be pleased to receive a review of this. Heck, I will be pleased to receive *any* reviews.

Now, to this quarter's books:

Squaring The Circle

📖 *Everyday Math For Everyday Life - A Handbook for When It Just Doesn't Add Up* - Mark Ryan, Warner Books, N.Y. 2002

A utilitarian book, but not strictly utilitarian. The author shows you how to calculate things like interest and currency exchange, and how to use everyday objects to measure with, in the absence of a ruler. He also gives some history. Did you know that in the 5th century B.C.E. Tsu Chung-Chi calculated pi to 7 decimals? ("I'd like to know how he did it.") And "casting out nines" has been known for at least a thousand years. If you don't know about "casting out nines," you're obviously a member of the calculator generation. No matter what your age, this would be a useful tool in helping to understand the tables in some of the books below, and in logical thinking.

Circular Reasoning

📖 *Smoke In The Water* - Peter Tremayne, St. Martin's Press, NY - 2001

The popularity of the Sherlock Holmes stories is proved, not only by the extra-canonical stories (some of which have been reviewed here) but by the many pastiches written by other authors. Some disguise this by putting their detective in a milieu as far removed from the original as possible. Arthur Upfield's "Boney" novels come to mind, and Tremayne's Sister Fidelma series. In fact, Tremayne disguises his source very little. To quote the nun-lawyer: "When you have eliminated all other explanations, whatever remains, no matter how incredible, must be the answer."

Fidelma and Brother Eadulf are on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. A storm drives them to the coast of what is now Wales, and was even then the seat of much anti-Saxon feeling, making Eadulf very uncomfortable.

Fidelma is right in her element, although she faces a challenge or two. The first puzzle is the Marie-Celeste type of disappearance of an entire monastic community with a half-eaten meal still on their table. Then a girl is murdered and suspicion falls on a young shepherd lad. As Fidelma delves deeper into the lives of this small village, she discovers old animosities, old tragedies. Do the two mysteries have a common link?

Ireland, as well as Wales, played an important part in the history of the Tudor dynasty, as we shall see.

Thinking Globally

📖 *New Worlds, Lost Worlds - The Rule of the Tudors, 1485-1603* - Susan Brigden, Penguin, NY - 2000 (pb)

Ms. Brigden has written from a fairly narrow focus, as she says in her introduction: "This book is more about kings, and queens, than cabbages...there is much about religion, but ... (t)he economy, trade, agriculture... are left for other histories." She does, however, expand her horizons geographically to include Ireland, always a concern to Tudor rulers, if not to historians — and Scotland too, of course.

The first chapter is the one of most parochial interest to Ricardians. Though she admits there is no definite proof against him, her attitude toward Richard is fairly hostile. He failed, she claims, because his magnates didn't trust him; Henry VII failed because he didn't trust his nobility. Since trusting these mighty, if not over-mighty, subjects meant pretty much letting them have their own way, to the detriment of the poor and middle classes, and often the ruler as well, the sovereign was frequently between the proverbial rock and hard place.

The author has interspersed the chronological account with chapter essays on "Family and Friends," "Ways to Reform," etc. Worth while for its study of the Celtic fringe, as well as the English.

Putting Money Into Circulation

📖 *Making A Living In The Middle Ages - The People of Britain 850-1520* - Christopher Dyer, Yale University Press, New Haven & London, 2002


Dyer concerns himself less with the rulers and magnates or even the gentry, but with the vast majority who had to earn their living: the laborers, craftsmen, merchants, farmers. He has limited his survey to England and Scotland. The prevalence of these classes, and of the importance of the cloth trade to these countries, is proved by Professor Dyer every

time he signs his name. If your name is e.g. Baker, Brewster, or for that matter Smith, so do you.

Some of the problems faced by the British in late Medieval and early modern times sound very contemporary: inflation, rural depopulation, coastal towns crumbling into the sea. But these problems pale into insignificance compared to those of their ancestors in the time of the Vikings, of the Normans, or of the Great Plague. This is serious history, with many tables but no illustrations. However, Dyer's writing is not turgid or dogmatic. Both of these books, although different, are first-class history writing, even though you might not agree with all of it.

One of the causes of depopulation in the Middle Ages was, of course, the plague, spread by rats, or rather their fleas. No fleas are mentioned in the books that follow.

Going Around In Circles, Or The Rat Race

 *The Amazing Maurice and His Educated Rodents* - Terry Pratchett, HarperCollins, NY, 2001

A blurb on the back dust cover describes Terry Pratchett as "J.R.R Tolkien with a sharper, more satiric, edge." True — also something of the Brothers Grimm (one character claims to be descended from the sisters Grim), Watership Down, and even a little bit of Beatrix Potter (not to mention Harry) — but all Pratchett.


Set in a vaguely Germanic country in the vaguely Medieval period of fairy tales, the plot involves a young piper who undertakes to rid Bad Blintz of rats. He brings his own rats with him - the ones in the title. The Amazing Maurice is a cat, and the entire scam is his idea. Oh yes, Maurice talks and so do the rodents. They have eaten something from a radioactive dump, and Maurice - well, that's another story. Of course, things are not that simple. There's a rival piper, a love story, a chilling encounter with the Rat King. When they aren't fighting or finagling their way out of tight spots, the rats philosophize a good deal. Pratchett has the gift of making even his ratty extras individuals. Maurice is seen in the throes of developing a conscience. He starts with the rudiments of one: "I don't eat anything that talks."

This is part of the Discworld series, which has more than 30 books to date. You needn't have read any of the others to enjoy this, but you will be missing a good thing if you don't.

Another in the Discworld series is *The Thief Of Time* (HarperCollins, NY 2001) There is a rat in this too, or at least the Death of Rats. There is also a clock maker, an Igor with four thumbs ("very handy"), the granddaughter of Death and the son (not daughter) of Time. Only the British can do whimsy without being twee, and Pratchett is a master. Eat your heart out, J.K. Rowling.

Which leads us into:

Shall The Circle Be Unbroken


 *AFTER THE FUNERAL: The Posthumous Adventures of Famous Corpses* - Edwin Murphy, Barnes & Noble, 1995.

Murphy's Law, Part II says "as in real life people don't always live happily ever after, so too in real death." He divides his compilation into four sections: heads (light and compact, easily detachable, easy to store and transport, preservable, identifiable, and, at least to some people, decorative.), hearts ("repulsive and bloody"), bodies, and miscellaneous, such as body parts and ashes. Separating the heart from the rest of the body for burial was not as common in the Middle Ages, as with Richard the Lionheart or Robert Bruce, and has not been unknown since. John Barrymore's body didn't move far, but it was to dramatic effect. And wait till you hear what happened to the heart of Louis XIV.

Mr. Murphy mentions the possibility of a sequel. In the eight years since the publication of this book, one may already have been written, or the idea may have been abandoned. There are plenty of possibilities: the missing body of Richard III, for example, the post-mortem travels of Philip the Handsome.

And not just humans. There are tales of elephant graveyards. Could these be true?

Three Ring Circus

 *Love, War and Circuses* - Eric Scigliano - Houghton Mifflin Co, NY, 2002 (pb)

Eric Scigliano, as a boy (not such a small boy, he was in college) wanted to run away to join the circus, even if it meant "shoveling up" after elephants - especially if it meant that, perhaps. He did not, but that was the beginning of a life-long fascination with the beasts. He is not alone. As one pachyphile says: "If human beings were better than they are, they'd be like elephants."

The author goes back to elephantine prehistory, to the mammoths and mastodons, who are technically elephantids or -toids. However, today's Asian elephants are more closely related to the mammoths than to today's African elephants. He considers their disappearance ("Overchill, Overkill, Over-ill, and Over the Hill") and the possibility of cloning one, Hannibal's elephants and elephants in the Coliseum, elephants as executioners and as royal gifts, and even as proteges of a pope. Can the elephant, like man, adapt or be adapted to its new habitat. Scigliano is fairly pessimistic, but still, a species that can paint and play the xylophone (on its own) can do anything it has a mind to. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that they can count.

Which brings us full circle.....

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- Schallek Fellowship Awards: \$ _____
 General Fund (publicity, mailings, etc) \$ _____
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Family Membership \$30 for yourself, plus \$5 for each additional family member residing at same address.

Make all checks payable to Richard III Society, Inc.

*Mail to **Eileen Prinsen, 16151 Longmeadow,
Dearborn, MI 48120***