



The Seaxe



Newsletter of the Middlesex Heraldry Society

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Leslie Pierson RIP

It is with the deepest regret that we have to report the death of a dear friend and loyal member of this Society - **Leslie Pierson**.

Les came with Peter Begent to our very first meeting, conveying the Heraldry Society's recognition of our inauguration. He soon became a member, creating a long and happy association with the Chilterns Heraldry Group, of which he was then the organiser - chairman, secretary, treasurer, programme secretary and everything else.

Over the years he has given us several talks on heraldic subjects sharing his own wide interests in the field - coins, livery companies and religious processions, among others.

However it is as a friend that we shall remember him for his generosity, toleration and kindness. His special gifts enabled him to create friendships among those who he and **Mary** brought together.

In recent years he has coped valiantly and cheerfully with several aspects of ill-health and borne them bravely. The end came, mercifully, peacefully on Sunday, 17th August at home after devoted care by **Mary**.

He will be greatly missed by all who knew him, in the field of heraldry and more widely.

We offer **Mary** our sincere sympathy at this time, and hope that she will feel supported by the thoughts and prayers of her friends.

May he rest in peace

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Editorial

Your Editors apologise for the lateness of Seaxe which has been caused mainly by the indisposition of the "compositor". We shall endeavour to catch up by the end of the year.

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Militaria No.33 – The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) was formed in 1881 by the amalgamation of the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's Regiment) and the 76th Regiment of Foot. The amalgamated regiment's initial title was The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) changed in 1921 to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding). The senior of the current regiment's components was the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's Regiment) which had been raised in 1702 as The Earl of Huntingdon's Regiment of Marines. The name of the regiment subsequently changed with its colonels until 1751 when it became the 33rd Regiment of Foot. In 1782 this was changed to the 33rd (or 1st Yorkshire West Riding) Regiment of Foot and in 1853 Queen Victoria gave permission for the regiment to be named after its most distinguished former officer as the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's Regiment), the only British Regiment to be named after a subject not of the Blood Royal.

Former members of the regiment are Field Marshal The Duke of Wellington (1769-1852) – joined 76th Foot from the 73rd Foot in 1787 and was gazetted as a major to the 33rd Foot in 1793. He has statues at Hyde Park Corner and the Royal Exchange. Field Marshal HRH The Duke of Cambridge (1819-1904) – attached to 33rd Foot for drill in 1838. He has a statue in Whitehall.

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment has quite a number of nicknames – it is universally known as *The Duke's* or *The Dukies* but also as the *Havercakes* or *Have-a-Cake Lads* from the practice of the recruiting officer proffering an oatcake (a haver) on the tip of his sword to entice recruits. The *Hindoostan Regiment* because of its distinguished conduct in the Hindustan Campaign (1803-05) and because of its exceptionally long service in India. From its its high casualty rate in Lake's campaign - *The Immortals* or *The Old Immortals*. - during the Mahratta War [1803-05] almost every man had one or more wounds. They were also known as *The Seven-and-Sixpennies* from the 2nd Bn. (76th).

The regimental badge is the Wellington crest and the motto is also that of the Wellesley family. *The Iron Duke* served in and later commanded the Regiment. The badge is described as *The crest of the Duke of Wellington upon his motto Virtutis fortuna comes (Fortune favours the*



brave).

Emblazoned Battle Honours won by both regiments include:-

War of Austrian Succession (1740–8): Dettingen.

Third Mysore War (1789–91): Mysore.

Fourth Mysore War (1799): Seringapatam.

First Maratha War (1803–5): Allypore; Delhi 1803; Leswarree; Deig.

Peninsular War (1808–14): Corunna; Nive; Peninsula.

Hundred Days (1815): Waterloo.

Crimean War (1854–5): Alma; Inkerman; Sevastopol.

Abyssinian War (1867–8): Abyssinia.

South African War (1899–1902): Relief of Kimberley; Paardeburg; South Africa 1900–1902.

Great War: Mons; Maine 1914, 1918; Ypres 1914, 1915, 1917; Hill 60; Somme 1916, 1918; Arras 1917, 1918; Cambrai 1917, 1918; Lys; Piave; Landing at Suvla.

Third Afghan War (1919): Afghanistan 1919.

Second World War: Dunkirk 1940; St Valéry-en-Caux; Fontenay le Pesnil; North-West Europe 1940, 1944–5; Djebel Bou Aoukaz; Anzio; Monte Ceco; Sittang 1942; Chindits 1944; Burma 1942–4.

Korean War (1950–3): The Hook 1953; Korea 1952–3. An elephant with howdah and mahout circumscribed 'Hindoostan' is also borne on the colours

Accredited Battle Honours

Great War: Le Cateau; Retreat from Mons; Aisne 1914; La Bassée 1914; Nonne Bosschen; Gravenstafel; St Julien; Aubers; Albert 1916, 1918; Bazentin; Delville Wood; Pozzières; Fiers—Courcellette; Morval; Thiepval; Le Transloy; Ancre Heights; Scarpe 1917, 1918; Arleux; Bullecourt; Messines 1917, 1918; Langemarck 1917; Menin Road; Polygon Wood; Broodseinde; Poelcapelle; Paschendaele; St Quentin; Ancre 1918; Estaires; Hazebrouck; Bailleul; Kemmel; Béthune; Scherpenberg; Tardenois; Amiens; Bapaume 1918; Drocourt-Quéant; Hindenburg Line; Havrincourt; Epéhy; Canal du Nord; Selle; Valenciennes; Sambre; France and Flanders 1914–18; Vittorio Veneto; Italy 1917–1918; Suvla; Scimitar Hill; Gallipoli 1915; Egypt 1916.

Second World War: Tillysur Seuil; Banana Ridge; Medjez Plain; Gueriat el Atach Ridge; Tunis; North Africa 1943; Campoleone; Rome; Italy 1943–5; Paungde; Kohima

Victoria Cross

Seven members of the regiment have been awarded the **Victoria Cross** – two in the Abyssinian War (1867–8), one in the South African War (1899–1902), two in the Great War and one in the Second World War. First awards were made to **Drummer M. Wagner**, later Corporal (1840–95) and **Private F. Bergin**, later Sergeant (1845–80) Magdala, Abyssinia. The last award was to **Private Arthur Poulter** who over several days in April 1918 and on at least ten occasions carried badly wounded men on his back to a safer locality through a particularly heavy artillery and machine-gun barrage. Two of these were hit a second time whilst on his back. The order to withdraw never reached the **DWR** as the messengers were killed before they could deliver the order.. **Private Poulter**, in full view of the advancing enemy, returned and carried back another man who had been left behind wounded. He bandaged up over forty men under fire and continued until he was seriously wounded when attempting another rescue in the face of the enemy.

He made a complete recovery and died on 29th August 1956 aged 62 years. In December 1956 his VC and other medals were given to the Leeds City Museum on indefinite loan.

The Regimental Museum of the **The Duke of Wellington's Regiment** is the Bankfield Museum,, Boothtown Road, Halifax, Yorkshire.

The Regimental Headquarters is Wellesley Park,, Highroad Well, Halifax, Yorkshire and the recruitment area is West Yorkshire.

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Additional Badges:-



Other Ranks, Helmet Plate Centre -1881 to 1901. On circlet: *West Riding*. In centre: the crest of the **Duke of Wellington**. The heraldic description of the crest is: *Out of a ducal coronet Or a demi-lion rampant Gules holding a forking pennon of the last flowing*

to the sinister one third per pale from the staff Argent charged with the Cross of Saint George. All in gilding metal.

The Glengarry Badges of the Pre-Territorial Era -

1874 to 1881. (a) A strap inscribed *Hindoostan* surmounted by an Elephant with a howdah on its back and standing on a wavy scroll. In the centre the numerals "76".



(b) The Elephant standing on ground below which are the numerals "76".



Both types are in brass.



Officers' Collar Dog in Bronze

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Did You Know?

The first evening newspaper for literate Londoners, **Dawks's News-Letter** hit the streets on 23 June 1696.

It was printed in written characters to resemble a manuscript letter.

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The Venerable Saint Bede

Anglo-Saxon scholar, theologian and historian born near Monkwearmouth, Co Durham in 673. At the age of seven he was placed in the care of Benedict Biscop at the monastery of Wearmouth and in 682 moved to the new monastery of Jarrow in Northumberland where he was ordained priest in 703 and remained a monk for the rest of his life, studying and teaching. His devotion to church discipline was exemplary and his industry enormous. Besides Latin and Greek, classical as well as patristic, literature, he studied Hebrew, medicine, astronomy and prosody. He wrote homilies, lives of saints, lives of abbots (*Historia abbatum*), hymns, epigrams, works on chronology (*De Temporum Ratione* and *De sex Aetibus Mundi*), grammar and physical science (*De natura rerum*) and commentaries on the Old and New Testaments. He translated the Gospel of Saint John into Anglo-Saxon just before his death. His greatest work was his Latin *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* (Ecclesiastical History of the English People), which he finished in 731 and is the single most valuable source for English history. It was later translated into Anglo-Saxon by, or under, King Alfred. He died in 735 but was not canonised until 1899. His emblem is described as *Gold pitcher with the light from Heaven indicated by Silver rays emanating from the Gold centre on a Blue field*.



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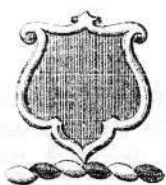
Altronymia

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 **Wigglesworth**, 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 a 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: *Fortē 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 instances 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, crying 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 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, 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, 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 just one wolf! and 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 small Saxon landowner who was blown if he was going to let some Norman upstart take his fields, just because he had the Conqueror's signature on a Warrant, and a following of armed and mounted men. 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 his prize bull; at which **William** laughed again, instructing his clerk to change the name upon the Warrant to **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.



(First published in the Norfolk Standard and reprinted with the kind permission of the editor and, of course, the author.)

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Next Meetings

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After the AGM which will be held at Ruislip Manor Library on

Thursday 18th September

as listed in the Programme, we shall meet at
the **Guide Hut in Bury Street, Ruislip** - part of the
Manor Farm, Library, Great Barn group of buildings.

Meetings will usually be on the

first Saturday of the month at 2.30pm.

Parking should be fairly easy - in Bury Street - in Winston
Churchill Hall Car Park (no charge) - or in St Martin's
Approach Car Park (chargeable).

Revised Dates

Saturday, 4th October - **Stuart Whitefoot** -

Royal Heraldry in St Alban's Abbey

Saturday, 8th November - **Don Kirby** -

Bermuda's Elizabethan Founders

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**We hope that more of our members will be able
to attend future daytime meetings.**

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The Chiltern Heraldry Group

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Suomalainen Heraldikka -

the heraldry of Finland

(and its many aspects)

by **Robert Harrison**

on **Saturday, 18th October**

in **The Rossetti Hall, New Pond Road,,
Holmer Green, High Wycombe**

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Heraldry at Baddesley Clinton

by **Ken Porter**

on **Saturday, 22nd November**

in **The Parish Hall, White Waltham**

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Meetings begin at 2.30pm and are followed
by a light tea provided by members

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Visitors welcome

Thought for the Day

War is too important to be left to the generals -

Georges Clemenceau

The Somerset Heraldry Society

Your editors are very red faced
at failing to realise that the arms
illustrated on the front cover of
the newsletter of the **Somerset
Heraldry Society**, are those of
the Somerset County Council.
Our aberration was pointed out
us by **Ron Brown** and again in an



E-mail from **Alex Maxwell Findlater** of the Society. The
blazon is *Or a dragon rampant Gules holding in its claws a
mace erect Azure* (according to **Briggs** and *Gold a Red
dragon rampant holding erect a mace Azure* (according to
Scott-Giles).

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My Home Town - Huddersfield

by **Stuart Whitefoot**

The final instalment is to give you the references
used for my talk which are as follows:-

The Story of Huddersfield by **Roy Brook**

Macgibbon and Kee 1968)

Annals of Almondbury by **Canon Hulbert**

(Longman & Co 1882)

History of Huddersfield and District by **Taylor**

Dyson + + + + +

(The Advertiser Press Huddersfield 1932)

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The Marines Own Up

We read recently that when members of 3 Commando
Brigade were serving in Norway during
the Cold War about thirty marines went
to church. Possessing only broken
Norwegian, they sat at the back and
watched locals for their cue on when to
kneel, sit or stand. The pastor gave an
address; when it ended, a man at the
front stood up. The marines followed
suit. Fellow worshippers giggled,
because the clergyman had said *Will the father of the child
who is to be christened on Monday please stand up?*

