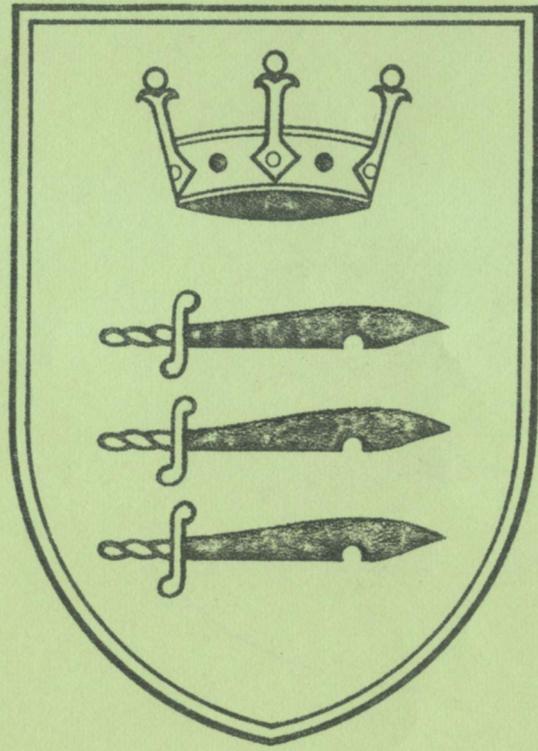


No 3  
1970/8

# THE SEAXE



MIDDLESEX  
HERALDRY SOCIETY

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## OUR RETIRING CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AT A.G.M.

It is with sadness that I leave the chair, but with confidence that the helm is secure and we are on course. Being an ex-military man, I know that once an order has been given it must be obeyed to the letter. Our rules state quite clearly that your chairman will hold office for three years and then stand down - this I am doing, but I shall put every effort into becoming a very active member, this much I can pledge -- and I look forward to seeing our society renewed with ideas and vigour, go on into the future bringing happiness and interest to you and all its members. Good luck and God bless to all officers and committee in our forthcoming ventures.

GEORGE BENNETT.

## FROM OUR NEW CHAIRMAN.

Dear Friends,

I must thank you for inviting me to be your new chairman, and take this opportunity to assure you that I shall do all I can to uphold the high standard which our society has attained. I know I have the support of an excellent committee, and the confidence of a companionable society, and look forward to being of service to you.

Yours in friendship,

MARGARET YOUNG.

Since Mrs Angela Dickson handed over her responsibilities as visits organiser to Mrs Peggy Foster, who, incidentally, is carrying on her good work, we have been more than blessed with her choice of visitations to various places of interest in the past year, notably, the Guildhall in London with its beautiful heraldic decorated roof; the Bedford Chapel at Chenies in Buckinghamshire, which has left me speechless; and the lovely old church of St. John the Baptist at Pinner. All I can say now is "more, please".

We have also to thank Mr. Kay Holmes for his contribution when he led us on an excursion to view some of the finest heraldic churches in Oxfordshire. I think I speak for us all when I make the suggestion that he repeat a similar sort of visitation in next year's programme.

The only other visit outside these, was the one I arranged back in April, when we visited Glebe Farm in South Ruislip where we were shown some historic stage coaches that are used on film and T.V. sets, notably the "Dick Turpin" series.

A future visit arranged for Oct. 27th at 10.30 on a Saturday morning is that to the church of Harefield where your guide will be Mr. Kay Holmes again. For those who have never viewed the church before, it is well worth going along, in particular the beautiful tomb of Alice, Countess of Derby.

Extracts from a letter from "our man in Norwich".

"....I had hoped to be able to come to the meeting on 21st June but unfortunately it was not finally possible. I am, however, most interested in the idea of a children's competition; I feel it is of the utmost importance to capture the interest of children at the earliest possible moment and I would like to try to introduce something of this sort in Norfolk...

I am looking forward to the next issue of "The Seaxe". It is a pity that it cannot be a regular publication but I do understand the difficulties. One of the main ones, of course, is getting contributions and here I am as guilty as anyone. I have been meaning to try to write something but so far I have not got down to it - I promise to carry on trying!"

N.B. Contributions always welcome. Follow the above example.  
Ed.

COMMITTEE 1979 - 80

Chairman	Mrs. M. Young
Vice-Chairman	Mr. K. Holmes
Treasurer	Mr. F. Bell
Secretary	Mrs. A. Dickson (137 Shakespeare A Hayes. Middx.)
Committee	Mrs. P. Foster Mr. W. Burgess.

FROM A DORSET CHURCH

The Dorset village of Puddletown lies on the Dorchester to Bournemouth road. Turning off this road as it winds through the village, one comes to the church of St. Mary's. At the time of the Norman conquest this manor of Puddletown was owned by the crown, then during the reign of Henry I came to the ownership of Richard de Redvers who was created Earl of Devon, and William de Montacute, ancestor of the Earl of Salisbury. Richard de Redvers made a bequest of the church and its lands to the Abbey of Christ Church in Twynham, Hants. and successive generations of this family confirmed the bequest

The vicarage was ordained in 1219, making it a church in its own right, separate from the Abbey and entitled to its own benefices. The patronage of the Vicarage of Puddletown remained in the hands of the canons of Christ Church until the Dissolution in November 1539 of the priory. The advowson passed through the hands of different owners, including in 1686 Baron Hastings.

In St. Mary's is the Athelhampton, of St. Mary Magdalene, Chantry and it's here that members of the Martyn family are buried. As far back as 1207 it is recorded that a William Martyn paid a fine for the release of his lands and castle at Piddle in Dorset. Their arms, argent two bars gules, abound in many places in the chantry, instone, glass and laton. Perhaps the most appealing monument is that to Sir Nicholas Martyn, the last of his line. Under a canopy of stone on which sit three monkeys, is a brass of Nicholas with his three sons, and his wife Margaret, sister of the founder of Wadham College, Oxford, with their seven daughters. Of this large family only four daughters survived. The memorial has the Martyn crest, a monkey, and the arms impaling Wadham: Gules, a chevron between three roses argent.

The tomb of Nicholas' great, great-grandfather lies nearby, together with monuments to other members of the family. He was Sir William Martyn, at one time Lord Mayor of London. He built the nearby Athelhampton Hall, starting it in the year of the battle of Bosworth. Around the shoulders of his effigy is a collar of Yorkist suns and roses, an unusual feature.

Since he applied to King Henry VII for a licence to build a battlemented house and enclose 160 acres of deer park, one is left to ponder as to which side he sympathised with during the Wars of the Roses.

A more recent addition to the chantry is the very beautiful south window painted by Henning in 1905. This is in itself a pictorial record of the arms of the owners of Puddletown and Athelhampton. The centrepiece is the arms of Mr. A.C. de Lafontaine, who bought Athelhampton in 1891, and later donated the window to the chantry. Altogether there are seven monkeys in the chantry, which make it one of the unusual features of the church.

St. Mary's has a Norman font, of unusual beaker shape. Two fractures on opposite sides of the font were possibly made when the seals were removed, after Pope Innocent III laid England under an Interdict in the reign of King John. Over the South door are the arms of Queen Elizabeth I, also a Cromwellian text. More arms of England and France quarterly are on the Gallery which was added to the church in 1635. Further along, another shield has a later inscription which translates into "Hither you come, not to be looked at, but to hear and to pray." On the wall behind the organ are the arms of George II, dated 1753.

Puddletown and its church are featured in Thomas Hardy's novels. His grandfather played the violincello here, at which time there were eight musicians who played at the church. Their descendants gave some of their instruments to the church in 1909, and these may still be seen in the vestry. Another unusual feature is the stairway tower, built on the south side of the square battlemented tower. From December 1532 to January 1539, Cardinal Pole was Vicar of Puddletown.

In 1906, the Rev. A.L. Helps became vicar and in the church are memorials to him, his father and his mother. The arms, recently repainted, are a good example of arms passing from father to son, impaling his wife's, and the widowed mother's arms on a lozenge.

The beautiful 15th Century roof of the nave, panelled in compartments in a pleasing saltire type pattern, was exten-

sively restored in 1933, as near to the original as possible. Sir Frederick Treves, in his book on Dorset, writes "No church can compare with this in human interest and nowhere can one come into closer touch with the Dorset of the past."

OXFORDSHIRE PILGRIMAGE OF THE MIDDLESEX HERALDRY SOCIETY  
LEAD BY KAY HOMES, ON SATURDAY MAY 26, 1979.

Upon a morning wet and grey  
And with routes and guides provided by Kay;  
We climbed upon mechanical horses  
And in Oxfordshire we all joined forces.

To Yarnton church we hurried first  
There to slake our heraldic thirst;  
The windows were bright with the Spencer arms  
But the vicar told us of many alarms.

Boys with catapults passing by  
At those windows had a shy;  
They missed the arms by an inch or two  
But the damage done was sad to view.

The vicar's wife we were glad to see  
She brought us biscuits, coffee and tea;  
T'was a welcome sight on a rainy day  
So warmed and heartened we went on our way.

At Stanton Harcourt we had a guide  
He opened the Chapel and showed us inside  
Where stately Harcourts lay at rest  
With their red and gold arms and peacock crest.

O'er one hangs a standard all tattered and torn  
For Henry at Bosworth by Harcourt was borne;  
On his tomb is carved a Lancastrian rose  
To show all the world which side he chose.

Out in the church there was to be found  
A shrine of St. Edburg, with shields all around;  
But, alas, at the back where we could not see  
Were the ancient arms of William Longuespee

But after a while, when we had eaten  
 Some of the party would not be beaten  
 Chairs were brought and mirrors too  
 But the angle was wrong to get a view.

So in stockinged feet and with bodies bent  
 Into the shrine itself they went  
 And by twists and turns they did behold  
 The azure shield with six lioncels gold.

Swinbrook church was our next port of call  
 and here in niches cut in the wall  
 Six Fettiplace knights recumbent lay  
 Carved in stone with their arms on display.

Above were the crests of the griffin's head green  
 Also two helms were there to be seen  
 Misericord seats with carving so neat  
 Brasses too, were beneath our feet.

Lord Redesdale is also remembered here  
 His Mitford arms both delightful and queer  
 A sable fess on an argent field  
 With three little moles appear on the shield.

At Minster Lovell our steeds came to rest;  
 Of four lovely villages, this was the best  
 In the church the Lovell tomb we saw  
 And painted all round were the arms he bore.

In the ruined Hall we made our way  
 Where Yorkist Lovell hid so they say  
 Though Lovell's the dog in the rhyme of yore  
 T'was a cat we met on the cobbled floor.

And now good people my tale is done  
 No more's to be said, but from everyone  
 I offer our grateful thanks to Kay  
 Who gave us a most unforgettable day.

Margaret E. Young.