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THE
BULLETIN
OF THE
MANORIAL SOCIETY
OF
GREAT BRITAIN



The Manorial Society of Great Britain

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EDITORIAL

JUST FOR a change and because of all the work associated with Domesday Year, we thought we would bring out a picture edition of the Bulletin and leave articles in hand for another time.

Members of the Manorial Society of Great Britain have made by far and away the greatest voluntary contribution, compared with any other group, to Domesday Year. They have provided either time, or money, and often both in the formation of the National Committee for the 900th Anniversary of Domesday Book (1086-1986). We kicked off last October with a party at Brooks's Club, London, sponsored by Millbank Publications and due to be hosted by Sir John Donaldson, the Master of the Rolls. Unfortunately, Sir John was taken into hospital and Lord Sudeley stepped into the breach at the last minute. Millbank undertook the publication of 'Domesday - 900 Years of England's Norman Heritage' (the Official Guide) for the National Committee and this appeared in March in every W H Smith and bookshop throughout the country.

To the Brooks's party were invited all sorts of corporate institutions whose advertising departments were promptly 'hit' for space after the party. Thanks to Sir Colin Cole, we then invited another 'batch' of institutions to a party at the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, in December, sponsored by Manorial Research, and the result of both parties was an Official Guide well stocked with colour advertisements which meant that Millbank could then publish. I arranged contributors and Professor Henry Loyn of Westfield College, London University, acted as general editor. Articles were provided by Professor R Allen Brown (The Death of Kings), Dr John Fines (To the Victor the Spoils), Mrs Jane Cox (The Domesday Exhibition), Mr Ian Pierce (The Norman Blitzkrieg), Dr Ann Williams (The Land of the Conqueror), Dr John Post (The Bayeux Tapestry), Dr John Moore (Post-mortem of an Invasion), Dr Patrick Moore (King William's Comet), Mr Cecil Humphery-Smith (Domesday and Heraldry), Lord Sudeley (The Tracys of Toddington), Amanda Wood (The 1986 Domesday), Professor Geoffrey Barrow (Scotland and the Norman Conquest). Colour illustrations were provided by the English Tourist Board, the Bodleian Library, the British Library, and many others.

There are some copies left which we would be pleased to forward at £3.95 including postage and packing.

The next big event was the Domesday Year Launch at the Tower of London in the Officers' Mess, the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, and we were grateful to the Governor, Major General Pat MacLellan, and Lt-Col George Pettifar, Secretary to the Regiment. We were able to borrow some Beefeaters and we arranged fire-eaters, jugglers, medieval 'knights', and mummers from Norwich acted out a play in the courtyard. The two main Domesday Exhibitions (in London and Winchester) brought displays, as did Editions Alecto (publishers of the Domesday Facsimile), and we played host to radio and television. Lord Whitelaw, a member of the National Committee and friend of the Society, praised our efforts and declared Domesday Year open before the cameras. The Officers' Mess was supposed only to take 80 people and Colonel Pettifar seemed completely relaxed when 160 appeared! Most members of the National Committee were present as were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (Chairman of English Heritage), Sir Edward Pickering (Chairman of The Times), Sir John Nott (Chairman of Lazards and former Secretary of Defence), the French Ambassador, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Westminster, Sir Bernard Braine MP, Mr Winston Churchill MP. No better venue could have been found than William the Conqueror's great fortress. As the last person out, I was strangely struck by the silence of the place, after all the partying, and the eeriness of the White Tower in the moonlight. King William himself must have seen that keep on a moonlit night too.

The following week, I represented us at the opening of the Winchester Exhibition by Lord Denning, whose wit and turn of phrase are as sharp as a man half his age. He told us that the Norman Conquest brought us into mainstream European politics, exemplified now by our membership of the EEC and Nato. The Mayoress of Winchester, the Chairman of Hampshire County Council, local government leaders, MPs, representatives from Bayeux walked round

the magnificent Exhibition, arranged as a Norman encampment in the Great Hall, before lunch in the adjoining Judge's Gallery, the Crown Court.

At the beginning of April, Sir Robert Armstrong, head of the Civil Service, traced back his own office to the ministers who had managed William's government, especially Domesday, 900 years before. He was opening the Special Effects Exhibition at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, for the Keeper of Public Records, Dr Geoffrey Martin.

The Round Room, normally a place of silent study at the PRO with floor to ceiling books, was bedecked with flowers and full of people drinking Domesday Wine, which we commissioned from St George's Vineyard, Sussex. I ran into David Vaisey, whom Oriel-goers will recall as Keeper of Western MSS at the Bodleian – he had just been appointed Keeper of the whole library in succession to a distinguished line of librarians. After Sir Robert had declared the Exhibition open, all of us – peers, knights, esquires, professors, librarians – trooped round the Exhibition: there was a serf's hut and his ox and plough, a wolf was killing a boar, William himself and his chronicler spoke to us in Anglo-Saxon and English, and in the centre was the Book itself, surrounded in other cases by Little Domesday, the Ely Inquisition, the Abingdon Chronicle, the Domesday Monachorum – the largest collection of contemporary or near-contemporary artefacts probably ever brought together in the same place. The Exhibition is open until 4 October and that in Winchester until November 1.

Early in January, Lord Sudeley and Patricia Comrie accompanied me to a little-seen part of Westminster Abbey, the Jerusalem Chamber, where we met the abbey hierarchy to start making plans for the Commemoration of Domesday Book: the Sub-Dean, the Rt Rev Bishop Edward Knapp-Fisher, the Precentor, the Rev Alan Luff, the Organist and Master of Choristers, Mr Simon Preston (heard and seen more often on television and on disc than in the flesh, so prominent a musician is he). We had never done anything remotely like this before and our only experience of Westminster Abbey had been vicarious, as tourists, or as television spectators of some great state occasion, yet there we were laying the plans for what was to be a state occasion in all but name. The only way to deal with such situations is to give the impression that arranging things on this scale is a daily occurrence and nothing out of the ordinary, while hoping that the 'other side' will give you enough pointers so that you do not give the game away.

We learned a lot from that and later meetings and came to the conclusion that the reason great occasions go so well in Britain is because a margin for error is built in. In this way, no one is so nervous that they make a really big mistake, and the abbey authorities are past masters at putting you at your ease. For example, there was to be a rehearsal at 9.45 am of the procession. This was to include five heralds, Gerald Rand and James Hadfield-Hyde, and a sergeant, lent to us by Colonel Pettifar, who was to carry a Domesday Facsimile and lay it on the High Altar – only the book did not arrive. The Hanover Band were already tuning their instruments and the State Trumpeters from the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, were practising blasts for the fanfares. Ten o'clock came – no book. By 10.10 am, the police sniffer dogs had finished their chores and about 1,500 lord mayors, mayors, chairman of county councils, high sheriffs were gathering outside the barred Great West Door – still no book. Alan Luff who as precentor is charged with ceremonial said there was nothing to worry about. If necessary, we could use an ancient King James's Bible; no one would know. So we thought, well, if he does not mind . . . Anyway, the book arrived at 10.20 as the congregation was filing in. The messenger had been stuck in traffic because of the abbey service – such irony, we thought. Then there was the matter of the Duchess of Windsor's funeral that afternoon at Frogmore. Flags were flying at half-mast and we had planned to run up the St George's Cross and The Queen Mother's Standard, and peal the bells as the service ended. Bishop Knapp-Fisher came up with the perfect British compromise: we would fly the flags at half mast before hand, fly them at full mast while The Queen Mother was in the abbey, and run them down to half mast immediately afterwards. We should certainly peal the bells for The Queen Mother in any case, so that was what we did and everyone was happy.

By 10.45 am, most of the congregation was seated, all robed in scarlet and fur, chained, attended, decorated, some sworded, some wearing knee-breeches and carrying cocked hats, in military dress, academic robes, or morning suits. The Dean and Chapter assembled to the left, just inside the Great West Door, attended by the heads of other denominations. The National Committee, the bulk of which had just formed the first procession, assembled on the right for presentation. Mr Speaker arrived with mace- and train-bearers and processed. The

Lord Chancellor, in full wig with black and gold brocade, arrived next and processed. The Lord Mayor of Westminster, who had granted permission for the other civic leaders to wear their robes and insignia, arrived. We knew him quite well and it was good to see a friend as the tension grew.

The Queen Mother arrived at 10.55 am and the clergy was presented. I was last in that line for presentation and I then escorted The Queen Mother to the other side where I presented Mr Hal Mill MP, Patricia Comrie, James Hadfield-Hyde, Gerald Rand, Mr Ronald Hobbs, and Mr Nirj Deva – all of whom had done so much for Domesday Year. To a great fanfare of trumpets, the boom of the organ and orchestra, The Queen Mother, attended by Dean and Chapter, entered the body of the abbey. Everyone rose and burst into the hymn, 'All people that on Earth do dwell', accompanied by the State Trumpeters. This ancient foundation of Edward the Confessor, just a little older than Domesday Book, with one of the highest naves in Europe, reverberated to the boom of organ, trumpets, and voices – the abbey awash with the brilliant reds, spangled with gold, of our civic leaders – direct descendants of William's tenants-in-chief. What a pageant!

After the service, The Queen Mother chatted to those of us who had helped to make arrangements. She took the greatest interest in all that we were doing and *knew* about it. She clearly derives much pleasure in the duties that would terrify most of us and, though it has probably been said a million times, it is still a good point: she radiates charm and naturalness, has an eye for detail and a word for everyone. For all of us, it was an experience of a lifetime. A lot of people then adjourned to Claridge's, a great relief to the police in Victoria, a problem for their colleagues a mile and a half away as mayorial limousines blocked Brook Street. There was much quaffing and a sense of satisfaction that another British event had gone off so well. Dr Martin had made the Address at the abbey and was a centre of attraction at Claridge's. The heralds who had nearly escorted a King James's Bible instead of Domesday Book talked about Domesday lineages. Mayors escaped from their hot robes; ladies surreptitiously slipped off high-heels and massaged tired feet; the odd gentleman was seen to loosen a starched collar.

Exactly a month later, on May 29, we were all gathered again at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand. The Queen was visiting the Domesday Exhibition in Chancery Lane and we were awaiting her arrival at a drinks party in the great hall. We had organized the Kneller Hall State Trumpeters again and, we do not know how it happened, somehow got the trumpeters of the Greenjackets in addition. Neither was expecting the other, but they seemed to play fanfares well together. Lord Hailsham presented The Queen with a Facsimile of Domesday and a Loyal Address from the National Committee. Mr John Brooke-Little, the Master of the Worshipful Company of Scriveners, presented a history of the company to The Queen. The Chapel Ensemble, directed by Marc Fraser (whose quartets always play at manorial functions), performed 'Domesday Fantasia' which we had commissioned. The Queen, who is stunningly beautiful at close quarters, did a walk-about among the guests and watched a play before leaving. The rest of us, who had not already seen the Domesday Exhibition, then went to see it, and I rushed off to the Domesday Dinner of the Scriveners where I had to reply for the guests.

There has been one big perk being Chairman of the National Committee, and it followed very closely the visit of The Queen. It was a trip to New York and back on the QE2 as the guest of Cunard, and a more welcome break I could not have imagined in company of Lord Sudeley. Both of us held forth on Domesday year to passengers, but apart from that we had a rest and went to lots of parties given by Captain Lawrence Portet, a member of the National Committee, and his officers. New York is a stupendous city on any account, but the only way to arrive there is by sea. We were in the Hudson by 8.30 on a glorious June morning, New Jersey to starboard, New York state to port. The decks were full of passengers most of whom, two days before, had taken to their cabins during a force 10 gale. There was the Staten Island Ferry – there the liner, America, a midget compared with us. Lots of power boats, like flies round a great jungle beast, flitted around us, cutting in front and across our wake. It seemed dangerous. Other ships saluted us with their horns and Captain Portet saluted back. Then the Washington Bridge – it spans the entire river before it is divided by Manhattan Island. Would we get under it? You have to remember that the lifts on the QE2 service 10 decks – like a 10-storey house. Everyone watched intently as the forward part of the ship slid under – would the smoke stack make it? It looked so close to the main section of the suspension bridge. We

made it, but a slight deviation to port or starboard, we heard, would have brought the bridge crashing down on top of us. Then to starboard was the Statue of Liberty and directly ahead Manhattan and the World Trade Center.

Disembarking from the QE2 at New York is like leaving England by one door and walking straight into America by another – the Bronx nasal accent, yellow cabs, armed policemen, vast cars all driving on the right-hand side. Lord Sudeley and I immediately found a coffee shop at the foot of the Empire State Building. Inside, we delighted our friendly waitress, who was just watching a re-run of 'Brideshead Revisited', with our accents. Did she sell cigarettes? Yes, she did, but the machine was broken, and she would happily run across the street and get some for us; she did not get many English people taking coffee at 10.30 in the morning. And we had just got off the QE2. She was thrilled. We wondered whether to say who Lord Sudeley was, but decided against. She would think we were joking, wouldn't she? Who had ever heard of an English mi lord in a downtown coffee house in New York?

We only had a day because overnight berthing is too expensive and QE2 must be at sea as often as possible to pay her way. So we re-embarked in the afternoon, having seen the Empire State Building, the Metropolitan Museum, Central Park, Broadway, Wall Street, and lunched in Madison Avenue – yes, it can be done.

Back home, we hosted the Court Leet and Court Baron of the Manor of Bromsgrove at Guildhall, London, by courtesy of the Corporation of London. Everyone had lunch beforehand in the Old Library and were entertained by Marc Fraser's quartet and an actress, Maralyn Heathcock, who performed 'The Miracle of Earl Walteof'. Headed by the Lord of the Manor, Mr Christopher Bird, and his Bailiff, Mr John Foster, the Court processed in their robes, bearing their wands of office, through an audience of some 400 people – yet again to the State Trumpeters of Kneller Hall. Justice was done to the tenants of Bromsgrove and the whole was put on video, which we hope to make available later in the year. Please would anyone interested drop a line so that we have an idea of numbers?

At the time of writing, we are girding our loins for the Medieval Fair in Battersea Park, London, on September 13 and 14. More of that anon.

This present Bulletin, then, is a resumé of Domesday so far. We are planning a full souvenir of the year that will include all the country-wide events and the pictures we have taken. The pictures in this Bulletin are by Michael Petry and can be ordered from him here.

Robert Smith



Domesday Year Launch: The Officers' Mess, the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, HM Tower of London, was the venue on March 19 for the official start of Domesday Year: Miss Tricia Wilson, Secretary to the National Committee and the Manorial Society



Tower Launch: Robert Smith, Chairman of the Society and National Committee, introduces Viscount Whitelaw, Lord President of the Council and Deputy Prime Minister, at the Tower Launch, when Lord Whitelaw announced the Year's celebrations to the public



Tower Launch: Mrs Cecile Robinson and Mr Andrew MacMillan



Tower Launch: Dr Franz Jülich with one of the entertainers at the Launch party. The organizers of the Domesday Exhibitions at Winchester and London brought displays, and the Committee engaged jugglers, fire-eaters, and mummers for the evening before the media



Tower Launch: Mr John Fordham

Westminster Abbey Commemoration: The National Committee arranged a service of commemoration of Domesday Book at Westminster Abbey on April 29 in the presence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. All the Lord Mayors, Mayors, Chairman of County and District Councils, High Sheriffs, and Lords Lieutenant of England were invited and the congregation numbered 1,500: Mayors arrive at the Great West Door





Westminster Abbey: There was a delay while police checked security inside the Abbey



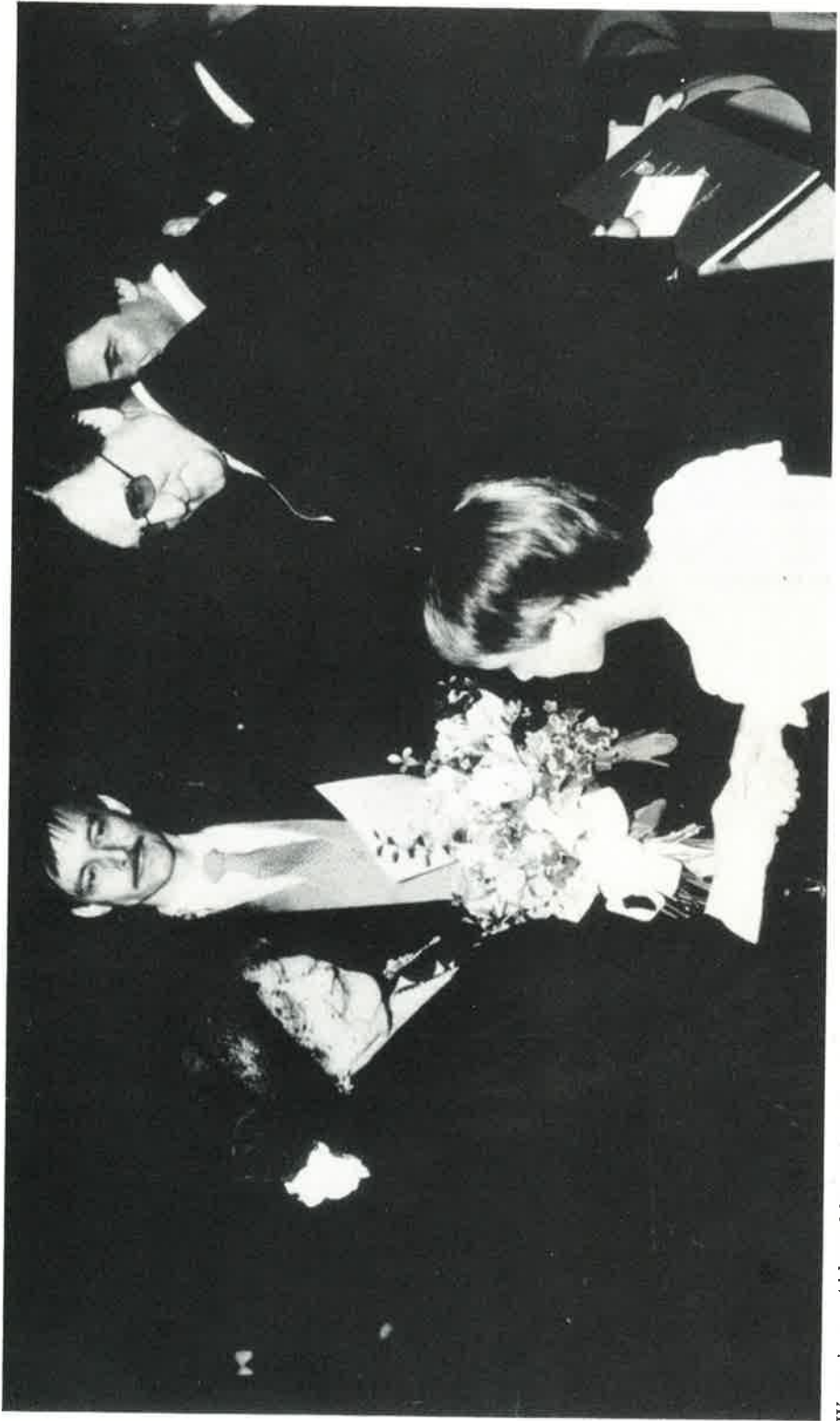
Westminster Abbey: Waiting patiently, one of the High Sheriffs



Westminster Abbey: The Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Hailsham, arrives at the Abbey with Purse-bearer, preceded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Rt Hon Bernard Wetherill



Westminster Abbey: The outgoing Lord Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Roger Bramble, meets Robert Smith at the Great West Door of the Abbey, just before the start of the service



Westminster Abbey: Miss Emily Chance presents a bouquet to The Queen Mother, watched by Robert Smith and Mr Ronald Hobbs. The flowers for the Abbey were given by Constance Spry Ltd of Manchester Square, London W1



Westminster Abbey: Robert Smith presents Miss Patricia Comrie to The Queen Mother at the Great West Door



Westminster Abbey: After the presentations and the procession of the National Committee, Lord Chancellor, and Mr Speaker, The Queen Mother and clergy prepare to enter the Quire to a fanfare by the State Trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall



Westminster Abbey: Photographs were not permitted during the service: The Queen Mother takes her leave in Dean's Yard. Later that afternoon, she attended the funeral of Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, at Frogmore



Claridge's: After the Commemoration, The National Committee entertained 200 patrons and guests to luncheon at Claridge's: (from left) Mr Hervey Cartwright, Mrs J Cartwright, Miss Camilla Cartwright

*Claridge's: Mr Desmond de Silva
QC (centre) and Mr Raymond
Knappett (left)*



*Claridge's: (from left) and Mr and Mrs Paul Griffin, Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard,
Viscount Massereene, and Mrs Alice Humphery-Smith*



Claridge's: Lord Mayors



Claridge's: More Lord Mayors



Claridge's: (from left) Mr James Hadfield-Hyde, Mrs Gerald Rand, Mr Rand, Mr William Kaye



Claridge's: (centre facing camera) Mrs Susan Lumas and Mr Joseph Studholme



Claridge's: (from left) Mr Hal Miller MP, Robert Smith, and Mrs Miller



Claridge's: The Lord Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Roger Bramble flanked (left) by Mr Hubert Chesshyre, Chester Herald, and Dr Geoffrey Martin, Keeper of Public Records, who gave the Address at the Abbey



Claridge's: Still more Lord Mayors



Claridge's: Professor and Mrs R Allen Brown



Claridge's: Mr Cecil Humphery-Smith (left) and Sir Colin Cole, Garter Principal King of Arms, are received by Robert Smith



Claridge's: (from left) Mr Michael Stephen, Mrs Elizabeth Porges-Windos, Mr Stephen Porges-Windos



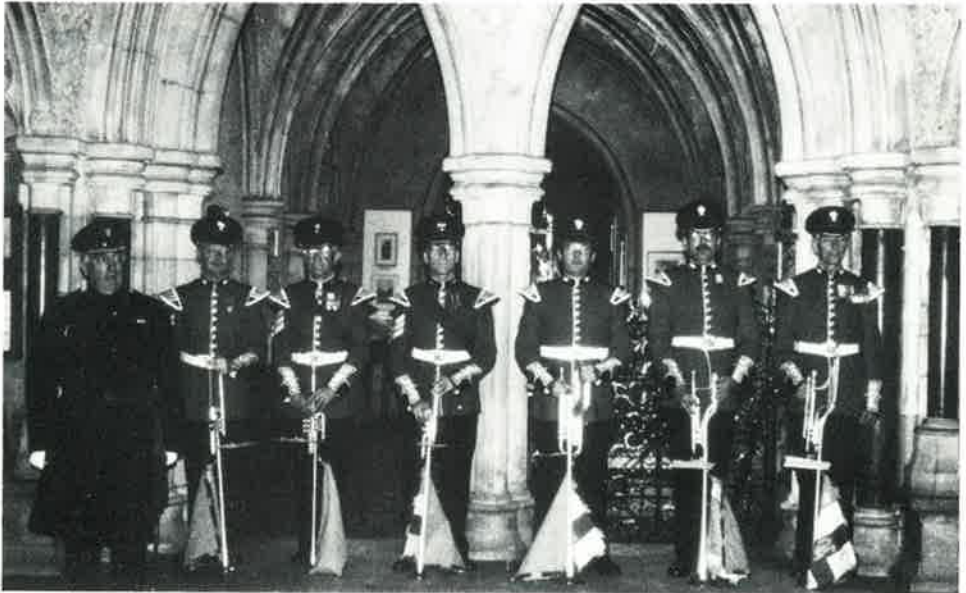
Claridge's: (from left) Mrs Zita Deva-Aditya, Mr Nirj Deva, Miss Angeli Deva, Mr and Mrs David Shaw



Claridge's: Dr Gordon Teall of Teallach (facing camera)



Royal Courts of Justice (RCJ): Her Majesty The Queen visited the Exhibition at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London, on May 29, and then attended a reception at the RCJ across the road – The Queen arrives, in company of the Dowager Viscountess Hambleton



RCJ: The State Trumpeters of Kneller Hall prepare to play the fanfare as The Queen arrives at the RCJ



RCJ; The National Committee commissioned 'Domesday Fantasia' from the Chapel Octet (director, Marc Fraser) who played during the reception



RCJ: Awaiting the arrival of The Queen



RCJ: Lord Hailsham presents Robert Smith to The Queen

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