

The Swan Song



THE STAFFORD NEWSLETTER

ISSUE 16, JULY 2003

HORSE PLAY



NMMF SHMLL
PFFFS

Roughly translated, that means:
'NONE SHALL
PASS'

What's in this issue?

More reports, photos and general horsing around than you can comfortably shake a (sharpened and suitably pointed) stick at. Yes, once again the file size should be rather large, but I thoroughly recommend this month's innovation: paper.

This issue I have event reports from the eventful, erm, events at Kenilworth and Tutbury.

The last third of the issue is taken up with the first in a new series of historical articles from our historian-in-residence Susan 'angry young historian' Green, with additional material, information and general imaginative re-interpretation from Allan Harley.

And we're already racking up the material for the next and future issue as well: events at Tewkesbury and Stafford, and plenty of photographs, not to mention articles on making fire and how to tell your health by the colour of your urine! However, don't let this deter you from submitting anything – it will all go in, eventually.

Just this morning, as I was going to press (Tuesday), I received a letter from the mayor, thanking us for our event at Stafford and the opportunity for him to take 'a small part' in the re-enactment: 'Please pass on the thanks of the people of Stafford to all your dedicated members for the effort they put in to these events which provide such informative and enjoyable spectacles for young and old alike'. I am sure everyone who took part in the event will join me in thanking him for his kind words.

Thanks to this month's contributors: Allan, Keith, Richard, Sue, Tee, and anyone else who sent items who I've forgotten!

DUKE HARRY'S DIARY

Who have we been beating up so far this season?

KENILWORTH CASTLE 24-25 MAY

The beginning of June saw my retinue descend on the grounds of Kenilworth Castle alongside many other groups for a demonstration of military might and medieval crafts. My camp was set up on the hill in the middle of the inner bailey, in perfect position for plenty of wind, late-night ghost-hunting (this year's favourite pastime ...), and atmospheric singing in vaulted undercrofts.

The daytime activities included a demonstration of the might of the longbow (well done to archery Captain Brown and Master Hemsley for flying the knot), gunnery (commiserations to my Master Gunner, Master Horsfield, for the bad manners displayed by Gwenifer as she misfired more than once), and a minor skirmish, in which my men were overwhelmed by superior force even as the archers' backs were turned to look for their own bills.

Unfortunately, although I was blessed with an unusually large gunnery crew, this crew largely consisted of gentlemen suffering from the effects of the previous event at Holdenby; hence the bill block was less than usual strength – at least until my captain turned up with Yeomen Lane and Wainwright on the Sunday.

The event is notable for the second appearance of the animatronic baby, and the post-event speculation that surrounded the appearance of an 'orb' in a photo taken on Friday evening.



'IS THAT A REAL BABY?'



A few views around the camp.



The Wrecking Crew At Large
Kenilworth Castle
24-25 May
Tutbury Castle
21-22 June



Duke Harry's Diary



Kenilworth will (hopefully) remain unique in its number of walking semi-wounded: James, Paul, Steve, Neville, Allan ... was that all? It seemed at times that half the bill-block was on gun duty.

Considering *we're* supposed to be the dangerous ones, how come *we're* the ones always hurt?



This is the photograph that caused many hours of interested speculation: to whit, is that a real Scandal?

And furthermore, what is that orb' over his right shoulder? It's not the moon – that, as far as I remember, would rise somewhere to the far right, and certainly not for several hours. In any case, the window opening is out of sight in the window recess. Is it dust?

Well, two other photos taken at the same time didn't show the object. I leave you to make up your own minds.



And this is where Cleggy will hit the ground



And this is what we spend your money on (washing barrel not illustrated).



The combined bill-blocks line up for the public.

Duke Harry's Diary

TUTBURY CASTLE 21–22 JUNE

The place to settle old disputes and demonstrate how justice should work was chosen to be within the sacred walls of the church in the inner bailey of this castle. The trial took place on both days, demonstrating to the assembled populace that power and influence sometimes counted for more than punishing the guilty party.

I am honoured to allow a cousin of mine, Sir Humphrey Stafford of Grafton, to recount the goings-on at Tutbury. Sir Humphrey, the diary is yours to command ...

Thank you young Harry. This weekend I was pleased to borrow a number of men from the Duke's retinue to supplement my own modest household, in order to bring the cursed Sir Robert Harcourt to justice, may he rot in pieces. Following his callous attack upon, and murder, of my beloved son Richard, I was determined to see justice prevail at the county fair at Tutbury Castle, organised by the Sheriffe of Stafford. I had not counted upon both the deviousness of the Sheriffe, who Sir Robert paid handsomely to flout the proper workings of the law, and the slipperiness of Sir Robert himself, owing to the support of the Duke of Suffolk.

Ah, but how the tables do turn upon those who place too much reliance on support from on high ... once Suffolk was dead, I saw to it that Sir Robert and Sheriffe Howes answered directly to God, with their necks, and that their murdering, thieving servants lined their pits.

Yes, thank you Sir Humphrey, very, um, succinct. What my cousin does not mention was the sometimes peculiar goings-on that were observed by the casual onlooker during the weekend. He makes no mention of the ghost hunt that resulted in one person falling up the stairs, one (torch-blinded) person bouncing down some stairs (he said he thought he was leaning on a window; it was a door), and one person reaching the bottom of a set of stairs and then falling (in front of several witnesses – but she still denies this). I am minded to issue an order that my retinue does *not* wander around any castle while drunk, lest we lose half the fighting force this way. The ghosts had already been scared away, I think, by the drunken singing ...

What of the mass-invasion of the wedding, and Sheriff Howes' dancing exploits



with anything vaguely female? What did he do with those two ladies from the wedding party (or was it the 'bingo'), last seen entering his tent, *but not seen leaving?*

Rumour has it that someone even managed to *dance* with the bride.

Why did it take three men in shirts and ties to expell a rather befuddled Captain and Yeoman Lane from whatever it was they were doing in front of the castle lights?

Thanks also to the two resident editors whose shadowplay was thankfully unseen by those below. Yes, they were laughing at you, but not because of the shadows ...

My thanks to the scouting party who returned from a tour of the town hostelries and eating establishments with a nurse and a brewer – now, if only you hadn't introduced them to the rest of my retinue, we might have kept them ...

Congratulations to young Barney and his entourage – and well done for keeping the other three in check.

Finally, a warm Stafford welcome to my new recruits – I hope you enjoyed the weekend and we all hope to see you back again sometime.

Harre Bockingham

Sheriff Howes, probably regretting backing the wrong side, kneels before an angry Yeoman Lane, who probably still wants his ford back.

Justice, a victim of those with overflowing purses and patronage, is finally seen to be done.



For the want of a penny ...



Duke Harry's Diary



(Above and right) Preparing for battle, and the final stroke of justice.



***'AND HE
STOLE MY FA-
VOURITE
HORSE,
STRIGOI'***

Yeoman Lane



Duke Harry's Diary



'ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR THE DRESS WITH THE BREASTS TOMORROW?'

'WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF MY TENT'

Sheriff Howes



What we spend your money on (2). (Bill rack not illustrated.)



'AND YOU CAN SEE THAT SIR HUMPHREY AND HIS SON ARE WEARING BLACK IN MOURNING FOR THEIR DEAD SON'

No they're not – they don't have any other colours in their wardrobe.

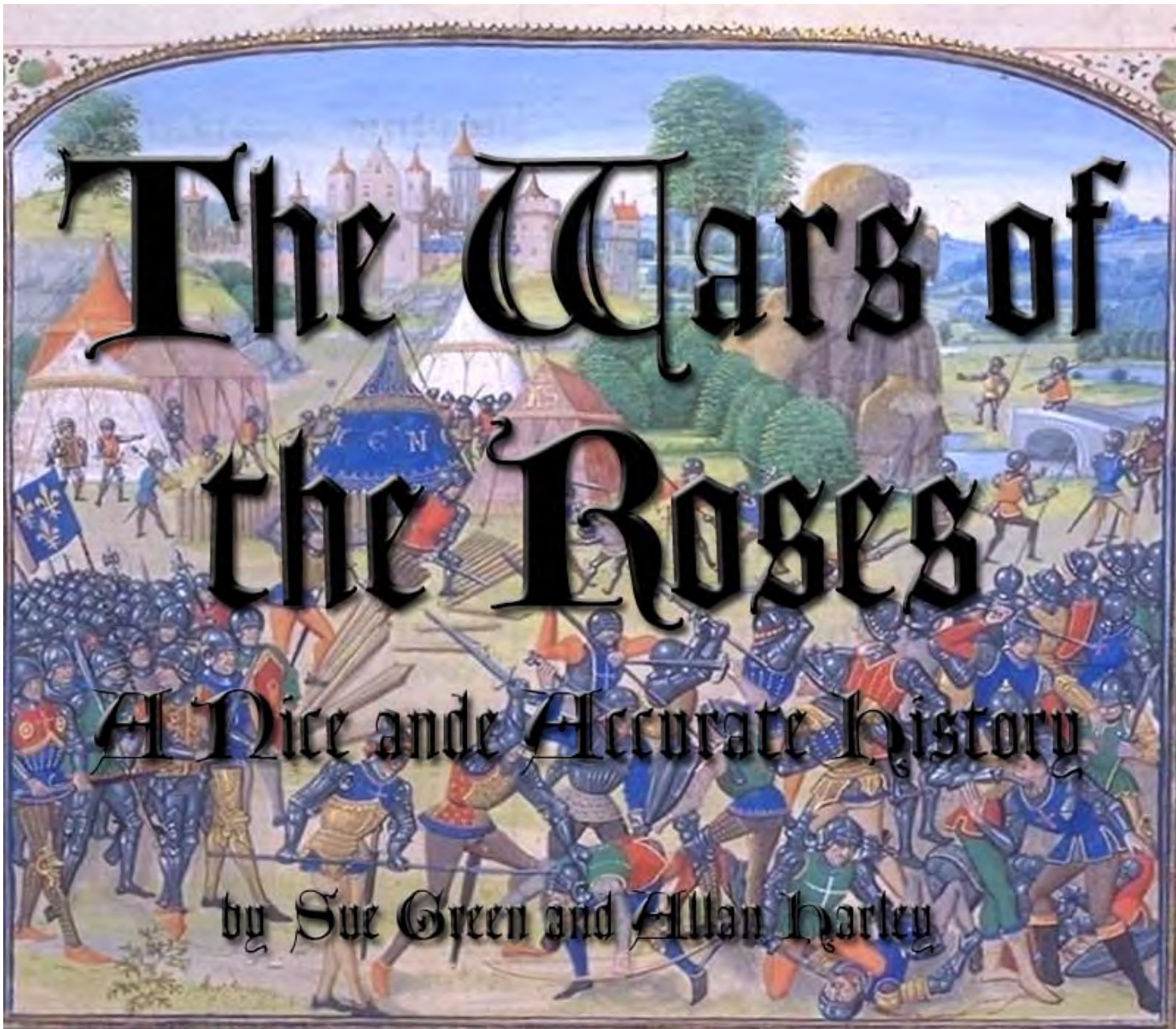


JULY CAPTION COMPETITION



Answers on the back of a stamped replica foam reproduction kettle hat with optional starling repelling device.





The Wars of the Roses

A Nice and Accurate History

by Sue Green and Allan Harley

Cy parle de la bataille de ...
Parte the First
... fut tous a pie en bataille ...



le avecques vne partie de ses hommes ...
From Edward III to Agincourt: The Roots of the Conflict
... bataille de la ...

The Wars of the Roses (1): From Edward III to Agincourt

The term 'Wars of the Roses' was not coined until after the fifteenth century, although the idea was contemporary. The white rose was one of many Yorkist badges, however, whilst the red rose was a Lancastrian emblem, it was never used by Henry VI (one of the main protagonists of the wars). It only became a personal symbol of Henry VII after he succeeded to the throne and adopted the two-coloured rose as a symbol of the unity of the two houses.

So when did the wars actually begin – the mid-fifteenth century? To get to the root cause of the conflict it is necessary to go back much further into the fourteenth century.

Edward III and his sons

Edward III reigned 1327–77 and spent much of his life trying to retain his French lands and assert his claim to the French throne (claimed by right of descent through his mother). He had a number of notable victories, namely Crecy in 1346 and Poitiers in 1356, where English archers distinguished themselves. These early successes were not sustained and by the time of his death he little of what had been a substantial landholding. Edward had thirteen children survive to adulthood including five sons. In order to provide for his sons he created the first English dukedoms and married them all to English heiresses. It is the lines of descent from his sons that was to provide the cause of the conflicts of the next century or so.

The eldest son, Edward (known in later centuries as the Black Prince either due to the colour of his armour or perhaps more likely to his having inherited the Plantagenet temper) died before his father. He left only a young son, Richard, who succeeded his grandfather at the age of 9.

The next son, Lionel of Antwerp, married the sole heiress of the Earl of Ulster by whom he had one daughter, Phillippa of Clarence, who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. The Yorkist claim to the throne in the mid-fifteenth century is based on the descent from Edward III's second son via Phillippa after the line of the Black Prince became extinct (there was no precedent as to whether the crown could or could not pass via the female line). The titles of March and Clarence were both later held by the sons of Richard, Duke of York.

John of Gaunt held the very important and influential palatinate of the Duke of Lancaster by right of his marriage to Blanche of Lancaster. After Blanche died he remarried Constance of Castile who died in 1394 and

finally he married his long-time mistress Katherine Swynford in 1396. Katherine had borne John four illegitimate children known by the surname Beaufort. The Beauforts were later legitimised but with no rights to succeed to the throne – this line was to have a major role in the wars. The eldest son, John, was the ancestor of the House of Tudor whereas the only daughter, Joan, was the ancestress of the Neville family through her marriage to Ralph Neville, 1st Earl of Westmorland. John of Gaunt had no significant military successes but was a loyal supporter of his nephew Richard II throughout his lifetime, virtually ruling the country for him during Richard's minority.

Edmund Langley, Duke of York, made no great military or political mark on the times – however, he was the ancestor of the Dukes of York through which the Yorkist claim to the throne via the male line originates.

The fifth son was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, notable as being the ancestor of the Dukes of Buckingham.

Richard II and Bolingbroke

Richard II grew to be a cultivated man however, he had been brought up to be fully aware of his own importance and could be rude, temperamental, extravagant and headstrong. Richard lavished wealth and honours on a number of influential favourites notably Robert de Vere whose relationship with the king was described as 'obscene'. This caused much resentment and eventually led to John of Gaunt's son, Henry Bolingbroke, creating an opposing faction to the king's favourites, ultimately winning the battle of Radcot Bridge, Oxfordshire, which resulted in de Vere's banishment. By 1397 Richard raised substantial funds, dismissed parliament and began to rule absolutely.

Following a disagreement with another lord, Bolingbroke was exiled for 10 years by the king, an act described by Walsingham as having 'no legal grounds whatsoever' and being 'contrary to justice'. Bolingbroke's son, Henry of Monmouth (the future Henry V), was sent to court as a hostage to guarantee Bolingbroke's good behaviour. The exile of his son finally caused an estrangement between the loyal John of Gaunt and the king, which lasted until the former's death in 1399.

Bolingbroke remained in Paris in exile for a further nine years, only to discover that Richard had revoked the letters patent that guaranteed his possessions and had distributed Bolingbroke's lands amongst Richard's supporters. Worse still, Bolingbroke's exile

AGINCOURT: THE UNTOLD STORY

Contrary to the received wisdom that King Henry's campaign was a well-organised punitive expedition which, after some early successes on the northern coast of Normandy, suffered reversals so severe that it would appear to all right-thinking men of a military bent that only the hand of God averted a total debacle when the French army (unsportingly large by most standards, except, perhaps, those of the heathen fuzzy-wuzzy) was, at last, met in battle, it is my view that recently-discovered pipe-rolls, diaries, diplomatic correspondence and letters sent between noblemen and their families reveal an entirely different picture. I quote freely from these and will allow the reader to make his or her own interpretations of the sources, assured in the knowledge that the reader is a right-thinking individual and, probably, of a military bent... Possibly a member of my club.

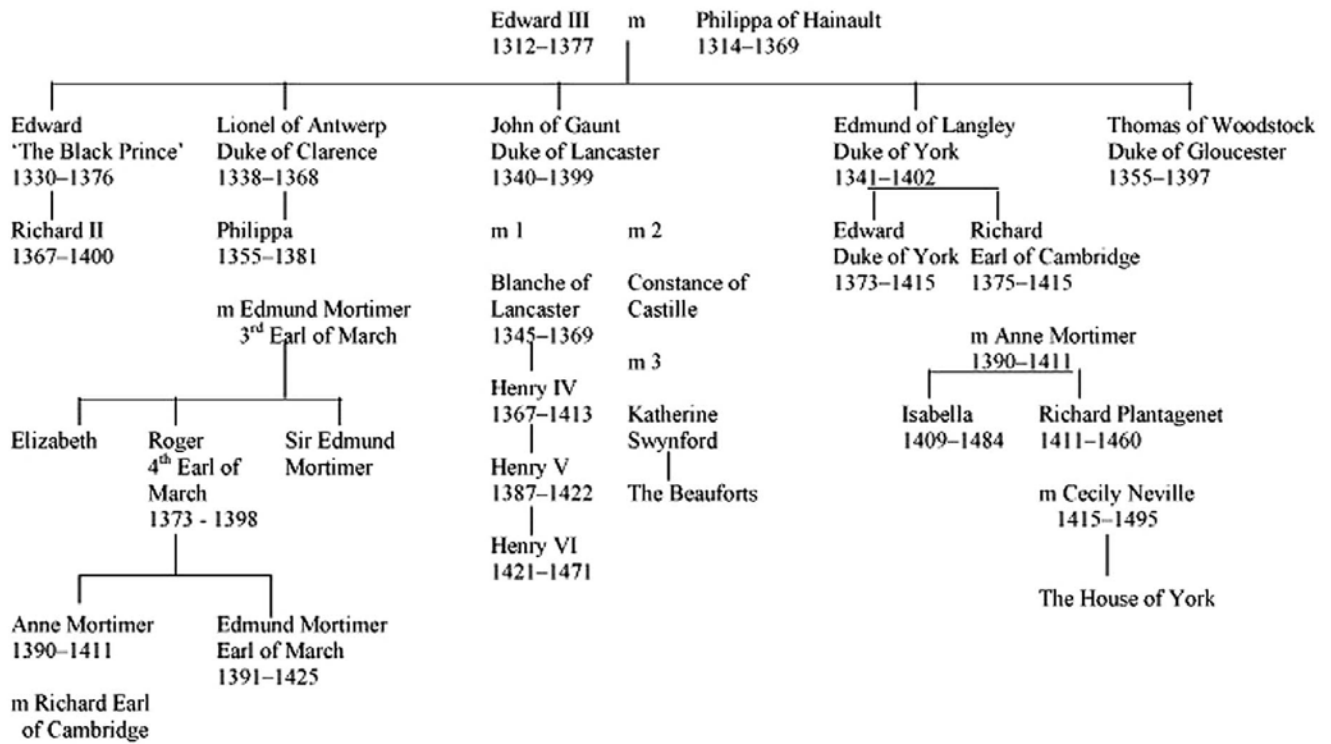
From Charles, sixth of that name, King of a considerable part of France, sitting at Rouen in the month of July, 1415; to our beloved Cousin in God, Henry England, with our blessing:

Harry, I've come up with this wizard jape, which I reckon could solve a lot of the problems we've been having with the peasants and that shower-of-scum nobility. Can't really go into detail now, because I have my suspicions that Montjoie is learning to read and you know what heralds are like, broadcasting every snippet (I think he had something to do with me being strapped to my bed for most of February, just because I was planning a fortnight's crusade this summer!). Anyway, just start dropping hints about getting cheesed off with yours truly and wait for my next... There'll be money in this, mark my words, plus spin-offs.

Ever yours, Chas. ps Hope the tennis balls arrived in time for Wimbledon.

From Henry, by the Grace of God

The Wars of the Roses (1): From Edward III to Agincourt



Wars of the Roses family tree part 1: The sons of Edward III

had been extended to life. This betrayal set Bolingbroke and Richard II on a collision course and in 1399 Bolingbroke landed in Yorkshire – ostensibly to claim his dukedom whilst still recognising Richard as king. Bolingbroke found a lot of anti-Richard sentiment and captured the king, confining him to the tower. The magnates were urged to consider Bolingbroke’s claim to the throne but declared it flawed due to the existence of the Earl of March, a descendant of Edward III’s second son, even though March was still a child. Eventually Richard was prevailed upon to abdicate, apparently naming Henry Bolingbroke as his successor. Bolingbroke was crowned as Henry IV but there were voices of protest against this usurpation from the beginning.

Richard II had pursued a policy of peace with France, marrying Isabella daughter of

the king of France. Henry’s usurpation therefore deposed the French princess causing unrest in France. In 1403/4 Owen Glyndwr and the Percies rebelled against Henry and the French entered into an alliance with Glyndwr. The House of Lancaster was saved by the disunity in France between the crown and the Burgundy/Orleans factions, exacerbated by the French king, Charles VI, and by Henry’s son, the future Henry V, who proved himself to be an able leader of men and battle commander.

One of the greatest battles in English history, Agincourt, was fought by Henry V as his army returned through France during a trip to regain his French territories (see box and side story). This battle culminated in Henry being recognised as heir to the French throne and agreeing to marry the daughter of the French king, Katherine of Valois.

King of England and France, Lord of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, Count of Normandy, Gascony, Brittany, Poitou, Maine, Anjou and Aquitaine, not to mention having a pretty good claim to Castille; to the so-called Admiral of Our Fleet.

What I would like to know is (a) how come we arrived to discover all the luggage was still in Dover; and (b) why there's only seventeen of us at Calais and everyone else is swanning around in Harfleur. I've now got to ride half-way to bloody Bordeaux to find them... and I hope for your sake that they're not getting up to anything that's going to cause trouble later, like besieging or pillaging or foraging or chevauchéeing or otherwise behaving like Millwall supporters.

Henricus Rex

Agincourt

On 25 October, 1415, a force of around 5,000–6,000 English (and Welsh) defeated an army of 50,000–60,000 French at Agincourt.

The following is an extract from a contemporary account of Agincourt, as published in E. Hallam (ed.) *The Chronicles of the Wars of the Roses*.

“Then the whole of the English army fell on their knees and took up crumbs of soil into their mouths. They left behind all that

they had carried on their belts and, with a great shout, they flew towards the enemy in a furious assault, each man carrying nothing but his arms and a sharp stake.”

“A great many princes, lords and noble-men and the noble King Henry himself did not cease from the labour of battle, nor did the king fail his men by seeking to avoid dangers to his own life but, like an unvanquished lion, he fought against the enemy with great ardour, receiving many blows on his helmet and armour”

Dear Diary, Plans going awry. Original intention to have a carefully stage-managed battle in which all the troublemakers meet with unfortunate accidents seems to be a good one. Charlie's pretty handy with the grey matter – when he's not barking mad, that is. I was going to hang about at Calais and soften my lot up with a touch of the old dolce vita then march 'em down the road sharpish and get

The Wars of the Roses (1): From Edward III to Agincourt

shot of them while they're still bloated after a week of beach barbecues. I'd even got a little speech cobbled together for 'em... "Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more"... don't suppose it'll be any bloody use now.

Must ask Charlie where he gets those Nuns he's started using to carry the more sensitive stuff. Not only have they apparently taken a vow of silence, but as soon as they've delivered the scroll they wander off and brick themselves up somewhere. Besides, they don't keep staring at your bum and raising one eyebrow like Mont-bloody-joie.

Hope they've unbricked the cludgie by the time I get back to Windsor. *Hal.*

Dear Diary, They've only gone and taken Harfleur! Charlie's going to be v. pissed off about this, especially since muggins had to go and arrive just as they were starting the main assault and either join in or give the game away. Still, can't be helped and it wasn't much of a town anyway.

Looking on the bright side, I've found an alternative to the beach barbecues: the food around the crossing over the Seine is bloody awful; gave me the shits for three days. A good dose of that and they'll have such sore arses, they won't even be able to sit down, let alone ride into battle. 'Course, that means that I'll probably lose a few more thorns in my side than Charlie, but c'est la guerre. Maybe if I put a few archers up front; might get one or two lucky arrows. Charlie'd think it was all worthwhile if he could get shot of that d'Albret pillock... get shot of... must remember that one. *Hal.*

Charles to Henry:

Harry, Where are you? I've been waiting for weeks. There's talk of trouble over on the coast and the food here stinks. If you don't get here toot sweet, sonny Jim, you're going to find that I'm gone and you'll have to confront d'Albret. Now, he's dangerous, like most pillocks!

Yours aye, *Chas*

ps. What did you do with the last Nun I sent you?

To my mother:

I am having this writ by my Lieutenant, Llewelyn, he being an educated man, look you, and wise in the ways of battle, and one who would not commit to paper the sort of detail that this young fool wishes to set down to his mother; giving away all of the stratagems and advantages of our beloved Welsh army....

To my mother:

I was very consirnd by the way that lootnant

Floellen agreed to riwt mi leter to you and walc'd off wile i was onli on mi 3rd sentens. Ther4 am i snding you this presnt in mi oan hand.

Wee ar at Ajincor - a varst sea of mudd miles awa from anething. It is ful of Frenshmen in sheyn-ing aremore becauz tha keep it dri and pollisht. Ower nites ar rusti and coverd wyth shytt. The frensh ar comarnded bye the Constbl ov Frans hoos naim is Delbert De Pilloc.

Kyng Hnry is in a fowel mude, and has bene walcing arownd ower campsynt al knight, wering sumbode elsis clowc and startyng argumnts by corling hymself a wancur. Evribode fel 4 yt and had a rowgh wif hym, and toll'd hym that the Kyng is a fiyn fello and a grayt leedr and that tha wud la down ther lievs 4 hym wyllinglly; butt i do not thnk that yt ys a gud ideeer to argu wiv the kYng onn the nright b4 a batl... I wos 2 intelejnt to dissegre with hymn or to revele that i niw hoo hi waz - and not onle sed yes he waz a wancur but also toll'd hym that mi farthr had sed that hi cood not evn wanc without hys wettnurs givving hym constnt in-strucshn. I rskd hym wat a wancur waz waz it a thyn dog? he thort 4 a minit and then lahfd a shourght larf and askt mi mi farthrs naim, sew yu can asur mi beeluvvd frthr that i hav mayd sur owr laud the kynGG remmbrs hym. the kNg has rewordd mi bye tayking me owt of 2moroz batl lign. i am 2 stand 4words ov owr rchurs and wav ay flag wen the Ffrnch strt 2 chaj so that the rchurs kno wen tha must chute. Butt theE kyng is a cunng man and so that i am not attacct by the fFwrench, the flagg i am 2 wav is the kros of saynt De-knee.

I wil cee yu sune, giv mi lov to mi frthrr, the Erl, yaw Sun, *Edmund*

ps. I hav shat verri mutch of layt.

Dear Diary, It's pissing it down. Has been all night and now that we approach dawn the rain keeps turning into flurries of hail, then back to rain. Go out in a helmet and it sounds like somebody's throwing gravel at your head; still at least it drowns out the infernal sound of the French armourers closing rivits up. Charlie wouldn't have stood for that sort of noise, so he must have abandoned the army to the pillock - which could be hazardous unless he's going through one of his smart turn out, spit and polish phases, in which case, he's probably told the armourers to lock up the joints completely to make sure everybody's creases are straight. The way things are at the moment; I have a nasty feeling that I'm going to do something dreadful, like win. Went around last night in Erpingham's cloak to try and find out who is best suited for the front row. Lousy disguise, really, I don't sound old enough and I don't keep dribbling, which is probably why they all rumbled me - except for that young jerk... he should give those Welsh bastards some last minute target practice - just before they all get blitzed by those deadeye dickheads from Genoa I've been hearing so much about.

Must make up a joke about having a quarrel with the crossbowmen.

Memo to Ourselves: when We get back, We'll have to have a word with the late jerk's father. By the time We've finished with him, he's going to think himself accurs'd he wasn't bloody here.

Dear Diary, I've only bloody gone and won! I've eradicated almost every domestic crisis Charlie had, for bugger all. The lucky stiff must have had God fighting on my side. I'm surprised he didn't have that dropsied wyvern of a daughter of his up the front, but the way his luck's running at the moment, he'll probably talk his way into marrying her off to the Pope or some other poor sucker.

It's all the fault of those Welsh bastards. The jerk waved the flag, they all drew, marked and shot about eighty foot over his head and all the Frogs went down like bottles of Benedictine in a convent. The jerk is alive and well and destined to find himself Earl of Thing shortly after he gets back and I get my hands on his father. Actually, I quite like his style; he rushed up straight after the battle, grovelled and muttered some incoherent thanks for my putting him in a position of such safety. I like groveling in an Earl; I think he's going to do a good job. Got to try and arrange 5000 bloody ferry tickets now.

Probably ought to make up a speech for when I get back home. Something like *Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few ...* Nah, it'll only go and remind those bloody Lombards how much is owed to how many by the very few - in the form of Yours Truly ... I think I'll stash that speech for a later date. *Hal.*

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Once Upon A Time In The Staffords

Tewkesbury Independent

Thursday July 13 1995

Independent Series - Gloucestershire's most read newspaper (JICREG 1994)



● RIGHT: the Stafford Household on the attack. CGPN1087H95N
● ABOVE: the Stafford Household on the march. CGPN 1089H95N

● BELOW: Leo Wood wields his battleaxe. CGPN1088H95

Pictures by Paul Nicholls

Battling on!

Medieval fair now biggest in Europe

MORE than a thousand knights, men at arms, archers and foot soldiers took part in the annual re-enactment of the Battle of Tewkesbury - making it the largest event of its kind in Europe.

Weekend warriors came from as far afield as Germany, Scotland and Ireland, as well as all over England, to battle it out in the shadow of the abbey on a site where fighting may well have taken place in the original battle of 1471.

Many dressed in plate armour, padded jackets, wool and leather, found the heat almost more difficult to face than the opposing army, and women with jugs of water were much in demand.

Combat

All were members of organised groups who specialise in staging displays of historical combat, and regard the annual Medieval Fair as an ideal opportunity to get together with fellow enthusiasts.

Peggy Clatworthy reports

The armies and their followers, together with traders and craftsmen from the accompanying fair, filled the Vineyards with their tents, leaving the organisers, the Companions of the Black Bear, wondering what they will do if the event grows any bigger.

"We did it as a one-off event for a bit of fun 13 years ago, and never dreamed it would develop into anything like this," said a spokesman.

The highly successful weekend started off with a pageant in the abbey, depicting the effect of the battle on people of Tewkesbury, and continued with battles on both Saturday and Sunday.

● On Monday town councillors agreed to continue the fight to save what is left of the original battle-field by opposing a proposed housing project on the Gastons, a proven part of the historical site. They are also holding discussions with the Battle Fields Trust into ways of promoting and marketing the site as a tourist attraction.



● ON A ROLL: drummers Jonathan Mansell (front) and Dan Osbaldeston. CGPN 1090V95N

On one of our regular trips to Tewkesbury, we chanced to catch the eye of the local paper, and this article resulted. We seem to make a habit of this - some of the shops in Tewkesbury sell a postcard showing us at Tewkesbury on a different year, and this year Mistress Gilmore got a personal mention in the *Gloucestershire Echo* of 14 July (there is a photo of the group in action as well). This will be in the next issue, hopefully with clippings from the papers in Stafford from our event there on 19 July.

THREE drummers????



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Group News & Views

GROUP BITS AND PIECES

Congratulations

To Lou, for gaining her degree. Well done!

Happy birthday

To the following with birthdays in August:

Darren Brown (8th)

Conner Hadfield (15th)

Cat Wetton (15th)

Jenn Scott (18th)

Simon Frogley (27th; start bill training now Simon!)

Adam Taylor (27th)

Looks like cake is assured at every event in August ... mmmmm ...

Good luck

Jo Service, off to America – see you back soon, safe and well (and try and not cause any international incidents, even if they won't put sweetcorn on your pizza).



Story in local paper discovered after Tutbury ...

And while we're on the subject of group members, have you heard about Cleggy's recent incident involving a pair of ripped cycle shorts and a couple of middle-aged ladies? I wouldn't ask him.

Which reminds me to offer a big vote of thanks to Sam for making Paul H's most recent pair of hoes – good design and construction means 'flashing' incidents are down to zero.

And finally, a mention for unlucky Dave Andrews, who put himself in hospital with a head injury while visiting Chris Jones' workshop to order a ... yes, you guessed it, a new helmet. Bit late now, Dave. Look out for low beams next time!

ANNIVERSARIES

This might seem a bit far in advance, but note the following anniversaries for major events of the Wars of the Roses.

2005 550th Anniversary of first St Albans (1455)

2008 525th Anniversary of Gloucester's Usurpation / Buckingham Rebellion (1483)

2009 550th Anniversary of Blore Heath (1459)

2010 525th Anniversary of Bosworth (1485)

2010 550th Anniversary of Northampton/Wakefield (1460)

2011 550th Anniversary of Towton/Mortimers Cross/St Albans II (1461)

2012 525th Anniversary of Stoke Field (1487)

2021 550th Anniversary of Tewkesbury/Barnet (1471)

Mind you, by 2021, Tewkesbury might have turned all the way into a huge free festival and peace vigil.

TRADERS' FAYRE

Saturday 4 October 2003

There will be a trader's fayre at Pudsey Civic Hall, Dawson's Corner, Leeds. Stalls will cover every aspect of military and civilian life from Ancient Rome to the mid-20th century. Admission is £2.50 (adults), under-16s £1.50. Free parking, and bar and café on site. Open 9.00am to 4.00pm.

For more information call Kevin (2Z promotions) 01924 451 209 or 0775 227 0433.

KIT PHOTOS

SwanSong has received a request from Catherine Wetton for photos of kit she has made for people, to enable her to publicise her work to a wider market. Please talk to Catherine at an event, or phone her on 07816 065239.

Forum address

Don't forget the Bucks' Web Forum; everyone is welcome to join in:

<http://www.1485.org/bucksboard.html>

That's it for another month.

Event reports, photos, stories, research, findings, jokes, etc, always needed. Send them to Dave Hemsley:

473 Lower Somercotes

Somercotes

Alfreton

Derbyshire DE55 4NS

Next issue, next millenium(-ish).

EVENTS

The remaining events for 2003:

Bosworth: 16/17 August

Large battle re-enactment; our first attendance for many years.

Dartmouth: 24–27 August

Combination of garrison duty and role-playing at this south-western location. We will be staying in the main keep, let's hope they have reinforced the floors. Bring the minimum amount of equipment as the space is limited: tents not required.

Blore: 20/21 September

Usual end-of-season battle and socialising.

GROUP KIT

Owing to a change in personal circumstances, Andy is selling his house, so the group kit is on the move again. Hopefully this will be decided by the committee at Stoneleigh. *SwanSong* will keep you informed.

THE COMMITTEE

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