

SOMERSET HERALDRY SOCIETY

Journal No 9 July 2006

STEPHEN FRIAR OBJECTS TO GUSSET



The well-known heraldic author, Stephen Friar, has taken this Journal to task for its news story in the last edition. Mr Friar is unhappy at his arms being portrayed with a gusset, saying that there is nothing dishonourable in his stance on caravans.

While we concede that opinion is allowable, we would defend ourselves by drawing attention to the little-known Act of Parliament, the Caravan Users (Discrimination against, Prevention of) Act 2005, which was passed as a private member's bill last year, through the good offices of Charles Kennedy, the former

LibDem leader. Mr Kennedy pushed this act through almost un-noticed as his swansong, before he departed from the leadership of his party.

We should also point out that the abatement was proposed on the grounds not of Mr Friar's unaccountable objection to caravans, but rather on those that he was allowing himself to become too famous, by appearing in the national press.

While we acknowledge that the armigerous man is a sub-species of the genus *Nobilis*, we cannot accept that appearance in the London Times is the correct display of that nobility. The theory of arms is that all men who are Known (*nobilis*, from the same root as γνωσκω Greek for I know, in its original meaning) are entitled to arms on that account. Later custom in England divided the *nobiles* into Peers and Gentlemen, but in other European jurisdictions they are known as the titled and untitled nobility. In the case of Mr Friar, we consider that an appearance in a publication such as the London Times does neither him, nor the gentle art of heraldry any honour.

Mr Friar has written to the Editor in strong terms and his letter forms the first of a new and perhaps occasional section within the Journal of Letters to the Editor. He writes "How dare you! To so rebate my arms! I am deeply offended!". The full text of the letter may be found on page 3.

STEPHEN FRIAR'S CHALLENGE

Stephen has challenged me in his letter – see opposite to emblazon his own proposed augmentation. As one who can wield the quill, but not the brush, I have to decline that honour, but I would ask members to transform the blazon given in his letter into an achievement. Generally it is held that blazon should be so simple that it is entirely clear what is the emblazonment. However, in this case Stephen has gone out of his way to confuse us with long and arcane words, in a language which, just as Latin killed the Romans, is fair set to send me off. He asks for a queue of irate motorists on his chief. Normally queues in English arms are attached to lions, but many are *four-ché*; we must I think assume that this queue is not *fourché*, but were it to be, perhaps we might find the double of the tail on the bend which he proposes later in the letter.

The terms *abouté* means end to end, *fumant* refers to the odious practice of smoking, concerning which I would draw readers' attention to the words of James I in **A Counterblast to Tobacco**. King James complained that smokers made "the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athort the dishes and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast," and scoffed at the mutually contradictory arguments used in favour of smoking: "It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man

hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly, and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain and quicken his understanding." Perhaps in this instance Stephen means fuming in a more modern sense! Crined means with reference to the hair, so these poor peaceable motorists are required to stick their hair up in the air and to dye it black, when we all know that most caravaners have either no hair or only some, and that white. Ah, the profitability of manufacturing hair-gel!

I am even more amazed by the imagination of Stephen's proposed augmentation *surtout*. Here we have not *on a bend*, as previously suggested anent the queue, *but in bend* two caravans towed by two green 4X4s (is this a Land-rover? Surely it should be a silver Toyota

Stephen Friar M.Phil, FHS,
Glebe House, Folke, Sherborne, Dorset DT9 5HP
Tel/Fax: 01963-210337
friarwriter@btinternet.com

Alex Findlater Esq.,
The Grammar House,
The Hill,
Langport,
Somerset TA10 9PU

15 March 2006

Dear Alex,

How dare you! To so rebate my arms! And you a Scot with no heraldic authority in England! I am deeply offended! (As you may tell from the excessive number of exclamations marks employed thus far...)

Considering the service I have done the community my arms should be honorably augmented. I have given this much thought and have concluded that red looks rather well with my silver, blue, black and gold shield. I therefore propose the following augmentation:

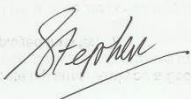
On a chief gules a queue of irate motorists abouté and fumant proper enraged of the field figured purple and crined uprooted sable.

To this might be added: *Overall a pair of caravans bendwise argent their wheels flamant each drawn by a 4x4 motor vehicle vert garnished with stickers the drivers rebated double-headed and accorné their dexter hands elevated and aversant proper.*

I would also change the field of my shield of arms to *billey sable* to represent the numerous caravan parks that despoil our heritage coast.

Now then, Alex - I challenge you to emblazon that little lot in the next SHS Journal!

With very best wishes,



or even the dreaded BMW, but that would have to be painted in all its Germanic precision). And then we could to the *coup-de-grace* for the driver is rebated (same as abated) with two heads (well, if not two tails, why not two heads?) and they are wearing their horns and holding up their hands as fists, for this is the meaning of *aversant*.

This blazon is indeed a mighty challenge, worthy of any knight waiting in the lists, so to the Tournament, worthy member.

Letters to the Editor

From Mr :Stephen Friar

Dear Alex,

How dare you! To so rebate my arms! And you a Scot with no heraldic authority in England! I am deeply offended! (As you may tell from the excessive number of exclamations marks employed thus far...)

Considering the service I have done the community my arms should be honorably augmented. I have given this much thought and have concluded that red looks rather well with my silver, blue" black and gold shield. I therefore propose the following augmentation:

On a chief gules a queue of irate motorists abouté and fumant proper enraged of the field figured purpure and crined uprooted sable.

To this might be added: *Overall a pair of caravans bendwise argent their wheels flamant each drawn by a 4x4 motor vehicle vert garnished with stickers the drivers rebated double-headed and accorné their dexter hands elevated and aversant proper.*

I would also change the field of my shield of arms to *billety sable* to represent the numerous caravan parks that despoil our heritage coast.

Now then, Alex - I challenge you to emblazon that little lot in the next SHS Journal!

With very best wishes

Stephen

Further letters to the Editor are invited—Ed.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS **Autumn 2006**

Sat 2nd September	2.30 pm	Visit to Shrivenham Church, near Swindon with Arlene Fisher. Arlene did a wonderful talk some years ago for the Bath Society on this church. Ron was so impressed that he suggested that we ask her to show it to us. Pub lunch first. It would be a good idea if we went up together rather than taking a lot of cars. Arlene has invited us to have tea with her afterwards.
Sat 14th October	9.45 am for 10.00 am	AGM of the Associated Societies of SANHS Dunster Memorial Hall, coffee served from 9.45 am.
	10.00 am	AGM
	10.30 am	Ron Gadd: The Origins of Heraldry
	11.30 am	Stephen Slater:
	12.30 pm	Lunch: the hall is opposite the Luttrell Arms and there are many tea-shops in Dunster
	2.00 pm	Tour of Dunster Church, looking at the hatchments and monuments, especially of the Luttrell family.
	4.00 pm	There will be time to look at the Castle, which is open for the last time this year, if you wish.
Wed 8th November	6.30 pm	Annual Dinner: Our speaker is to be Mark Dennis, Secretary General of the International Congress held in August this year in St Andrews.

SOMERSET HERALDRY SOCIETY

Officers

Chairman	Ronald Gadd, MBE, RD
Hon Secy	Alex Maxwell Findlater
Hon Treasurer	Anthony Bruce
Committee Member	David Hawkings
Co-opted Member	Peter Giles

Annual Subscription

for ordinary members £10 pa
for family members £15 pa

Objects

The aims shall be to promote and encourage the study of heraldry especially in the historic county of Somerset.

Address for correspondence

The Grammar House, The Hill, Langport,
Somerset, TA10 9PU
Telephone & facsimile 01458 250868
email alex@findlater.org.uk

JOHN BROOKE-LITTLE, CVO, MA, FSA, FHS

John Brooke-Little was one of nature's charmers, a gentleman of the old school, without pomposity or self-importance. His love of heraldry transcended all else, other than his love of his family. He will be remembered by many friends for his knowledge, his industry, even if generally well-hidden, his lack of obvious organisation, his gregarious and bibulous nature which, with his charm, carried him through life without trouble.

In his youth he was a keen cross-country runner and energetic beagler. This youthful athleticism seemed improbable to those who only knew him in later life, for by early middle age he had assumed the manner of a much older man. His astute opinions on heraldic matters were given in quiet measured tones, often with his eyes shut. He was a gentle, whimsical man who listed his recreations in *Who's Who* as "designing, humming". Round-figured and round-faced, bald and bespectacled, he had a sleepy appearance that disguised considerable energy. In his middle years he was a sharp dresser; the bow ties he regularly sported in the sixties gave way in the seventies to colourful shirts. These habits sometimes spilled over into eccentricity. For a considerable period he swept around in a Sherlock Holmes-style cape, perhaps a Mentith, and at least once he was spotted on the London Underground wearing a wig.

He was a convivial man, who enjoyed his food and wine. In common with other heralds of his generation, he was a regular patron of El Vino's in Fleet Street, to which he and his colleague Colin Cole donated a Heraldry Society chair. He and Cole also formed an heraldic dining club, which they named the Bullicorn (unicorns and bulls figuring in their respective coats of arms). It was



in El Vino's that John and Ron Gadd founded the White Lion Society, which functions rather as a supporters club for the team at the College. The foundation of such an important society required many meetings, discussions and libations, most congenial.



John Brooke-Little with Mary Rose Rogers

After a full career, he suffered a stroke at the College in 1994, which left his mobility and speech partly impaired and brought him suddenly the genuine air of old age to which he had only previously pretended, but it also revealed his underlying vitality and strength of will. He continued to work, still making the journey up from his home, at Lower Heyford in Oxfordshire, to the College in the City. It did not however stop his becoming Clarenceux a year later. He only enjoyed this office for two years and retired in 1997. Had he continued as Ulster he would have enjoyed tenure for life, for he was one of the first heralds to accept retirement on his 70th birthday. This rule was introduced because of the long period that Wagner remained as Garter although blind and so unable to perform all his official duties.

John was born on 6th April 1927, in Blackheath, London. He was the son of Raymond Brooke-Little, an electrical engineer, and his second wife, Constance Egan, later editor of *Home Chat* and author of many children's stories including the Epaminondas books and the adventures of Jummy the baby elephant.

He was educated at Claysmore School and in 1979 while serving as Chairman of its Board of Governors he oversaw the grant of a coat of arms to the school. After

leaving Clayesmore, he taught for a time at a prep school in Worcestershire, where, during the snowbound winter of 1947, he had the idea of setting up the Society of Heraldic Antiquaries. Initially conceived as a society for young enthusiasts, it recruited many of its first members through publicity in *The Children's Newspaper* but its membership soon included all ages and it was re-named the Heraldry Society in 1950, the year which saw the commencement of its quarterly magazine *The Coat of Arms*, which John himself edited for a long period. He was chairman of the society from its inception until its 50th anniversary in 1997, when he became president for life. The 50th anniversary of *The Coat of Arms* was marked in 2000 by the publication of a Festschrift, 'Tribute to an Armorer', containing 24 essays written in his honour.

Partly on account of National Service (he was said to have been a sergeant but never spoke of it), it was not until 1949 that he went up to New College, Oxford, to read History. There he was a noted figure and edited *Cherwell*, the undergraduate newspaper. He retained a great affection for Oxford, and one of his first publications was a guide to the university and colleges written for the Pitkin Pictorials series. At Oxford he became keenly interested in heraldry and made such friends as Colin Cole. He had played with the idea of a career in the Roman Catholic Church or of going on the stage (even seeking John Gielgud's advice at one point), perhaps in the style of Planché, an earlier stagey pursuivant.

After university he easily moved on to the College of Arms, where he was taken onto the Earl Marshal's staff and appointed a Gold Staff Officer for the Queen's Coronation in 1953. Of this he had a rich fund of anecdotes, such as that of the marquess who asked for a seat on the end of the row, being in frequent need of relief. On being informed that all ends of rows were already occupied in the Marches but that spaces was available on a viscountal row, he observed that he was no snob and was much obliged. A particular task allotted to John was reporting to the police the details of the lunatics who wrote to the Earl Marshal claiming to be the rightful sovereign and threatening to turn up on Coronation Day.

1956 saw him as Bluemantle Pursuivant, though he discovered that a character designing himself "Hargreaves, Bluemantle Designate" was touting to unsuspecting Americans. It was in this period of his life that he would rush off to the country on his scooter, often with Mary Rose Rogers riding pillion. He enjoyed the freedom which his job allowed him.

He loved creating witty coats of arms, such as a shield gouttée for a Regent Street purveyor of raincoats. When he was married in 1960 to Mary, daughter of John Maymond Pierce, he specially devised miniature tabards with the Brooke-Little arms for the pages. Soon after this they bought Heyford House, which became filled with heraldic artefacts and which is still the family home.

He became Richmond Herald in 1967. When he and Colin Cole were called to

Claridges by the Earl Marshal, the Duke was concerned about their equivalent status, but offer the post to John as slightly more senior. John turned this down, in favour of Cole, on the basis that he had family duties whereas Cole did not. This demonstrated his generosity of spirit, but also his unworldliness, for had he proceeded then, he might well have become Garter, rather than Cole. The Duke had to leave early and asked the two friends to stay and enjoy a bottle of excellent champagne.

He helped to organise the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Caernarvon in 1969, being appointed MVO in the special honours list that followed the ceremony. In 1976 as part of the celebrations of the bicentenary of the Declaration of Independence, the coat of arms originally designed for the Virginia Company in the early 1600s was formally granted to the State of Virginia. The Queen presented the letters patent to the Governor of Virginia at a ceremony in Williamsburg, with John attending in tabard, the first time an Officer of Arms had worn full uniform on the mainland of America.

He became Ulster King of Arms in 1980 and four years later, in the College of Arms' 500th anniversary year, he was made a CVO, becoming Clarenceux King of Arms in 1995. He had failed to achieve Garter when Cole retired in 1992 and Conrad Swan got the job. He was certainly the brightest and ablest herald of his generation and deserved this, but he accepted it gracefully, though he was sad not to be knighted when his less talented contemporaries were.



John's arms painted by Tony Wood

Perhaps this was a hidden blessing, as John was not suited to the exacting routine of running an office. His chaotic working practices were combined with a certain panache. Clients, received by him in his panelled 17th-century rooms at the College, would be treated to the grandiose "summoning of the file"; after a long pause, an assistant reverently returned with the precious dossier, which would turn out to be completely empty. Indeed a client calling to see him one afternoon was understandably disconcerted when he nodded off to sleep in mid-conference. But he was much assisted for most of his career by his vigilant clerk, Mary Rose Rogers, who in course of time became doyenne of the college's staff.

He was a director of Macauley Mann Heraldry, adviser on heraldry to the National Trust from 1983 until his death,

and chairman of the governors of his old school, as well as chairman of the council of the Harleian Society, director of the Herald's Museum which, despite his efforts to find suitable alternative premises, fell into abeyance, following its eviction from the Tower of London. He was Treasurer, Registrar and Librarian to the College and set up the in-house conservation department to repair and bind its own books and manuscripts. He was a Freeman of the Scriveners' Company and Master in 1985.

He was responsible for successive editions of Boutell's Heraldry, originally published in 1863, but still the textbook most favoured by heraldists. He also produced an annotated edition of Fox-Davies' Complete Guide to Heraldry, for which he did the preliminary work while crossing the Atlantic on the Queen Elizabeth. His lecturing took him far and wide, and he made frequent trips to America. He also in 1973 wrote 'An Heraldic Alphabet', which while short is accurate and surprisingly complete given its length.



Arms of Norroy impaling Brooke-Little

John was a witty and practised speaker, and often wrote letter to the press. Indeed in 1969, in an attempt to puncture one of A.L. Rowse's hare-brained hypotheses, he suggested in The Times that Shakespeare's Mr W.H. could be identified as Nicholas Dethick, Windsor Herald of the 1590s.

The dressy side of his job undoubtedly appealed to him, and he managed to supplement it with an exotic range of insignia. A committed Roman Catholic, he was a Knight of Malta, and he accumulated a clutch of obscure foreign orders including the Cruz Distinguida of the Spanish Order of San Raimundo de Peñafort and a Knight Grand Cross of the Constantinian Order of St George. This enjoyment of the outward trappings was mirrored in a harmless pleasure in titled folk. An inclination to emphasise his familiarity with peers of the realm extended to the church. Thus, an Ozzie archbishop encountered at heraldic conferences would be referred to as "Tommy Adelaide" (causing a mischievous colleague on one occasion to draw his attention to the sad death of "Geoffrey Western Australia").

John died at Banbury, Oxfordshire on 13th February 2006 aged 78 and is survived by his wife, and their daughter and three sons.



The first Somerset Heraldry Society Dinner, 2003, with John in the centre

Note I had wanted to write a personal reminiscence of John, but found that I was inevitably drawn into his whole life. So I have borrowed from obituaries in the national press to give a fuller record. John was very supportive of the foundation of the Society and became a good friend. Older members of the Society will remember that wonderful evening at Downside when he talked about the coronation and enjoyed revisiting the school which he knew so well from his sons' education. John stayed with Hattie and me for this dinner and we sat up late, too late, after the dinner and talked of many things. He was indeed a wonderful friend.

AJMF

IN THE TIME OF QUEEN DICK – ALTRONYMIA

If the legends are to be believed, early magnates spent their time intoning variations of the formula: From this time forth let your name be Wiggley, in memory of the day you wriggled into my favour. Or, a little less pointed (but, given you knew your lord, equally persuasive) they would come out with some pithy remark calculated to encourage a change of name. I put it down to a paranoid desire to separate men from earlier loyalties, and tie them firmly to the royal apron strings. However that may be, it happened and happened again: here are just a few examples.

William the Conqueror was more than once in trouble at the Battle of Hastings, and a household knight several times interposed his shield between the duke and probable, if not certain, death. After the third or fourth time the grateful William turned to him meaningfully and said: “A strong shield is a commander’s safeguard”.

Of course, despite wounds and weariness and the raging battle, he remembered he had a position to keep up, and made the remark in Latin: *Forte scutum, salus ducem*.

His man knew exactly what was expected of him and changed his name on the spot, for good measure adopting the apophthegm for his motto, and a shield for his crest; the which motto and crest are borne by the Fortescues to this very day.

Another loyal knight freed the Duke from his helm when he received a blow that so distorted it that he swooned, unable to draw breath.

“From this time forth let your name be Air, in memory of your restoring to me the air I need”, gasped the Conqueror, which in Latin is - well, I won’t bother you with the Latin this time.

Possibly his preserver didn’t quite grasp the pun, as when he dutifully changed his name he spelled it Eyre; but then, he did have other things on his mind, since a few minutes later he carelessly left his leg in the way of a Saxon battle-axe, and his fight was over. But he recovered, retired to William’s gift of estates in Derbyshire, and adopted a leg in armour couped at the thigh proper for his crest; the which crest is borne by his descendant Eyres to this very day.

It was not only English kings who had this thing about names; Scottish kings suffered the same paranoia. One, unhorsed and desperate in the midst of battle, was startled to find himself clasped firmly about the knees and, fully armed as he was, thrown up onto his rescuer’s steed. Scarcely pausing to register who had remounted him the king galloped off; but later sent for him, declaiming traditionally (but with a Scottish accent):

“Frae this time forth let y’r name be Armstrang, in memory o’ the strang arms that ha’ sairved me this day”.

He then awarded him for crest a mailed arm embowed, the hand grasping a regally armoured leg couped at the thigh all proper; the which crest (though the hand seems to have got tired over the centuries and in several branches of the family has dropped its burden) is borne by the Armstrangs to this very day.

Another Scottish family won honour and a new name on a morning when the River Spey was running so high that, despite the taunts of the men of Moray and the Mearns on the far side (and the pointed remarks of Alexander I on their own side) the king's men feared the crossing. Then, calling that the rest must follow, unless they wished to see him taken and the Royal Standard in the hands of traitors, one seized the flag and plunged in. Perforce, the others joined him; and later, the rebels bested, he led the way proudly back across the river.

(This last was necessary because, whilst Alexander had doubtless accompanied his men in spirit, in practice he had remained dry-shod.)

The king instantly granted him rich estates and the office of standard-bearer, and added: "Frae this time forth let y'r name be Scrymzeor" - it had been Carron till then, and I know which I prefer! - "which signifies doughty warrior; and let y'r motto be Dissipate!, in memory o' the way ye dissipated the enemies o' y'r king": the which motto is borne by the Scrymzeors to this very day.

Two centuries later this somewhat high-handed tradition was still extant. David II, out hunting wolf, had become separated from his men; so that when his putative quarry first brought his horse down and then began nibbling at him, held pinned and helpless beneath it, only the son of a local farmer heard his cries. After a fierce fight the boy despatched the wolf, with no weapon other than the sgean dubh he kept tucked in his sock; and David promptly awarded him lands and arms - three sgeans palewise in fess surmounted of as many wolf's heads. (Why three? Perhaps he didn't like to admit he'd needed help against a single wolf!) He then trotted out the old formula.

"Frae this time forth let y'r name be Sgean", he said, "in memory o' the great sairvice ye hae noo done me". And the Skenes of Newtile enjoy the lands, the arms, and the legend (though not, it seems, the spelling) to this very day.

Back to England and William again for a last story. It concerns a minor Saxon land-owner who was blown if he was going to let some Norman take his farm, just because the upstart arrived with a following of armed and mounted men, and the Conqueror's signature on a Warrant. Swiftly he mounted his own men - farm labourers armed with pitchforks and hay-rakes - on his prize cattle, since he had nothing else, and himself took the lead on the herd bull. The Normans, already aghast at the sea of tossing horns coming at them in a pawing, bellowing charge, were totally demoralized to discover there was no controlling their fear-crazed horses, and they fled. But when they carried their complaints to Duke William he was more amused than angry, and certainly curious to meet so eccentric an opponent. The farmer, under promise of safe conduct, appeared before him astride that same bull; at which William laughed again, instructing his clerk to strike out the Norman name upon the Warrant and replace it with Bulstrode.

"And from this time forth let that be your name", he said, "in memory of the day you bestrode a bull and rode him into my favour." And the Bulstrodes of Buckinghamshire bear the name, and a bull's head for crest, to this very day.

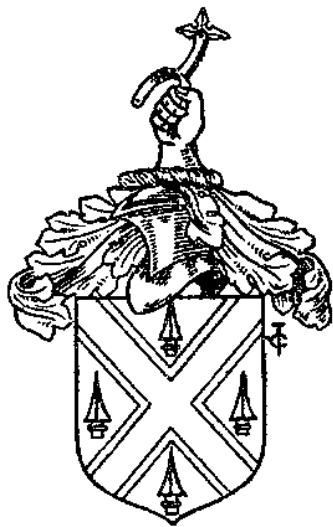
Many thanks to Cynthi for permission to publish. © C. M. E. Lydiard Cannings 2004

A SOMERSET MAN DESPISES THE HERALDS

David Hawkings found this in an old newspaper and thought that we might be interested to hear from a man of the seventeenth century on the subject of visitations. The article by Mr Willis Watson was obviously in response to an earlier mention by "Herald".

I expect "Herald" has in mind a communication sent to "Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries" by the late Rev. E. H. Bates Harbin, and which is to be found in Vol 5, p 153. The person who did not quite appreciate the expense attending the Heralds' Visitation was William Harbin, of Newton Sturmaxville, who was born in 1654, and succeeded his father, John, in 1672, when only 18 years old. Mr Bates Harbin says, "The family had suffered severely for the loyalty to Charles I, but weathered the storm; and a certain tone of pride mingles with the feeling that the Heralds' fees were an unnecessary expense in the then state of the family purse. The note was written in the latter part of the 17th century on a spare leaf of the household account book." The note is as follows: -

"In the year, 1672, one Sir Edward Bish Clarencieux King at Arms visited this county, and by the bailiffs of every hundred; and I met at Ilchester in ye same year, and carried my parchment, in which my coat of arms were granted to my family many years ago; at which time 1672 aforesaid, one of Sir Edward Bish his servants took my coat of arms, and enquired how many brothers my father had, who he married, how many brothers I have, and on paying 39 shillings and 6 pence for a confirmation came home again. I observed at the meeting aforesaid I saw no justice of peace neither could I learn of anyone yet went the same time, but in Dorsetshire some years after most of the county went, and Sir Edward Bishe aforesaid petitioned the parliament about 1682 against those gentlemen in everie countie he has visited to produce their title to their coats of arms, but they threw it out; after which he made a book of what he had seen and taken in everie county and printed it, in which book



Harbin arms from Burke's

is my coat of arms engrossed; and if ever they come again there is no need of going near them on their summons, neither can there come any damage from it, for their coming is more to grant new coats of arms to new upstart families than to review the ancient gentlemen's coats; neither any of the ancients appeared at all in our county, for I was the best that appeared at Ilchester 1672, of thirty at least, and if I had not been a very young man, not above 18 I believe, I should not have been there, and parted with my money for nothing." W G Willis Watson.

REVIEW OF RECENT MEETINGS



Two fine armorials in ceilings in the Mayor's Chapel, Bristol. The upper shows the arms of Henry VIII and Katherine of Aragon, while the lower shows the arms of a local family who have many quarterings including Mandeville and Warrene. Perhaps someone has the details?



During the first half of this year we have had a full programme, starting with a visit to Langport Church followed by the AGM, which was conducted at great speed so that we could then listen to a fascinating talk by Ralph Brocklebank on taking petitions for arms through the College of Arms. Ralph discussed many issues to do with the designing of arms and gave much of his wisdom.

In March we visited Bath where in the morning Roland Symons took us around Bath Abbey , which has much heraldry to view and therefore really benefits from a well-conducted tour. After lunch we join the Bath Society at one of their Saturday afternoon lectures, where Russ Fletcher and Stephen Slater talked us through marshalling, under the title "Brush up your marraiges and quarterings".

In April we met at the Royal Oak for lunch before David Hawkings took us to Oake and Milverton churches, each of which has some good carved heraldry, in particular at Oake a fine slab in the floor right in front of the altar rail, but unfortunately covered in a carpet, with an impermeable underlay, which was beginning to take the surface off the slab.

In May we went to Bristol Cathedral and the



Details from the Haydon of Cadhay tomb between chancel and south aisle at Ottery

Mayor's Chapel. Kathy Constant took us round and in particular showed us the tombs and memorials of the Fitz-Hardinge and Berkeley family, who endowed the original foundation. Unfortunately these did not photograph well, but there are also some good tombs which show better. In the Mayor's Chapel, one of the glories is the vaulted ceilings; two of these have centrally placed shields with a number of quarterings (see below).

Finally we enjoyed a day out in Dorset, visiting the Church of St Mary at Ottery, where there are many monuments to the various local families. I have shown two shots of the large Haydon tomb and one of a slab for a Haydon daughter who died at age three days. Such a fine slab must reflect the great sorrow of the parents. After



Here lyeth ye body of Catherine eldest daughter of Gideon Haydon of Cadhay Esq and of his wife who deceased the xxviii of July Anno Domini MDCLXIII aetatis sue die tertio



The early 14th century lectern at Ottery, the gift of Bishop Grandison, one of only 20 surviving

lunch we were off to Sand, the home of Stella and Stephen Huyshe-Shires. The house has been in the Huyshe family for many generations and we much enjoyed the heraldry in the house and the exhibition of related books and heir-looms which were put out for us. Many thanks to them both.

THE HERALDRY SOCIETY WITH THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND SOCIETY FOR
GENEALOGY AND HERALDRY AND
THE BIRMINGHAM HERALDRY PROJECT

will be holding another joint conference:

CONTEMPORARY GRANTS OF ARMS

in the Council Chamber, The Council House, Victoria Square, Birmingham B1 1BB
Monday 6th and Tuesday 7th August 2007.

There is no fee for attending but there will be a charge for the celebration dinner
Conference President: Robert Noel, Lancaster Herald

Details from: A. P. S.de Redman, F.S.A.Scot., Hon.F.H.S., City Honorary Armorer,
The Lord Mayor's Parlour, Council House, BIRMINGHAM B1 1BB, 0121-608 5496

INTERNATIONAL HERALDRY & GENEALOGY CONGRESS 2006

In 2006 the Heraldry Society of Scotland and the Scottish Genealogy Society will jointly sponsor the premiere international conference of heraldry and genealogy in historic St Andrews. Returning to Scotland for the first time in forty-four years, the 27th Congress runs from Monday 21st August to Saturday 26th August, from a spectacular opening ceremony to a closing banquet, with a full programme of presentations from leading authorities on these subjects from around the World. The theme of the 2006 Congress is:

Myth and Propaganda in Heraldry and Genealogy.

The University of St Andrews is hosting the event. Accommodation will be available in the University and in the town. There will be a limit of 300 delegates plus partners. In addition to the lectures, there will be evening entertainments, half-day excursions, a trip to the Edinburgh Military Tattoo, a family history fair, a full day excursion to Edinburgh featuring Parliament House, Edinburgh Castle, St Giles Kirk and Thistle Chapel and Register House. Further information may be found on the website. Of course, St Andrews also offers many amenities including glorious beaches, beautiful and historic architecture, charming shops, fine restaurants, and as everyone knows it is the home of golf! The Heraldry Society of Scotland and the Scottish Genealogy Society jointly extend an invitation to join us at the 27th International Congress of Genealogical and Heraldic Sciences. If you have an interest in these noble subjects or have simply yearned to come home to Scotland, come to beautiful St Andrews, the home of golf, Scotland's most ancient university and the wonderful welcoming site of Congress 2006.

Congress 2006, St Katherine's Lodge St Andrews KY169AL www.congress2006.com