

SWINNERTON Family History



Members of Council at Holywell October 2005

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The Swinnerton Society

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- Patron:** The Rt.Hon Lord Thomas of Swynnerton
- President:** Col.I.S.Swinnerton TD.DL.JP.FSG.HON FHGSC.
- Vice-Presidents** W.J.Swinnerton (Australia)
The Revd.B.T.Swinnerton LCP.(UK)
Mrs Diana Cunningham(USA)
- Chairman** Mr.B.R.G.Swinnerton – Tel: 01792 390508
(Address as Secretary below)
- Secretary:** Mrs Margaret Swinnerton,
Broad Hay, Middleton, Rhossili, Swansea SA3 1PL
(b.swinnerton@themumbles.freemove.co.uk)
- Treasurer:** Mr J.Alan Jones
Tirydail, I Aberconwy Road, Prestatyn, Denbighshire
LL19 9HH
- Council:** Mr Stuart Limb
57 Langdale Grove Bingham, Nottingham NG13 8BT
- Mrs Shelagh Swinnerton
8 Maple Close, Brereton Green, Nr.Sandbach, Cheshire
- Mrs Anne Swynnerton
Hales Farm, Market Drayton, Shropshire TF9 2PP
- Mrs Elizabeth Yeandle
Stile, Wooton Courtney Minehead, Somerset TA24 8RG
- Mr Ray Swinnerton
(address as Mrs Sheila above)
- Mrs Maretta Jerrett,
Jays, 6 New Road, Little Kingshill, Great Missenden,
Bucks HP16 0EC
- Auditor:** Mr Keith Livesey
- Overseas Contacts** Canada: Mrs Edythe Seeley
USA: Mrs Diana Cunningham
Australia: Mrs Glenda Simpson

Web Site: www.swinnerton.org

SWINNERTON FAMILY HISTORY

Volume 12
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Editor – I.S.Swinnerton
Cobwebs, Longburton, Sherborne, Dorset DT9 5PD
(01963210726)
Email – iain.swinnerton@btinternet.com

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

I would like to start my report with some apologies. With all the pressures Margaret and I were under with our house move before the Triennial Gathering and AGM we overlooked some apologies for the latter which had been filed away. Apologies were received from Diana Cunningham and family, Valerie and Hans Dall, Jack Swinnerton and Iain and Angela Swinnerton. These will be added to the AGM minutes.

In October we held a Council meeting in Prestatyn thanks to the hospitality of Alan and Myrna Jones. It was my first visit to the area in about 40 years. Living in Stafford as a child in the 40's and 50's, North Wales was one of the family holiday haunts. In fact so much so that my parents bought a caravan on the sea front at Pensarn near Abergele and we spent many years of school holidays in the area.

After our Council meeting Alan had made arrangements for us to visit the Catholic Church in Holywell which contains the sculpture by Joseph Swynnerton of St Winifred. Joseph was featured in the April 2004 edition of our journal. Council member, Liz Yeandle, had a particular interest in our visit as she also owns a small statue by Joseph which some of you will remember seeing at the gathering in June. Liz wrote an article describing this statue for the August 2003 journal.

We are advised that arrangements for the Charter celebration in Swynnerton on the 12th August 2006 are progressing. I am also pleased to tell you that past Chairman Roger has agreed to play the part of Roger de Swynnerton for the re-enactment of the Charter ceremony. I hope as many of you as possible will be able to give your support on the day. Full details of the event will be in the next journal.

This year has passed so quickly for us as I'm sure it has for you. Our lives seem to be so busy these days. Let us hope that the Christmas period will be a restful time for us all. Margaret and I send you our best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Barrie Swinnerton

Noel William Swinnerton by the Revd. Brian Swynnerton

(Continued from SFH Vol 12, No 11- August 2005)

The sinking of *Transylvania* is recorded in detail in *The History of the Great War* by Henry Newbolt, Volume Four, published by Longmans in 1928. The liner had sailed from Marseilles for Alexandria in the evening of 3rd May, 1917. She was accompanied by two allied Japanese destroyers. They were the *Matsu* and *Sakaki*. Apparently the Japanese had been witnesses of vigorous argument between the French and British senior naval staff at their Headquarters in Corfu. The fleet was mainly British but the French Commander-in-Chief wanted to control all the ships involved, so the Japanese sent a Rear-Admiral in a light cruiser to take command of all the Japanese ships in the Mediterranean. Rear-Admiral Sato was instructed to offer to take charge of the convoy of French and British ships straggling out in the Ligurian Sea off the coast of Southern France and Northern Italy. This was not readily agreed by the French and British! However, the Master of the *Transylvania* was delighted when two of the Japanese destroyers came close and indicated that they had been instructed to escort his vessel which was loaded with

massive quantities of ammunition and 3000 troops. So the most important of all those ships destined for Alexandria found itself with an impressive escort.

All along that Riviera Route the German U-Boats had been very active the past week or so and doubtless they would have received the news that *Transylvania* was underway. Noel told me that the crew was especially pleased with their 'Nippy' escort for protection. The little convoy of three ships proceeded along the delectable coastline and passed the point of the Franco-Italian border. Ahead by about twelve hours, was a convoy of four ships bound for Italy with supplies for the Italian warfront in the Austrian Alps. One of these was the S.S. *Washington* which fell behind the others and was blown up and sunk by a torpedo. Soon *Transylvania* was sailing amidst the wreckage. Very disconcerting and depressing!

Transylvania now began to zigzag at about 14 knots and all on board were prepared for the worst. Colonel Bibby asked Noel if he could swim. Noel had to admit

that he was not a very strong swimmer, whereupon Bibby laughed and said he was not to worry as the Captain seems to be the only officer on the ship who was a top class swimmer !

The ship surged on until suddenly there was a tremendous explosion on the port side. The ship seemed to stop immediately and settle in the water. The Captain was quickly aware that his port side engine room was holed and had completely stopped working. He cleverly kept the star-board engine going and although stuck in reverse, headed for the shore over two miles distant. *Matsu* rapidly came up alongside the stricken liner and the captain, using a megaphone, instructed the crew and passengers to jump onto his deck. The deck was steel and twenty to thirty feet below the deck that Noel was standing on. Bibby shouted to Noel that now was his chance and to jump. So he took the plunge and landed on the steel afterdeck still complete with the briefcase . He was totally astonished that he was quite unhurt. Two others had jumped at the same time and were dead! The two Japanese destroyers were concentrating on lowering boats and putting rafts in the sea whilst the liner lowered its boats and floats . Some of those who

attempted the jump fell into the sea and a few were picked up later. However, a number of the ship's lower deck were sufficiently accomplished swimmers to swim the two to three miles to the coast and the Italian beaches. *Transylvania* had been showing signs of capsizing but the crew got the pumps going and the liner began to recover from the list she had been developing. However, twenty minutes after the first torpedo had exploded another torpedo was sighted and it looked as though *Matsu* would take the full impact being between the *Transylvania* and the deadly missile. Fortunately for the *Matsu* it passed under its bows and struck the liner. (Subsequently, I discovered that these torpedoes had been fired by the German U boat U 63 which was commanded by Kaptain Leutnant Otto Schultse). The explosion was enormous and devastating causing *Transylvania* to stop dead. By this time Noel was in the *Matsu*'s sickbay being examined by two very efficient medical men who spoke English very well and obviously knew London. Noel said he regarded his safe landing on the destroyer's deck as a miracle because the decks were a mass of projections and cables .The Captain treated Noel like a guest of honour and he was put to bed in the Captain's

Day Cabin. However, the destroyer was soon picking up a great many more survivors because within half an hour of Noel's happy landing on *Matsu*'s deck, *Transylvania* had sunk with great loss of life.

In 1959, at Christmas, my wife Anne and I were invited to stay with my Aunt Lilian and Uncle Noel in their seaside home at Llandudno. We had a new Ford saloon car and had the pleasure of driving my aunt and uncle to places in North Wales that they had never visited before. My aunt was especially keen that we should visit St. Asaph Cathedral as she had recently attended a Mothers' Union Service in that historic place of worship. We arrived in time for Evensong . After the service, which was thoroughly enjoyed and very well attended, we were shown around the historic pile by the Dean who had met Noel on a number of previous occasions. As we were guided around Noel suddenly spotted a memorial to Harry Bibby.

That evening Noel told us about the sinking of the great liner. However his *Transylvania* experiences were only part of the story. The letter that my cousin Valerie sent to the Swinnerton

Journal has much to tell us about one man's war. Noel survived the sinking and was eventually landed in Italy and taken by train to Southern France and a rest camp from where he was able to send his letter home. The Italians were extremely kind to all the survivors from the ships which had been sunk in the bay.

So it was from Number Eight Rest Camp that Noel wrote that lovely letter home. All the family had very clear handwriting and a very formal way of expressing themselves – 'Ever respectful regardless of rank' was the way my father Frank defined it!

On the 1st. June, 1917, Noel, along with hundreds of other survivors from ships sunk in the Mediterranean Sea, set out on a Hospital Train, to travel at a very slow speed, to Boulogne and eventually to Southampton and 'Dear Old Blighty'. They arrived on the 12th of June. At that time German U-boats sank three hospital ships in the English Channel (*Donegal, Lanfranc* and *Dover Castle*). Some weeks passed before Noel was allowed to report to Royal Welch Fusiliers Headquarters at Caernarvon, in North Wales but only for home service duties as he was still far from fit. H.Q. directed him to be

attached to The Caernarvonshire Volunteers and he was appointed Company Commander of the Llanwrst, Conway Valley Company. This was to be a very happy time for Noel. Here he met his future wife Lilian, the daughter of an hotelier in Llandudno and employed as a trainee solicitor. Noel joined a Masonic Lodge in Llandudno and enjoyed the seaside life and society. One of his army colleagues was a young subaltern named Laurence Chetwynd Atkinson who was the only son of the vicar of Buttertton where the Swinnertons had owned land for over six hundred years and built the Church in 1845. I have here a very old photograph of a small group of officers obviously assembled for a Mess Night. The group includes the Duke of Westminster and Lord Mostyn. Perhaps one of these would have been Guest of Honour and one the Hon. Colonel of the Volunteers.

Noel looks extremely smart in this photograph - a reminder that the contrasting experiences in his life must have been enormous. Noel had his Company H.Q. at Llanwrst and I recall visiting the elderly lady who had been his landlady when he was serving with the Volunteers. She had been widowed in 1916 when her

R.W.F. husband had been killed in the battle of the Somme. She lived into the Seventies remaining active and useful to the end. Lilian and Noel had many old friends from his service days in North Wales and I recall visiting, in the Forties, smallholdings and cottages down the valley where his old colleagues still resided. Lots of smiles and laughter as they reminisced together. I have here a lovely silver cigarette case which was presented to Noel by Laurence Chetwynd Atkinson and his soldiers to mark, I think, the occasion of Noel's engagement to Lilian.

The idyllic state did not last! Noel and Lily must have known each other for about a year when the Irish Rebellion became very bloody and the news from France was equally grim. Another input of troops had to be found to help relieve the situation in Southern Ireland immediately. American troops could not be used there as it was clear that they were easing the crisis in France. Lloyd-George had recently been in North Wales and he had seen the R.W.F. in action; they seemed smart and keen and he thought perhaps these 'Home Service only' Welshmen were the solution. I do not know exactly what took place except that Noel was one day in Snowdonia

walking with Lilian and her family and the next he was in Ireland once more involved in a bloody conflict.

That Mess Dinner photograph that I have in my possession has a date on the back 12/4/18. Perhaps this was an Eve of Departure Mess Dinner at Caernarvon. They all look very grim as well they might.

The conduct of the Irish operations appalled Noel and all ranks who were with him. Noel told me that morale was extremely low and confusion, bad communication and unnecessary brutality, by those who should have known better, made matters much worse. He said the vast majority of the Southern Irish people were friendly and generous and were a happy people who were treated as though they were proven terrorists and that he would ever recall a beautiful country where the desire of everyone seemed to be peace and unity for the whole of Ireland.

Noel was in Ireland from 12th April, 1918, until 6th April, 1919. He was demobilised at Prees Heath in Shropshire. He was lucky being close to his home compared with many thousands of officers and men who went through the process in that remote part of

England. At this time my father Frank had three motorcycles and with the aid of his sister Madge and his brother Bertram, three motorcycles met Noel at Crewe Railway Station and were able to convey Noel and all his kit back to The Moss at Madeley some ten miles distant.

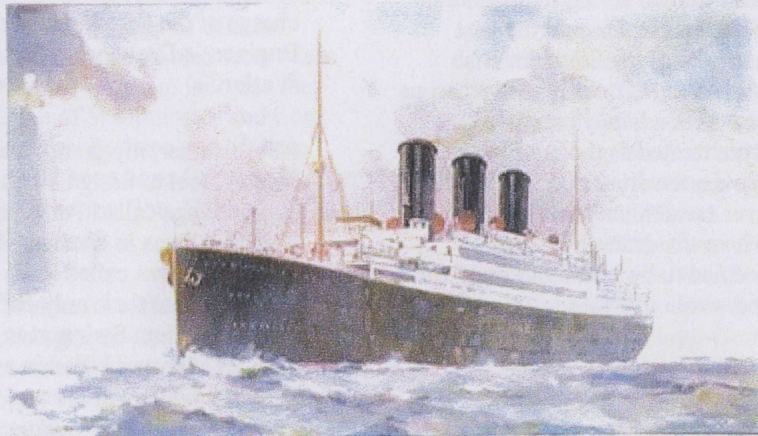
Noel married Lilian Hooper at Llandudno Parish Church and Harry his younger brother was his best man. Noel and Lily rented a house in Watford and initially Noel was at the London and North Western Railway Civil Engineer's Office as a Senior Draughtsman. Within a few years he had obtained promotion and was in charge of the Permanent Way Engineer's Drawing Office at Watford..

Noel's father, my grandfather, helped Noel to design a house in a small village called Parkstreet near St. Albans in Hertfordshire. This house was called *Adwy* and it was there that their only child, Walter William Swinnerton, was born. Walter was killed in action in the 1939/45 War (see *Swynnerton and the Swinnertons*). Noel continued to work as a railway civil engineer until his death in 1965. Lily died in 1970. Their retirement home was also called 'Adwy' at Craig-y-Don,

Llandudno, North Wales. Noel never wasted time. He had the Victorian work ethic ever in mind. I spent eight years with the London, Midland Region of British Railways as a Surveyor and Draughtsman and as a Civil Engineering trainee. Wherever I travelled in my work Noel's name came up in conversation. It was clear he was much loved and respected by all the Permanent Way Staff. Regardless of rank; a district engineer or a junior platelayer, they all respected him.

He was always friendly, smiling and energetic. Truly, an English gentleman and a hard-working Railway Engineer who produced flat-bottomed track and reinforced concrete sleepers for adoption throughout the World.

I hope that this account will serve as a memorial to all those who devoted their lives to loyal service in both War and Peace in the first half of the Twentieth Century.



ANCHOR LINE - E.S. "TRANSYLVANIA"

Swynnerton Medieval Fair



August 15th, 2006 will be the 700th anniversary of the charter granted by Edward 1st to Roger de Swynnerton, for the holding of an annual fair in the village of Swynnerton, on the feast of the Assumption of Mary, the mother of Jesus. Medieval fairs were always held on one of the feast or holy days of the church, when everyone had a holiday, thus enabling them to travel to the fairs.

On this unique, important occasion, the village is hoping to create the atmosphere of yesteryear, by organising a festival to be held on the previous Saturday, 12th August to celebrate the anniversary

Lord Stafford has very kindly given us the use of two fields, one for car-parking and the other, a 45 acre field, to be used for all the entertainment, and confirmed bookings for some of these activities have already been received. These include jousting, two re-enactment camps, Buckingham's retinue supporting the Staffords, and Longshank's Knights supporting Edward 1st. We have also secured "Bubonic Plague", a medieval band, and the services of three trumpet heralds, for music during the parades through the village, the ceremony of the charter and also throughout the day's entertainment.

The two re-enactment groups (approximately 80-100 people) will bring a display of medieval tents, and will arrange for demonstrations of archery, drilling, armoury, food, clothing, cooking, medicines, falconry and other skills of the period. In addition, we will hope to have the local school children performing maypole dancing, and a display by Morris dancers in the area.

There will also be medieval stalls – most of these people attend various battle re-enactments around the country like Bosworth and Tewkesbury, and they will be selling a variety of wares including leather, sheepskin, metal-works, wooden products, jewellery, pewter, furniture and games. In addition, we have stalls of local crafts including fudge, beekeeping and honey, candles, cheeses, local produce, herbs and basket weaving, and we are looking for about 40 stalls for the day. There will be food available, such as hog-roasts, sausages and beef, and also a mead and ale tent on the actual events field. Only items of the period will be allowed onto the field, but teas and refreshments will be served in the cricket pavilion and marquee in the adjacent field.

The fair will open at 11 a.m. with the stallholders and demonstrations taking place. The parades of Roger de Swynnerton's and Buckingham's Retinue from Swynnerton Hall, and Edwards the First's and Longshank's Knights marching up Cotes lane, will commence at 12 noon, to arrive at the main events field for the handing over ceremony of the charter. The church bells will then ring and the rest of the festivities will begin.

Although it has been decided that this event is to be a celebration and not a fundraising event, and not only for the village of Swynnerton but all the surrounding areas including Stone, Eccleshall, Newcastle, Stafford and Stoke-on-Trent, we realise that to put on a show of this kind will involve quite a sum of money. That is why we are contacting people and businesses in the area to ask if they would like to be involved and sponsor this spectacular event. There are two ways of supporting this: the first in a block advertisement in the free programme at a cost of £20 each, or by purchasing a pennant or herald at a cost of £100 each. The pennant will have your name or logo and "sponsored by" painted onto material and hanging from a flag pole. As well as looking very festive and adding to the celebrations, these will be put along the perimeter of the events fields, lining the road, so that maximum publicity for the sponsor can be achieved.

We can also supply a herald, again with your name and or logo painted onto the fabric, and these will be placed at the entrance to the car park and the main events fields, so that everyone attending will see them on entering or leaving the festival. In addition to this, all sponsors will be listed on the programme, and will be put onto our web site as soon as they have committed to this project.

With regard to publicity, posters will be circulated around March of next year, and tickets will be available for purchase before the event. A notice has already been put into the *Stone Gazette*, and we are going to advertise in *Staffordshire Life* in the New Year. The local papers, *The Sentinel* and the *Newsletter* will carry notice of the event, and the local radio stations will also be putting out bulletins. We are also contacting Central Television for national coverage in the weeks beforehand. I have also spoken to Stephen Hamilton, the events manager at Trentham, who has very kindly agreed not to put any other events on at Trentham during that weekend to allow us to obtain maximum publicity, and has also allowed us to advertise in their visitor's centre. We are hoping for around 2000 people to attend the festival.

We do hope that you would like to be part of this "once in a lifetime" event, which we hope will bring together not only the people of Swynnerton and surrounding villages, but also visitors from Stoke-on-Trent, Stafford, and Nantwich etc.,

Almost Famous

THE RAKES SKINNY-FIT POP-PUNKS FROM THE SOUTH COAST.

This is the title of a page from the December '05 issue of *Uncut Magazine* which accompanies a photograph of four young men walking down a street.

'Matthew Swinnerton, guitarist with The Rakes, is recounting the bizarre gardening accident which led to him being temporarily blinded in Japan. "We'd gone over to play some gigs with Bloc Party and one night I got very drunk and my glasses got broken. It was the first time I'd been there and I couldn't see a thing. Matthew has since regained sight but, more crucially, The Rakes' skewed vision has seen them navigate their way out of the murky demi-monde of London's grot 'n' scene. Having planned to form a band since college, the best piece in their post-punk jigsaw fell into place with the recruitment of drummer Lasse Petersen, who apparently had a gorgeous sister. "Me and Matthew were working in this clothes shop in Covent Garden" reveals bassist Jamie Hornsmith. "There was a girl working there who told me her brother was coming over from Denmark, and she asked whether I'd show him around town. I only did it because I fancied her and I thought it might help my chances."

It didn't but at least The Rakes got a time-keeper out of it. If Lasse's matching socks and belt show a knack for co-ordination, his drumming is even sharper, as evidenced on debut album *Capture/Release*. While their art-punk contemporaries jerk'n thrust in a bid to reproduce the orgasmic pop of Gang of Four, The Rakes deliver a different kind of tension, being a nervy jangle of suburban frustration and man-made fibres which will bring a smile to the lips of anyone with fond memories of The Members or The Housemartins. Stranger still, their sound is all an accident.

"None of our mums and dads liked post-punk," smiles singer Alan Donohoe, incredulous at the suggestion.

"At our first rehearsal we just said to each other, "what music would we wanna hear at a party?", and it ended up sounding like this. The lyrics are just about things I know. Top 30 single 'Work Work Work (Pub, Club, Sleep)' admirably managed to namecheck the Wetherspoons pubs amid a barrage of twitchy guitars. Urgent new single '22 Grand Job' deals with the disappointment of failing a job interview, and could well be the first post-Brent single.

"The point about '22 Grand Job' is that we're not criticising working in an office," says Donohoe, forcefully. "None of us have ever lived in squats. It sometimes feels really uncomfortable being part of a scene where all the other bands are on the dole."

"Carl Barat from The Libertines came up to me one night and said 'You're The Rakes, we're The

Libertines, we both believe in the same things'," confesses a bemused Jamie. "I didn't know what to say."

"Besides, we're named after a gardening implement," adds Swinnerton, adjusting his specs. Anyone for a rock 'n' roll hoedown?

PAUL MOODY
(*'Capture/Release' is now out on V2*)

A different world and a different language but who is Matthew?

A Journey down memory lane – the Editor

It was a nostalgic trip for several of us as you can see. In my case I had not been to Prestatyn since September 1939 – we were on a family holiday there when war was declared on the 3rd. Close by the railway station was a small park where my sister and I used to ride our tricycles which had been hired for the holiday. I vividly remember seeing the famous *Irish Mail*, drawn by a magnificent steam engine of course, coming through every hour crammed with mobilised Northern Irish Territorials and reservists whereas one normally only saw it twice a day. When we got home there, at the end of our garden which backed on to a park, was a searchlight and Bren gun mounted on a post. How exciting it all was for a small boy!

The park is still there, although minus the bandstand, and Alan kindly took me to see it.



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Meet your Secretary - Margaret Swinnerton

My wife, Margaret was born in Stafford and is the daughter of Edith and Frederick Clay. Her great grandfather, Charles Jackson Clay (1850-1945) was described as 'Stafford's Grand Old Man' when he retired as Chairman of the Stafford County Bench in 1938 at the age of 88.

Margaret was educated in Stafford at a girls' school situated next to my father's garage business and my home. Thus we met at quite an early age.

Margaret has an artistic talent was found a place at Manchester Art. However her parent's did with this suggestion and so trained to be a shorthand typist. on to become a bank manager's and before leaving work to raise became secretary to the local organiser of the Country Landowners Association based Hall near Stafford. Here she President Iain for the first time in

Margaret and I were married and lived in a small village Brocton on the edge of Cannock 1973 we moved to Swansea with son Philip when my company relocated there. Margaret had member of Stafford Ladies Circle and so the transfer into the Circle in Swansea introduced her to a group of a similar age. This was perhaps as well because my job took me away overseas at the time to South America for over two months at a time. In 1983 the whole family (which now included second son Nicholas born 1975) left for Hong Kong which also presented opportunities for Margaret to travel not only in the Far East but also down to Australia and New Zealand.

Margaret has had a passion for gardening from childhood so when we returned to Swansea she became involved with a local gardening club and the Friends of the Botanical Gardens of Swansea. We have recently moved to the Gower peninsular with an even bigger garden, stream and small paddock attached. A new project for her for the next twenty years!



and and College of not agree Margaret She went secretary a family area

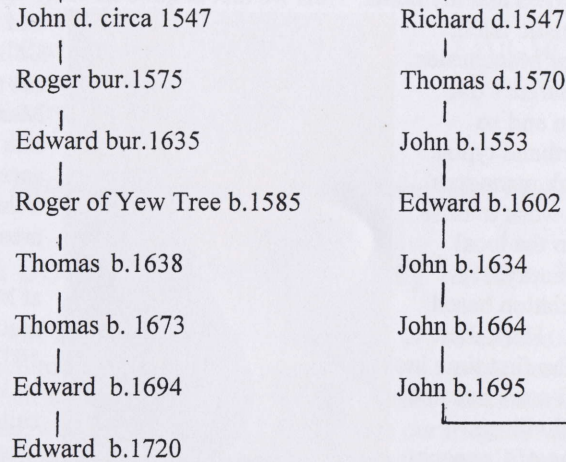
at Milford met 1972. in 1964 called Chase. In our baby was been a

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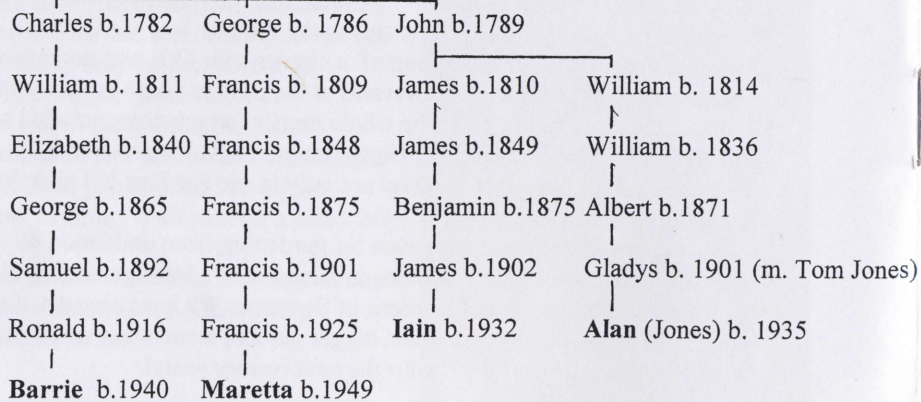
Relationships

This chart shows the connection between the present members of Council and the President and Vice-President (UK).

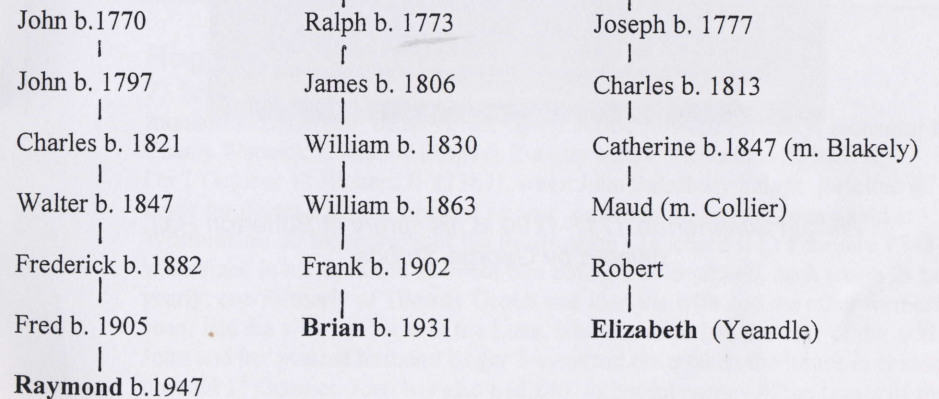
Roger Swynnerton of Whitmore d. circa 1513

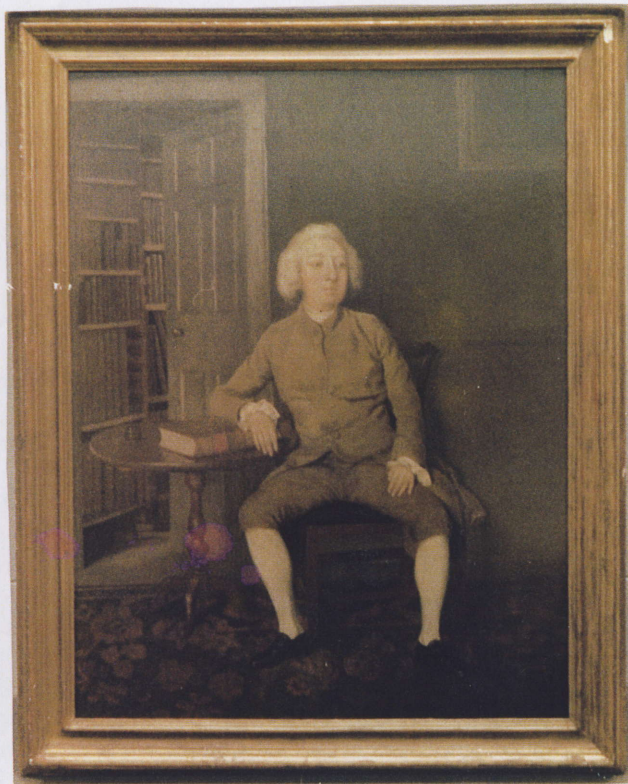


William of Adbaston b.1761



William of Betley b.1739





*William Swinnerton 1717-1790 in his library at Butterson Hall
painted by George Stubbs.*

A Puzzle in Relationships

Try and work this one out!

Many many years ago when I was twenty three,
I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be.
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother, for she was my father's wife.
To complicate the matters worse, although it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.
My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad.
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle, then that also made him brother
To the widow's grown-up daughter who, of course, was my step-mother.
Father's wife then had a son, who kept them on the run.
And he became my grandson, for he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue.
Because, although she is my wife, she is my grandma too.
If my wife is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it, it simply drives me wild.
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.
As the husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa.

(from Stephen Pike, Canberra Repertory Society)

Roger Swynarton of Rokeby (Rugby)

23 September 1393

Inquisition (indented) taken *virtute officij* before Edward Metteley, escheator in County Warwick, at Rokeby (Rugby), Tuesday before Michaelmas 17 Rich II.
On 1 October 11 Richard II (1387), when John Salesbury knight forfeited all his lands for divers treasons whereof he was convicted in the parliament held at Westminster on the morrow of the Purification 11 Richard II (3 February 1388), he was seized in his demesne as of fee two cottages in Bradwell, each worth 2s net yearly, one formerly of Thomas Grobb and Joan his wife and the other formerly of Joan, late the wife of Roger in the Lane, whereof John late the wife of the said John and her present husband Roger Swynarton have taken the issues ever since the said 1st October. Joan has also had £40 of lawful money of the issues of the manors of Bradwell and Grenburgh from the said 1st October to the said morrow of the Purification, of which manors John was seised at the latter date in right of the said Joan. Roger Swynarton and Joan will answer the king for the issues.

Update

From Swinnerton Family History Vol, 12 No. 9. December 2004.

A Touch of Frost (December 2004 SFH)

Alastair Swinnerton's children's film 'The Tale of Jack Frost' is one of the four nominations this year for a BAFTA Children's television award in the best animation category. Jack Frost will be shown again on BBC1 at 8.30am on New Year's Eve.

The Cook's Companion

Jo Swinnerton's book is selling well and she has now produced another in the Companion series entitled *The History of Britain Companion*. This is a fascinating book full of miscellaneous nuggets of British history and is an ideal bedside book for dipping into. I have to confess to a certain amount of bias because both Alastair and I contributed entries. This is the third in the series that Jo has written, the other being the *London Companion*, but she is also one of the four series editors.

The Po'ouli Bird

The one bird that Dr Kirsty Swinnerton and her Maui Forest Bird Recovery Team finally managed to capture sadly died. The captive-breeding centre is run by San Diego Zoo and nothing to do with her team although their offices are adjacent. They had enquiries from all over the world on their website - over 1200 hits whereas they had only three when they captured the bird. Such, says Kirsty, is the voracious appetite of the media.

The official statement from the US Fish and Wildlife service dated 11/30/2004 says: 'An extremely rare Hawaiian forest bird that was hoped to be part of a last ditch effort to save the species has died. The po'ouli, a male that had been living at the Maui Bird Conservation Center in Olinda, Hawaii since September, passed away close to midnight on Friday, November 26th.

The bird had been moved to the Conservation Centre by the Maui Forest Bird Recovery Team with the hope of starting a captive breeding program with the last three individuals of this species. Unfortunately, the two other birds, believed to be in the wild, have not been observed for several months.

The Po'ouli is a small black and gray songbird that was discovered just 31 years ago. The bird that had been brought to the center was believed to have been of advanced age (with a known age of at least eight years) and missing one eye. The bird was originally thought to have been a female but definitive DNA testing revealed the bird was a male. Animal care staff recently determined that the bird had contracted avian malaria (a mosquito borne

disease not native to the Hawaiian Islands). The cause of death for this po'ouli has not yet been determined. Initial necropsy results (performed by pathologists at San Diego Zoo are inconclusive with regard to cause of death.

"We are always sad to lose an animal in our care" said Alan Lieberman, avian conservation co-ordinator for the Zoological Society. "In this case, we may not just have lost a bird but one of the last remaining species. It is difficult to realise that our last efforts to save this species rely on just two birds"

In light of this bird's death, biologists will review their plans for the remaining two birds that may still exist in the wild, which are believed to be a male and a female. A field team from the Maui Forest Bird Recovery Project will return to Hanawi Natural Area on November 30th in another attempt to locate the birds.

"Although we have not seen or heard them for many months, it may be that they have shifted their home ranges," said Eric VanderWerf, Hawaiian bird recovery co-ordinator for the US Fish and Wildlife Service. "All of the birds are old for forest birds, but birds have been resighted after long absences in the past and we are not willing to give up all hope yet".

The stocky little bird with a black mask is part of the Hawaiian honey creeper family, but is so unique it occupies its own genus. It is the only Hawaiian forest bird to rely heavily on native tree snails as its food. The elusive po'ouli was not even discovered until 1973, when a group of University of Hawaii students conducting research on the east slope of Haleakala sighted a bird they had never seen before. It was named "po'ouli", which means black head in Hawaiian, by Mary Kawena Puku'i, a renowned authority on Hawaiian culture.

"Our goal of saving the po'ouli is now very difficult and may not be achievable, but we must continue to try to save the species we have left" says Gina Schultz, acting field supervisor for the Fish and Wildlife Service's Pacific islands office. "In addition to the po'ouli, we have 31 other endangered bird species in Hawaii that are threatened by loss of habitat, introduced predators, and diseases. Rather than giving up hope, we need to rededicate our efforts to save these unique birds that are such an important part of Hawaii's native forests".

The Maui Forest Bird Recovery Project is made up of a team of ornithologists supported by the US Fish and Wildlife Service and the State Department of Land and Natural Resources. Guidance for the team's work and implementation plans to save the po'ouli are carried out by the Po'ouli Working Group, a team of more than a dozen experts from several agencies and organisations.

Swinnertons on both sides of the Law

Monday. (Before Justices J.T.S. Edwards and E.H. Haycock Esq.)

Thomas Jones and Joseph Thomas two labourers residing in Castle Foregate were charged by **P.C. Swinnerton** with fighting near the Threshers Inn between 8 and 9 o'clock on Saturday evening. The defendants admitted the charge but pleaded in excuse they were in liquor and had only had one round. They were required to find "sureties to keep the peace for 2 months, and pay the expenses," 4s.6d. each.

(Eddowes *Salopian Journal* 9th July 1845)

Jan 1829 : Wm Mainwaring of Wroxeter says an ass produced is the property of his s. Jn Mainwaring and was stolen out of Wm's field, afterwards he found it in possession of **Jn Swinnerton** of Wellington who said that he bought it from Geo Mansell of Wellington, deponent believes it was stolen by Jo Hughes of Eyton upon Severn: Mansell says he bought that ass from Jo Hughes for 9s he said that he had 4 and wanted to sell two.

7 Jan 1830: Jn Griffiths of Waters Upton employed Thos" Poole at 7s per week to receive tolls at Crudgington turnpike "gate p. Ercall, on Saturday he settled with him, 4 days later he absconded taking tolls collected to that day amounting to ácéá3.10.0: **Chs Swinnerton** constable apprehended Poole at "Eccleshall, just before he saw him change a sovereign with the" landlady of the house.

3 Jan 1830: **Chs Swinnerton** of Soudley constable having a suspicion that Jn Gaytar, Jn Rycraft and And. Green all of Soudley, navigators were concerned in depredations in the neighbourhood, went to their houses about 11 pm.....

(Abstract of the Quarter Sessions Rolls for Shropshire (c) 1820 - (c)1830" Printed August 1999)

NOTES ON THE FAMILY OF SWYNNERTON, OF SWYNNERTON AND OTHER PLACES IN CO. STAFFORD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, CHAPLAIN AT BENGAL.

ARMS.

1.-SWYNNERTON OF SWYNNERTON.

Argent, a cross formé fleurettée, *sable*. (College of Arms).



2.-SWYNNERTON OF HILTON.

Argent, a cross formé fleurettée, *sable*, within a bordure engrailed, *gules*. (College of Arms).



3. SWYNNERTON OF ECCLESHALL.

Argent, a cross formé fleurettée, *sable*, differenced with a bend, *gules*. (College of Arms.)



4.-SWYNNERTON OF BUTTERTON.

Argent, a cross formé, *sable*, fleurettée, *or*, over all a bendlet, *gules*. (Not in the College of Arms, yet borne by the Swinnertons of Buttertton for at least 200 years, and probably more; *vide* Staffordshire Arms in the William Salt Library, Stafford).



5.-SWYNNERTON OF BUTTERTON, (as represented by Sir Lionel Milborne-Swynnerton-Pilkington, Bart.)

Argent, a cross formé fleurettée, *sable*, over all a bend engrailed, *gules*, for difference. (By a late special grant from College of Arms).



CRESTS.

- 1.-A *Chapel de Fer*, adorned with two eagle's feathers, one on each side.^a
- 2.-On a hill, *vert*, gorged with a collar, *azure*, which is garnished with six bezants, a boar statant, *argent*, tusked, *or*, holding in his mouth an apple (or pomegranate) *vert*.^b

MOTTOES.

- 1.-*Avanturez et marches avant*.^c
- 2.- [illegible] *chez bien*.^d
- 3.- [illegible]^e

LIVERY COLOURS. Blue and Gold.^f

BADGE. A daisy-tuft.^g

MANORS and LANDS or PARTS OF LANDS in possession of the family at various times.^h

Swynnerton with advowson, Hilton with advowson, Essington, Cannock Chase, Desere, Badenhall, Sugenhall, Becke, Chelle, Pershall, Rushton Spencer, Butterton, Cherleton, Wyrley, Hopwas, Pilatershall, Hulcote, Cornford, Austenfeld, Caldon, Uleshall, Uselhall, Acton, Hatton, Beech, Yernefyne, Titensor, Blakelow, &c. in co. Stafford; Repyndon and other lands in Derbyshire; Great Barwe, &c., in co. Chester; Braybrooke Castle, Le Estallefee, and lands in Roudon, Castleton, Ruston, Dresburgh, and Weldon, &c., in co. Northants; Morton Manor in Dumfries; Wonastow in Monmouth; Stanway in Essex; besides lands in the counties of Oxford and Salop.ⁱ

CHURCHES founded by the family.

Those of Swynnerton and Hiltch, co. Stafford.

STRONG GARRISONED CASTLES held for the King by members of the family during the Plantagenet period.-

The Tower of London; the Castles of Stafford and Eccleshall in Staffordshire; those of "Salop" and "Bruges" (Bridgenorth) in Shropshire; and the important border fortress of Hardelagh (Harlech) in Wales.ⁱ

A Weekend in Wild Wales - Charles Jerrett

For obvious reasons please assume that all surnames in this article are Swinnerton (or similar) unless otherwise stated.

"I'd like to propose Annabel Wade's sister". The Rev. Brian's voice filled the customary silence that had greeted the call for volunteers for the council at the 2005 AGM. The suggestion was gratefully leapt upon by the relieved majority.

"Never volunteer!" I had learned during my brief time with the school cadet corps. I had left before we got to the chapter headed "How to avoid your wife being volunteered by a 3rd party". And so it was that, in the absence of any previously unknown sister of the said Annabel Wade (née Swinnerton), my dear wife Mareta (similarly née), being possessed of that peculiarly English sensitivity that does not like to cause a scene by saying "No" in public places, found herself on the council of the Swinnerton Society charged with the investigation and propagation of all things Swinnerton to the waiting world. She was greeted with open arms and an invitation to the Autumn Council Meeting hosted by Alan and Myrna Jones at Prestatyn in October.

The day of 8th October 2005 dawned early (as days so often do) as we set off from Shrewsbury at 7 am to make our way to Prestatyn on the North Wales coast to attend the Autumn Council Meeting. Armed with detailed maps kindly supplied by Barrie and Margaret, we had intended to enjoy the magic of the morning on moor and mountain cutting across country through the hills. Sadly the Good Lord had decided to use that very morning to see whether naval architecture had improved since Noah's day and we drove, instead, through a deluge along the coastal dual-carriageway.

In spite of the worst efforts of weather, we arrived half an hour earlier than we intended, so took a leisurely drive round Prestatyn. Having spent many happy visits to North Wales in the past we knew how beautiful this coastline can be, and frankly, what we could see of it was not looking its best!

The greeting from Alan and Myrna, was wonderful and warm - with coffee and Welsh cakes and a lovely roaring fire as we were introduced to and got to know the other members of the Council and their spouses.

Alan & Myrna have a lovely house with its own special Meeting Room across a pretty courtyard, to which we adjourned for the business of the day. (I'm afraid the Council are going to have to slum it a bit when they come to us and make do with the dining room table). We spouses, not on the Council, were invited to attend to give support and, in spite of a most comfortable sofa to sit on and the ever present Welsh Cake temptation, I stayed awake

throughout a most interesting meeting. Most notable for future planning was the item regarding the Swynnerton Village Medieval Fayre being held to commemorate 700 years since the granting of the Charter, which is to take place on Saturday 12 August 2006. The Society looks forward to taking part in this event and plans will be put together in the spring.

Interesting though it was the meeting was lengthy, so we were ready for lunch (at least I was so I am assuming that everyone else was too). Myrna and Alan together with their son Ian and Alan's sister Audrey provided us with a wonderful and improbably large spread, which we all enjoyed so much that we were hard pressed (at least I was) to finish in time for the cultural event of the afternoon so kindly arranged for us by Alan.

By lunchtime the Good Lord had relented on the great flood idea and the weather had dried up from deluge to the merely dull. So, except for Revd. Brian, his wife Anne, and Stuart Limb who had other commitments, we all made our way in convoy around the coast and down the Dee Estuary to Holywell. We swept past St. Winifred's world renowned shrine and pool (The Welsh Lourdes) and up the hill to the Catholic Church in the middle of the village.

There we were met by the curator who had opened the church specially for us. She was a little bemused to be showing a whole gaggle of Swinnertons the statue of St Winifred sculpted by Joseph W Swynnerton. It is a fine, large marble (see picture in the April 2004 issue of this journal) commissioned by the Church in Holywell which had managed to remain a Catholic stronghold in spite of reformation and repression over the years. Joseph W. was born in 1845 in the Isle of Man - the fourth son of Charles Swynnerton and Mary Collister. He had been working in Rome from about 1865 and had a studio there at the time of the commission from Holywell.

The Crook or Staff originally held by St Winifred had been broken and replaced by a wooden replica. Otherwise the statue was in fine condition. It is an impressive piece of carving technically very fine. To my jaundiced eye, it suffers as a piece of art from that particular expression of vacant winsomeness that passes for holiness in so much religious art. St Winifred was a seriously tough cookie who resisted a particularly nasty rape and was beheaded for her pains. Her head was miraculously restored to her and Holywell became the place of pilgrimage it now is, famed in the *Cadfael* books by Ellis Peters and throughout the catholic world.

Pope Leo XIII clearly disagreed with my view of the artistic merits and blessed St Winifred (or at least her statute) in the Vatican on her way to being shipped to Wales.

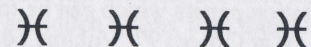
Our fellow Councillor, Liz Yeandle was particularly pleased to make this visit as she is the Great, Great, Great niece of Joseph. It was she who discovered the Great Signature Mystery when she noticed that the signature at the base of the statue appeared to read Joseph M Swynnerton. Perhaps an Italian studio assistant, not familiar with the name William, had simply mis-read it, who knows?

After a long examination of the statue, we enjoyed the beautiful stained glass window which depicts the legend of St Winifred and then went down the hill to visit her shrine at St Winifred's Well. The shrine is a mediaeval beauty. I have long wanted to see it and was so grateful to Alan for having chosen it for the day's outing.

The shrine is a magnet for people who come to 'take the waters' and, for the hardier souls, total immersion in the pool fed by the miraculous spring. Sadly, during our visit, the pool had been drained and was being disinfected (which, to me, seemed to call in question the extent of the miraculous powers - enquiries of the workmen as to whether the Bishop had blessed their Industrial chemicals met with a blank stare) which somewhat detracted from the spiritual atmosphere. As so often happens with the very holy, the merchandising was purchase.

Having dealt with the business and the culture, we returned to the vital task of eating. We enjoyed more of Alan and Myrna's generous hospitality, with tea and a rest before repairing to Rhyl to the lovely old Barratt's restaurant. This is housed in the oldest building in Rhyl where we spent a pleasant evening and finished a most enjoyable day with a fine meal.

We were sorry not to be able to stay overnight, as some of the other Councillors were doing. Fortunately, the weather had changed again to a fine clear night and we enjoyed a starlit drive back to Shrewsbury in the early hours of Sunday morning with happy memories and keen anticipation of a visit to South Wales in the Spring.



When you have done your best for a flower, and it fails, you have some reason to be aggrieved

Frank Swinnerton
Novelist and critic
1884-1982

A late recruit but he did his bit.

Stephen J. Swinnerton was not among the young men who rushed to enlist on a high tide of patriotic fervour when war against the Boers broke out in 1899 but was a mature 23 when he volunteered for service in April 1901. He gave his occupation as Telegraphist but said he had not been an apprentice. He was attested at Liverpool and, given his trade, joined the Royal Engineers as Sapper No. 7705. The Royal Engineers, until the Royal Corps of Signals was formed in 1920, were responsible for all the army's communications.

On his attestation papers, Stephen said he had been born in Liverpool, in the county of Lancashire and gave his parents as Stephen and Helen Swinnerton 21 Dunbarton Street, Walton, nr. Liverpool, Lancs. He also affirmed that he had never previously served in any of His Majesty's services.

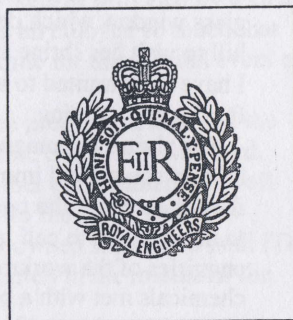
His medical examination showed that he was 5ft 6½ins in height and weighed 128lbs (9stone 2lbs) and had a chest measurement of 33ins so he was a slim man and quite tall for the time. He had fair hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

Obviously he was a trained operator and only needed very basic military training because he spent a mere 30 days in England before being sent out to South Africa on the 30th April to join the 5th Telegraph Battalion. He arrived in South Africa on the 31st May and served there for just over a year until he returned to England and was discharged at Aldershot on the 29th August 1902 on *termination of engagement*. He was awarded the King's South Africa Medal (Queen Victoria had died half way through the war) 1901-2 with clasps for *Transvaal 1901 & 1902*.

All this information has been gleaned from his Short Service (One year with the colours) Attestation papers which can be found at The National Archives, Kew in class WO (War Office) 97, Volume 6032. A copy is now in our archives.

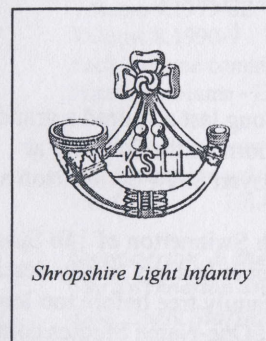
An even shorter service.

William Swinnerton was attested for a Short Service engagement (7 years with the Colours and 5 years with the Reserve) at Crewe on the 10th July 1899. He originally opted for service in the Cheshire Regiment but was, instead,



enlisted as No. 6054 Private William Swinnerton into the Shropshire Light Infantry.

He said he was a butcher by trade, 18 years of age, and gave his father as Daniel Swinnerton of Betley Common, nr. Crewe, Cheshire. His medical examination at Crewe on the 11th July showed that he was only 5ft 3ins tall and weighed 117lbs with a chest measurement of just 32½ins. He had a fresh complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair and had a scar on his left middle finger – perhaps an accident in the butcher's shop where he had worked?



On the 12th July he was sent to the regimental depot at Shrewsbury and on the 20th was admitted to hospital with 'wound (finger of left hand)'. He was in hospital for 20 days and given 'Carbolic lotion Poultices (for) Removal of Nail'. A Court of Enquiry was held and pronounced *Result on duty will not effect his future efficiency as a soldier*. Another butchering

accident?

Despite the findings of the Court of Enquiry, Henry left the army on the 21st August 1899 - *Discharged on payment of £10 within 3 months of his attestation* - and his papers include a receipt from the Station Pay Office, Shrewsbury for £10 to Mr Daniel Swinnerton of Betley Common, nr. Crewe. He had served his Queen and Country for a grand total of 43 days.

His attestation and Discharge Papers are in WO97/3982 at The national Archives, Kew and, again, a copy is now in our archives.

The documents of all soldiers discharged from the British Army between 1883 and 1913 (except those who died in service) are held at The National Archives, Kew and are arranged alphabetically for the whole army. Prior to this, back to the earliest ones in 1760, they are only held for the men who were discharged to pension, at first just medical but later for long service.

The earlier documents are much briefer than those for Stephen and Henry as in the case of our third soldier, **Thomas Swinnerton** who enlisted for the 22nd Foot (after 1881 the Cheshire Regiment) at Liverpool, in the County of Lancaster on the 3 January 1815 at the age of 26 for *unlimited service*. The single sheet of paper shows that he served with them until the 17 June 1817 when he was transferred to the 46th Foot and posted to the East Indies (by which name India was then referred to in army documents). The harsh climate there was eventually his downfall as it was with so many soldiers. He served in India for seven years until he was sent home in 1825 and discharged on the

10 July 1826 in consequence of paralysis of right side from service in the West Indies

The reverse of the sheet of paper gives a brief summary of his career, saying he was 32, had served for 12 years and 6 months with the 46th and previously 1 year and a month with the 22nd making a total of 13 years and 7 months. His conduct had been good throughout his service and he was to receive a pension of 1/- per day. His discharge document is in WO97/609.

Family Notes

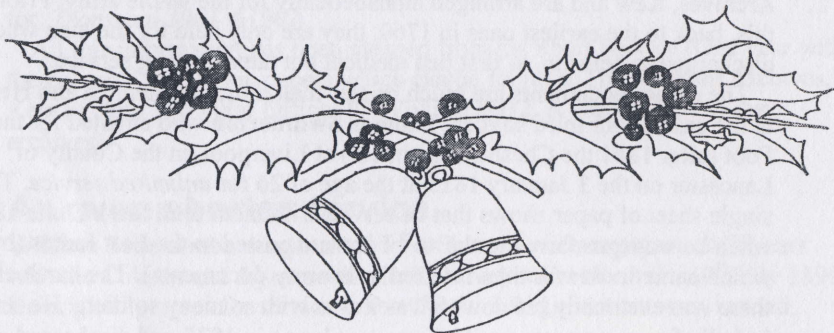
David K.S. Swinnerton tells me that he has at long last acquired a grand-daughter. Miranda Kristyna Swinnerton was born on the 24th July at Macclesfield General Hospital, daughter to Krisyan Shaw Swinnerton and his wife, Nicola Joan.

Welcome to a new member, Susan Elizabeth Swinnerton of 18b Sussex Heights, Brighton, Sussex BN1 2FR. I have not yet had any family details for Susan but expect to be able to fit her into the family tree before too long.

Following our recent success in the Guild of One-Name Studies competition for the best one-name society journal (in which we came second), it has been suggested that we should have a definitive name for the journal instead of 'Swinnerton Family History'. The Palgrave Society has the 'Palgrave Chronicle', the Cave Society 'The Caveman', the Metcalfe Society 'Mecca News', the Beresford Society the 'Beresford Magazine' and so on.

The Swinnerton Saga has been suggested – has anyone any other suggestions?

Finally – may I wish you all a Happy and Peaceful Christmas and I hope to see many of you next year at the Medieval Fair.



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