# Swinnerton Family History

The Journal of the Swinnerton Society



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# The Swinnerton Society

A non-profit making organisation devoted to the research and publication of Swinnerton Family Records and the welfare of St.Mary's Church, Swynnerton.

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Yew Tree Cottage Blackford Stoke St. Milborough Nr. Ludlow Shropshire SY8 2ET

## FROM THE EDITOR

We moved house on the 21st June and we are still unpacking! We moved from a fairly large house, which many of you know, to a small early-Victorian stone cottage - a case of a gallon into a pint pot, not the usual quart. My study has reduced in size from a fairly large room to the third bed(box)room and many of my books and files are still in piles on the floor, other rooms took precedence and so I regret that this journal is a little late and also consists of mostly 'odd entries' - I am afraid that I simply have not had time to prepare much material.

As it is I am typing this into the computer with the keyboard on my lap and the printer on the floor - not the ideal way to produce a Journal.

The initial response to the provisional booking forms for the Gathering has been fairly small, 56 including children. This is about the number we had at our very first Gathering and would just about be viable.

Final booking forms are enclosed (please note that they are NOT to be returned to me) and this year your Council have decided that payment must be made in advance to avoid the confusion and crush that has occurred in previous years. With your receipt you will be sent a TICKET without which you will not be able to obtain refreshments.

I hope that the numbers will improve and that we shall have as enjoyable a day as we usually do, hopefully with the administrative work done beforehand there will be more time to chat.

I hope to see you there.

There will be our usual RAFFLE at the Gathering on September 9th - any small gifts for prizes would be very much appreciated - please bring them with you.

#### SWINNERTON HALL, KINGSTON ON THAMES

My daughter Jo, when living in Wimbledon, spotted an advert for a social function in the above hall. Naturally I was curious so asked a chum of mine Alan Reed, who is Chairman of The Society of Genealogists and lives nearby in Epsom Downs, if he knew why it was so called.

He very kindly made some enquiries for us and discovered that the Hall, which was opened on the 6th of January, 1986, was named after the first Vicar of the parish of St.Luke, Kingston, Surrey who provided the land on which the church was built.

In Crockford's Clerical Directory he then found the following:-

GEORGE ISAAC SWINNERTON

St. John's College, Oxford BA (3rd.Class Theol.Schl.) MA 1879

1875-78 Curate, Holy Trinity Marylebone

1878-84 Curate, Emmanuel Streatham

1884 Curate in charge, St Luke's (Ironj Church) Kingston.

From the 1909 Crockford's, I see that he was appointed Vicar of St.Lukes in 1890 and stayed there until 1907 when he moved to Blackheath (London).

This was GS 25. of the Warwickshire Branch, the son of Isaac and Elizabeth Swinnerton, born on the 16th February 1849 at Ashby de la Zouche and died at Weddington on 29 January 1925 where he is buried. One of his sons and two of his grandsons also became priests.

#### SNELSTON, DERBYSHIRE PARISH REGISTER

THOS SWYNNERTON, carpenter and Alyce Collence, servt with Nycholas Browne Esq were married on the 21 Jul 1576.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

#### DIRECTORY OF PORT PHILLIP, NEW SOUTH WALES 1847

SWINNERTON, JOHN Blacking Manufacturer Russell Street.

#### LOCAL MEN AFTER DEWET

Mr Harry SWINNERTON, son of Mr Swinnerton of Cauldwell, who is at the front with the Leicestershire Yeomanry, writing home from Colesberg on March 4th (1901) says:-"We have been on the veldt for over a month so have not had a chance to write. We have been chasing De Wet, we have captured his guns, taken a lot of prisoners and pretty well smashed his army up but have still not got him. He has escaped over the river into the Orange River Colony again. We did think we had him about a week ago. Plumer's force was on one side of him, and the Kimberley Column, which is the one we are with, was on the other, and the Orange River was at his front. This was so high with the rains, we have had lately, that it was impossible for him to cross, but he managed to slip away by our outposts in the night. The next morning both columns advanced, and as the enemy had cleared we took one another for the Boers, and opened fire with the big guns. The mistake was soon found out so there was not much damage done. One or two more columns managed to find him, and are following him while we give our horses, not forgetting our men, a day or two rest. We hear that there are a lot more mounted men coming out from home, but I am afraid that they are not coming to relieve us. I don't know when they will send us home but if they keep us till the end of the war, it won't be yet for a long time. We have plenty to do, always on guard or fighting, to which we have got quite used. We don't take much notice of bullets flying past us now, and as long as we don't stop one, we don't mind."

The above is from the local Burton on Trent newspaper of the time and was written by our PRO Joe Swinnerton's uncle. Joe has published his father's diary for the whole of his service in the Boer War and it makes very interesting reading. There are still a few copies left which can be obtained from Joe at 2 Greaves Avenue, Walsall, West Midlands WS5 3QE.

#### CHURCH MINSHULL PARISH REGISTER

29 March 1687 Ralph Plymly and Katherine SWINNERTON were married by Banns.

#### JANUARY 1st, 1861

Of course there was plenty of fun New Year's Day. In fact it was a week of merriment. I was working at St. John's College just outside Sydney. A gothic Building, Roman Catholic.

Whilst working there I became acquainted among others with Frank Nelson. King of the Buhagess, in fact we became very intimate, so much so that we used to room together. Frank had a sister, married in Douglas, Isle of Man, whom I knew and I must say that whilst we were together in New South Wales, there was no steadler and sober man, whatever his former conduct had been. I met him afterwards in Queensland when he was anything but a desirable acquaintence. I have heard since that he is dead.

I left St. John's College to work at Harris Creek on a large culvert in company with eight or ten more stonecutters from St. John's College and they were the wildest, most reckless lot of stonecutters I ever got among. We lived in tents and one of the cutters, a married man by name Wild, kept liquors and beer on the siy. The foreman was just as bad as any of them. They used to bring the beer on the work twice a day. They would sit down on their mailets in a circle and swill the beer round as long as it lasted. Then at night the carnival commenced. Singing and drinking 'till you would think Bedlam had broken loose. If a stone had to be turned no matter how small, all hands were called. One would commence a sailor's shanty and at the end of the chorus of each verse the stone would rise a little. I have seen ten men a half an hour turning a stone that one man could have turned easily. At the end of every month when pay day came round they all went down to Sydney for a few days returning pennyless.

After finishing there we came down to Menangle. A small place taking it's name from the river over which there was a bridge to be built. (I think I am wrong for since writing-if I recollect aright-the river's name was Napaen.) They had not succeeded in finding stone while I remained although they did afterwards and built a good substantial bridge. I came down to Sydney and went to work again at St. John's College. At Menangle their lived two originals by the name of Jack Berry and Jack Botton, both Yorkshire men. Jack Berry was married to a very estimable lady in connection with whom there was a little romance. Some few years before when the two Jacks arrived in Sydney from England, they stayed about the city until all their money was spent, after that they started out and walked to a place called Parramatta, where some work was going on. On arriving there weary, hungry and footsore they went into a saloon that had a boarding house in connection. When they entered they percieved through the open dining room door several men eating. Waling boldly up to the bar they were soon joined by the landlady, a hearty, well preserved specimen of an Englishwoman. The following conversation took place.

"I say, Missus, supposing two men should come to you and say that they had traveled from Sydney and had no money and wanted a glass of beer, would you give it to them?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"Well we are just those two."

(Beer was accordingly served.)

"Well, Missus, supposing those two men were to tell you that they were hungry, would you give them supper?"

"Well I rather like the look of your faces and your impudence, you had better go into the dining room."

The two Jacks got work and remained in the town a considerable time, in process of time the landlord died and Jack Berry wooed and won the well-to-do widow. Jack Bolton said he could never call her Mrs. Berry, consequently he called her by her first married name ever after. They sold out in Parramatta and moved to Menangle where they kept store and eating house. Afterwards they went to Picton some miles further inland where they did very well, always accompanied by Jack Bolton, third in command. Jack Bolton used to drive from Menangle to Harris' Creek with provisions for us, and very seldom he managed to get home all safe, for he was sure to imbibe too much ilquor at Wilds, which would cause him frequently to upset his wagon, etc. As an Irishman would say, he was misfortunate.

I used to spend a good many nights hunting walabys by moonlight on the banks of the Napean River that ran close by.

Whilst working in Sydney, a gold excitement broke out for a place called Spicer's diggins and a great many people in Sydney got the Gold fever among whom was I. Shouldering my blankets I took the road on foot for the New Eldorado, leaving my box of instruments in Sydney. Feeling confident that I would never require them again. Was I not going where they picked up Gold in lumps and I could do the same.

The nearest town to the mines was Mudgee, 186 miles from Sydney and that I determined should be my first stopping place. I walked in six days starting Monday morning and getting in Mudgee Saturday evening In the midst of an awful thunder storm, which dampened me considerably (on the outside). In going there I crossed the everlasting blue mountains, which for scenery, rough roads and scarcity of water in some places can't be surpassed. Beautiful. I remember I had on a light suit, and with lying at night in the open air, in a pair of new blue blankets, and heavy dews, caused me to turn blue. I often thought it was a great waste on the part of the dyer to put so much coloring matter among the wool for my comrades assured me that there were no blue sheep that they had ever seen. When I got to Mudgee, my clothes were a dirty blue, my face and hair had a bluish cast and my blankets looked rather pale, sickly.... I soon fell in with comrades on the road bound for the same place, without money. If they had any they knew enough to keep it and let me have the honor of paying their board on the road. I have wondered often since at the well of generosity there is among men which only requires circumstances to develop. However one of them was a harness maker,

with his whole bag of tricks in the shape of awls, needles, wax ends, etc. from whom, upon one or two occasions. I borrowed a needle and waxend to sew on a button which of course was very kind of him; if it did represent several shillings in the shape of "Tucker". The first hill you go up is called Lapstone Hill and the last one you go down I think is called Victoria. I suppose they were conferring an honor on Queen Victoria. It is all in how a person looks at it. (I mean the honor). I wouldn't consider it any honor if it was called Mark Swinnerton, whatever It might be to the hill. For it is a "Rough and rugged" road, a dangerous piece of navigation and when you get to the bottom you nearly sink to the neck in, not mud, but loose sand. When I see It again I may think differently. Why the first one is called Lapstone, I don't know, whether they consider it shaped like a lapstone or whether shoe makers find ready made lapstones there, or that it is supposed to sit on a japstone is more than I can tell, but that's its name and on it. And going on it are many evidences of convict labor. Roads cut through the solid rock, ruins of dwellings and I was informed that a great deal of brutality was used towards the convicts in this section, many of whom ran away into the mountains only to die of starvation. "It's best to bear the ills we have". etc. is beautiful to say. Sitting by your own fireside with friends. relatives, and luxuries of life surrounding you in abundance. If the convict had the presumption to think different but that's all in the way you view it, also I suppose he had no right to be a convict, perhaps born under an unlucky planet, a piece of broken up old moon for instance. On this hill some short time before, say eight or ten years previous, during a tremendous thunderstorm a team of six horses and the chains were struck by lightning and run all together. The chains, yes!

I know myself that there are plenty of snakes on the Blue Mountains for I saw them, yes and lizards, mosquitoes-man keepers-big three, water in places, none in others, fires in the summer time, snow I suppose in winter, several houses, oh and many other things, I remember one evening we were completely out of supplies and were traveling one of those sections that abounded in no water. We met a teamster driving an empty wagon, we wanted him to sell us some flour so that we might make a "damper" for supper, but he had none to sell after a good deal of searching about in his wagon he found some withered potatoes which he proferred (generous soul) at an outrageous price which of course brought my pocketbook into requisition. I was beginning to know the price of provisions by this time. He also told us that if we went about another mile we would come to an old camping ground, after finding that, we were to turn in the "bush to the left, travel in that direction about half a mile then take another turn to the right and so on and if the water was not dried up we would find some in a hole. It was dark when we got to the camping ground so after holding a council we determined to imitate the example of that general or something that got into the Red Sea or some other and couldn't tell which way to get out (which seems to me to be kind of stupid in a general). I believe he turned all his horses heads away in a circle and struck out, so by finding where the shallow water lay and then It was "follow the leader"-bother if I had said it the other way I could have told it in half the words. Told which ends he put together. However, we didn't describe exactly a circle for I think there were only four of us and I expect if we had tried the nearest we could have come to it would have been a square. At any rate we formed a segment - and struck out - "keeping within hailing distance of each other" and were fertunate enough to find water. We seen made a rousing fire for there was plenty of dried weod. In fact little of anything else except rocks and mosquitoes.. We then got some water in our Billy's (English translation

Tin Bucket) and put the potatoes to boil and soon went to sleep on a full belly-of water-refreshed. In after times that became no rarity, the boot got upon the other leg. We slept that night in a kind of crib that had been made by some former travellers. It consisted of three logs, one each side and one along the head on the ground on which there were a great many dried leaves. We slept very well, considering, but when I awoke I found a very undesirable acquaintance beside me in the person of a great black snake. I have never seen four men take such a liking of a sudden to early rising. We had no breakfast that morning except another supply of water. To make a long story short, I eventually got to Mudgee and after taking a tearless farewell. I left them in hopes of never meeting them again, unless it was in a better place. I remained in Mudgee until the following Monday morning boarding with an old gentleman, a tailor who kept a boarding house. He had a holy dread of Chinamen. He had one daughter and a not over handsome wife. The boarders said of him that he had a skating rink on top of his head. I never could exactly see the point, all If could see was that he had a bright shining bald head which I thought became him. On Monday morning I left Mudgee for Spicer's Diggins, distance of 18 miles (I may say that I thought Mudgee was one of the prettiest little towns I was ever in). As it was only a short distance, and I was informed that there was a half way eating house. I set out with supplies. It was necessary for me to retrace about two or three miles of the Sydney road to get on what was called the Bocobble road or more strictly speaking the trail that led to the diggings. I soon found the starting point but instead of one there were several. Which to take, I did not know and as there was no person present to inform me I shut my eyes opening them after travelling a short distance and kept along the trail I found myself on. The wrong one as the sequel will show.

I walked until noon but no sign of eating house. The country the farther I travelled appeared to grow wilder, the trail less distinct and everything went to prove that I was not on a much frequented trail. Towards evening, however, I came to a hut with a small carden attached in which was a poor forlorn specimen of humanity, as I judged a bachelor. I made inquiry If I was on the right road and found I was not, but many miles from it. He told me that he could direct me so that I could get to Spicer's in eight miles. Pointing to a blind guich (that a one without water) that led down from the mountain for I was traveling along the base of a range. He informed me that when I got on top to the blind guich I would find a trail, one that was used by Chinamen to drive hogs along to the mines. I was very hungry but I was so anxious to get to my destination that did not think of getting something to eat, arriving on the hill I struck a trail and followed it until it got dark, when I lighted a fire, rolled myself up in my blue blanket and fell asleep tires and hungry. Next morning I started early and traveled until there was no more trail left or as an Australian would say "I ran the trail out". I kept on in the same direction as near as I could judge, but the country got rougher at every step. Climbing hills, going down ravines all day and no sign of Spicer's diggings, I wished myself by the home fireside about that time. Evening succeeded morning and found me in the heart of the Australian Bush, lost. The kangaroo were here without number. They would look at me and scamper away. If I had had a gun I could at least have had a kangaroo steak but no, I could admire their fat proportions and say sour grapes and that was all.

#### REF. WQA/LIC/1-300

Thomas Swinnerton, Coachmaker, granted a license to sell ale, at Llannerchynedd near Llangefni at session on 12 April, 1803.

Thomas Swinnerton, Carpenter, granted license for selling ale at Gwindy sessions in the hundred of Llifan (near Llangefni, Anglesey) on 9 September 1806 for which he paid £2-5-0.

He does not appear to be there at the licensing session on 12 September 1808, held at Llannerchynedd.

#### CHESTER C.R.O.

QJB 3/2.

#### Quarter Sessions

Northwich 19 April. 22 Charles II. (1670-1)

Swinertons orde[e]r for a cottage:

Whereas it hath fully appeared unto this Courte that Thomas Swinerton of Church Lawton, Webster, being at pre[e]rent destitute of an habitac[i]on for himselfe to dwell in and hath obtayned Lycence signifyed under the hand and seale of William Lawton Esq<sup>fe</sup>, Lord of the Man<sup>r</sup> of Church Lawton afores[ai]d for erecting a Cottage upon some part of the Wast[e] Lands within the afores[ai]d Man<sup>r</sup>. It is therefore thought fitt and soe ordered by this Courte that the s[ai]d Lycence under the hand and seale of the s[ai]d Mr Lawton bee Confirmed and that the s[ai]d Thomas Swinnerton may erect a Cottage according to the Certificate and Lycence of the s[ai]d Mr Lawton.

Presumably Thomas b.1623 - d. a pauper 1699.

to be paid to his Matte for the purchase of certain lands from him to the city in fee-farm; the Ironmongers' proportion of the said 20,000l. being 716l. for which they were to receive eight per cent.



1629. Some account of the pageant entitled London's Tempe, written by Thomas Dekker,\* for the mayoralty of Sir James Cambell, who was a member of the Ironmongers' Company, is preserved in the minutes of this year.

Sir James Cambell was the son of Sir Thomas Cambell, Lord Mayor in

1610. Arms: Sable, on a fesse between three lion's heads erased or, as many ogresses.—Harl. MS.

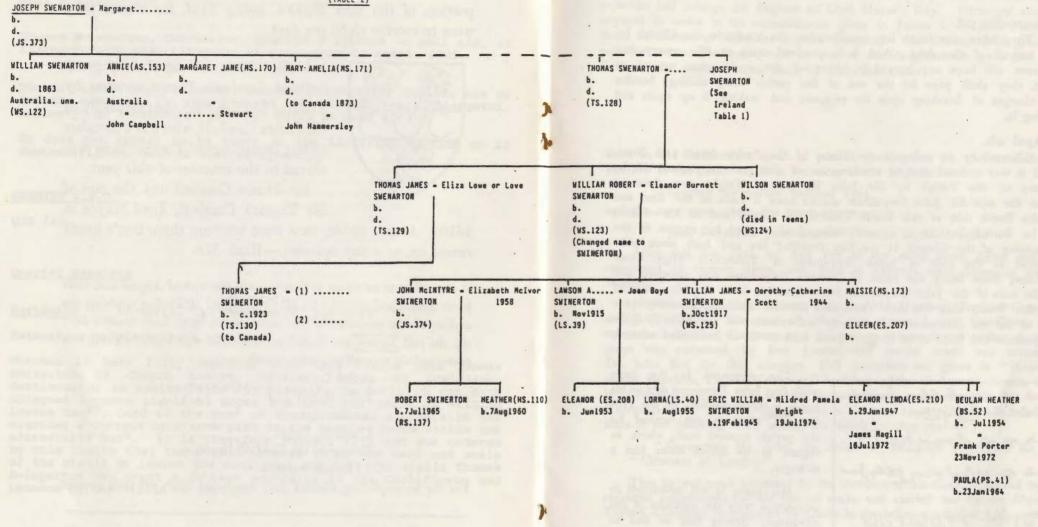
According to an order of Court, made the xith of August last, theis psent treated and agreed with Mr Crismas and Mr Decker concining the making of the pageants for the shew on the next Lord Maior's day; at, the said Xpmas and Decker psented them with a plott wherein was contayned six severall pageants, namely:—

A Sen Lyon
2 Sea Horses
An Estridge.
Lemnions Forge.
Tempe or, the Field of Hapines.
7 Liberall Sciences.

For the accomplishing whereof they demanded 2001, weh their present

<sup>\*</sup> Dekker is only known to have written two pageants, one for the mayoralty of Sir John Swinnerton, Knight, in 1612, entitled Troia-Nova Triumphans, and London's Tempe for the mayoralty of Sir James Campbell in 1629. The former of these productions is the best. Of Dekker's personal history we know but little. He is considered by Mr. Nichols one of the most eminent of the city poets, and was the author of several plays and pamphlets; but it would seem that he had through life to contend with difficulties, and wrote for a mere subsistence.

(TABLE 2)



### 74 The Church and Parish of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury.

1650. September 3rd.

They have also taken into consideration the Vaults in the Church for the buryall of the dead And it is resolved upon at this vestry that whoever will have any buryed in either of the vaults man, woman or child, they shall paye for the use of the parish fforty shillings besides the charges of breaking open for entrance and making it up again and paving it.

1673. April 4th.

Whereas by an order of the Vestry of the Parish dated 13th Novr. 1608 it was ordered that in consideration of £20 paid for the use of the Vestry of the Parish by Sir John Swynerton Knight now deceased That the said Sir John Swynerton should have a vault at the East end of the South side of this Parish Church for himself and for his relatives to be buried in, . . . and being lately ruined by reason of the consuming of the Church in the late dreadfull fire and hath since been repaired at the cost of Joane Swynerton of Tottenham High Cross Widdow, Shee being the relict of Thomas Swynerton now deceased one of the sons of Sir John Swynerton Now therefore it is this day ordered att this Vestry that the said Vault shall for ever hereafter be duely made use of for the interment of the family and relatives of the said Sir John Swynerton and none to be buried therein without his or her heires consent.

Buid of very of following, miled much state of my formen stor des and the state of orem 100. By Sound Proposed of the formen sound of the state of the sering as the state of the sering as

FACSIMILE OF JOHN HEMINGES'
SIGNATURE.

The statement in the same work that John Heminges died at his house in Aldermanbury on the 11th October, 1630, is not verified by the parish account book, which, in regard to his burial, terms him a stranger.

His name is not mentioned in connection with the purchase of the advowson. Seeing that he had so recently been re-appointed a Trustee of the parish lands, it looks as if he had then left the parish, and this is confirmed by the assessment roll for the year 1622, on which his name does not appear.

That there was a friendship existing between John Heminges and his neighbour, Sir John Swinarton, is more than probable, as when the latter became Lord Mayor, Heminges and Thomas Dekker, the poet, were commissioned to supervise and arrange the Pageant on Lord Mayor's Day. Heminges also was engaged to assist in the entertainment given to James I. by John Swinarton, Senr., as Master of Merchant Taylors' Company. He christened his youngest son, Swinarton Heminges, and to one of his daughters he gave the name Tomasin, the christian name borne by Lady Swinarton.

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from an old Staffordshire stock of ancient lineage, but the earliest mention I can find in the parish books is the entry in the Register:—

"Gregory Swynarton baptised 1563," and the next entry where the name occurs:—

"John Swynerton Junr. married Tomasyn Buckfold 1586."

After this last date we find two of the same name, father and son, mentioned at various times, and both in different ways becoming men of renown.

John Swinarton, Senr., became Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and it was during his year of office that James I. and his Queen were entertained by that Company to a banquet on a most lavish scale. A special poem was composed by Ben Jonson, and special music was written by Dr. John Bull for this occasion. Full particulars are given in "Memorials of the Merchant Taylors' Company," by Clode. John Swinarton, Senr.'s, house in Aldermanbury, so far as can be ascertained, stood near to what is now George Avenue. He was living there in the year 1591. He died in 1603, and there is the following entry among the burials for that year:—

"Swynerton Mr. John the father of Sir John Swynerton Kt. and "Alderman of London"

That he was much esteemed by the members of his Guild is proved by the elaborate preparations for his funeral made and carried out by the Merchant Taylors' Company, as recorded by Clode in the before-mentioned "Memorials."

John Swinarton, Junr., son of the above, had already risen to eminence before his father's death, hence there has been some confusion in recording their deeds. He was elected Alderman and Sheriff in 1602, was Knighted in 1603, and it was in his capacity as Alderman and Sheriff that he took the place of his colleague (Pemberton), "and lead out his fellow citizens on horse back to Stamford Hill, there to receive King James on his arrival in London." On his accession to office as Lord Mayor, in 1612, a grand pageant was arranged under the joint management of John Heminges and Thomas Dekker, the poet.

Sir John Swinarton's name appears among those who founded the East. India Company. He was also one of those London citizens who founded the Irish Society, and, as Lord Mayor, he presided at the opening of the New River in 1613. He died in the year 1616, and was buried beside his father in the vault which he had purchased in the south-east corner of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury.

I am indebted to Clode's "Memorials" for many of the particulars here given.

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#### The Dyer Family.

From the Swinarton family descended the Dyer family. One William Dyer, born in 1621, married, in 1650, Tomasin, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Swinarton, of Stanway Hall, Essex (who was third son and eventually heir of Alderman Sir John Swinarton, Lord Mayor of the City of London, and who succeeded to his estates, including his house property in Aldermanbury). After the fire of London in 1666, these houses were rebuilt and formed what has been known since as Dyer's Court. The above-mentioned William Dyer, who was a barrister-at-law, was created a Baronet in the year 1678, and from him is descended Sir John Swinnerton Dyer, the present holder of the Baronetcy. The two names Swinarton and Dyer are frequently mentioned in the parish books, and their names appear in the Registers, their family burial place being the vault in the chancel.

Dyer's Court has since been pulled down and incorporated with what is now Messrs. Bradbury, Greatorex & Co.'s warehouse, 5 to 11, Aldermanbury.



THE CHURCH OF ST MARY THE VERGIN, ALDERMANBURY, 1913.

#### THE FAMILY GATHERING SEPTEMBER 9TH

The family Gathering in September will mark the 15th anniversary of the SWINNERTON SOCIETY, for it is just over 15 years since our founder Historian, Secretary, Editor of the Journal, IAIN SPENCER SWINNERTON, circularised a few names taken from the telephone directory, asking if they would be interested in joining a small group who were engaged in researching into the family history. I still have the letter, which I think is sufficently interesting to reproduce on an adjoining page.

For many years I had intended to trace my family history, but pressure of business and life in general had thus far precluded me from gratifying my intentions, so here "on a plate" was an opportunity not to be missed. Within a few weeks of replying with details of my father and grandfather, Iain sent me a Family Tree which recorded seven generations of my ancestors and fitted me into the Warwickshire branch of the family. This went back to 1709 when a Thomas Swinnerton found his way to Fillongley near Coventry and commenced to propagate a large family. Later research revealed that Thomas was a descendant of the clockmaking family of Newcastle under Lyme, which fitted us into the main tree.

The SWINNERTON SOCIETY was formed in 1974 and the first Journal was published in May of that year, since when 68 issues have been compiled and printed by Iain. The first Family Gathering was held in 1975 when some 50 crowded into the Fitzherbert Arms at the Village of Swynnerton and attended a service in St. Mary's church. Since then regular meetings have been held, culminating in the Domesday Gathering, which was attended by about 250 - and what a party we had!

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The bigger the society grew, the more information was unfolded giving knowledge of our ancestors as new names were added to the family trees. The need for publicity was defined. and I was appointed in 1978 to be the P.R.O. (Public Relations Officer) and given the task of seeking and enrolling new members. A leaflet was produced setting out a brief history of the family and objects of the society, and prior to each gathering one of these leaflets. together with an invitation to join the society has been sent to all the Swinnertons, Sunertons, Swenertons and other near derivations of the name which appear in the telephone directory of the British Isles. Each time we have found new members of the family, most of whom have been slotted into their own family trees.

Sterling work has been done by Bill Swinarton of Canada who formed a North America Branch and Marjorie Nightingale who has enrolled most of the Swinnertons who live in Australia. Also, many female descendants have become members as a result of introduction by members of their own family.

I am again sending a copy of this issue of the Journal with an invitation to join the society to those who have not so far responded, and I would appeal to them, even if they do not wish to join, to forward details of their immediate ancestors as far as they can remember, to enable our archivist to fit them into the family trees and make our records the more complete. There is still much research to be done and every new contact will help in filling the blank spaces.

See you on September 9th.

J. E. (Joe) Swinnerton. P.R.O.

Dear Mr. Swinnerton,

I enclose a small booklet which we produced last year and which, I hope, will interest you. The purpose of the booklet is explained on the title page and if you care to send me a small donation I, and the Church, will be very grateful.

However, let me assure you that this is not a begging letter but is really to let you know that there is a small group of us who have been interested in the family history for years and who are constantly carrying out research into its various branches. By modern standards we are still a comparatively small family and most of the Swinnertons of whom we have records can be fitted into the main family tree.

I wonder if you know how you fit in ? If you are interested in your family history why not write to me and I will send you one of our family record forms and details fo some of our other family publications and we will see if we can slot you in.

Yours sincerely,

#### THE FAMILY GATHERING SEPTEMBER 9TH

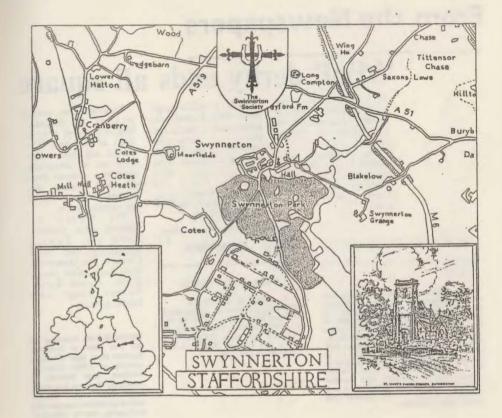
To mark the occasion of our Gathering this year, our P.R.O. Joe Swinnerton has arranged to produce a PLAQUE, depicting the VILLAGE OF SWYNNERTON, with an insert of St. Mary's Church, the British Isles and the emblem of our Society. This will be photo-etched on anodised copper and fitted in a gilt frame complete with fixings for hanging.

This plaque will make another addition to our family memorabilia. You will recall that Joe produced a range of plaques, plates, ashtrays, beakers & tankards in 1980 and also the commemorative Glassware for our Doomsday Meeting in 1986.

The pottery has been sold, with the exception of a few tankards and ash trays, which will be on sale at the Gathering in September. Many requests have recently been received for the plaques and plates, but these cannot now be supplied. Those who obtained them at the time have acquired a family heirloom to pass on to their successors which will increase in value as time passes.

When considering the purchase of a family memento, it is well to remember - particularly ir you have grand-children - that a problem could arise when the time comes to pass such possessions to your descendants, and it may be wise to purchase more than one. Such forsight could prevent the prospect of a family 'disagreement', as to "who is going to have that Swynnerton Village plaque which hangs in the hall?"

Don't miss out on these plaques. ORDER NOW to ensure that yours is reserved. An order form is enclosed with the Journal.



This is a copy of the artist's rough drawing of the map. REDUCED TO HALF SIZE. The actual size will be 165mm x 140mm  $(6\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ") with a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " surround. PRICE £17.50

Besides the usual selection of Swinnerton Publications, you will be able to purchase at the Gathering:-

The Society Tie
Binders for the Journals
Pendants for the ladies
Tankards and Ash Trays depicting St.
Mary's Church

# 'Mini' derby ends all square

In a mini rugby local derby, Walsall RFC's Under 11 side drew 16-16 with Hydesville Tower School.

The Hydesville lads looked a little short of practise, but they worked hard and deserved to square the game.

With a much larger pack than Walsall, the school side's backs had pirmy, or possession from set scrums Walsall had the advantage in the loose though, with Andrew Field and Edward Swinnerton doing especially well for the Rugby Club.

Despite some strong tackling by Walsall, Hydesville were a try in front at half time. The school side held on to their one try advantage until two minutes from the final whistle, but Walsall pressure led to the equalising try.

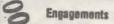
The Walsall try scorers were Andrew Field (2), Edward Swinnerton and Nigel Gleeson. The Hydesville reply came from Justin Wade. Adam Keith. Harnet Singh and

Narjinda Sohl.

#### CHURCH APPOINTMENTS

Recent clergy appointments include:

Revv C Scott, V, Sleekburn, Newcastle: to V, Lonhoughton w Boulmer, and Rector, Howick: E. Swinnerton, V. Hambleton The Blessed Virgin Mary w Out Rawcliffe St John, Blackburn: to V. Barnacre w Calder Vale; B Wells, Ass C. St Paul's, Weymouth, Salisbury: to T V, St Francis, Monks Hill. Selsdon, Southwark; D Winterburn, C, St Jude and St Paul, Mildmay Groe, London: to Sen C, Hackney Marsh T Min; J Wooll-combe, Dean of Women's Min (London Area): to P Deacon, Upton Snodsbury and Broughton Hacket w The Flyfords and North Piddle, Worcester.



MR. J. SWINNERTON MISS H. J. TYLER The engagement is announced of Miss Heather J. Tyler to Mr. J. Swinnerton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs B.A. Swinnerton. from the Isle of Wight. Love from both families.

SWINNERTON, Suddenly on 6th July 1989, at Worthing, Kenneth Paul, aged 47 years, formerly of Elliott Crescent, Sedford, dear brother of Raymond, Pam and Sue and a much loved uncle. Funeral service at Bedford Crematorium on Tuesday, July 18, 1989 at 12 noon. Flowers may be sent to Clarabut & Plumbe, Kingsway,

AFTER nine successful seasons Merseyside Police secretary Geoff Swinnerton is handing over the reins to George Todd, but he will continue in an assistant role with direct interest in achieving vital ground improvements.

Geoff also intends to take a referees' course, which at the age of 43 typifies his approach to the sport.

Over the years, Geoff has helped to steer the Police into their current status as one of Merseyside's top amateur clubs, and with a top-class

administration team behind him the new secretary will find the wheels well oiled and in peak condition.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs Valerie Dall to

Beijing,

Col I.S.Swinnerton to