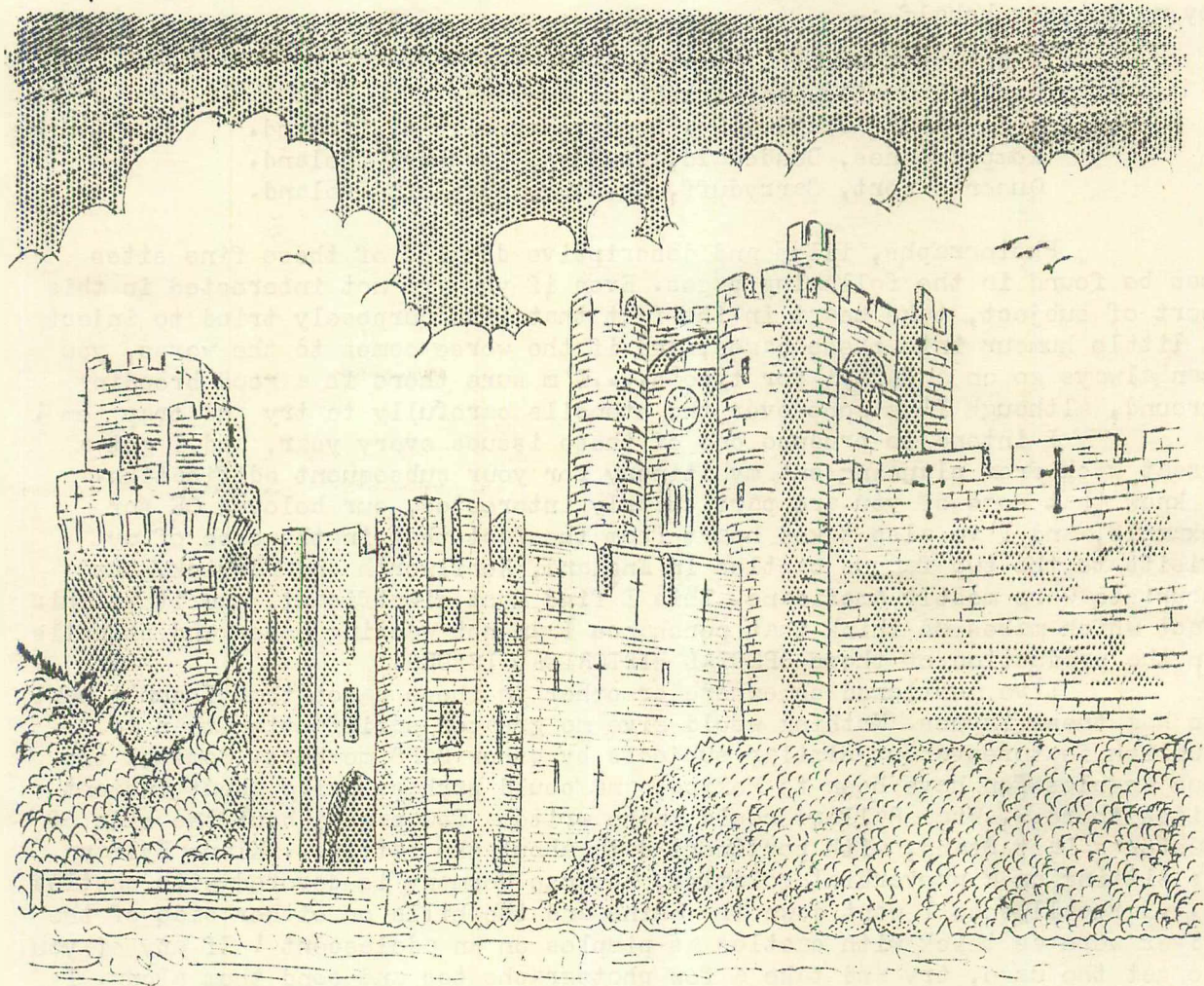


# POT POURRI - 18



SPECIAL HISTORICAL  
ISSUE.

VOLUME TWO — 1961



# INFO

The following places of historical interest have been butchered by me on your behalf :-

Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, England.  
Warwick Castle, Warwickshire, England.  
King John's Castle, Co. Louth, Republic of Ireland.  
Kempe Stones, Dundonald, Co. Down, Northern Ireland.  
Queen's Fort, Carryduff, Co. Down, Northern Ireland.

Photographs, illos and descriptive details of these fine sites can be found in the following pages. Even if you are not interested in this sort of subject, take heart in the fact that I've purposely tried to inject a little humour into these pages, and if the worse comes to the worse, you can always go on a safari for typo's....I'm sure there is a good breeding ground, although I've gone over the stencils carefully to try and trap 'em !

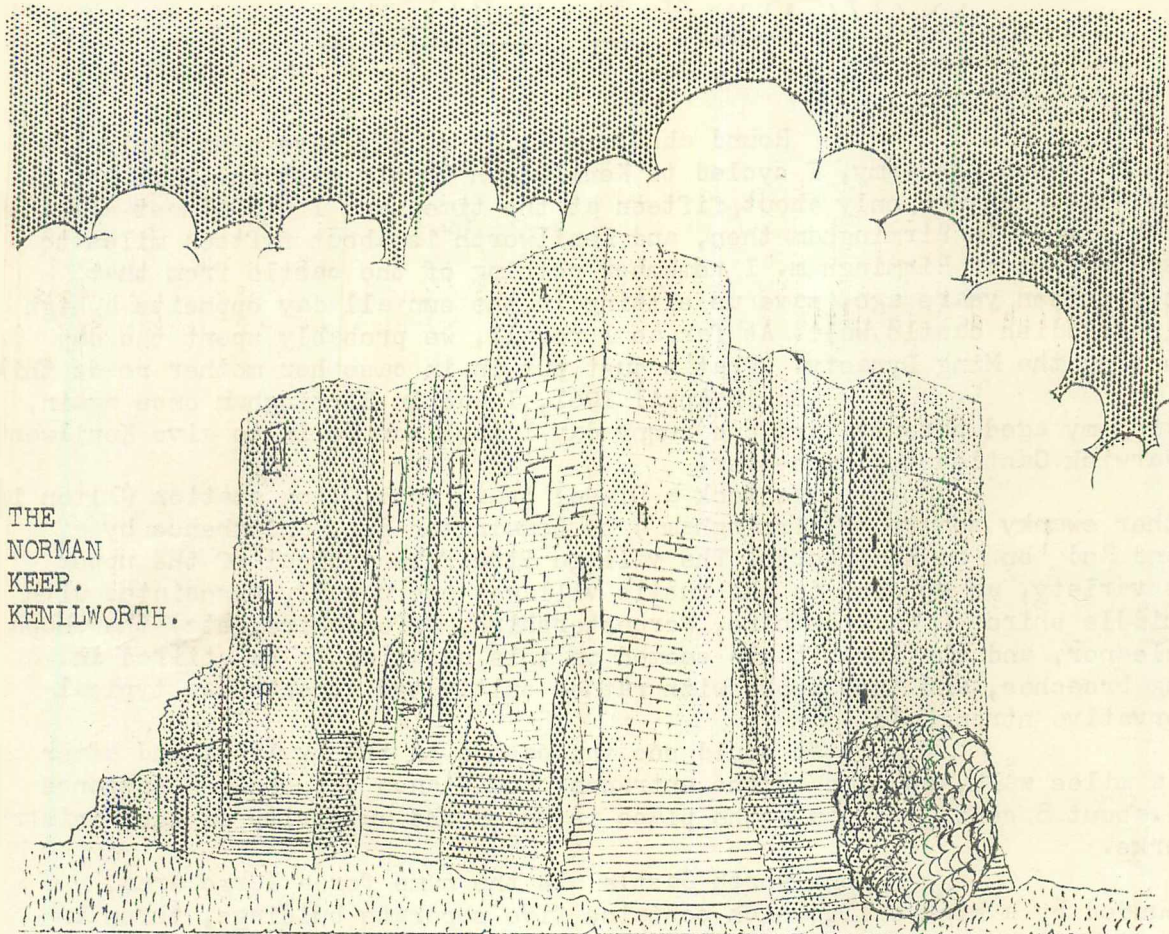
I intend to produce one of these issues every year, and I get a great kick from planning out my itinerary for your subsequent edification. I know that some of you are particularly interested, our beloved OE for example, and I've also taken heart from the fact that in the case of my visits to the two famous castles in England, Kenilworth and Warwick, the tourists were mostly Americans. This I find most significant, and it is this fact which makes me think that perchance I am not wasting money and stencils on the production of these SPECIAL HISTORICAL ISSUES.

I've mentioned somewhere or other in these pages that I don't want to hog these issues. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to publish features about similar subjects by other SAPS members. Some of the Los Angeles fen have been to Mexico, and could perhaps write about ancient sites there....Wrai Ballard could mebbe write a few pages about the site of Custer's Last Stand, with pertinent data about the battle....Klaus Eylmann is sitting on a proverbial goldmine, because Germany is covered with castles ....I recall once I went down the Rhine and the hills on either side of the river were as thick with castles as pimples on an adolescent ! If any of you do get the urge, try and take a few photographs too and send them along. I have official photographs of most of the sites I've been to ( particularly Warwick Castle, which is run like a high-powered business organisation ) but I've made a fetish of only using pictures I've taken myself, even though they haven't got the depth or quality of the official ones. Even though America hasn't much in the way of sites more than two or three hundred years old, there are, for example, the locations of the vast finds of fossils, and here there is scope aplenty for these pages. Understand that I have material for years, but I've a selfish reason for asking for outside contributions...I want to know about those places myself. So if you can manage it, give....with photographs ( ones you've taken yourself, preferably...because I want you to write about the places you've actually been to...I don't want stuff from books ) maps and descriptive data...and it'll give me the greatest pleasure to feature you.....

John Borry  
June 1961.

corner towers. Some of the 'slit' windows can be seen in the illo, but the large windows in the inner walls were enlarged by the Earl of Leicester in the 16th century.

At the time of the Civil War in England, the north wall of this splendid Norman Keep was blown up by the Cromwellians. This was in 1649. It was intended to blow the whole thing up, because it was feared that it might be the stronghold of some Royalists in a possible future resistance, but fortunately for us few stalwart castlephiles, a certain Lord Monmouth, who had managed to reside there during these hectic times, persuaded the



Parliamentarians to only 'slight' it; i.e., to make it useless as a fortress.

So, to one of considerable daring and initiative, it is possible to climb a steep grassy bank, clamber up fallen masonry and jutting rocks, and get to the second storey of the keep without the help of a helicopter. Colin, with a smile twitching the corners of his lips, told me I had considerable daring and initiative. As this only confirmed what I thought myself, I handed him my camera, and started to climb. Ten finger and thumb nails later I was in a bat-like position about fifty feet above the ground, pleading with Colin to take the picture to prove my virility and nerve. When he'd stopped the violent spasms of uncontrollable laughter, he lifted my camera and took a shot. I then pondered how I was going to get down, because beside the natural difficulty of the descent, I'd also snapped my braces with the natural difficulty of the ascent. As I conjectured whether modesty should allow gravity to take over, I heard a beautiful girlish voice, an American



# KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Round about 1943, or it may have been early 1944 before I joined the army, I cycled to Kenilworth Castle with the girl who is now my wife. She was only about fifteen at the time, and I was almost eighteen. We both lived in Birmingham then, and Kenilworth is about fifteen miles to the south east of Birmingham. I remember nothing of the castle from that visit eighteen years ago, save us sitting in the sun all day opposite a high greyish/reddish castle wall. As far as I recall, we probably spent the day discussing the Ming Dynasty. (That's just put in in case her mother reads this.)

So in April 1961, I was in Birmingham once again, visiting my aged parents, and one sunny day I took son Colin to give Kenilworth and Warwick Castles the once-over.

We took a Diesel train from Olton station (Olton is a rather swanky suburb of Birmingham) to Leamington Spa, and thence by a Midland Red 'bus to Kenilworth. The village itself is typical of the upper class variety, as opposed to the rustic villages one usually associates with the middle shires (Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, etc) the shops are cleaner, and the inhabitants seemed on this occasion to be attired in riding breeches, and they spoke with rather cultivated accents...a typical conservative stronghold.

We could see the castle on the skyline, and after half a miles walk, we came to the entrance. Admittance was cheap (sixpence each..about 8 cents) because the place is under the authority of the Ministry of Works.

Kenilworth Castle is the name for a large area, surrounded by a high wall, which contains five separate buildings, three in a ruined state, the other two quite fresh-looking, considering. Here they are:-

- Leicester's Gatehouse.....16th century.
- Long Barn.....16th century.
- Norman Keep.....12th century.
- John of Gaunt's Hall.....14th century.
- Leicester's Buildings.....16th century.

The entrance was affected at the Gatehouse, which had a TV mast on it, so I ignored that on principle. The Long Barn I just looked at because it was so long and high that I couldn't miss it...and Colin and myself concentrated on the three ruined buildings which stood at the north of the area, as it were, at the three corners of a triangle!

Firstly, we 'did' the Norman Keep. I've sketched an illo of it on the next page, from a photograph I took, which didn't turn out sufficiently well to reproduce...the sunshine had turned to overcast sky by the time we had reached the ancient site.

As you can see from the illo, it is square, with a large

voice, yell 'Hold it'.

For a second I was alarmed, and then I realised she wanted to take my picture. I gave her movie camera lens a fixed snarl, and like a limpet with a punctured sucker ( and after all, that's what I was ) I sneaked crab-like down the wall and back to the solid Warwickshire earth.

There were two girls, young, and with a keen eye for kulture. They told me they loved visiting old castles in England, and that they hadn't anything like it ' back home'. I looked modestly downwards and attested to this fact, informing them with rather a superior sneer that I HAD BEEN TO AMERICA.

As there was a slight chance of my running amok in the close proximity of these cute gals, I bade them cheerio, and moved across to John of Gaunt's Hall, shuffling along rather strangely with my hands thrust deeply in my trouser pockets, trying to keep my trousers up. I was hoping, in the privacy of this great and ancient hall, to carry out an emergency operation with my tie !

The massive walls of the Great Hall are most imposing. The roof of course is missing. The Great Hall measures 90 feet by 45 feet. It shows two great fireplaces which appear to be half way up the wall, although the pillars of a vaulted cellar below the line of the base of the fireplaces shows that in fact it is on the level of the grass outside the Hall. The windows are high and broad, and the stone frames, superbly carved, still remain. Next to Westminster Hall, this hall is considered to be the finest of its kind in England. It is certainly inspiring to stand on the grass, where the bottom of the cellars used to be, and to look up to the fireplaces, and the massive windows which must have almost reached from ground level to the roof.

The Inner Court is close to the Great Hall, and the remains of the State Apartments ( the Great Chamber and the Second Chamber ) were well explored and photographed by Colin and myself. Near the Second Chamber can be seen the stone foundations of a wooden-framed chapel built by Henry III in circa 1245. Even in Henry VIII's time this chapel was a ruin.

The Leicester's Buildings were built by the Earl between 1570 and 1575. They must have been superb at the time, and even now the masonry itself is massive and reliable. The Ministry of Works has cleaned them up, the grass is kept short where the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth in July 1575. That's what I like about being a castlephile...at least, the mental attitude of it, being able to stand outside Leicester's Buildings and to be almost certain that in 1575 Queen Elizabeth stood on the same spot ...it's a nice feeling...almost a feeling of power.....

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Most of you reading this will be Americans. Whilst I was at Kenilworth Castle I saw many Americans, in fact, I would go so far as to say that of the forty or fifty people who were looking over the castle at the same time as myself, ninety percent of them were Americans. For example, my parents have lived within fifteen miles of Kenilworth Castle for nigh on thirty years, and they've never even been to it....never even thought of going to it. And to be honest, the only reason I cycled to Kenilworth Castle back in '43 with Diane was because it was a delightful ride through the charming Warwickshire countryside and we had a bag of fish paste sandwiches with us, and it was a nice ride back to Birmingham again. We never thought of actually going over the castle. I admire American tourists for this castlephile attitude. It at least shows a sympathy for historical remains...whilst the people whom these remains have most affected in the past centuries never even think about them. I bet some of the inhabitants of Kenilworth Village have never even been to the castle. I bet some of them don't even know it's there .....

## BRIEF HISTORY OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

The Kenilworth Estate was given to Geoffrey de Clinton by Henry I in 1122. The first attempt at making a fortress out of it was probably an earth and timber fortress, known as the motte and bailey type.

The Keep was built by de Clinton's son or grandson between 1150 and 1175. Soon after the Keep was finished, Henry II, possibly to try and counteract the importance of Warwick Castle, half a dozen miles away, took the castle over.

In 1199 King John gained possession of the Keep.

King John built the outer wall between 1204 and 1215. So as to obtain some sort of insurance to make certain of his observance of the Magna Charta, Kenilworth was one of the castles put at the disposal of the Barons.

In 1248 Henry III gave the castle to the Earl of Leicester. Later, Leicester opposed the king, and Kenilworth Castle was the military base of his campaign. After the Battle of Lewes ( 1264 ) he imprisoned Prince Edward (Henry III's son ) at Kenilworth.

At this stage, Kenilworth was surrounded by a 100 acres of mere, or lake, and it was considered impregnable.

In 1266 the castle was under siege, and it lasted for a considerable time, despite the attackers using barges on the mere, and the setting up of wooden towers holding a couple of hundred bowmen. Eventually, the attackers won when there was famine at the castle.

In 1352, John of Gaunt (Edward III's fourth son) became the owner or rather possessor of Kenilworth. John of Gaunt spent a considerable sum of money on the Castle, and built the Great Hall, and the Chambers. In effect, he turned Kenilworth from a castle to more of a palace.

John of Gaunt's son gained the throne of England in 1399.

It was over a century before any more building was done to Kenilworth, Henry VIII building what was known as Lodgings, where Leicesters Buildings now stand ( or what's left of them.) No remains are left of this effort by Henry VIII.

In 1553 Queen Elizabeth I gave the castle to the Earl of Leicester. He was the last of the great Kenilworth builders. Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of Leicester, and she paid many visits to the castle. One of these visits was in July 1575, when she was at the castle for almost three weeks. It is recorded that during this social call, 320 hogsheads of beer were drunk, and Leicester actually spent the vast sum ( for those days ) of 100,000 pounds on festivities.

When Leicester died ( the history books say he had no 'legitimate ' heir' ) the castle was sold for 14,000 pounds to James I, who gave it to the Prince of Wales. On his death, it passed to Prince Charles, later Charles I.

In 1642 the civil war caused the castle to change hands a number of times until it was eventually firmly held by the Parliamentarians.

From this point onwards the castle fell into steady decline.

The family of Clarendon took over the castle at circa 1690, and it remained in that family until 1937, when it was given to the nation.

As I mentioned, Kenilworth has played a notable part in the history of England, and if any of you get the opportunity, I feel sure that you would thoroughly enjoy it...both it and its location in the heart of Warwickshire. Just opposite the castle, on the Birmingham road, are little thatched-roof cottages with black and white walls, which date from Elizabethan times, and where tea and cakes can be purchased. The Americans I talked to thought it wonderful. You never know. you might get a chance to go there someday.



# WARWICK CASTLE

I visited Warwick Castle on 6th April 1961, accompanied by son Colin. The initial frustration to the affair was that we had just travelled from Kenilworth Castle, described elsewhere in this issue, and being sort of disorganised, I'd taken a complete roll of 35 mm film at Kenilworth. There was so much to see, as you'll have read, and I knew that I would be able to purchase a new film in Warwick. Unfortunately, when we did arrive there, it was lunch time, and all the shops were closed for that period. I had two choices, to lounge about Warwick for almost two hours, or to carry on 'doing' the castle. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Warwick is quite Endsville, but there are better places to spend two hours...in a cemetery for instance, that would be much more exciting.

It's just a nice quiet place...narrow streets, and small shops, something like an illo from a Charles Dickens novel. So, the course was clear...we high-tailed it to the castle entrance, and a suitably uniformed guide told us to get our admission tickets 'across the road.'

So far, most of the historical places I've visited and which you've read about have been under the control of the Ministry of Works, or other such government departments dedicated to keeping the places clean and free from cola bottles and empty tins of beans. And a good job they do too. But Warwick is different. The Earl of Warwick is in RESIDENCE...and he knows that he's sitting on a proverbial gold mine. A fast buck is the guiding principle as far as he is concerned. And I'll be the first to admit that if the country was run on the same efficient lines, there'd be no need to pay income tax in the British Isles...and with the new big police rise, I pay plenty.....

I dragged Colin across the road...and inside a shop. I asked for two tickets to visit the castle...the cost..35¢ for me, 20¢. Then I looked round me. The counters were filled with postcards of the castle, and a dinky illustrated guide book. This cost me another 35¢. Colin espied souvenir pencils...long white ones with an illo of the castle on the side. Another 10 ¢ each. So...no film in my camera, so it was essential to buy a few postcards. Four dollars later Colin dragged me out, and we crossed the road and handed the tickets to the guide.

"Another sixpence, sir," he said with a superior smilo. Christ, I wondered, had I inadvertantly brushed an atom of dust from the entrance wall ?

"The camera," he explained, "you have to pay sixpence to take your own photographs."

This put me one up in the open ing ploys of my visit to Warwick Castle.

"No film in it," I said truthfully, and for a moment he pondered the possibilities of a man walking about with a camera with no film in it. But the honest sparkle in my eye convinced him, I think, rather than the creases I was making in the lapels of his blue jacket. He ushered us inside.

The drive to the castle is out through solid rock. I copied that from the guide book, because I cannot think of any better way to put it. There was something oppressive about this drive, the rock was sheer on each side, about twelve feet high, and trees above allowed their branches to overhang, making it like twilight. The drive curved round, and a pretty nifty sight met our eyes, and by now, we were hardened castlephiles. Although I freely admit that my front cover illo, executed with considerable style skill, is superbly done, it doesn't at all recapture the thrill of first sight. That illo shows exactly the view seen when one leaves the drive. Yep, guess I should have told you before, that illo represents a fan's eye view of Warwick Castle. I've done this subtle like, I'm waiting for someone to review this issue, and say they've read every word with compelling interest, but Berry forgot to say which castle the illo depicted. Bet someone does.....

We passed through the massive gate tower, and came upon a vast green lawn, like a billiard table, and wooosh....what did I see...masses of American's, talking as loud as they could, and trying to get a male and female peacock to pose on the lawn. Those American's hold whirring movie camora's, and seemed oblivious to the centuries old culture surrounding them. They wanted to catch the peacocks. I sidled up with Colin. I'd never seen peacocks at close range before, either.

The male was playing hard to get. True, he held his head up and struck a few confident poses, but he refused point blank to open his long multi-coloured tail like a fan. The female was waiting, too, a nice brown bird, with passion oozing in her eyes, but the male wouldn't play. The Americans ( and they were all Americans except Colin and myself - and I'd been to America, so Colin was the odd one out ) commenced to make seductive noises which I presume were intended to raise the sex instinct in the peacock. But no go. The hen staggered off to find a fresh associate ( put that rather nicely, didn't I?) and being gifted with a high intellect , I decided that she was probably heading where other peacocks would be, so breaking into a rapid trot, I followed her across the lawn, through another portal, and onto a long path with high trees on one side, and the castle on the other.

In ten minutes, we came to the ( to use the official expression ) Conservatory. I saw the two young and beautiful American girls I'd seen at Kenilowrth.

"Why, hello there," they said.

I raised my cap, and gave them a winning smile. I looked down at Colin, and he looked up at me. I realised that my famed ill-luck had followed me even when on a search for culture. Here were two charming girls, about twenty, and there was I, a virilo male, who had just been treated to a chorus of seductive noises...rarin' to go. You know what I mean. I felt that I could have rushed these girls off their feet. I knew I had the technique, but once again I hadn't gotten the opportunity. It's always been like that...and on the other hand, the times I'd got the opportunity I hadn't got the inspiration. Now, here was the old story...Colin would tell his mother all about it when we got back to Belfast, and she wouldn't let me out of her sight any more on my tours for the finer things in life...and castles as well !

So I evinced a dignified " Ah, good afternoon to you," and passed on my way.

A peacock stood on the steps of the Conservatory. This boy was but PROUD.

He fanned out his long tail, and it was wondrous to behold. It stood up vertically, and looking at the 'eyes' of blue and green and purple reminded



me of a nightmare I had once when hundreds of eyes were looking at me. And a thing I didn't know before, as a further example of his exhibitionism he actually rattled his tail feathers, like a castanet player with a nervous twitch....when he saw a female looking, he waltzed round in a circle, pushing Colin out of the way. I tried to force my way past him up into the Conservatory, but he just wouldn't budge, so I had to wait until he'd turned 180 degrees, and nip past whilst there was room.

The Conservatory was designed with fiendish skill to ensnare the wise ones who hadn't purchased picture postcards at the ticket office. Once again, the counters were sagging under piles of them. I bought another half dozen, especially a couple of colour photo's of peacocks, one with and one without a tail erection. Then Colin pointed to the vase.

#### THE VASE.

It appears that the Conservatory was built to hold the vase. It is of white marble, and must be about three feet high. The two handles are formed of 'interwoven vine branches, from which the tendrils, leaves and clustering grapes spread round the upper margin'.

This vase was found at the bottom of a lake near Tivoli, about a dozen miles from Rome in 1770. It came from the ruins of Emperor Hadrian's Roman Villa at Tibur. History is one of my weak subjects, and I haven't got the energy to research exactly when he ruled in Ancient Rome, but it's probably a couple of thousand years old, and, you know, I felt sort of humble looking at it.

We returned to the castle, and just then a distinguished-looking man came out of a wide door and said he was about to take interested folks on a guided tour of the state rooms inside. I joined a throng of Americans, and this chap, with a ready wit, and spontaneous jokes he must have cracked thousands of times, gave us the works.

I don't want to reiterate everything I saw. It would bore you. I'd also have to quote from the guide book, and I don't like doing that. Any idiot can write a several page story by copying verbatim...and I'm the sort of idiot who doesn't like doing that...besides which, I don't have enough stencils. Briefly, though, we passed through the State Dining Room, which wouldn't last very long at a science fiction convention. It was all delicate, with an 'Adam' fireplace, and pictures by Van Dyck and Rubens. The Great Hall. This was used for the trial of Piers Gaveston, the 'despicable' favourite of Edward II in 1312. I smell scandal here, and must find out what the crime was, one day. There are also various collectors items, such as Cromwell's Helmet, the Black Prince's gauntlet, the saddle of Good Queen Bess the First, and a metal caudron which was made circa 1365. I like that sort of stuff. Next was the Red Drawing Room, which contains pictures by Raphael, Rubens and Van Dyck. The Cedar Drawing Room is , after the Great Hall, the most splendid. It is panelled extensively in cedar, with vastly ornamented chandeliers, thick woven carpets and a unique Adam fireplace. More Van Dyck and Rubens artwork here, and also a unique hybrid ( I hope that's the correct technical expression. It is a painted head and shoulders of Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I...the rest of the body and legs was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it's impossible to discover where Van Dyck finished and the bold Joshua started. Very impressive, although personally I prefer Eddie Jones.)The Green Drawing Room.....Queen Anne's Bedroom.....The Blue Boudoir...The Lower Room...well, they were all much the same...ornate, cultured, multi-coloured and just too wonderful for words. Now I come to the clever bit. This guide, a nice fellow, he showed us the steps to go down from the Lower Room to get to the exit. He pointed to the left, and we went down, and he shot off

like a rocket to the right, without even said 'cheerio'. Well, I followed the queue down the narrow stone staircase, which was rather twisty, and when we came to the exit, there was the guide, with a smirk on his face, and his right hand held out saying 'Thank you, sir,' and as I got closer, I saw that the Americans were pressing half crowns into his clutching and sweaty hand, and one American, with a cigar, gave him a ten shilling note ( \$1.30). For a second, I pondered on the cleverness of the guide, nipping down a secret stairway to catch us going out, and I decided that although his verbal performance rated high, and his wit was reasonable, he was most certainly entitled to a little ogoboo...but he wasn't getting a penny from me. I'd paid out enough cash already in order to see the castle. So I kicked Colin ahead and pelted after him. Unfortunately, my trenchcoat pocket got caught on the door handle by which the guide was standing. I tried to get away, and he fixed me with a knowing beady eye. "The gentleman is in a hurry," he quipped. He said 'gentleman' in the same tone as you'd say it if you were looking for the words over a door. I couldn't get my pocket off the door knob until everyone had gone, and he went to ostentatious lengths to help release me, possibly hoping that he'd get a pound note at least, but I gave him a surly 'thank you', and raced after Colin, who was being chased by a peacock trying to get one of it's long tail feathers back....

Nice castle...nice day...only, I consider, a mite too mercenary.

John Barry

1961

#### BRIEF HISTORICAL NOTES.

The knowledge of Warwick in the early days is scant, but it seems that it was an inhabited place two thousand years ago, and was ravaged by the Picts and Scots on one of their forays in the very early AD's.

When the Saxons invaded the country round about 500 AD, information becomes more reliable. They settled, and the King of Mercia ruled for many years. Next the Danes came, and in Alfred the Great's time, they destroyed the town. To combat them, Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, made the first fortifications at Warwick, and one of the mounds she had built still stands. I saw it. Trouble was, the Danes came back again, in 1016.

The Danes were followed in 1066 by William the Conqueror. A chap called Turchil, who the present Earl's of Warwick claim to be descended from, didn't support King Harold ( the bloke who got an arrow in the eye at Hastings), and William was pleased about this, and gave Turchil carte blanche to turn the Mound into a more satisfactory fortress.

There was a mite of chopping and changing about for a couple of hundred years, and then in 1345 the building of the present castle was commenced.

Earls of Warwicks came, and Earl's of Wawick went..a couple of them, because of political ploys, had their heads chopped off, including John Dudley, who tried to get his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne of England. There was a mite of confusion during the Cromwellian Period, until Lord Brooke was instrumental in restoring King Charles II to the throne of England, and got the castle, and he spent a considerable sum on it. In the late seventeenth century, the driveway I've mentioned was cut through the solid rock.

The present Earl of Warwick is Charles Guy Fulke Greville, who succeeded to the title in 1928. It can be seen from a perusal of these fragmentary notes that the castle has played a considerable part in the course of the history of England.....



# KING JOHN'S CASTLE.

King John's Castle is the first ancient monument I have visited in the Republic of Ireland, home country of Irish fan Ian McAulay. My sister came over from Birmingham for a short visit in August 1960, and on one of the days I took her and my family on a 'bus tour from Belfast, down through County Down, and into Eire. Once into Eire, the road closely follows the edge of Carlingford Lough into Carlingford. The 'bus stopped here for the driver to have a crafty smoke, and in the short time available we walked the couple of hundred yards northwards to the castle. There was no time to go round it ( and it didn't look as though such facilities were available,) and all we could do was stand, rather awed, and look at it and its locale. For there is no doubt that if ever a castle was strategically sited, this one was. It covers the so called 'gap' to the north. It is on the very edge of the lough, and across a wide stretch of azure blue water one can plainly see Warrenpoint, and the beginnings of the Mourne Mountains behind it...which is in County Down, Northern Ireland. The castle was in a reasonable state, one noticeable feature was the thickness of the walls, which I estimated to be about twelve feet thick. The snap on the fotosheet will save about three pages of explanation...because, as I stressed, we didn't get the time to 'do' the castle in such detail as I normally like to do. Sorry.

## BRIEF HISTORICAL NOTES.

The castle is in County Louth, on the southern shore of Carlingford Lough, eleven miles ENE of Dundalk.

The site had an original structure of Danish influence...actually, the site is on a rocky promontory which projects into the sea on a natural triangular formation of rock.

In 1210 John de Courcy ( you've read about him in the last special historical volume ) built the present site, to protect the 'Gap'.

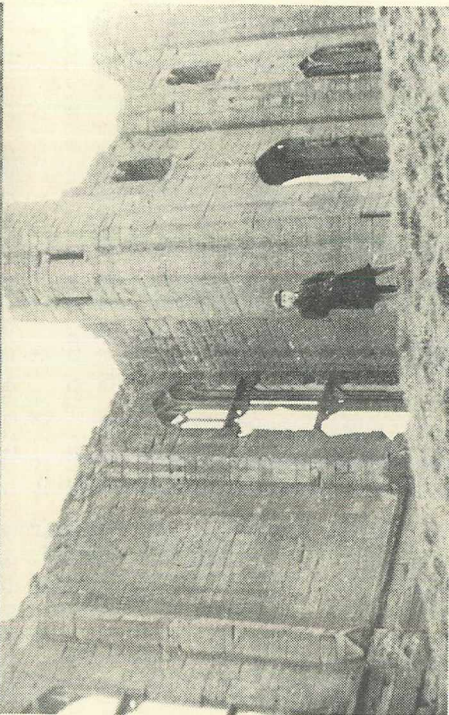
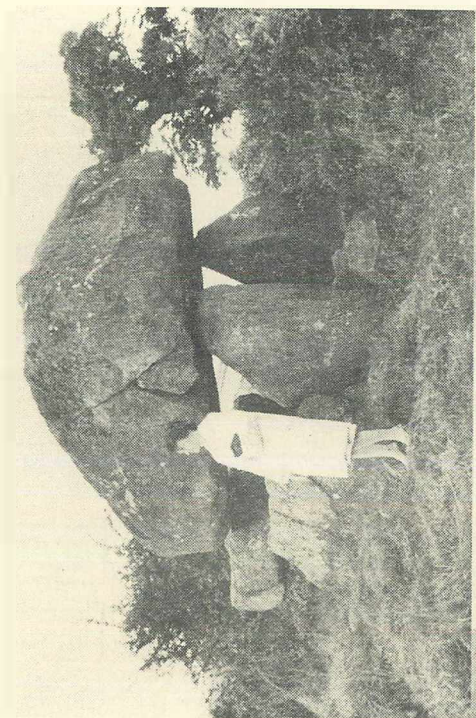
In 1535 the Treasury inspected the castle and reported it was in a bad state. The suggestion was that masons should be brought from England, the cost to be defrayed by fishery dues.

In the next fifty years or so the castle changed hands a number of times, as follows :-

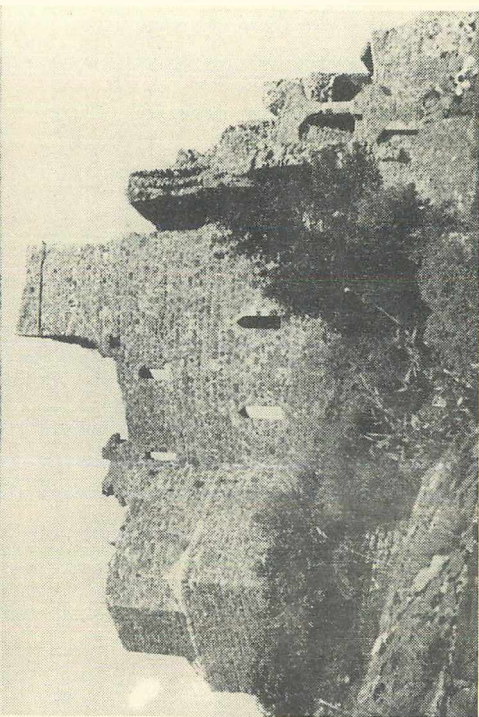
- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 1596 | Earl of Tyrone siezed the fort and carried off the ladies. |
| 1641 | Sir Con Maguire took the fort.                             |
| 1648 | Lord Inchiquin captured the castle.                        |
| 1649 | Colonel Venables captured it for the Parlimentary forces.  |

During one or more of these exchanges, the castle came under a very heavy bombardment, because examination last century showed that many cannon balls were in the ruins.

I must apologize once more for the lack of descriptive data, it is rare for me to be so vague about a subject so near to my heart.....







# FOTOSHEET

## TOP

### KEMPE STONES.

DUNDONALD, CO.DOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND.

Diane Berry is specially posed in front of this ancient megalithic burial ground so as to give you some idea of its size. Note cap stone supported by other smaller stones...this weighs about 40 tons.

## MIDDLE.

### JOHN OF GAUNT'S HALL.

KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Note large window of hall, which reaches from ground level to edge of where roof used to be.( To left of Colin Berry.) Note also the vertical slit windows in corner buttress.


## BOTTOM

### KING JOHN'S CASTLE.

CARLINGFORD, CO.LOUTH, REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.  
(EIRE.)

The huge size of this castle can be judged by the little blobs at the extreme bottom right of the photograph. They haven't come out very clearly in this reproduction, but in reality there are about half a dozen people sunbathing in that spot.(Try and use your imagination a mite, huh ? ) Note particularly, on right side of photograph, the extreme thickness of the walls

Photographs taken by John Berry.





# KEMPE-STONES

The Kempe Stones are, according to my reference book, 'one and a half miles east of Dundonald church'. Now Dundonald is only about one and a half miles from Belmont, and it's actually at the end of the Upper Newtownards Road, of Oblique House fame.

So one Sunday in July 1960, a very hot day, I took my family on the 'bus to Dundonald, figuring that this would save all our energy for the one and a half miles to the Kempe Stones. As soon as the 'bus arrived at the terminus, we got out and I sought the nearest local inhabitant. He was a sage, and was sitting ruminating on a low stone wall. I went up to him.

"Excuse me," I said, "can you please direct me to the Kempe Stones?"

He pondered, looking me up and down the while. You all know that I have an English accent (although when I go to my parents house in Birmingham, where I was born, they say I have an Irish accent) and he probably presumed (quite wrongly) that I was an eccentric.

"I don't even know where Mr. Kempe lives," he said finally.

It seemed to me that it would be pointless to tell him that I was referring to a megalithic burial monument of the third millenium B.C. without cairn.

So we passed on our way eastwards, but NO ONE had ever heard of the Kempe Stones. I reasoned that it couldn't be much of a relic if it was only just over a mile away and it was unknown. I have in fact come to the conclusion that not one person in a thousand is the slightest mite interested in their historical heritage. But no one. I have it on sound archaeological authority that it is only visitors from abroad (and mostly Americans) who ever ask for information about ancient sites. And my friends whom I've spoken to about this absorbing interest regard it as being a sheer waste of time....

As it was getting near the time to return home again, we visited briefly the one site which Dundonald is famous for, and just beacuse it's so conspicuous, everyone knows about it, for it's on the main road. Very few people know what it is, but they know it's there.

It is known as the Dundonald Mote. All it is is a vast mound of earth, covered with grass. It is about 40 feet to the top (and the banks are at an angle of 45 degrees,) and the top is flat, about 45 feet by 55 feet. It commands a superb view of the surrounding countryside. King John captured it in 1210, and as far as can be ascertained, it was constructed circa 1180. And that's all there is to say about Dundonald Mote !!!

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I still hadn't got the initiative to look up it's exact location on the maps in my office. It became a sort of challenge not to. I

made up my mind to go out each Sunday until I found it. I reckoned to work round eastwards in ever increasing circle until I came to it. In fact, I did try this technique for a couple of Sundays, and once I even went out on safari with a picture of the damn place and still no one had any idea where it was.

By this time, my family ( in whom I'd managed to instil some minor interest ) were fed up with the whole affair, so to whip up some enthusiasm I reflexed ( a photographic process ) the pertinent map, and made a copy of the area. It seemed much more than one and a half miles from Dundonald to me, and on the map, as the crow flies, it measured over two miles. I told my family it would be in the nature of a Sunday afternoon ramble...a cross-country one.

We took another 'bus along the road to Newtownards, and got off according to plan at the mouth of a narrow lane. Now there are some things I'm poor at, and some things I shine at. I've very good with a map...I can find my way about without the slightest effort. Dick Eney will testify to this, I piloted his car right across Michigan, and even through the streets of Detroit, without the slightest suggestion of error. Admittedly we ran out of petrol a dozen miles from the hotel, when Eney was certain that the tank had sufficient for the journey, but I put this down to his figuring, rather than to any circuitous route I may have led him.

And so, on this sunny Sunday, I knew that the goal was in sight. I may have been off beam with my oral inquiries, but I shure could read a map.

The lane we followed got narrower and narrower, until it finally stopped at a hedge. This was as my map had predicted. What the map didn't show was the swamp. Well, it wasn't really a swamp like in Okefenokoe, but my wife had high heeled shoes on, and the children sandals. The mire just about lapped to the top of my hobnailed boots, so I was prepared, anyway.

By the crafty ruse of following the hedgeline, we reached firm ground again, the only liability being that to persuade Diane to continue I had to promise to buy her three pairs of nylons and a new pair of shoes, plus, though not definitely, a new coat. But sometimes I can be stubborn.

Another half mile across fields ( why do they have so much barbed wire ) and a pair of trousers later, and we hit a farm. Well, it wasn't really a farm, just a sort of shack with hens flying round. A white turkey, which must have led rather a sheltered life, shed all its feathers when it saw me at the head of the safari; and as one, all the domestic birds took to the roof. The pigs even tried to. The end of a blue-barrelled shotgun appeared from a gap where a window used to be, and ushering the children in front of me, and then, when we were in direct range, behind me, we safely negotiated the farmyard and over the barbed wire fence, through the field where the bull was, over a stile that was built for a giant, through a stream about fifteen feet wide, and we were there !!!

To me, it was most definitely not an anti-climax, and I told Diane to stop sobbing, it was no use asking for her mother at this juncture. I told her the Kempe Stones were thousands of years old, and no one knew who'd put them there. I told her it was an ancient burial ground, and she looked at me, sort of measured six feet, and then looked at it with a sudden gleam in her eyes.

I took many photographs, as the fo tosheet shows...at least, it shows the best view of the stones.

The structure is known technically as a 'Dolmen' ( the old term is 'Cromlech'), and the massive cap-stone which is supported by the two smaller stones weighs round about forty tons.



So O.K. I know it doesn't measure up to anything as huge and magnificent as, say, Kenilworth Castle, but to me it is just as romantic, even more so, because it is still a sort of mystery.

The experts suggest a Mediterranean influence to these structures, although of course, the denuded stones don't give a true idea of what it was like when built in the end of the third millenium B.C. When the burial rites had taken place, the stones were covered with a huge cairn of earth and stones, which in this particular case have disappeared. I have it on my long term agenda to visit such burial grounds in Northern Ireland where the cairns do still exist, there are many, although the Kempe Stones are only about three or four miles away from where I'm sitting typing this. It is really fortunate for me, because within easy distance of Belfast are many such sites. I've visited quite a number of them, although it was before I started taking extensive notes and photographs for these esoteric publications. My agenda, not taking the sites in order of importance but in order of variety, will last for many years yet ( D.V.) and I also plan to visit the sites of ancient monuments all over the British Isles. Even in this small issue I've covered three countries. I am also lucky in that son Colin, now almost eleven years old, has captured the infection of my enthusiasm, and he sees a great significance in these sites.....

George Locke has visited the Kempe Stones. I'm sure you recollect his version of a visit to them. It was in POT POURRI #17, the last issue. I also wrote a little about the Locke Visitation in RETRIBUTION #16, entitled HIGH FLYERS. I must also warn Eney that if he gets TAFF ( and I'm sure he will, and he's worth a plug even in a sacred publication like this ) and comes over to Northern Ireland, he'll also be dragged to it, although now I've discovered a civilised route, and the obstacle course is out.

There is no need for a BRIEF HISTORICAL NOTES addendum in this chapter, because I've given all the available information in the text. There is a great deal to think about, though....how they managed to carry 40 ton capstones across country...what was the significance of the capstones and the ritual, whatever it was....was there in fact a Mediteranean influence ( though this seems rather far-fetched to me, I mean, this was the end of the third millenium B.C.....) ...would they have made trufans ???????????

It is unfortunate that there aren't any such ancient sites in America, because I would have loved to have heard about them in your SAPS-zines. There is a possibility that some of you SAPSsites from the south of America may have visited INCA and AZTEC relics in Mexico, hows about you, Doreen ? If this is so, and you have any definite information and maps and/or photographs, I'd be delighted if you'd submit them for future publication in these spacial historical issues of POT POURRI. I don't want to hog all the pages....I'm even playing it off the cuff to get to the end of this stencil. You cannot write much about a group of bloody big stones in the middle of a field, no matter how enthusiastic you are.... I've managed three pages, but then, I once spent five thousand words describing Walt Willis changing gear on his car.....

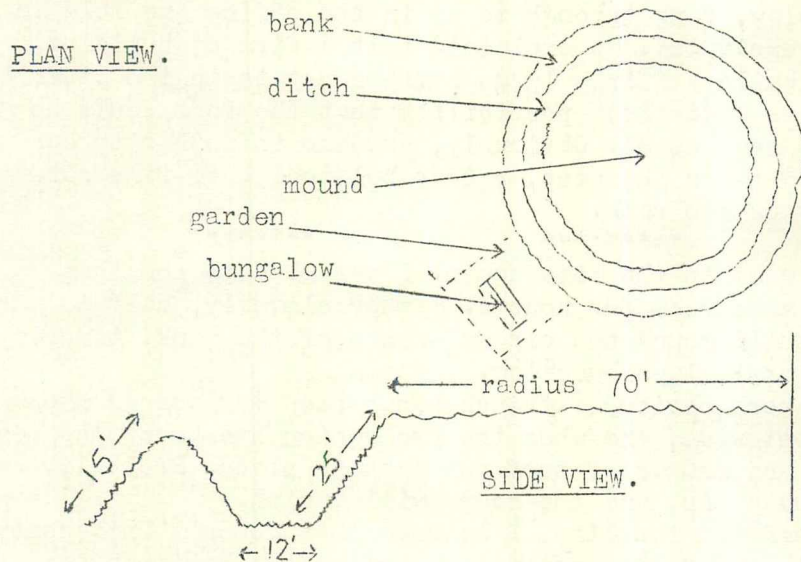
# QUEEN'S FORT

It must be very rare indeed to have an ancient monument on your own doorstep. My wife's father has one. He lives in a bungalow about ten miles west of Belfast, in County Down, a place called Carryduff. I've mentioned it before.

No more than ten yards from the rear gable of the bungalow, the ground rises sharply, about fifteen feet. As this bank forms the border of his garden, my pa-in-law has fitted trellice work to it, and embroidered it with roses, and lupins grow in profusion.

The very first time we went to visit them, they pointed out that there was a 'fort at the bottom of our garden'. They knew of my interest in such things, and I naturally concluded it to be a rather poor joke at my expense. But it is very true. There is a fort at the bottom of their garden.

My interest was sharpened at such an intimate site. I examined it further. The sketch herewith gives an idea...it's really a simple arrangement. The outer bank is between 15 and 20 feet high. It is circular. Inside the bank is a ditch about twelve feet wide. The ground rises sharply



upwards from this at about 45 degrees, and onto a circular mound, about 140 feet in diameter. That's all there is to it. The whole thing was covered in grass, and sheep and a big brown cow grazed contentedly on this ancient site. My wife's brother, Terry, was quite frank about the fact that he had often played cricket on the site, and once he'd actually played football.

I was shocked at this utter sacrilege, and, sad to say, within ten minutes we were all having a game of hide and seek, where, centuries ago, ancient Irishmen staggered about.

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At this time ( 1954 or thereabouts ) I was in the course of compiling a small library dealing with ancient monuments in Northern Ireland. I had two rather thick books which should have covered every contingency. One dealt with such monuments in State Charge, the other with the remainder which were not in State Charge.

First of all, though, I had to discover what the site was called.



The local populace didn't know. Luckily, at my office there is a file of large scale maps covering the whole of Northern Ireland, and the map of the Carryduff area showed the site to be called QUEEN'S FORT.

Back home again, I scanned my reference books, but there was no reference whatsoever to Queen's Fort, Carryduff. There were illustrations of other similar types, and from reading about these, I garnered the following facts which I ( rightly) presumed to be applicable to the Carryduff site :-

The term ' fort' is misleading, as these circular mounds with protecting banks, called 'raths', were really farmsteads of over one thousand years ago. They were all basically the same type, a bank and ditch surrounding a raised earthwork between 70 to 150 across. The fairly prominent bank and ditch served as a protection against marauding animals and humans. Inside the bank was a small low house, the rest of the area serving as a farmyard. There is a second type of rath, in which the mound inside the bank was in reality domed...roofed over, and animals and the family living together under the same roof. One such rath was excavated completely some years ago, and it was only half a dozen miles from Carryduff. When these raths were built, there were probably quite a few of them to the square mile.

Similar raths were built in parts of Britain before the Romans came, although it is barely possible that any of the Irish raths are as old.

That was the sum total of knowledge I was able to obtain about the raths, and although of course we've visited the site many times a year since 1954, it always seemed that it would hold its secrets forever. Several times I was tempted to try and excavate it myself, but that would show an undue familiarity with a spade, and my wife had been on the watch for years for such a sign. Then....last October 1960 I got a telephone call.....

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Terry, my brother-in-law, rang through to me in the office and told me that Queen's Fort had been excavated. He explained that a firm of building contractors had decided to build a fairly large housing estate in the vicinity, and as far as he knew, it was a distinct possibility that the fort would be dug up to make room for the new houses. Obviously, someone in authority had gotten wind of this, and had taken the step, rather belatedly, to find out something about the history of the rath.

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A month or two ago I went to the site again. I was glad to see that it had not been removed to make room for houses. Rather cleverly, half a dozen bungalows had been built round the circumference of the bank, to join up either side with my father-in-law's bungalow.

The excavation scars were obvious...trenches had been dug across the mound, about five or six feet wide, and when the excavation had been concluded they were filled up again, and mounds of turf put back in place. Probably, in time, the grass will grow again, and the scars will vanish.

From my enquiries round the locality, I learned that Queen's University of Belfast had been responsible for the excavation, and at the beginning of May 1961 I wrote a letter to the Archaeology Department, asking for the result of the excavations.

Just last week I got a reply, in much more detail than I had considered. I'm reprinting this letter in full on the opposite page, and then you'll know as much about Queen's Fort as I do. I feel somehow attached to this site, because it's the only one I've been in intimate contact with over a number of years, and I didn't have to pay to explore it.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST.

Department of Archaeology.

25.V.'61

Dear Mr.Berry,

During last Autumn I carried out a preliminary investigation of the Queen's Fort, Carryduff, which was at that time threatened with destruction by building. The excavations were restricted to assessing the history of the site in terms of vertical stratification, and accordingly a narrow trench was carried across the summit area, some 6' wide and 120' long.

In spite of its outer rampart and ditch, Queen's Fort belongs to a class of monuments known as Raised Rathes, about which only a limited amount is known. This is the fourth site of this class to be excavated in Ulster, the others being Ballyfounder and Lisinahan, Co.Down ( excavated by Mr.D.M. Waterman of the Archaeological Survey of County Down ) and Ballynarry, Co.Down, excavated by myself.

The Carryduff site showed itself to have an extremely complex history of occupation. This is virtually impossible to explain on paper at present - the full implications have not been worked out yet, pending the report of the soil chemists on some samples submitted to them. Briefly, the site appears to have had three phases of structural occupation as a standard Rampart and Ditch Rath, before undergoing a long occupation which transformed it into its present platform shape. It is this gradual formation of a low mound which particularly interests me, and forms the main focus of my research at present.

Very few artiffacts were found - some 40 sherds of coarse pottery of dark age type : at present it is not possible to suggest a firmer date than circa 500 - 1100 or 1200 AD as a bracket within which the occupation must have taken place.

I'm sorry to be so vague : Carryduff is one of the most complex examples of its kind that I have ever come across, and at present is imperfectly understood even by myself as excavator. However, I should be glad to discuss the site with you, and also the allied sites mentioned above, and to show you the sections and plans, etc,

Yours sincerely,  
Brian K.Davison.

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Well, those of you how are interested, and have read the letter above, now know as much as anyone in the world about Queen's Fort. In fact, we few in SAPS are the first to hear about it, because it will be some considerable time until Mr.Davison is ready to publish his findings. In other words, archaeologically speaking, I've managed a world scoop here.

As yet, I haven't made any arrangements to visit Mr.Davison, but I will, and in next years volume I'll give you any further facts which come to light.

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This has been POT POURRI #18.  
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