

SWINNERTON Family History



*Senior Vice-President William James (Bill) Swinnerton
of Melbourne, Australia*

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The Swinnerton Society

A non-profit making organisation devoted to the welfare of Swynnerton Church and the research and publication of Swinnerton Family Records

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SWINNERTON FAMILY HISTORY

Volume 12

Number 9

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Editor – I.S.Swinnerton

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

We were very saddened to hear of the recent death of Council member Mary Vivash. Mary had recently had to resign from Council due to ill health. She had been a council member since 2001 and her death came as a great shock to us all. On behalf of the Council we send our sincere condolences to her family.

Time is passing very quickly and after the stresses and strains of buying and selling our house, Margaret and I are hopeful we shall be able to move to our new home in Gower very soon now.

The June family gathering is now only a matter of weeks away and I hope that as many of you as possible will be able to attend this gathering on 4th June 2005 in Swynnerton. We have arranged an entertaining day which will include the Annual General Meeting followed by a family service in St. Mary's church. A lunch in Swynnerton village hall will be followed by some interesting talks and a chance for you to meet and mingle with other family members and to peruse the archives of the Society which still continue to increase with Swinnerton family memorabilia. If you have any items of your own of interest please do bring them along. The day will end with afternoon tea.

In spite of increased costs since the last gathering I am very pleased to tell you that Council have agreed to hold prices at the same level as 2002. We hope as many of you as possible will be able to attend and support the Society. If you are coming please return your applications as soon as possible. For those of you who would like to have help or advice regarding accommodation available in the area we should be able to provide a list of hotels etc. Please get in touch with my wife Margaret.

At a recent Society Council meeting we were delighted to be told by the Revd Brian Swynnerton that St Thomas' Church at Butterton had been awarded funds by English Heritage to completely refurbish the church, the fabric of which has sadly declined in recent times becoming potentially dangerous necessitating its closure to the public. St Thomas' Church was built in 1845 for £1500 by Mary, the daughter of Thomas Swinnerton, as a tribute to her father. Mary had married Sir William Pilkington in 1825. It is hoped that by the next family gathering it will be possible for us to see a completely renovated Church.

Margaret and I look forward to seeing you all in Swynnerton on the 4th June 2005.

Barrie Swinnerton

A MYSTERY

I have been corresponding with Linda Tjissen of Inglewood, Ontario, Canada who tells me her great-great-grandfather was **Thomas Swinarton** who on his Canadian marriage certificate in 1858 said he was 27. He gave his parents as Henry and Nancy Swinarton and said he had been born in England. We have no trace of him whatsoever! He does not tie in, in any way, with the Swinartons of Toronto of whom we have a good record or with the Swinartons, artificial flower sellers of London. Linda was told by an older cousin of her mother that his name was actually William. He named his eldest son William Henry but since then the family have been known as Swinton. I fear that this may have happened to quite a lot of Swinnertons in the days when few of the population could read or write and names were written down by vicars, registrars and other officials as heard.

On the subject of artificial flowers, I learn from the Swynnerton Parish Magazine that the Chancellor of the Diocese of Lichfield, a Judge, has ruled that, in view of the tremendous increase in quality, artificial flowers may now be used on graves.

READING SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR LEISURE TIME

The Revd. Brian Swinnerton says:-

I have just enjoyed reading *Daughter of the Raj* by Margery Thomas. I just couldn't stop reading once I began. What a marvellous story it is. Well worth a hardback. Absolutely excellent – I regret not reading it sooner. We should be proud she was a Swinnerton. Plenty of hard work, independence, guts, courage and determination. If you haven't yet read it, get one a.s.a.p. Margery set us all a marvellous example.

The other book I have been lucky enough to acquire recently is *The Staffordshire Encyclopedia* by Tim Cockin and published by Malthouse Press in 2000. Anyone with Staffordshire family connections will find something of interest in its 800 pages.

(*Daughter of the Raj* tells of Margery Swynnerton's life in India and Africa, including nursing service in WWI. It is currently out of print but we hope to have it reprinted in time for the Gathering).



PAUL SWINNERTON

THE WILLFUL COMPANY by Joe Del Priore

In Willful Theatre's crackling fast-paced 'Macbeth' you are not sure if you are at an East Village Poetry Slam, an after hours club, an art opening or an 'avante garde' fashion show. Set in an insane asylum, the production benefits greatly from not only Diana Baez and Maha Saab's costumes and Brian Belluomini's hauntingly dramatic lightning, but the actors' deft, athletic use of space. It is easy to see why 'Willful' won a 2002 award for 'Hamlet'. Say what you want, Sherry Saab is as insightful and fearless a director as her cast.

This is evidence of how much talent is out there, for Saab to piece together a dozen walking minefield of creativity. There simply are no lulls in this production. One can't not say enough about **Paul Swinnerton's** slit-eyed, fierce, yet tortured Macbeth, nor Fara Bala's icy lava flow of schemes and flashes of impatience as his wife. Cold and measured, a quiet tyrant, she and Swinnerton create enough electricity in their shared scenes to power Soho. Pounding the floor, slithering, kneeling, grasping, slapping, clutching in excitement and terror, they dance a dance of grotesque ambition. Their line readings indicate total understanding of the complex emotions, yet through all the transformations they undergo, even in Lady Macbeth's mad scene, twitching in a foetal position; at not time do they overact.

But this is not a top-heavy production, with an imbalance of talent. This entire cast operates at such a high level it is easy to imagine this production moving to a larger venue. Even the three witches have totally distinct looks and personalities. Towering Melissa Silver is commanding in five different roles. Robert Diogaurdi's Ross, Russell Hankins' Malcolm, Michael Menger's Banquo and especially in the second half, Alison Kerrington's Lady Macduff, shine. Wole Park's barbarism. I would have preferred his face be lit more when he is told his wife and child has been murdered so his expression could mirror Macbeth's essentially illuminating how even good men can be driven to extremes by circumstance. If Willful even attempts Othello, it does not have to look for its lead. His fight scene with Macbeth his inflamed fury unleashed and well staged. expanding her range in the past year, Jenni Peterson is slinky and seductive as a boozy porter describing scents of death. remarkably, she makes her body somehow shrink in becoming Macduff's young son later. She has the capacity to play both romantic leads and quirky character types, and such a distinctive speaking voice.

For me, the asylum concept was overshadowed by the quality of the performances. But the very last thing that happens in the play, a wordless gesture by one character with another, coalesces with the insanity theme, seems to deviate from Shakespeare's own ending, and leaves one challenged and contemplating interpretations. Brave!

<http://www.willfulcompany.com/Review.htm>

Dr Kirsty Swinnerton

Kirsty has been working with endangered species for the last 18 years. After leaving Swansea University, she served her apprenticeship with a year at Twycross Zoo, did a spell at the Birds of Prey Centre at Newent in Gloucestershire and then went out to Mauritius. This was not the glorious holiday resort part you see on the glossy brochures but in the third-world rural areas and forest, where she worked on projects to preserve the Mauritian Kestrel, Pink Pigeon and Echo Parakeets all of which were in danger of extinction in the wild.

She has also worked in Fiji and visited Mexico, India, Africa, Ethiopia and New Zealand to see or advise on conservation projects. Currently she is leading a team in Maui, the second largest island in the Hawaii Group, in a project to preserve the very rare Po'ouli, a masked forest bird of whom only three remain in the world with none in captivity.

The *Honolulu Advertiser* of September 11, 2004 gave this report.

Biologists trap bird in species-saving effort.

Po'ouli to be placed in breeding program when all 3 caught.

A team of biologists yesterday brought into captivity one of the world's last three known po'ouli, the masked Hawaiian forest bird that has eluded capture for the last two years.

The team will be back in the Hanawi forest of Maui next week to try and catch a second bird, and it hopes eventually to bring all three into captivity to establish a breeding population that will prevent the breed's extinction.

The last-ditch, hands-on effort follows years of failure to get the two females and male Po'ouli to breed in the wild. The efforts have included aggressive control of rats and other predators, and such fanciful measures as catching a female and delivering it to the male's territory. The

female promptly flew home, and it's possible the two never met.

With only three known birds remaining, each in its own separate habitat, state and federal wildlife officials decided to take the drastic step of bringing them into captivity.

"It's a bold attempt to rescue this bird from what we think is certain extinction" said Scott Fretz, state forest bird biologist.

Crews from the Maui Forest Bird Recovery Project have been making helicopter field trips into Maui's remote Hanawi 'ōhi'a forest since February 2003 hanging delicate mist nets between the trees in attempts to catch the birds.

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One problem has been that Po'ouli are among the most difficult of Hawaiian forest birds to spot, because of their muted colouring of brownish backs, pale bellies and a black head and because they are relatively quiet. Another problem for the capture team is that all three individuals have been caught before, when they were banded and released and they seem wary of the nets.

But on Thursday at about 4.30pm, one of the birds, a female believed to be about 7 years old, flew into a net. She tried to bite her captors but seemed otherwise unperturbed, said Kirsty Swinnerton, coordinator of the project.

"She was quite feisty, but pretty calm and pretty relaxed. She seems in really good condition and she was eating within minutes of being placed in a cloth cage" Swinnerton said. The readiness to eat and lack of obvious indication of stress are viewed as hopeful signs.

Biologists fed the bird grubs and meal worms, as well as the Po'ouli's favourite food, native succineid snails which the team quickly collected off nearby plants. Yesterday morning, the

female was brought out of the forest by helicopter and delivered to the Maui Bird Conservation Centre at Olinda, which is operated with State and Federal money by the San Diego Zoological Society's Center for Reproduction of Endangered Species.

The recovery team will be back in the forest in about a week to try to capture the second female. For now, they are leaving the lone male alone because he has become leery of humans. They hope that after a period of relative peace, he'll be easier to catch.

The San Diego Zoo has experienced success with breeding several related Hawaiian forest birds, but the Po'ouli will be a challenge, both because it is genetically quite distinct from most of the other Hawaiian honey creepers and because there are so few to work with.

"Establishing a breeding pair of Po'ouli may be the most challenging task we have ever attempted. We have successfully bred several Hawaiian bird species, including the alalā, puaiohi and pallila and even reintroduced them into the wild, but to start off with only three birds, all of which are at least 6 years old, just increases the difficulties" said Alan Licherman, the zoo's avian conservation coordinator

The *MAUI NEWS* of the same date carried a similar report but added: "We're smiling a lot" said Kirsty Swinnerton, project coordinator for the Maui Forest Bird Recovery Project in Olinda who accompanied the rare female honey creeper on a helicopter journey from the forest Friday morning. "And now we're really motivated to get the other two. One is no good on her own - she needs a mate"

So this is only the first hurdle in the mission to save the Po'ouli – possibly the rarest bird in the world – and breed them in captivity. Already, said Swinnerton, the rest of the team at Hanawi was preparing to move camp to the region frequented by the only male. Another female also remains at large.

Not everyone agrees with the strategy, believing that the birds – members of the Hawaiian honey bird family – should be allowed to enjoy their lives freely in their preferred habitat. Swinnerton knows those arguments and understands them, but admits that it's still hard not to do everything to keep the species going.

Weather conditions, which can be miserable at Hanawi on the slopes of Haleakala, were perfect: cloudy to conceal the fine weave of the net and cool so the bird would remain active.

"We'd actually seen a lot of her in the last two to three weeks" said Swinnerton. "It was better for setting up the nets because we could follow the pattern of her movements".

Swinnerton and her team have been making periodic attempts at catching the birds for the last 18 months. Ironically, the capture happened on the first day of the most recent trip.

Once the Po'ouli was trapped she was transferred to a cloth cage that was placed in a special tent equipped with monitors next to the team's cabin.

"She was amazingly calm, but she was having a good nip at them as she was moved" said Swinnerton, "She's a strong little thing".

Because the Po'ouli made it comfortably through the night, the decision was made to fly her down the following morning. Swinnerton said Pacific Helicopters picked them up at 7.00am and they just made it out before the clouds overwhelmed the forest as they so frequently do.

Because of all the complications of getting the Po'ouli off the mountain, Swinnerton said she and the five other members of the team never got to rejoice.

"They're coming out of the field next week so we'll probably get together then" Until that happens, they'll most likely be flying high on their own.

* * * * *

WELCOME BACK

From the Swynnerton parish magazine I am delighted to read that the Rector, the Revd Barry Brewer, is back in action after a long spell of illness and we shall look forward to seeing him again when we go to Swynnerton for our Gathering in June. Our best wishes to him for continued good health.

THE SHOP

Two members, cousins Frank Swinnerton and Sheila Carroll, identified the butcher's shop pictured in the last issue as having belonged to their grandfather, Edward Albert Swinnerton, at 147 Dudley Rd, Winson Green.

The Po'ouli



Dr Kirsty Swinnerton (3rd from left) with the A Team that caught the Po'ouli



The team's cabin in the Maui Rain Forest



Loading up a sling

A GHOSTLY FATHER

Colonel Jeremy Swynnerton sent me an extract from *History of Burford* which read 1530 – *John Young of Burford bequeaths to the High Altar xijd: then to Saint Jesus' light in the Church iiijd; then I bequeath to my Ghostly Father Nicholas Swynnerton iiijd.*

Witness: N.Swynnerton. Curate.

Jeremy asked me if I knew why he would refer to the priest as his "Ghostly Father". I didn't so I asked our member the Revd. Ernest Swinnerton and he sent me this most interesting reply.

"Tyndale in his bible translation of 1536 uses GHOST to translate the Latin SPIRITUS and the Greek Πνευx. (The nearest I can get to it on my computer keyboard). The dictionary gives the origin of ghost as Old English which Tyndale, from what one reads, would have favoured as 'common English speech' rather than the scholarly 'spirit'.

The authorised version and prayer book uses ghost and spirit apparently at random with the same meaning.

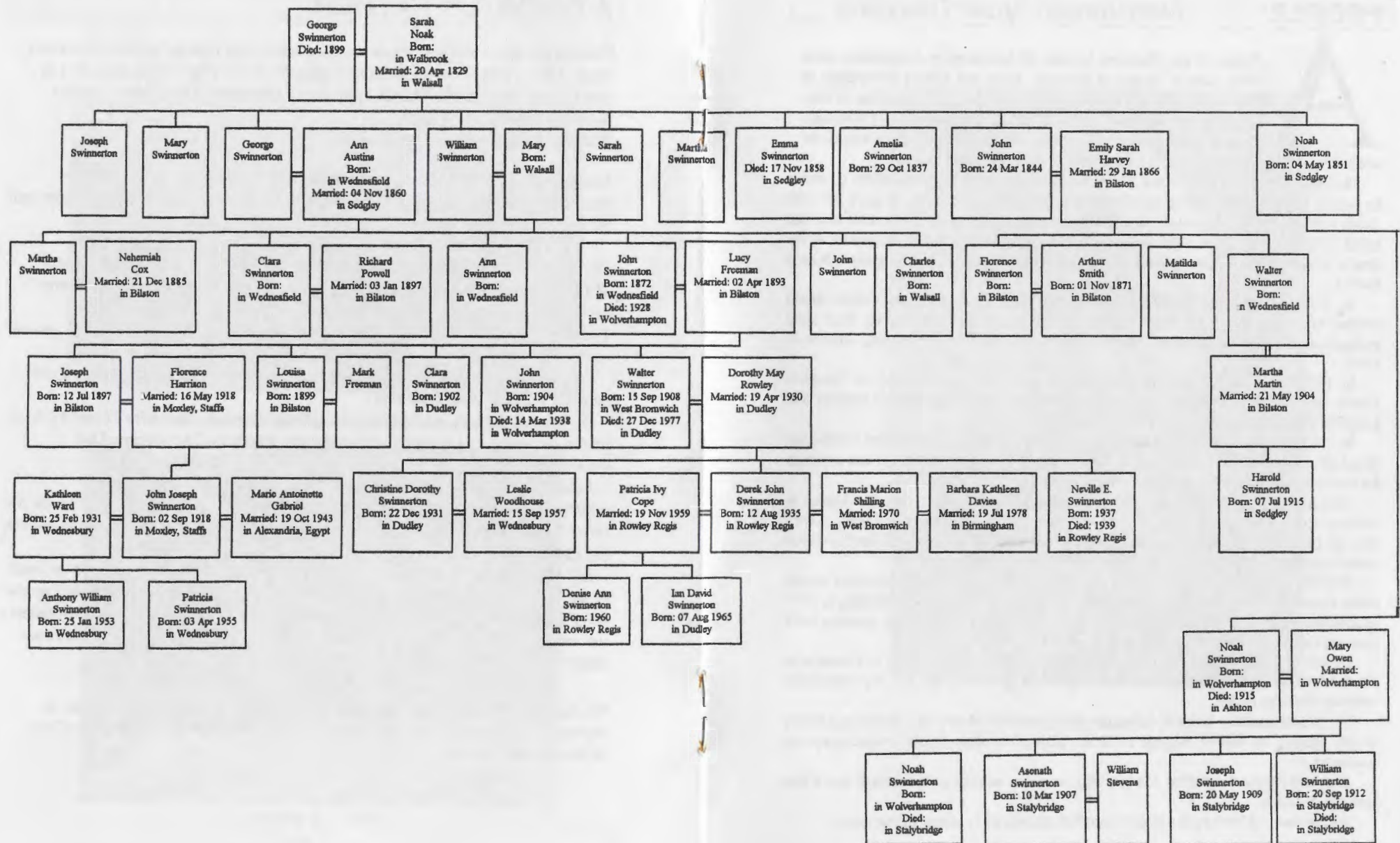
So 'ghostly father' would surely be 'spiritual father' thus John Young's parish priest, or perhaps at that date his confessor, might well be a natural for witnessing a will.

I don't think curate should be given the modern meaning of junior or apprentice clergyman. The prayer book includes all ordained ministers under the titles 'Bishops and Curates'. So Nicholas could be any rank of clergyman outside the Episcopate.

My limited dictionary doesn't give any clue as to when Ghost came to be used in its 'spooky' sense. It says Shakespeare used it for a dead body. I looked up the story of the Witch of Endor raising the 'Ghost' of Samuel in Tyndale. He doesn't use either word in the text, but he uses 'spirit' in his chapter heading where we might now use 'ghost'.

We have no record of this Nicholas Swynnerton at all – he is another man of mystery. The Reverend Ernest George Francis Swinnerton is a member of our Warwickshire Branch.

Descendants of George Swinnerton



PROFILE

Alan Jones – your Treasurer

A Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Management Accountants since 1974, Alan is the son of Edmond Jones and Gladys Swinnerton of the Adbaston Family and was born at Newport, Gwent on the 29 May 1935. He was educated at Grove Park Grammar School in Wrexham where he attained eight 'O' levels. He left to study at the school for accounting in Glasgow leaving as a fully qualified management accountant.

National Service with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, much of which was spent on active service in Malaya, stood him in good stead and on leaving the army he got a job with Smith's Clocks in Ystradgynlais. In 1962 he was appointed as an accountant with the Metal Box Company in Neath moving on to become assistant factory accountant at the firm's Worcester plant before taking on the role of accountant at the company's Bolton factory.

In 1967 he returned to Wales and joined G.F.Lovell plc, the Gwent based confectioners. He spent 16 years with the company, working his way up from chief accountant, to company secretary, general manager and finally managing director in 1974.

In 1978 he became owner of the Marlborough Packaging Company in Newport, Gwent, which he developed from start up to a company that had a £2 million turnover and a staff of 14 before selling it in 1987.

In 1983, when the major shareholders wanted to sell the company Alan became the financial controller of Gwalia Housing Association and then business services manager for the Welsh Development Agency in West Wales.

Alan moved on to become the Chief Executive of the MADE Enterprise Agency in Merthyr which had been founded in 1982 at the height of the recession. During Alan's time the turnover increased dramatically and the organisation gained the quality ISO 9000 award together with Investors in People and a Prince of Wales Award.

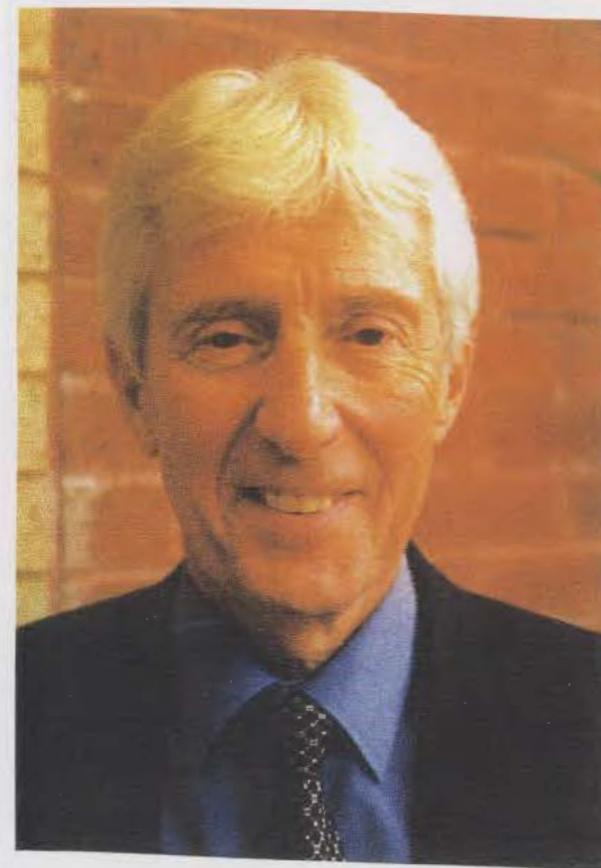
MADE originally only operated in Merthyr but in 1985 expanded its activities to take in the Cynon Valley. From 1983-1989, Made dealt with 8278 enquiries resulting in 4572 specific counselling sessions and as a result helped to start 443 businesses, creating 1607 jobs and helped established businesses to create an additional 835 jobs.

He left in 2000 to take over the running of a family business settling at Prestatyn in North Wales. A fitness fanatic, Alan works out in the gym every day and is a compulsive follower of Welsh rugby.

Not Welsh speaking by birth, he is now having married Myrna Ann Williams, a native Welsh speaker, on the 11 August 1958 in Ammanford who always brightens up our meetings!

Alan and Myrna have one son Ian who is now a member of the society and a five year old grandson.

We are lucky to have such a highly qualified accountant in charge of our funds.



Alan Jones



*Josweph Synnerton's sculpture of St. Winifred in Farm Street Church,
London W1*

Noel William Swinnerton by the Revd Brian Swynnerton

When I attended the Swinnerton Society AGM last year, I was pleased to meet my cousins Valerie and Denise. I recalled the letter which Valerie had enabled us all to read in the SFH. Journal of December 2000. It was a letter written by our uncle Noel William Swinnerton on the 9th May, 1917. Like so many others he was very lucky to survive the 1914\18 War. Massive numbers lost their lives and so many had their lives ruined in 'The War to end Wars'. Nevertheless, Noel's experiences are well worth recording for future generations to read. I know that some of his early and later life has been recorded in the Swinnerton Family History Journal but I would like to add to that and Val's letter too.

About 1909 Noel finished his apprenticeship as a joiner and cabinetmaker. He also completed with honours and prizes his studies in Building and Structural Engineering at Crewe Mechanics' Institute. My grandfather William (Noel's father) was the Crewe Estate foreman for the Marquis of Crewe's Estates. The Marquis took a great interest in his staff and his estates etc. When he heard of Noel's success he was keen to help

him in his career. The Marquis was a director of the London and North Western Railway Company and arranged for Noel to join Divisional Civil Engineers Office as a Surveyor and Draughtsman. This Office was at Crewe. All five of Noel's younger brothers would follow him onto the L.N.W.R. and



all six of his sisters ! Noel soon got promotion and moved to the L.N.W.R. Headquarters Office at London, Euston, as an Assistant Engineer designing permanent way (ie. railway track).

In 1912 Noel volunteered to serve on the Royal Engineer's Supplementary Reserve. Thus, when the Great War began in August, 1914, Noel had already attended two annual camps. These were of two weeks duration and enabled men to learn the basics of soldiering and be properly kitted out. Noel

sailed for France on the 1st October, 1914. Like most other railway volunteers Noel had been enrolled in the Special Reserve for home service only. Nationally this caused some problems at the time as these troops had to be sworn in again. The railway companies wanted to retain their skilled staff. Many married men were not too keen to set off for "The Cockpit of Europe" especially as the news coming out of France and Belgium was not exactly the most cheering.



Noel immediately volunteered for overseas service and was sent home to "The Moss" at Madeley, Staffs., to get his kit. When we look closely at this portrait photograph, which now hangs in my study, we see above the right breast pocket of his tunic a special badge consisting of a bar with the imperial crown above and on the bar is inscribed "Imperial

Service". This was awarded to all Territorial Force men who had volunteered for overseas service. The Supplementary Reserve was now totally broken up, Noel was allocated to 3/2 London Field Company R.E. (Territorials). The Curator of the Royal Engineers Museum at Chatham told me that no records exist for this unit and such a situation is fairly common. Normally The National Archives (formerly the Public Record Office) will have a war diary in WO95 relating to such units but they have not survived for every unit. "It is surprising how much information on matters of detail has been lost in a generation or two".

Waiting to board the troopship at Folkestone on the 1st October, 1914, Noel met a hefty ex-London policeman whose name was Jack who already wore a decoration for life saving. Noel and Jack got on well and remained together during those early weeks of bloody fighting in Northern France and Belgium. The Official Diary of the Great War for that first week of October 1914 states "Battle Line in France still further lengthened to the north around Lille. Masses of German cavalry observed moving through the city". Noel

and Jack found themselves put into a Royal Engineers Field Company employed in building a series of fortifications near to Lille whilst under fire from German small arms and mortars. Noel told me that they were expected to act as infantry as well as trench builders.



In November 1914 they were working in the Ypres area and saw the cathedral and market hall destroyed by German artillery. Noel said the loss of life and the numbers of their colleagues seriously wounded was very high. By the end of November the surviving sappers were all transported south for what they assumed was a rest camp. However, they were immediately employed in

building a massive new camp. The work was continuous and intensive both night and day. Very quickly the training of troops began for what everyone thought was a new offensive. It was a new offensive but not where anyone expected.

In the New Year they heard about the Christmas Truce in the trenches and everyone was delighted. "Home any day now!" How wrong they were. Their constructional work continued. Troops of many nations seemed to be passing through the camps in the South of France. Eventually, in April, 1915, Noel and Jack with their Sapper colleagues, were loaded into a steamship for a voyage across the Mediterranean Sea.

As they were issued with sun helmets they all assumed it was for Egypt that they were destined but,

It was a beautiful morning and the rising sun was already beginning to disperse the mist. Their ships came quite close to the beach and a troopship just behind their steamer was very quickly launching rowing boats packed with troops and they were heading for the beach. The beach was clear of any obstructions and there appeared to be sand dunes and scrub and then about a quarter of a

instead the Dardanelles beckoned. Their diminutive vessel was part of a massive French convoy heading for the beaches of Gallipoli. I recall Noel telling me of the constant state of chaos that prevailed throughout the voyage. He told me that their ship was very short of food and water. The fleet gathering in the Aegean Sea was really massive and the size of the battleships most impressive. Noel had never seen a ship of that size in the whole of his life except in photographs. However, there were a number of collisions and fires broke out on some of the ships.

When the battleships began to bombard the Gallipoli Peninsula fortifications everyone seemed to cheer up. The prospect of terra-firma was looked forward to by all the troops.

The Dardanelles

mile inland a range of low hills. Absolutely ideal for landing men and supplies. However, as more ships disgorged their men in ships boats for the shore, it became clear that the first boats were having trouble with underwater obstructions. There were coils of barbed wire attached to metal posts buried all along the shore line and just below the water level.

It was at this point that all hell was let loose as Turkish machine guns started to open fire and the troops began a scramble for survival. Those that overcame the barbed wire now had to sprint up the beach toward the dunes. Noel and all the troops packed on the small steamer now dived for cover. Noel and Jack were able to get protection behind a bulkhead. The access door to a ladder leading down to the engine rooms was close by them. Suddenly, one of the dirty, sweating engineers appeared from below wiping his face with a cloth. He smiled at Noel lying on the deck and said "What a grand morning!". At that moment the machine guns opened up with much greater intensity. Bullets rattled and whined all along the side of their ship. The engineer who was just about to step out onto the deck was hit full in the chest and toppled back down the stairwell.

Almost immediately orders were being shouted for all the troops to climb down ropes and rope ladders into four boats which were along side. At this juncture the machine gun fire got worse and a

Turkish field gun appeared to have got the range. Explosions rocked the steamer and two of the boats were reduced to fragments. Noel said he had never experienced anything like it. Jack said to Noel "Come on we must swim ashore and we will have to leave our kit behind. Take your boots off and put them upsidedown in your shirt." Jack and Noel slid down the seaward side of the ship into the sea. Lots of others, both soldiers and seamen were now doing the same thing. Jack towed Noel ashore and they both lay still on the beach totally exhausted.

Many of those who reached the shore were shot dead or wounded. Others got entangled in the under water barbed wire and most died from the constant withering fire of the Turkish machine guns.

Thick smoke enveloped the beach and all who were fit took the opportunity to move across the beach and reach the dunes. The problem was that most men were, like Noel and Jack, lacking weapons. Fortunately, they found that a detachment of Australian infantry men who had landed



Imperial Service Tablet
(Worn by Territorials who volunteered from 1912 for overseas service). Worn on Right breast.

further along the beach had already driven the Turkish snipers and machine gunners out of their section of the dunes. The Turks were not far away having moved back into well prepared positions in the hilly region beyond the dunes. All their guns, both machine guns and field guns, were in well prepared positions in the hills and their trenches were all well constructed. They seemed quite unaffected by the naval bombardment which had been directed at them

Noel and Jack were given the task of carrying wounded down to the waters edge and using their stretcher to carry ammunition and other essentials back up the beach. This work was, of course being done at night by large numbers of troops who had managed to get ashore but were without weapons etc. About four in the morning all were organised in a desperate "Do or die" attack on the entrenched Turks in the low hills immediately before them. This attack was led by Indian and Australian infantry who were absolutely determined they could not be defeated. The Australians gave their spare weapons and ammunition to the likes of Noel and Jack.

Suddenly, the whole situation changed. They all charged forward

with bayonets fixed. The Turks were taken completely by surprise. Noel said "Everyone was desperate and determined on our side. Just before we began the advance we had been joined by Irish troops who had been fortified with rum. We met a great deal of rifle fire and the Turks were not at all afraid. In this charge Jack who was running along a narrow trackway through the dunes, was hit in the chest and died instantly "There was nothing I could do to help him." Noel told my father and I, he had never spoken of this through all the years. He found himself in a nightmare situation. "At that point we had reached the Turkish entrenchments and I was confronted by my first Turk! He seemed to appear suddenly standing in a shallow trench aiming his rifle at me and he fired and the bullet must have missed me because my bayonet struck him full in the neck and I fired and he died instantly. An Irish officer was by me kneeling down and he said "Good lad, take his belt off and keep it as a souvenir". Noel did as the Irishman suggested. Today that belt, which eventually reached my father in a parcel from Malta, hangs behind my study door. It has lots of regimental badges on it and many are regiments that no longer

exist. The blood stains can also still be seen.

Noel told us that the little steamer that he and Jack had sailed in was capsized and quite close to the shoreline. He also told us that the landing on "Their Beach" was regarded as a success. Within an hour or two of their fight in the trenches they were being withdrawn. They were being replaced with more Australian troops fresh from a huge troop transport liner that was unloading large quantities of men and materials. The men like Noel who had been involved in the initial landing were being taken off and taken to hospital ships or to troop transports. However, what these troops did not know was that their ordeals were not over. Every fit man was to be shipped to Salonika to support the landings that had been made in that area. Again Noel found himself in the thick of the fighting. Despite being a sapper and never had any training in hand to hand fighting. It seemed difficult to avoid the sharp end of things.

How long Noel was serving in Salonika I never discovered. His records simply state "Dardanelles and Balkans service". Eventually Noel developed, like hundreds of others serving in those theatres, a

form of malaria and dysentery. He became very ill and near to death and was taken on board a large and very well equipped Australian hospital ship. Noel always said that the hospital ships were the solution to many world problems in peace as well as war. How right he was! The medical staff were all efficient and skilled. They handled the pressure that was imposed on them with both cheerfulness and complete confidence. Noel said that he improved rapidly as did the majority who reached that superb ship. Eventually Noel was deposited in the Royal Naval Hospital in Malta and then for convalescence in the Governor's House. While he was there Noel hand carved a jewel box, a tray and a pokerwork screen depicting the flags of the nations. All these were sent home to The Moss for his parents. They are probably all still in the family possession and a reminder of the Swinnerton ethic of "Keep on Working". Noel, like all wounded British soldiers, was now wearing the blue jacket and trousers, white shirt and red tie. He came back to England via France and Italy.

(to be continued)

MEMBERSHIP MATTERS

ERRATA

In the April 2004 issue I said that our new member Jan Aldhouse was the grand-daughter of Elsie Swinnerton, in fact Elsie was her mother for which error my apologies.

MEMBERSHIP

As at the 1st January, our membership stood at 139 plus 3 Honorary Members. There were 91 in the United Kingdom, 23 in the USA, 13 in Australia, 5 in Canada, 3 in New Zealand, 3 in Denmark and 1 in South Africa.

This is the lowest number for many years and, to make matters worse, of these 139 only 108 had paid their subscription for 2005 by the 1st March!

Reminder notices are enclosed with this Journal – please do renew your membership and support your society.

The drop in numbers is emphasised by the fact that the total includes eight new members. Seven of these are due to existing members who have enrolled their 'children' in the hope that they will get interested and carry on in their own right. I enrolled my offspring many years ago (and still have to pay their subs!) and I hope more of you will follow the lead set by our chairman, treasurer, council member Elizabeth Livesey and member Valerie Dall.

So – we welcome:

Christian Dall,

Mrs Susan Dall Mahler,

Mrs Ema S-C Greenlees,

Miss Rachel Elizabeth Livesey,

Nicholas Frederick Swinnerton,

Philip Joel Swinnerton,

Ian Jones,

FAMILY NOTES

Changes of address

Rosemary Swinnerton to

J.D.Swinnerton to

* * *

Congratulations to Franklin Swinnerton on becoming a grandfather! His youngest son Edward and his wife Alison had a son Joshua Edward on the 11th March 2005. Frank says that, sentimentally, his initials are the same as his grandfather, our long-time chairman Joe (Joseph Edward) Swinnerton.

Congratulations also to another new grandfather. Our former treasurer Geoffrey Swinneron's son Steven and his wife Jane had a daughter Grace on the 23rd January, 2005.

* * *

Welcome to a new member.

Patricia Swinnerton-Cooper is the daughter of John Joseph Swinnerton and Kathleen née Ward of a small branch of the family which originated with George Swinnerton and Sarah Noak in Sedgley. The tree of Tricia's branch is shown on the centre pages. We have not yet succeeded in tying George into the main family but I have no doubt we will eventually.

Notice is hereby given that
The Annual General Meeting of the Swinnerton Society
(Registered charity No.518184) will be held at
Swynnerton, Staffordshire
On Saturday 4th June 2005 at 11.00am