

The Swinnerton Saga



One of Charles Swinnerton's many carvings in the Isle of Man churchyards

THE JOURNAL OF SWINNERTON FAMILY HISTORY

VOLUME 14. No.7

September 2010

The Glow Worm



The details of size, date and where it is now are unknown at present

My apologies for the lateness of this **Saga** caused by a computer crash just after I had finished it and was about to print off the proofs for the printer. I went on holiday the next day so had to do it all again when I got back!

SWINNERTON SAGA

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Subscriptions (£12 per annum or \$ equivalent) to:

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From the Editor

The Swinnerton Family Society is now up and running – we have 78 UK members, 18 in Australia, 8 in Canada, one each in Denmark, New Zealand and South Africa and 8 in the USA a total of 115. This is a considerable drop in numbers on the membership of the old Swinnerton Society. The main loss has been in the USA after the death of Arthur Kells Swinnerton.

The publication of some of our family trees or charts on our website has had a very positive response and has resulted in several enquiries and one new member. Our thanks are due to Malcolm Smith, our webmaster, who translates them into a form suitable for publication on the web and I shall be asking him for more help soon because, so far, we have only put on the three main branches (Adbaston, Betley and Warwickshire) and the smaller trees of Bilston & Coseley (which we now call Dudley), London 1 and London 3 (they are two separate branches but both were rooted in London), Shropshire and Stoke 1 and 2.

The website has been visited 8500 times since Malcolm set it up in August 2005.

Shortly, I hope, we shall start to put on the Yorkshire and Wrexham trees (both now pretty large), Bridgnorth 1 & 2, Oswestry, Walsall, Gloster, Leeds, London 2, Sedgley and Ireland, Australia and America 1.

We must also thank Roy Talbot who tirelessly maintains these trees and adds in any new information we find.

At a Guild of One-Name Societies seminar recently, I was fascinated by the use of maps on which Guild members were plotting the locations of their members/correspondents. A fellow member kindly did one for me based on our post codes which showed that there is a clutch of members in the Midlands as there was in Liverpool so perhaps we might arrange a mini-gathering in Middle England in the Spring.

I sent our chairman a batch of journals produced by other one-name societies and asked her if she would note any ideas which we could pursue for our society. In her reply, Elizabeth said "What I noticed particularly was that members of other societies seem interested in actually doing some research whereas I've always felt that our members are content to accept the hard work done mainly by yourself. I wonder whether in its new guise we could interest members in getting involved in projects. I did like the idea of an oral history archive and an on-line database. - I thought MECCA News (*the journal of the Metcalfe Society*) was particularly interesting and innovative. There were some good ideas which we could perhaps adopt".

So there's some food for thought.

Gain Swinnerton

Mark's Journey

Over 20 years ago, I published extracts from Mark Swinnerton's diary of his travels in the 1860s (*Swinnerton Family History Volume 7 No 1, June 1987 and No.8 June 1989*). Mark had become a stone cutter like his father, Charles of the Betley family who had 'emigrated'(!) to the Isle of Man. When we take up the story, Mark was working on St John's College in Sydney when he heard that gold had been found at Spicer's Diggings. He walked to Mudgee over the Blue Mountains (186 miles) in six days – quite a feat. He then set out for Spicer's, a mere 18 miles, but got completely lost. (*I have not edited his grammar, spelling or punctuation*).

Evening I found myself at the foot of the highest peak I had seen that day, that I determined to ascend, remain there till morning and then endeavor to lay a definite course for next day. The hill was covered with very long grass and large loose stones, and by this time not being very strong, the ascent was difficult. Sometimes on my feet, then on my knees and at other times on all fours, I succeeded in getting to the top, just as night had let in. Tired, thirsty and hungry, my tongue seemed to be too large for my mouth, having had nothing to eat or drink since I started out, tired as I was, I ran about for a half an hour afterwards up and down gulches in hopes of finding a mouthful of water. I've known many a time what it is to be hungry but God forbid that I ever should know again the pangs of thirst. I cut a notch in a tree, stuck a piece of wood in it, pointing the direction I had come up, lit a fire to keep off the native dogs and snakes, for I had no doubt but that there were plenty about. The top of that hill was very unsuitable for home comforts, the grass was long and rank, the trees were nearly all dead, burnt and blackened by fire and the rocks met forming an internal angle for my bed. I unrolled my blankets and rolled up but not to sleep much, praying for rain. I must have laid several hours because I knew I had napped a little in which I had been dreaming of running water and as I was going to drink I awoke and heard the low rumbling of thunder in the distance. What a pleasing sound that was, nearer and nearer it came. I prepared myself to catch what water I could by sitting up, placing the blanket over my head with my "billy" under one corner and the pannikin under the other, at last the storm burst madly its glorious fury right above me. What cared I for the flashing of lightning, the roar of the thunder, the falling of trees around me or the danger to which I was exposed. Was I not getting water. I kept drinking it just as fast as it accumulated, and when the storm was over, I was again without water, it partially satisfied me, however, although I could not reasonably expect to find any in the morning, for the ground was so very dry that the little that fell would not be sufficient to moisten. I rolled myself up in my blankets, stretched myself out on the wet rock, didn't trouble about fire, native dogs or snakes, but fell asleep exhausted and thankful for what I had received. We don't know the value of anything really until we loose it. I was up very early the next morning but owing to the dense fog it was impossible for

me to take a bearing. I accordingly lay down again and slept, and when I awoke the sun was up above the hills and the fog cleared away. I made my calculations and taking a large mountain a long distance off as a landmark, I descended the mountain constantly sipping the drops of rain off the blades of grass, and in doing so I got a gum leaf in my mouth which had a tendency to make me more thirsty. Arriving at the bottom I travelled all day surmounting all difficulties for I knew it was a race for life. Towards evening I came to a well-trodden road alongside of which ran the most beautiful stream of water that ever gladdened man's eye. The oasis to the weary, dying sunburned traveller. The boat to the exhausted and drowning swimmer, nor yet the reprieve to the criminal on the scaffold could not have been more welcome than that water to me.



I have heard men who have crossed the plains with cattle tell with what unrestrained violence and speed exhausted cattle will rush to water. I had no idea that man in that respect was so similar. I know that at the time, having been nearly three days and two nights without anything to eat I felt completely worn out. I was discouraged, the day being far spent and still no road when I caught a glimpse of the brook through the trees. I dropped blankets, billy and pannikin and in a great deal shorter time than it takes me to write this, I was lying on

my belly drinking to my heart's content. I knew it was dangerous to drink too much, but you might as well tell a drowning man not to seize the rope thrown to him for fear it may break, as to tell a person not to drink when they are thirsty. After resting awhile I concluded to go down stream and had not traveled far before I came to where two miners were camped, I told them my tale and asked them if they had anything in camp to eat. They said no. I did not believe it. I asked them how far I was from Mudgee and they said eight miles. Fancy traveling round and round in the woods for three days and only eight miles from where I started. They said I was about two miles from the eating house and that I was on the road to the diggins. I walked that two miles pretty quick considering and then ate an enormous supper of ham and eggs, etc. So much that it became a subject of curiosity to the good women where I put it, and of a little uneasiness to myself for fear I never should finish. After getting through, O Lordy, didn't I feel happy. A good sleep in a good bed made me allright. Next morning I arrived at Spicer's diggins without any further adventure.

I found about a hundred men variously employed in mining. It was only surface digging. There was one store combined with a whiskey mill, One blacksmith's shop and the rest were miner's tents. I brought a pick and shovel

together with a gold pan. The first being quite unfit for the purpose and the last I didn't know how to use. However I pitched in; after throwing all the earth out of the hole I came to the bed rock. Of course, I thought I would come to the gold soon now. I labored and sweated and sweated and labored until I got down about two feet into the rock finding of course, no gold. But my expectations were very soon to be blighted. An old miner coming along, looked down and seeing me there asked me what I was doing. Well, I thought that was about the richest thing I ever heard. Hunting for gold, I answered. You are, are you. Why you greenhorn you will never find gold down there. The gold will be in the dirt you have thrown out or on top of the bed rock. That was news. I came out off that hole. I sunk another and dug and puddled and panned and sweat and spent my money. Then set in and dug more holes but nary gold. I kept at it as long as my money lasted and then I left a poorer but a wiser man with not a penny in my pocket or anywhere else that I knew of. There were a few made a little but only a few and they drank and gambled and smoked cigars and in going to their tents they would sometimes fall into the holes at the risk of breaking their necks.

I came back to Mudgee by a more direct route than I took to go to the diggins and went to board with the tailor. Next morning I went and got a job at something that I understood a little better than mining viz. stonecutting for two men named Sullivan and Miller. The longer I remained in Mudgee the better I liked it. More especially as I formed some very nice acquaintances. Among them was one Tom Cambell. But more of him by and bye. There were two others. Musicians. One played the Flutina and the other the Guitar. We often used to wander to the top of one of the many hills that were in the vicinity of the town and there enjoy quiet solitude and music. It was their intention to accompany me on an overland trip but other business of more importance took its place.

I remember getting bitten by a scorpion one night in bed on the back of the hand. By morning it was greatly swollen but timely medical aid soon destroyed the effect of the poison, although it was several days before I was able to use it. I remained here six months: then I left with regret intending to travel a few hundred miles to see the country in company with Tom Cambell. Tom was a native of Bendigo, Victoria, Australia of Irish Parentage. He stood nearly six feet high and a little bow legged altogether a very agreeable fellow though a little wild. By occupation he was a bricklayer.

He was a man of limited education but possessed of intuition to a great extent and a great appreciation of the ridiculous. To such an extent that the more unfortunate and seriously calamitous positions that unforeseen circumstances would place us in the more it would tickle his risibles and give him fair food got in the fair way of trade for ridicule, altogether what an Irishman would call "a great cod". Such was the man I took as a companion for the trip. Where we were going to we did not know and did not care. I proposed that we should

buy horses to travel with but Tom objected on the ground that we would travel too quickly and would not see the country sufficiently, and would miss a good many adventures. Accordingly we ordered a new pair of boots each, which the bookmaker took care not to bring home till after we had gone to bed, the night previous to starting; next morning about five o'clock with our swags on our back we bid the girls goodbye. The girls had got out of bed to bid us God speed on our journey. We provided ourselves with a pair of blankets, a billy, pannikin, bag for sugar, another for tea etc. and proceeded to Merriwa (or Gamon) distant 72 miles. On leaving Mudgee we very soon entered a mountaneous country and the second day out we had considerable rain. We thought this a good time to try our new boots. Lo and behold we found they were about an inch too short, evidently he had palmed on us the nearest or farthest from our measure, that he had ready made. However, Tom managed to double his toes up and limp through all the water holes he could find in them in hopes of being able to stretch them, and seemed to enjoy the misery. I reserved mine until I came to Merriwa when we went into the blacksmith's shop and pulled them on the horn of the anvil. Tom with vigorous strokes with a sledge hammer soon made them large enough.

Before getting to Merriwa, we crossed a mountain on the top of which we encountered one of those hail storms that does such havoc to some portions of Australia. They were not hail stones, but jagged pieces of ice of all shapes from the size of your fist down. We got to the lee of a tree and escaped without being hit, and watched it as it sped along the valleys below. We came to a sheep station that night where we remained until next morning. During the night it rained very heavily making the soil into black sticky mud which would accumulate about a foot high to our boots compelling us every few steps to stop and knock it off. Descending off the mountain we came on a flat marshy piece of ground which was several inches under water. While plodding along, a horseman passed us from the opposite direction. He gave us the cheering intelligence that if we did not hurry up, we would not be able to cross the river because it was risng very rapidly. We sped along as well as we could under the circumstances and found the river driving along at an enormous rate, however we plunged in clothes and all and by means of keeping our eyes fixed on an object on the other bank prevented our heads from becoming dizzy. We succeeded in reaching the opposite bank and very soon after the only Hotel in Merriwa where we indulged in something hot and after changing our clothes and having a good supper we went to bed to new adventures...with bed bugs.

The next day being Sunday and having ample leisure, we employed our time in making ourselves acquainted with the little place and eating grapes which we found here in abundance for one penny per pound. Merriwa was a stragglng place consisting of one street, like a small English Village with a population I should think of from one to two hundred. It had one hotel, one store, one blacksmith shop and what the town depended on for existance did not appear very clear. Most of Sunday we spent in a vineyard kept by a widow

I
ady, where we ate grapes and enjoyed ourselves making love to the widow.

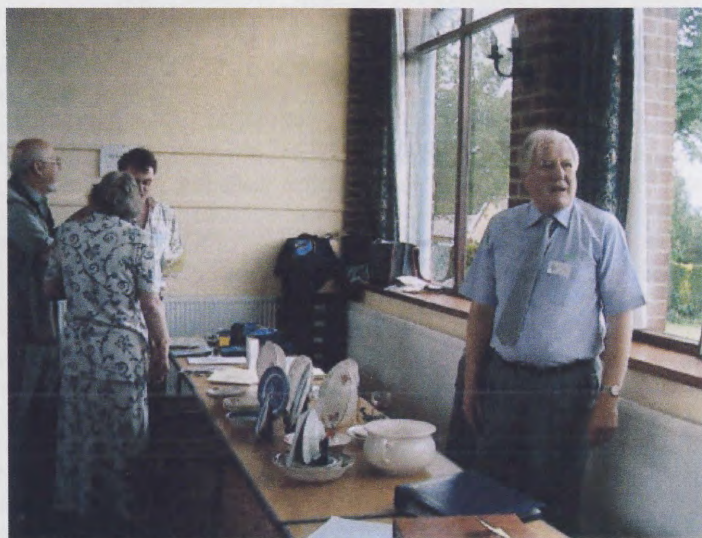
Monday we again set out for Musslebrook, a journey of 115 miles. We had a desperate time in making that portion of our journey. We came across a great many streams such as the We Bung and others which, owing to the late rains, were greatly swollen. Those that were too deep to ford we crossed by means of making a raft from the limbs of trees on top of which we placed our clothes and then swam propelling it before us. On several occasions, owing to the rapidity of the stream we had considerable trouble, nearly loosing raft and clothes. This country has not the historic associations connected with it that other countries have. Consequently you go along day after day without finding any place whose history would tell of cruel monsters and lovely maidens, giants and genii, hosts of victims of tyrannical rule, fairies or hobgoblins, coming at night and doing the work for individuals, or stealing lovely children and leaving others in their places who grew up and after a most wonderful life disappear amid blue blazes and sulphurous odors, as is right and should always take place under such circumstances. Yet there were places that could tell a more marvelous tale to the geologist, the rent rocks; the chasm through which the stream winds its way, aye, even the particles of iron stone under your feet, have their store of information for the initiated. They probably could tell of a time when the volcano set forth its shower of stones and lava. When nothing could live on the land or in the air. They might tell of the earthquake that shook the foundations of the earth rending the solid rock, overthrowing mountains and leaving terrible evidences of God's power compared to man's frailty. But to me, uninitiated, more so then than now, I could silently look at results and marvel but the succession of changes that were required to bring it about, or the time it happened was as night.

The ever varying scenery however was pleasing. Now we would be on top of a mountain and looking forth I could see nothing but an endless forest stretching before me, again in the valleys, traveling through canyons or resting at the mountain brook to bathe our feet or drink its pure water or cook our scanty noon day meal, or stop at night to camp with the blue canopy of heaven above us, or descend to first principals and climb the trees and lop off branches sufficient to make a gunya (Indian for hut). And in the morning to rise with the first break of day to prepare our morning meal, going to the stringy tree and stripping off a piece of bark to serve as a plate if we were fortunate enough to have any fresh meat which was not always the case. We had by this time got over all the inconvenience of sore feet our swag fit exactly to our backs and camping out nearly every night and paying for everything we got where we could persuade people to take money, we traveled along at our leisure one day turning off to the left if there was anything of interest to see, we got under as little obligation as we possibly could and I believe we were as happy as any two mortals ever were.

Swinnerton China

Geoffrey Swinnerton, our (and probably one of the country's) expert on the china produced by Swinnertons of Hanley is having to downsize to a small bungalow. Consequently, his very large collection of Swinnerton china is having to be greatly reduced or he won't be able to fit Carole in as well!

If anyone is interested in acquiring any of this, please contact him at 55 Caithness Road, Allerton, Liverpool L18 9SJ or telephone him on 0151 494 9063. Any monies raised from the sale will be given to charity. He has already auctioned some for his local church's funds.



Geoffrey with a display of some of his china in Swinnerton village hall in 2008.

The Guild of One- Name Studies

You may like to know that at the Annual General meeting of the Guild in April this year, I was one of the eleven people honoured by being elected a Master Craftsman of the Guild – a new award. I was a founder member of the Guild in 1979 – indeed as I was then the President of the Federation of Family History Societies, I chaired the inaugural meeting. The Guild now has 2300 members world-wide.

The Proverbial Biscuit Tin

Margaret Antill

As promised, here is Margaret's article on the fascinating documents and photographs in a biscuit tin which she brought to the Liverpool Gathering.

My Great Grandmother Elizabeth Swinnerton, daughter of Isaac Swinnerton and Mary Sutton of the Warwickshire branch married Simon Hopkins Truelove in 1865 at Stratford. They lived firstly at Hopsford Hall Farm where the first two children were born, then by 1866 had moved to the Truelove family home of Wolvey Fields Farm in Wolvey, where their remaining 8 children were born. In 1881 they hit on hard times and moved to become tenant farmers at School Farm, Maxstoke (Warwickshire). My grandfather Stephen, the youngest of the 10, married Georgina Tyacke in 1908 and moved to his own farm.

The family stayed in School Farm for the next four generations and it was only in 2008 that they left. It was then that I learnt of the biscuit tin although other members of the family must have known of it but had perhaps forgotten, as additions had been made over the years.

The oldest items in the biscuit tin are two albums of family photographs. They are almost certainly Swinnerton portraits, but unfortunately, as mentioned in my last article, only the photograph of Isaac Swinnerton is named - although I am fairly certain of his wife Mary. How I wish the other individuals could be identified.

However the most interesting things in the biscuit tin are over 100 letters and newspaper cuttings. The oldest being the condolence letters of May 1886 when Simon Truelove died, there is one addressed to 'My dearest 'Lizzy' (from E.J. Taylor), which I incorrectly assumed was addressed to the youngest daughter Elizabeth, not thinking my Great Grandmother would have been addressed in such a way, as the stories I had heard of her were that of a very strong minded and matriarchal person.

However the majority of the items in the biscuit tin were either letters from or about Elizabeth's eldest daughter Mary Ellen known as 'Nellie'.

In her youth Nellie with some of her older brothers, had taken upon themselves to minister to the navvies working on the nearby Whitacre reservoir and share their strong Christian faith.

Then Nellie, after nursing her father until his death in 1886, moved to Eastbourne to take charge of the young son of a Colonel.

While there she wrote to her mother "Will you give me up to the Lord's work and to Him?, ...Jesus has won my heart, my life, and all to follow Him, I know not where or how only His call has come ...I do feel as I am asking this had my request been that you should give me to an honest Christian man who had won my love you would have said "Yes and God bless you" Jesus has won my heart my life and all to follow Him I know not where or how only His call has come follow thou me my heart says," Yes Lord"

Nellie was an amazing woman who joined the Salvation Army and trained in Hackney. Then she went to work in the poor areas of Glasgow before returning back to London.

In 1894 she set sail for New York and started working there, moving on to Chicago for a few years before finally she set up a rescue home in Los Angeles.

The letters are not all there and not all are complete, but they have obviously been well read. After her untimely death in January 1904 these were added to with the many press cuttings used to produce a biography of her life, which was printed by the Salvation Army. Many of the family still have copies of this.

The letters tell of her work with fallen women and young girls with babies in the hard conditions of the time. Some of the stories are heart rending, they also tell of the way the Lord helped her and those around her. Nellie loved her home and family very much and was very home sick, but her faith and love of her Saviour carried her through the very difficult times. She worked long and incredibly hard and, whilst she did come home for a short while in 1902, she went back knowing she was not in the best of health.

Fortunately her sister Sarah (Sallie) with her husband William Morley and their family were farming in California so were able to meet and give each other support. Nellie died on 8th January 1904 at 'her post' knowing that "His love was worth it all". In the tin were letters of tribute to her from the 'girls' and many who came into contact with her as well as the press cuttings.

Nellie was an amazing woman who in her 40 years of life achieved a great deal. She was an example to us all, and held in great respect by all the family.

Now the many letters, press cutting and photographs that were in the biscuit tin have been put in acid free sleeves, scanned and copied onto disks and given to members of the family. So this family history will not be lost with time and the amazing story of a young woman who loved her Saviour can be passed on to future generations of the wider family.

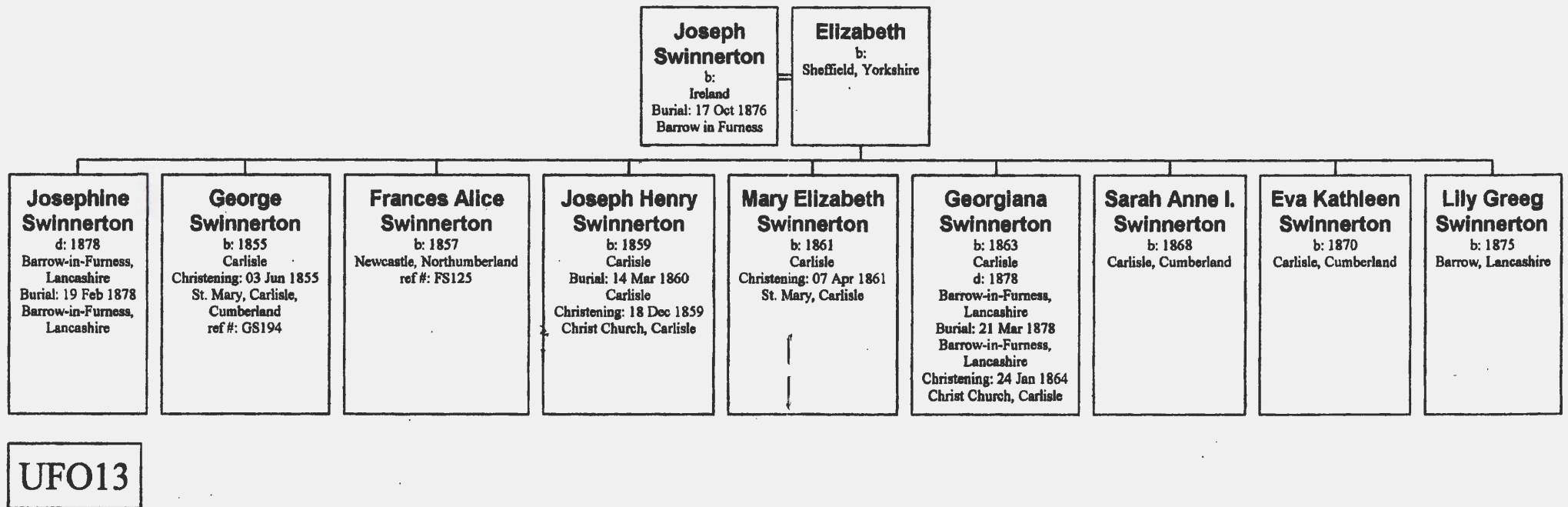


Isaac Swinnerton



Is this Isaac's wife Mary
the number on the back
is sequential?

Descendants of Joseph Swinnerton of Carlisle



Do not believe all you read in the newspapers!

In *Saga* Volume 14 No.1, I reprinted an article from a Staffordshire newspaper about the Staffordshire Regiment Territorials in the assault on the Hohenzollern Redoubt on the 5th November 1915 which included the names of Private William Blakeman Swynnerton and Private John Perks Swynnerton both of the 1/5th battalion of the North Staffords who had been killed in the action. The names puzzled me as I had no record of them and they were not on Roy's database either so I checked the database of *Soldiers Killed in the Great War* and they were not listed. Had the reporter got it wrong? Then, in a moment of inspiration, I decided to recheck the database for William Blakeman and John Perks and, Lo and Behold, there they both were with their places of birth and enlistment given as 'Swynnerton'!

In a similar error many years ago, after a recruiting display, I was reported in the local newspaper as commanding the heaviest anti-aircraft guns in the British Army. I have never been a 'cloudpuncher' (as ack ack gunners are known). In fact, on the day, as the GPO (Gun Position Officer) I was commanding a detachment from the army's last Heavy Artillery Regiment which did have the largest field guns in the army - 7.2in gun howitzers weighing about 1½ tons with a 212lb shell. I may be the only surviving Gunnerr who has been GPO of a heavy battery as, after the end of the war in 1945, we were only left with two regiments.

Recently, in the national press, there were lurid tales of vandalism, here in Sherborne, of medieval cobblestones in front of the abbey being torn up and replaced by a concrete path in case anyone slipped and fell.

The vicar of Sherborne, in this month's pew sheet, writes: 'It was amusing on my return (from holiday) to discover the hoo-ha that has followed the Town Council's decision to seek to make a small change to the cobbled path that separates the Abbey from the grass of the Close. To judge from that infallible source of impeccable exactitude, the *Daily Mail*, the plan is nothing short of vandalism. What nonsense! Watch most people walking from the south-west porch towards the Parade (or *vice versa*) and you will see that - especially if they are of a certain age - they instinctively choose to walk along the narrow line of flagstones adjacent to the cobbles, or on the grass itself, rather than on the uneven cobbles. In wet weather they would be well-advised so to do. The plan is to remove not a single cobble, but simply to replace the narrow flagstones with ones wide enough to accommodate a wheelchair. That will involve cutting into the grass a little, and moving the present keystones a few inches south. Visually it will make virtually no difference at all. But practically it will be of great benefit to many. I am grateful to the Town Council for taking this project to the next stage of the secular planning process. If it is successful, it will then require a Faculty application to the Diocesan Chancellor'.

New from the internet.

Recently released on www.ancestry.com are the summaries of the probate records from 1858 – 1941. These are indexed alphabetically and we shall be able to check them for accuracy because I extracted the earlier ones way back in the 60s and the late John Swinnerton kept them up to date. They give a brief account of the deceased, the executors and the amount of the estate. Some examples that Ancestry give are Charles Dickens who left *Effects under £80,000* (£7.1 million today); Sir Ernest Shackleton, the polar explorer (whose brother married my wife's great-aunt) £556 (£20,000 today); Charles Darwin £146,911 (£13 million) but poor old Oscar Wilde only left £250 and died in penury.

The documents of soldiers discharged between 1900 and 1913 whether pensioned or not have now been added to www.findmypast – these are indexed alphabetically for the whole army. This means that the records of all soldiers from 1760 – 1913 are now available.

Only 6 Swinnertons are listed for this period:

Henry b. 1881 at Crewe of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry
Thomas (birth date not given) of the 5th P C Wales Regt of Dragoon Guards
Thos b. 1791 at Chester of the 46th Regiment of Foot
William b. 1857 at Wolverhampton of the 3rd Regiment of Foot
William Harry b. 1861 at Wolverhampton of the Royal Artillery
William Robinson (birth date not given) of the 1st Battn 25th Regiment of Foot
Most of these I have dealt with in previous issues of the journal.
Curiously, William Swinnerton of the 11th Light Dragoons who fought at Waterloo and is on the Waterloo medal roll is not mentioned. .

On separate records, Charles Swinnerton of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment is listed as a Junior Chaplain in 1888 and William Swinnerton of the Bengal Ordnance Commissariat Department in the Indian Army & Civil Service List of 1873.

The 13 Swinnertons who died in World War I are listed:
Arthur Watts b. Liverpool, Benjamin b. Walsall, Edward b. Walsall, Frederick William b. Dewsbury, Harry b. Newcastle, Staffs, Henry b. Walsall, Herbert b. West Derby, Lancs, John Samuel b. Walsall, Norman b. Connahs Quay, Percy William b. Clerkenwell, Samuel John b. Stoke-on-Trent, Thoams, b. Bradley, Staffs and William also b. Bradley as are the three who died in WW2 – Jack W Swinnerton b. London, Leslie M b. Manchester and Samuel b. Staffordshire.
Private Charles Swinnerton of the Royal Marine Engineers and Bombardier William Swinnerton of the Royal Marine Artillery are both listed on the Royal Marines Medal 1914-20.

Rachel's Priesting*Elizabeth Livesey*

On a beautiful Sunday morning in June Keith and I joined the congregation in All Saints Church, Streetly in the Diocese of Lichfield for the 'Ordination of Priests'. In June 2009 Rachel was one of approximately two dozen men and women to be ordained deacon in the awe-inspiring Lichfield Cathedral. Following their first year as deacons, groups of six were ordained priest in various parish churches around the diocese. Rachel and her Vicar were delighted to be asked to host one of these ordination services in her parish church. Last year Rachel had invited people who had been important to her on her journey up to ordination to attend the service in the cathedral but this year was to be for the people of the parish. Her only personal guests were her parents, sister, godfather and aunt and two long standing family friends who had been unable to be at Lichfield. We were allowed a sneak preview on Saturday evening. The church looked beautiful; the 'huffers and puffers' as the faithful cleaning team are affectionately termed, had worked extra hard to make the church sparkle and the artistic flower arrangers had put so much time and effort into their truly beautiful creations. We realised later that a lot of love had also gone into these preparations.

The service was presided over by Clive, Bishop of Wolverhampton, the sermon was delivered by the Reverend Prebendary Carl Ramsay. The hymns had been chosen by the ordinands and were all beautiful and inspiring. One of my own favourites was included but Rachel won't tell whether that was her choice. The whole service was, to me, so much more meaningful than that in the grandeur of the cathedral. I suspect this was because in the warm atmosphere of a parish church things were far more intimate and relevant - and we could see all that was happening. It was a very special moment when the Bishop laid his hands on Rachel and said, "Send down the Holy Spirit on your servant Rachel for the office and work of a priest in your Church".

Although the service lasted about two hours, the time flew. At the end, we spilled out on to the church lawns for photographs and hugs. After refreshments all the other ordinands and their guests departed whilst we returned to the Curate's House for a picnic lunch. Several members of her former parish had come to the service to support their own new curate but stayed on for the afternoon.

At 3.30 p.m. there was another service - Rachel's first communion service as a fully ordained priest. She has a serenity about her when she is involved in services and although her voice faltered once or twice she managed to conduct the service beautifully with a sincerity and conviction that shone through. It was most moving when we received communion for the first time from our daughter. Rachel's Vicar, the Rev Alan Bartlam, gave the address. He has been a wonderful mentor for her and he and his wife have become good friends to her. Alan's words made us feel so proud of Rachel and this was when we realised just how much love and support she has received from the parish during her first year as curate. After the service she was presented with a beautiful home communion set as well as cards and several presents from individual members of the

congregation. There were yet more refreshments provided before a memorable day drew to a close.

Now that she is 'priested' Rachel can take an even fuller part in church life and she is really looking forward to conducting her first marriage ceremony in August. We are sure that she will grow even more in her ministry day by day.

Rachel thanks everyone who has shown such interest in her progress since she offered herself for ordination.



Rachel at the reception after the ceremony. She is descended from Elizabeth Swinnerton of the Yew Tree branch who married William Harding.

LESLIE WAKEFIELD SWINNERTON

I am very sorry to have to tell you that Leslie died on the 8th August aged 83. He had been in a nursing home for some time.

Leslie joined the society in 1976 in a most unusual way. John and Pat Swinnerton, Ken Armitstead and myself were having lunch in the Fitzherbert Arms in Swynnerton prior to going in to St Mary's to hear an electronic organ being played as a possible alternative to repairing and restoring the present organ which was in a very bad way. Sitting on the other side of the small bar but on the same bench seat was a man having a sandwich.

When we had finished our lunch, he slid along the bench and said he couldn't help overhearing our discussion and asked if my name was Swinnerton. On replying 'Yes' he said 'So is mine'! He was promptly recruited into the team, joined with us to hear the organ played, and agreed with our decision that, despite all its wheezing and the delay in the pedals, the sound was much better than the electronic machine. As you know, we did agree to pay for the restoration of the organ as a result.

Leslie was elected to the Council of the society in 1981 and served on it for 14 years until he retired, in 1995 under the new charity rules, which limited the period to six years. That is a record for anyone except myself. Leslie was quite an artist and drew for us some sketches of the old Butterson Hall which we used as greeting or correspondence cards for some years and also designed the brass memorial plate commemorating all Swinnertons who fell in battle which you will find on the wall of Swynnerton church. Catherine, his wife, was always very supportive of his and our efforts and I have vivid memories of her, Pat and Angela coping with the admission of over 200 people who attended our Domesday Gathering in 1986.

Leslie's father, William Leslie Swinnerton, a fine draughtsman drew for me, by hand, our first collection of family trees.

Leslie was born on the 10 September 1926 in Liverpool, the eldest child of William Leslie Swinnerton and Ivy Doreen née Wickes. He married Catherine Mary Auld on the 18 September 1951 at Liverpool and we send our very sincere sympathy to her and their four children Leslie, Jeremy, Susan and Katherine.

He was a staunch supporter of our society and I shall always be grateful for all his help and encouragement over many years.



*Leslie Wakefield Swinnerton
1926 – 2010*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Cathedrals represented Heaven on earth. About the year 1100 there were at least fifteen major cathedrals under construction in England, some new, some, as at Worcester replacing Saxon buildings as the Normans imposed their occupation of the country.

According to the thirteenth century thinker William Durand, the height of a cathedral represented courage, its length represented long suffering and its breadth Christian charity. The stone of the walls had no stability without mortar; the mortar presents the stability brought to us by the love of the Holy Spirit.

The geometry of the square, circle and triangle could generate the measurements of an entire cathedral. This symmetry and proportion represented the harmony of Creation. Normally the cloister was square, and the diagonal across the cloister became the length of the nave. Take a square based on the length of the nave and its diagonal is the length of the whole cathedral.

The columns of the side aisles were perceived as legs, so there were always two side aisles, as it is always better to have two legs rather than one.

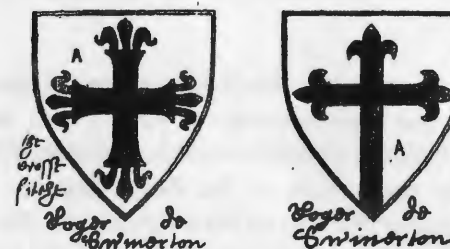
There was little understanding of stress but they realized the importance of strong heavy columns supporting roof vaulting which was as light as possible. Very often, the weight of the roof vaulting is only about 3% of the weight of the building. The width of each column is normally one tenth, or less, of its height.

The term 'architect' was not in use until the time of Sir Christopher Wren. The architects were known as master masons. They had progressed from apprentice to stone mason. They travelled, sketched what they saw, adapting their sketches to their own design to submit to the bishop. Stones were carved using templates provided by the master mason - the same principle as dressmaking. As many copies as required were made of each carved stone.

This was almost, in fact, a type of 'assembly line' way of building.

(With thanks to my old friend Geoffrey Smith, genealogist, historian and staunch churchman).

Some Feudal Coats of Arms by Joseph Foster



Swinnerton, Sir Roger de, baron 1337, bore at the first Dunstable tournament 1308, argent a cross (patée) floretée sable(F): another ROGER bore it at the second Dunstable tournament 1334. Sir THOMAS bore it at the siege of Calais 1345-8 and Sir ROGER, knighted at the capitulation of Calais 1348 differenced it with a label(5) gules.

Swinnerton, Sir Roger of Cambridgeshire – (E.II Roll) bore argent, a cross patonce coupé at the foot sable; Harl 4033. In Harl 6137, argent a cross (patée) floretée fitchée at the foot, sable; Parl Roll F.F.

Swinnerton, Adam de, (E.III Roll) bore argent, a cross flory sable (now patée flory) bouttes flourettes; Jennyn's Ordinary. Sir ROGER bore argent, a cross patée sable; Nativity Roll. ROBERT bore the reverse in Jenyn's Ordinary (being the same as Pulford; the probability is that the cross in these instances should be the same and are inaccurately tricked *(drawn)*).

* * * * *

Supplement to the London Gazette 11 March 1916.

Military Medal



8327 Lance-Corporal E. Swinnerton 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.

For conspicuous gallantry. Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Allen and Lance-Corporal Swinnerton crawled out along the towpath in spite of heavy fire and with utter disregard of danger rescued no fewer than two wounded officers and ten men.

The medal, instituted in March 1916, is silver and on the reverse bears the words 'For bravery in the field' in a laurel wreath and surmounted by the Royal cypher and Crown.

**ST.ALBANS QUARTER SESSIONS ROLLS (1784-1820) Vol. VII
Hertfordshire Record Society. Michaelmas 1808**

501/16

The Complaint and Information of Jacob Moore one of the constables of the Borough who saith that in consequence of having been informed of the riotous and disorderly conduct of some soldiers who were quartered in the town last night to the destruction of the Peace and the Order of his Majesty's Liege Subjects he felt it to be his duty attended by James Basset another of the constables to go and admonish them of the impropriety and illegality of their conduct about ten o'clock that upon reaching the public house known by the sign of the Red Lion.....by George Calvert in the Parish of St.Alban who found that the soldiers in questions whose names he had ascertained to be John Wallis, James Warwick and John Warwick had in their possession one Samuel Swinnerton, and were using him in a very violent and rough manner that upon the Complainant going to rescue Samuel Swinnerton from out of the power of John Wallis, James Warwick and John Warwick although apprised of the complainant being a Civil officer of Law instructed to repair peaceably to their quarters did most violent assault and beat him with their clenched fists and sticks whereby the complainant have received great bodily injury and doth believe that had not some of the inhabitants come to his aid his life would have been in great danger wherefore the complainant prayeth that the Laws of the Land be enforced.

Endorsed with note of recognisances.

Recognisances 501/7,8,9 and 10.

Presentment of the jury 501/17 concerning John Wallis, James Warwick and John Warwick unlawfully riotously and routously assembling together assaulting a constable of the Parish.

Endorsed "A true Bill. Pleas, Not Guilty.

Verdict (against all three) Guilty.

This was Samuel Swinnerton (SS109)

**1Copy of a letter sent from Sir Thomas Middleton to the Hon.
William Lenthell, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons concerning
the raising of the Siege of Oswestree.
3 July 1644**

Prisoners taken at Oswestree, July 3 1644

Francis Newport, heir to the Lord Newport } Captains of a Troop of
Horse
Captain Swynerton

20 Welsh and Shropshire Gentlemen

1 Coronet of Horse, *which had no command.*

Lieutenant Norrell

1 Quartermaster

2 Corporals

32 Troopers

2 Pieces of Artillery, to come up to the walls to save the Musquetiers.

7 Carriages, whereof one of Powder.

200 Common Souldiers, most of them Welsh.

100 Horse.

Great store of Arms found in the corn and ditches.

There is since taken Major Mauley, and Major Whirney, under the walls of Shrewsbury; we doubt not but to give a very good account of our service there, and that speedily.

*For the much honoured, the Lady Middleton,
Madam,*

I shall trouble you with the sight of this paper, wherein you may please to observe Gods Providence to us; on the Lords day last we marched from Knotsford to Bundbury, fourteen miles from Bundbury in Cheshire, to *Fens Hall* in Flintshire, eleven miles on Monday, on Tuesday we marched to Oswestree; in the narrow lanes they layd their Ambuscadoes, three miles short of the Town, kept all passages and lined all hedges to the Town, hedges thicke, and lanes strait, from which our men beate them though their horse charged our men very furiously, followed them up to the Town, to their maine body, fighting all the way for three miles; in the meane time.....*(the copy I have finishes here)*

Family Notes

I am very sorry to have to tell you that Janet Ann Aldhous, or Jan, as she always insisted on being known - she said she hated Janet - died after a long illness on the 11th June. She had been in and out of hospital several times. The last time I went to see her, she could not speak and we had to communicate by lip reading or writing it down.

To add to her troubles (this was the third time she had had cancer), her son who came to live with her to help her carers to look after her, died in his sleep in the next room while she was confined to bed.

Jan was a member of the Adbaston Branch and first learned about us in 2003 when she joined her local U3A genealogy group and read an article by me in a magazine called *Practical Family History*. She attended our Gathering in 2005 with a friend and wrote of her experiences there for the our next journal in her usual style - she had a very quirky sense of humour!. She also came to the Swynnerton Charter Festival. A very sociable lady, she quickly made many friends. Subsequently, she was a great help to me with typing up records and doing some indexing.

Jan was born Janet Ann Harnwell on the 3 February 1939 in Cambridge, the daughter of Elsie Swinnerton, daughter of Henry (HS98) of the Adbaston family and Sarah Anne. She was baptized in HMS Flowerdown in Winchester, her mother having married Charles Harnwell, a Radio Officer with the Ministry of Defence.

Our sympathy goes to her family and she will be sadly missed by all her friends in the society.

On a happier note, we welcome four new members Mrs Janet Harbord, Mrs Anita Helen Morse, Mrs Kay Elizabeth Hunt, Paul Andrew Swinnerton and Christopher Swinnerton.

None are strangers to the society - Janet is the daughter of the late Harold Swinnerton, a very early member of the society who entertained us riotously at one of our early Gatherings with his account of all the buildings and structures he had blown up (he was the first President of the Institute of Explosive Engineers). We have a video of some of his exploits in our archives.

Anita, Kay, Paul and Christopher are the 'children' of our member Peter Swinnerton of Manchester and the Betley branch. Well done Peter for enrolling the next generation.



Jan Aldhous with your editor at the 2006 Gathering dinner



Swinnerton Cycles in Cannock Forest



*The society 'T' shirt modelled by Alan Jones
We still have some in large size*



*Margaret Antill (see her article on page 149) at the 2006 Gathering.
Leslie (see page 158) is just behind her and on the left is your editor*

Published by the Swinnerton Family Society

ISBN: 0508 6755