

LITERARY SIBLING RIVALRY

This fall we have two books on the Princes in the Tower. First out, in England and America, is Elizabeth Jenkins' "The Princes in the Tower" (Coward, McCann & Geohagan) reviewed in England, not yet in the U.S., which takes the traditional line; although not without sympathy for the abilities of Richard III, it still depicts the wicked uncle. This may be due to Ms. Jenkins' friendship and admiration for A.L. Rowse, according to Audrey Williamson, who has written the other one. Her book "The Mystery of the Princes: An Investigation Into a Supposed Murder" has been published by Alan Sutton in England, and is to be issued here by Rowman & Littlefield, in a relatively limited printing.

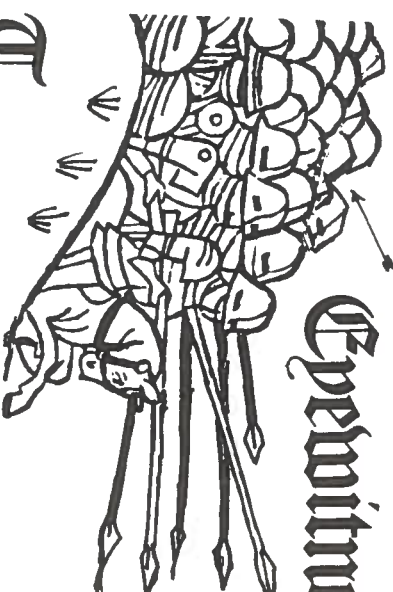
Ms. Williamson points out that the Jenkins book takes no cognizance of Hanham and later commentators, accepts More as sacrosanct and muddles history and dates, with little in the way of notes. Her own "Investigation . . ." has much new material, especially on the Tyrell family, including first time publication of the will of James Tyrell. The two books were reviewed on a recent BBC radio program by Pamela Tudor-Craig, and Dr. Tudor-Craig found Ms. Williamson's by far the more historically valuable book. Ms. Williamson hopes, in a letter to the American Branch, that U.S. members will create a clamor for her work. Isolde Wigram has also advised us of its quality (see last *Register*) and both individual and library orders by members could make a difference, in view of Ms. Jenkins' more publicized book.

Both authors have a respectable publishing history; Ms. Jenkins for "Elizabeth the Great," "Jane Austen" and the novel "Dr. Gully's Story." Ms. Williamson lived in the US as correspondent for the *London Times*, 1961-64, wrote for *Theatre Arts* and *Musical America*. "The Mystery —" is her 17th book, others having been biographies of Thomas Paine, John Wilkes, Bernard Shaw, and a study of the Pre-Raphaelites; plus two on the Old Vic.

The co-incidence of timing is due to both authors having the same London agent, and *politesse* and protocol may have produced a disservice to Ms. Williamson's obviously better-researched work. It is to be hoped that both books can be reviewed in the next *Register*. For inveterate collectors of *Ricardiana*, keep in mind that you will be seeing ads and reviews and book club offers for the Jenkins one, due to Coward, McCann's prestige. You may have to ask for, or seek out Ms. Williamson's work. Her publisher here is

FROM CHAIRMAN SNYDER . . .

Bill Snyder sent along an article from the *Young Observer* section of the *London Observer Magazine* which appeared on Bosworth Sunday, August 20th. It is part of a series called "Battle Cries" in which the author, Eileen Totten, relives Bosworth through the eyes of one of Richard's bodyguards.



HERE were some who said that King Richard III had murdered his two little nephews — the Princes — but I was never one of them. I was in his personal bodyguard, yet I never saw him do an unjust thing.

But now Richard is dead, his body dragged through the streets of Leicester on a horse. The day of the Battle of Bosworth, nearly a year ago, 22 August 1485, dawned clear. We were encamped at Ambion Hill near the town of Market Bosworth. Below us was the enemy. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, with his 5000 troops.

We were in good cheer as the sun rose, for there were nearly 12,000 of us, and between ourselves and the enemy lay a marsh.

As the sun's rays strengthened we saw the enemy swinging towards us. On their left flank we saw the hateful banner of the Red Dragon, the Tudor himself.

To our right lay another army, the 6000-strong forces of Sir William Stanley and his brother, Lord Thomas, forces promised to us, but now waiting to see how the battle progressed.

I watched from the westernmost slopes of the hill where Richard had taken charge of our cavalry. He was on his white charger, the crown on his head.

Rowman & Littlefield, Totowa, New Jersey. Considering Ms. Williamson's long involvement with the Society, a little partisanship might be in order. Let's bombard her publisher with orders and inquiries. We have so many assurances that the book is a rewarding one for Ricardians, the least we can do is help call it to the attention of revisionist-minded readers.

Our guns, four pounders, with a range of 1000 yd, shot hell into the enemy as did our archers. Then 8000 of our fighting men tore down the hill. The fighting was bloody, hand to hand, axe to axe.

All this we watched. Richard and I. The battle was not lost or won — until we knew which side the Stanleys would go. Then, we saw, from the enemy's left flank, a small group ride towards the Stanleys. It was the Tudor, going to beg help.



Richard took his chance now, as coolly as if it were for sport and not for his crown. He led us straight at the Tudor. With one sweep of his axe, Richard cut down William Brandon, the Tudor's standard-bearer. Then he drew his sword and hacked his way to the Tudor. I glimpsed the Tudor white-faced and afraid.

But suddenly the Stanleys, siding with the Tudor, were upon us. They rode us down, the red-jacketed fiends, overwhelming our tiny numbers.

I tried to stay with my King but was thrust aside. Still I saw his battle axe plunge again and again, until he disappeared beneath their horses' hooves.

They told me afterwards he fought to the last. They told me how they crowned Henry Tudor King Henry VII, with Richard's crown, found under a bush.

Somehow, I and a few others escaped, riding desperately for the south. But I wish I had died beside the man I still call King, the last of the Plantagenets.

The battlefield of Bosworth is open to the public, two miles south of Market Bosworth in Leicestershire. There is a battle trail, where flags of the army commanders are flown from the actual battle positions. See the spring where Richard is said to have drunk, and the place where he died.

Today, Battle Sunday, there is a special service at 12.30 at Sutton Cheney church where Richard is believed to have said his last Mass. On Tuesday, there is a service at 12 noon at King Richard's Well.

BOOK AND TAPE OFFER

Ethel J. Phelps' first book, a collection of 25 unusual folk tales for children, *TATTERHOOD AND OTHER TALES*, was bought before publication by the Book-Of-The-Month Club for a dividend selection. The book will appear in an illustrated hard cover edition for \$10.95. News has just come in that two of Editor Phelps' stories have been sold to *Cricet Magazine*.

The book can be ordered through most book stores — or, paid orders received by *The Register* will be forwarded to the publisher, with 20% of the sale price going into the Society treasury.

A series of three Folk Tale tape cassettes are offered to the membership. 40% of the sale price will go to the Scholarship Fund of the Richard III Society. The folk tales on the cassettes are little-known traditional tales taken from the book *Tatterhood and Other Tales*.

ORDER FORM

"Tatterhood and Other Tales"	\$10.95
Series No. 1 Four Humorous Tales (The Hedley Kow, The Squire's Bride, Kamala and the Seven Thieves, The Legend of Knockmany)	\$5.95
Series No. 2 Four Tales of Magic & Enchantment (Tatterhood, Kate Crackenuts, The Black Bull of Norrway, Janell and Tamlin)	\$5.95
Series No. 3 Three Tales of Courage (The Prince and the Three Fates, The Hunted Hare, Kupiti and Imani)	\$5.95
Cassettes can be bought separately or as a set. If all three are bought as a set, the price is \$17.00	
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