



# THE PATRIOT

Newsletter of The John Hampden Society

No. 32 - Summer 2002



The John Hampden Society exists to bring together people with an interest in John Hampden, and to encourage wider knowledge of this great 17th century Parliamentarian, his life and times

## SPECIAL GRAMPOUND ISSUE

**O**n Saturday 1st and Sunday 2nd September 2001, the Society unveiled two plaques in Grampond, Cornwall to mark the fact that this had been John Hampden's first Parliamentary seat in 1621. The following is a diary of the week's activities, written jointly by Event Organiser Graham Barfield and Vice-Chairman Roy Bailey.

### Monday 27th August.

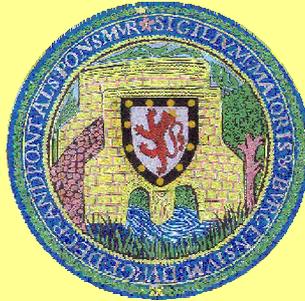
**G.B.** Not an ideal day to start travelling - a Bank Holiday - but ever since falling asleep and ditching and writing off my car near Winslow whilst driving to address a Chil-terns local history group about John Hampden, I've been a bit wary of driving long distances alone.

So I broke the journey from my home in Derbyshire by staying overnight with friends near Monmouth. The car was laden with everything I might need - lots of tools, extension cable, folding steps, 60 bottles of John Hampden's Ale, all my photography gear plus tripod and about 200 copies of the book *John Hampden of Buckinghamshire - The People's Hero*.

### Tuesday 28th August.

**R.B.** Although I had not intended to arrive in Grampond much before tea time, I left home in West Berkshire at about 8.45 am, as I had a number of calls to make.

My Volvo Estate, with the back seats folded forward, was pretty heavily laden, with my luggage for the best part of a fortnight, all the exhibition material, the slide projector, a number of important files, my photographic equipment, a large case containing a camcorder, bits of uniform, the



Seal of the Ancient Borough of Grampond with Creed

wreath of flowers, and Tim Oliver's halberds. The latter just fitted into the vehicle diagonally, and everything else went on top.

First stop was Swindon, where I was hoping to pick up the new promotional leaflets from the printers. Unfortunately they were not ready (my fault for not getting the artwork to them sooner), but the proprietor promised that they would be ready later in the day and he would send them to my address in Grampond by courier.

From there it was a pleasant drive across some of the best countryside in Southern England to Lyme Regis, where I had to call on the makers of our banner. Because I was not happy with the first version of the portrait of John Hampden on it, they had

sent another which I had affixed, but there were wrinkles in it which I hoped their expertise could remove. They couldn't without producing a new graphic, but they lent me a tool which should do the trick, and instructed me on the correct way to roll the banner.

Lunch was at a very good country pub near Axminster located down some of the narrowest Devon lanes I had ever negotiated, and a later stop was at Launceston, just into Cornwall, where I bought a wire brush, some steel wool and a bottle of deruster to deal with the tarnished halberd heads.

I reached Grampond at about 5.30 pm and found Graham ensconced in the guest house. Mrs Pat Miller, owner of Trevail, had originally offered to put me up there, but as the week running up to the event was school holidays, she had her son David and her two grandsons staying, so there was no room.

However, learning from Graham that he was inhabiting a twin-bedded room at Perran House, two doors away from Trevail, I had prevailed upon him and landlady Mrs Yvonne Diboll to let me share with him. 'I warn you I snore', said Graham. 'So do I', I replied. We were both understating the fact!

**G.B.** A fairly late start, and back to the M5 across the old Severn bridge at Chepstow, happy that there is no toll on exiting the Welsh side. I was horrified to discover a week later that it was £4.40 to come back.

A long haul between Bristol and Exeter; over 70 miles and an almost equally long stretch on the A30 between there and Bodmin.

I passed through Bugle, dwarfed by vast china clay spoil mountains and dropped down into St. Austell, where the industry seems still to be flourishing.

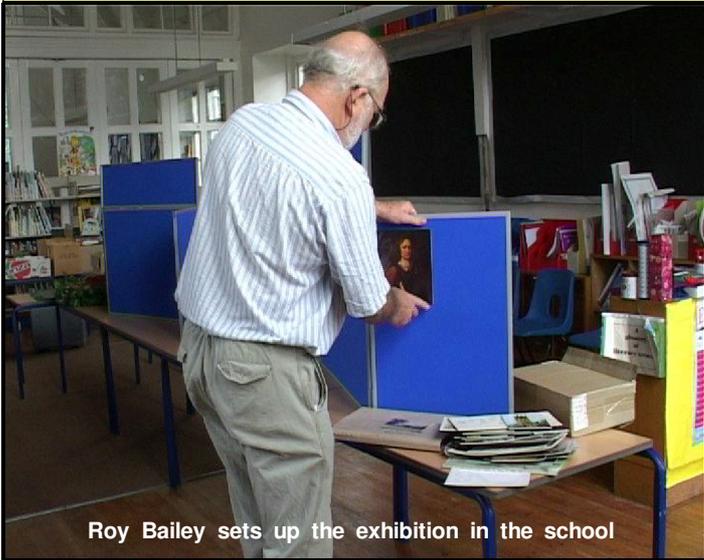


Trevail, where John Hampden is said to have stayed, and where the first plaque was unveiled.

## Wednesday 29th August

As I drove along the A390 and saw the sign for Grampound I found it hard to believe that the project we first mooted nearly two years ago was finally within days of completion.

I booked into Perran House, the guesthouse on the main (virtually the only) street in Grampound, to be joined shortly after by Roy. He was accompanied by the state-of-the-art camcorder loaned by the National Film & Television School through the kind offices of our member Jim Rodda, who is their Finance Director.



Roy Bailey sets up the exhibition in the school

As the insurer required a £1000 excess payment from the client if the equipment got lost, stolen or damaged, Roy understandably kept close hold of the item at all times. (*You'd better believe it!* – R.B.)

We moved into the bijou room we were sharing at the front of the building overlooking the main road, along which traffic races virtually non-stop all night. No wonder the inhabitants are agitating for a by-pass.

Roy wanted to call straightaway on Mrs Miller at Trevail a few doors up the street, to discuss the plaque sitting on her house front, but I insisted on priorities (*Very wise!* – R.B.) and we went another few doors up the street for a meal at The Dolphin Inn, Grampound's only pub. Here, to our surprise, we found our landlady serving behind the bar!

We visited Mrs Miller and her son David on the way back to Perran House. David, on holiday from Peterborough, was once a Sealed Knot member and had brought his uniform with him, which he said he would wear at the unveiling. We made noises of encouragement.

Back in the guesthouse, I received a telephone call from my friend Dr David Marcombe, the Director of the Local History Department at Nottingham University, who announced that he and his partner's daughter were setting off from Newark the following day to join us.

"I suppose that when you get to Bristol you've more or less cracked it", he said. I told him that Grampound was a mere 130 miles or so further on down the road.

G.B. Roy was kind enough to say that a plus feature of my loud snoring is that it muffled the noise of the passing traffic. (*Well, almost!* – R.B.) I called to see Peter Williams, the Churchwarden of Creed church. He lives a bit further up the street beyond the Dolphin and was in the back garden doing something technical, so I left a message with his wife that I would like to fix the plaque in the church during Thursday.

I then joined Roy at the Church of England primary school at the bottom of the street and met helpful, merry Jenny Luzmoor the Head Teacher, who in the course of conversation told us she is a good Catholic. Seems a sensible, logical and even-handed choice for running a C. of E. school.

R.B. Although it was still the school holidays Jenny was in and about every day of our visit except Friday, and went out of her way to be helpful, despite having school matters to deal with.

Architecturally, Grampound School is a typical Victorian chapel-like village school, with a high ceiling and a large arched window at the western end. This was later to prove to a problem. The main body of the building was divided into two by a glass screen, and the larger part nearer to the entrance was to be the site of the Society's exhibition.

Jenny had kindly arranged for some tables to be placed down the centre of this room, on which were the school's display boards. These were a lot smaller in total area than the display stand we normally use belonging to the John Hampden Primary School at Thame, so I had to set to work to make our material fit.

One problem was that this made the directions on some of the captions wrong, so I had to keep diving into Jenny's office to reprint them on the school's computer. There wasn't room for everything on the panels, but Jenny had covered one wall of the room with black paper, and I was able to use this for some of the pictures, the halberds, and the wreath of flowers in the shape of the Hampden coat-of-arms.

G.B. During the course of the morning various other people drifted in, among them Roger Paynter, Clerk to Grampound with

Creed Parish Council, with whom we had both had a voluminous exchange of letters and phone calls since early in 2000 and who is clearly a good organiser.

We were slightly nonplussed to discover that the school had absolutely no means of blacking out the huge window, so we wondered how we were going to make our slides visible at the evening talks. This was solved by Roger sweet-talking the adjacent village bowls club into letting us have the use of their modern club house which has much smaller windows equipped with blinds.

R.B. As promised the new promotional leaflets arrived at Perran House by courier, but when I opened them - what a disappointment. The photographs were of a poor resolution and looked very muddy. When I showed one to Jenny Luzmoor she agreed with me, so I got a message to the printers that the result was unsuitable and that I would be returning them for reprinting in due course. Meanwhile, we were obliged to use them.

Rather more successful were the small enamel badges depicting John Hampden which Robert Hammond had designed and produced, and had posted to me at the guesthouse.

As if this was not enough, halfway through the morning I received a message from my wife Annabel that several people had phoned to complain that cheques I had recently issued from the Society's cheque book were bouncing. This was due to using a book erroneously reported as lost, but I thought I had sorted this out in writing. So I had to break off from setting up the exhibition to try phoning the bank - without success.



Graham Barfield and David Miller inspect the exhibition

Roger Paynter returned to say that BBC Radio Cornwall wanted to do an interview with me about our visit the following afternoon and that he would take me in to Truro. Radio Oxford rang to ask if anyone from the Society could do an interview at Chalgrove. I suggested Maurice Kirtland, Lord Hollenden or Bob Hammond, but the contact rang back to say that they were all unavailable. When I told them I was going to be at Radio Cornwall next day they asked me to record the interview from there.

We were also joined by Michael Galsworthy who brought in some copies of *The Book of Grampound with Creed*, and Miss Mary Oliver who had done the illustrations for it, and who had also designed and printed some attractive notelets depicting Trevail. They asked if these could be sold along with our books and products. No problem, but as the book cost £20 we needed to keep an eye on it.

The third visitor I could really have done without - a strange woman from Hayle who claimed, against all the evidence, that John Hampden had died at a house in Thame that had been owned by her ancestor Maximilian Petty. I did the dirty and gave her Maurice Kirtland's address. As Chairman of Thame Historical Society, let him sort it out!

**G.B.** Peter Williams arrived to tell me that he wanted to deal with the church today as he had another commitment tomorrow. We agreed we would meet in the early afternoon and I would take him to the church - about a mile from Grampound - because he has eyesight problems and is no longer able to drive.



Roy and Graham erect the banner

**R.B.** Before that, Graham and I set up the Society's banner on the chain link fence at the front of the school, facing up Fore Street and visible to all westbound traffic. The exhibition officially opened at 1 pm, but it wasn't completely ready when the first visitors arrived. We planned to close at 5.30 that evening, but on Thursday and Friday we would stay open until the two talks commenced. Roger Paynter kindly invited us to join him and his wife for lunch at The Dolphin, which made a very pleasant break.

**G.B.** At St. Crida's it did not take me long to realise what John Betjeman was attracted to in Cornish churches - the rock-like solidity, due to their being made mainly from granite a very long time ago.

We had been assigned a space directly below the small stone tablet commemorating a handful of service people from the parish who lost their lives in the Second World War. I thought in view of Hampden's end, it was a very fitting place. What was slightly off-putting was that whoever fixed the war memorial did it on the slant

and I had some difficulty in deciding whether or not I should do the same with the Hampden plaque, for the sake of conformity.

Our plaque had four fixing bolts protruding from the back and I had to drill four quite large holes into the wall to insert them. Fortunately whilst at home I had made a simple device which enabled me both to get a horizontal level on the wall and accurately mark out where to make the holes, which was just as well, because they were absolute beggars to do once we had got through the plaster and into the granite. I had visions of burning out my electric hammer drill and it felt as if I was on the end of a concrete breaker.

We had to abandon one of the holes, but the remaining three bolts, generously smeared with quick-setting epoxy resin glue, went into the holes absolutely square and level, so I was highly pleased with the afternoon's work.

We covered the plaque with a black velvet curtain attached to the wall by Velcro. The curtain was re-cycled, having done a similar job eleven weeks earlier covering a brass memorial plate in a similar ceremony in a rescued chantry chapel near Lincoln.

Having finished this important task, I spent a few minutes looking around the church, and was fascinated to read, painted on a large board above the door, a facsimile of a letter written by Charles I in September 1643 to the gentry of Cornwall, thanking them for their loyalty.

I arrived back at the school totally exhausted after bouncing about on the end of the hammer drill. This did not prevent Roy from setting me on to clean the very rusty pair of halberds borrowed from Tim Oliver and which had clearly spent most of their life in a fairly damp place. We had some difference of views as to how brightly polished they needed to be, I asserting that a degree of rust lent them an air of authenticity.

**R.B.** On the basis that the Devil makes work for idle hands, and I had mine full, I felt that Graham could be well employed in this task. These halberds would be displayed in the school and would then support the Society's banner in the parade on Saturday. Clean, bright and lightly oiled, as they say in the Army, seemed to me to be more authentic.

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**2002**

**September** The Society's Exhibition will be on display at The Vale and Downland Museum, Wantage, Oxfordshire, for an indefinite period.

**Sunday 27 Oct** The Society's 10th Anniversary. A special celebratory 17th century banquet will be held at Hampden House, Great Hampden (by kind permission of Mr Tim Oliver) from 1.30 pm to 6.30 pm.

*For up-to-date information, see the Diary page on the Society's website at:*

**[www.johnhampden.org/diary.htm](http://www.johnhampden.org/diary.htm)**

**G.B.** In the evening, Roy drove us to a nearby village called Sticker where he wanted to try a renowned pub restaurant called The Hewas Inn. Both food and beer lived up to our expectations.

### Thursday 30th August

**G.B.** Not being happy with the special smashable glass phials of glue I had been sold by my builders' merchants, which turned out to be messy and dangerous to handle once broken, I left directly after breakfast for St. Austell to get more Araldite for fixing the plaque on Trevail.

Unbelievably, the town's B & Q hadn't a tube in the place but the check-out girl directed me to the nearby Homebase where I got the last couple of syringe-type packs. These measure out the two components in equal amounts and you can inject the glue horizontally into holes.

**R.B.** I spent most of the morning polishing up the presentation of the exhibition (and derusting the halberds!), not without interruptions. My repeated failure to get the Society's bank to contact me led to me firing off a vituperative fax to them. It had no effect, but made me feel better!

Finding out that there was a cobbler in the covered market in Truro, I decided to take my boots to be fixed. These were a pair of 17th century-style thigh boots that I had made during my membership of the Sealed Knot in the early 1970s by attaching oxhide uppers to a pair of old suede Hush Puppies and dyeing them. They had served me well, but the two halves were separating and needed attention.

Halfway through the morning we were joined by our one Cornish member Jacqueline Hodges from St. Ives and her husband Terence, who had come to lend a hand, and by John Seal from Alresford, who had brought along a good selection of his former Sealed Knot uniform and equipment.

With Derek Lester due to arrive the following day with some Greencoats' uniforms, it appeared that Graham and I stood a good chance of being properly kitted out for the Carnival parade, where we would be carrying the Society's banner.



Graham buckles down to cleaning the halberds

Rather than break off for lunch, Graham went and got us some delicious crab sandwiches from the Atlantis Seafood shop opposite Trevail; a policy we repeated the following day.

Off to Truro in the afternoon with Roger, where I dropped off my boots and arranged to collect them the following morning. At Radio Cornwall my interview 'up the line' with Radio Oxford turned into low comedy.

I was sat down in a small studio, given some headphones to don, and told I would shortly hear the interviewer in Oxford. I didn't, and I continued not to. Much consternation and dashing around, with the time for the other (live) interview fast approaching. Apparently, they could hear me but not vice versa. In the end, someone telephoned Radio Oxford and instructed me to conduct the interview by listening on the phone and talking into the microphone. So much for modern technology!

The Radio Cornwall interview was conducted in a larger studio with someone I could actually see - regular afternoon presenter Chris Blount. Modestly, Roger wanted to wait outside, but I persuaded him to come in and take part. He was, after all, an important part of Grampond's involvement.

He had earlier expressed concern at meeting such an elevated personage as the Earl of Buckinghamshire but we were able to reassure him that there was nothing to worry about. In the words of our American cousins, Miles was 'a regular guy'.

**G.B.** We dutifully listened to Roy's interview on the school's radio and I thought at one point he was going to give me a name credit as the originator of the project. But he changed his mind. He obviously felt a bit badly about this as on his return he apologised for the omission.

**R.B.** I did feel very bad about this because of all the work that Graham had put into this event, but the interview was over before I realised my mistake.

**G.B.** However, I was able to tell Roy that in his absence I had been photographed and interviewed by an extremely pretty, slim and nubile young lady reporter from 'The West Briton', with what used in my young

days to be called 'bedroom eyes', to whom I had managed to talk for twenty minutes about our John Hampden initiative, without once mentioning him. (*This explains his rather dopy expression in the resulting photo. - R.B.*)

**R.B.** On the way back from Truro, Roger invited me to call in at his house outside the village to have a cup of tea and to inspect the float, to be entitled 'John Hampden Rides Again', that he and some friends were making for the Carnival. He admitted that it would be a less than serious representation

of our hero and the Civil War period and hoped that members of the Society wouldn't be offended.

**G.B.** On Roy's return to the school further critical observations were then made about the state of the halberd heads, which led to my embarking rather reluctantly on another cleaning session. (*In the end I had to finish the job myself. If you want something done properly ... R.B.*)

We closed the exhibition in the early evening and with John Seal's invaluable help moved our stock of products across to the bowls club building in readiness for my talk, I having spent quite a bit of the afternoon going through the Society's large collection of transparencies, sorting out those I wished to use.

We had an audience of about two dozen, including Michael and Joan Portsmouth who had just arrived in Grampond. So as not to cut across Roy's talk the following evening, which was based on Hampden's life, I had specially written an account of political life in England in Hampden's day, which filled in the background without actually mentioning Hampden too much.

Roy sat at the back, making gestures towards the end for me to speed up, but I noticed that on the following night he actually spoke for rather longer than I did. Typical!

**R.B.** In actual fact, Graham's talk lasted an hour without the question-and-answer session; mine was an hour all inclusive. At least everyone got their money's worth, and I got some moody photographs of Graham holding forth.

**G.B.** We just managed to get into the Dolphin before nine, so we were able to order food. We met Roger Paynter, his wife, son and daughter-in-law there and had a good talk.

Roy, feeling tired, left the pub before I did, taking the keys to the guesthouse and bedroom door with him. It was too late in the day for me to think through the consequences of this, which were that when I left the pub half an hour later, I found myself locked out. Calls from the street to the open window of our room were useless, as Roy was by this time well asleep.

However, by throwing pebbles at the window of another guest who was clearly watching TV, I persuaded a comely young thing to trip downstairs and let me in. The downside of this was a slagging off by a bad-tempered woman who complained vehemently about Roy's door closing techniques. He had managed to leave the key in the bedroom door, so I was able to slip inside and escape her wrath.



Graham gives the first lecture

**Friday 31st August**

**G.B.** The previous night's door closing episode had obviously been reported to the landlady, who gave Roy a quick demonstration, in front of breakfasting guests, on how to shut doors quietly. I apologised to her later, explaining that Roy came from a broken home, much of which he'd broken himself! (*Very droll - R.B.*)

I took myself off to Trevail to fix the plaque on the house front in readiness for unveiling the following day. Whilst it was the larger of the two plaques, paradoxically it only had two fixing bolts and though the holes for these were quite hard to drill, they were much easier than in the church. This was just as well, because the job was done in full view of the street, which was why I wanted to get my eye in first, so to speak, in the comparative privacy of the church.

**R.B.** I followed along with my 35mm camera to record this important activity, but I think the plaque must have been quite heavy, because Graham got rather cross when I asked him to offer it up again for a second shot.

Leaving him to complete this important task, I drove into Truro to collect my boots, and spent a little while exploring the town (sorry - city!)



Mr Fixit!

**G.B.** Once again, the levelling device I had made did the trick and enabled me to drill the holes so the circular plaque went up with the lines of text dead level. I spread glue over everything that looked as if it might stick to something in or on the house wall, and hey presto! the second plaque was fixed.



Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire view the exhibition

Tony Davis, the village handyman and also a parish councillor, had made a fetching pair of miniature opening curtains fitted with a pull cord. These were offered up to the plaque and found to be quite perfect, but taken away in case it rained overnight, the plaque for the nonce being covered by a sheet of cardboard fixed to the wall with waterproof building tape. I suggested that the curtains might have a promising after-use on the front of a Punch & Judy show.



Jackie Hodges and Pat Miller inspect some of the children's work

**R.B.** With the exhibition open and beginning to attract people, I now had some time to wander around the school and note some of the work that pupils had been doing on John Hampden and the Civil War period that summer.

It was very good stuff, with some excellent illustrations, but I noticed that some of the comments seemed similar. I then realised that the little dears had used some of the text from material we had sent them earlier on. Ah well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

**G.B.** By this time, members of the Society were arriving thick and fast. Maurice and Anne Kirtland, Liz Morris, Bob Hammond, Derek Lester, Gill Blackshaw, Valerie Horne, Sam Hearn and Dr Paul Hooper, plus David Markham with his partner's daughter, Kate Holland. Paul Hooper brought along several copies of his book *Our Island in War and Commonwealth*, which he kindly made available free to members.

Also with us were my former John Hampden Press colleague Gordon Leverton and his wife Maeve, who had retired to East Taphouse, near Liskeard, some years ago. Gordon first visited Grampond on our behalf in November 1999 and found out some basic information for me. He was also instrumental in persuading our former firm to make a contribution to the cost of the plaques.

With this hard core of support the audience for Roy's talk totalled about forty, so there was plenty to discuss in the Dolphin afterwards.

**R.B.** The Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire and Lord Hollenden and his family had arrived in the area, and would be on parade on the morrow. Like a 17<sup>th</sup> century regiment billeted around the countryside, the team, most of whom had made the decision to come at the last moment, were spread about in guesthouses and farmhouses within striking distance of Grampond.

The Buckinghamshires were staying for the one night at a beautiful country house hotel close to Creed church, while the Hollenden family were at St. Mawes, down on the coast.

Annabel and several other members of my family had arrived at our holiday cottage at Rock, on the North Coast, and she would be joining me for the ceremonies the following day.

A very interesting visitor was Mark Harvey, who lives in Buckinghamshire, but who was staying with his younger brother at St. Mawes. He is Hon. Secretary of the Friends of the Vale of Aylesbury, of which Lord Buckinghamshire is President. By a remarkable coincidence, Trevail was his family home from 1954 to 1979, hence his interest in our activities.

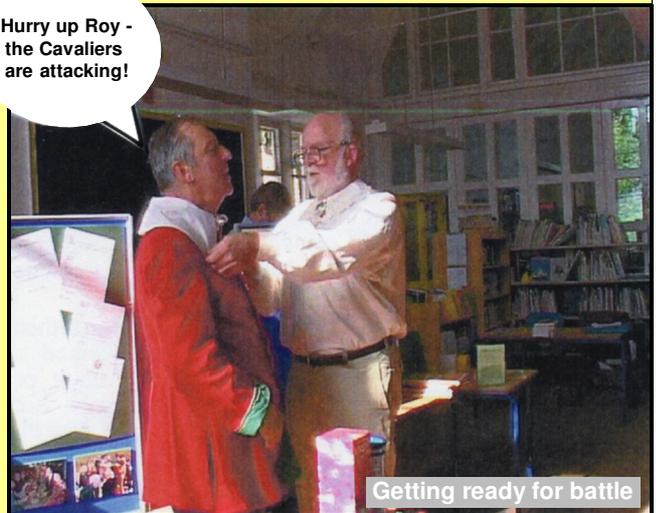
### Saturday 1st September

**G.B.** Some of the morning was spent with members being kitted out in 17<sup>th</sup> century military attire by Derek Lester who, unable to bring any members of John Hampden's Regiment with him, had filled his car with spare uniforms.

Kate Holland, it transpired, already belonged to an historic re-enactment group, and needed very little persuasion to join the Society members who were dressing up. She was

fitted out with what I termed a Prince Charming outfit, which made her look like a principal boy and made me wish I was about fifty years younger. (*Yeah, right! - R.B.*) By the end of the ceremonies she had been recruited into John Hampden's Regiment of Foote.

Hurry up Roy - the Cavaliers are attacking!



Getting ready for battle

**R.B.** After enjoying another of Mrs Diboll's excellent cooked breakfasts (and remembering not to slam the doors!), I checked out and joined the rest of the team in getting ready for the reception.

The cobbler in Truro had repaired my boots at a very reasonable price, but it transpired that his enthusiastic stitching had slightly reduced the diameter at the ankle, and it took me a good 10 minutes of wriggling and straining to get each one on.

Having got them on, it was obvious that there was no way they were coming off again until the end of the day. This was a pity, as I was still wearing my light drill trousers. Too bad! However, with the addition of a hat and shirt from John Seal, a green jacket and orange sash from Derek's collection, and the buff coat I had also made from oxhide in the '70s, I looked more or less the part. No gloves or sword, but you can't have everything.

John Seal kitted out Graham with a spare uniform which might have been tailor-made for him, so he looked equally as good. I dubbed us the Lord General and Adjutant General respectively!

We spent some time having photographs taken, both inside and outside the school. Most of these were taken by Valerie Horne, who exposed some 8 rolls of film in the course of the day.



Photocall with Town Crier John Sweetman

**G.B.** With everyone taking advantage of the very extensive Greencoats' wardrobe, a fair number of us had stepped back into the 17th century, in appearance at least, by the time the reception came round just after noon.

This was held in the school, in the smaller classroom beyond the one housing the exhibition. Food such as Cornish pasties and local white wine was provided by our hosts and quite a few bottles of John Hampden's Ale by the Society.

It was a great success, being attended by members of the parish and parochial church councils, the carnival committee, the vicar and the Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, Lady Mary Holborow.

By this time the Society's strength had been reinforced by the arrival of Miles and Alison Buckinghamshire, Miles's sister Lady Helen Motteux and her husband Hugues (who had recently returned from Zimbabwe), and Ian Hollenden. We had not met Lady Helen before, but she and Hugues proved to be a charming couple who threw themselves into the activities with great enthusiasm.

**R.B.** There were a couple of presentations to Lady Mary during the reception. Peter Hardaker, chairman of the parish council, gave her a copy of *The Book of Gram-pound with Creed*. On behalf of the Society, I presented her with one of the Chiltern Brewery's presentation boxes containing a bottle of John Hampden's Ale and a bottle of their Lord Lieutenant's Ale.



I felt that the combination of these two would be a highly appropriate gift, and suggested to Lady Mary that if she didn't drink beer, now was her chance to start! In fact, she later wrote Graham a charming letter saying that her husband had drunk the John Hampden's Ale and she had enjoyed the Lord Lieutenant's. Which is as it should be.

**G.B.** Shortly before the gathering was due to make its short walk to the front of Trevail, John Seal and I took down the John Hampden banner from where it had been fixed in front of the school entrance, donned our headgear and marched up to the house to fix the banner on the newly painted garden railings, after which we took up guard positions by the front gate.

It was at this point that my son Nicholas, who had come down from London specially for the event and was staying with

friends at St. Agnes, emerged from the crowd to shout a very audible and cheery, "Hallo, you old poof!" at me, a greeting which I thought a tad inappropriate and undeserved. (*Oh, I don't know!* - R.B.)

**R.B.** The procession, led by Town Crier John Sweetman, walked from the school up to the seafood shop and then crossed over to Trevail, with Derek Lester and Mike Portsmouth each carrying a large regimental banner of John Hampden Regiment of Foot, and Maurice and Anne Kirtland forming a guard of honour with the halberds.

Behind them was the rest of our uniformed contingent and then the three principals in the ceremony - Lord Buckinghamshire, Lady Mary and Peter Hardaker - followed by the rest of the Society members. I was busy with the video camera, as I had been quite frequently since my arrival, and recorded both the speeches. The photographer from the Western Morning News was intrigued to see a person in 17th century gear wielding such 21st century state-of-the-art digital equipment, and took a rather unusual picture of me.

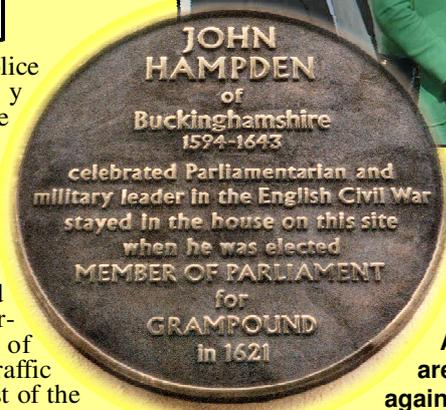
Sadly, despite e-mailing press releases to a list of nearly 70 media contacts, he and *The West Briton* were the only ones to turn up. Carlton West Country TV from Plymouth had said they would cover the event, but didn't.

**G.B.** The police helpfully stopped all the vehicles - quite an honour, as the A390 is the main road between St. Austell and Truro and carries much of Cornwall's traffic to the far west of the county - and as Tony Davis had also fixed up a small public address system as well as the curtains, the Lord Lieutenant's introductory words and Lord Buckinghamshire's unveiling speech were clearly heard by the sizeable crowd which had assembled on both sides of the road to watch the proceedings.



**R.B.** Lord Buckinghamshire spoke briefly of John Hampden's life, career and reputation among his contemporaries and added:

**There are in history always interesting paradoxes. John Hampden, a puritan and parliamentarian represented a borough in Cornwall which in the Civil War was staunchly Royalist.**



**Yet some 45 years later, the Cornishmen were aggrieved with the imprisonment of a Cornishman, Bishop Trelawney, by James II. From this comes your Cornish National Anthem - Trelawney. So there are interesting links of dissent against dictatorial authority, albeit at different times, between the two counties.**

Our Patron then unveiled the plaque (*above*) to applause from the spectators, and once the traffic started flowing again, many of the participants gathered in front of the house for a photo session

**G.B.** Realising that nobody appeared to have expressed any gratitude to Mrs Miller for letting us put up our plaque on her house, I went afterwards and thanked her on behalf of the Society's members, for her great kindness.

**R.B.** Mrs Miller invited me into Trevail to meet Mrs Amy Bane, a rather frail and elderly lady who was the author of *The Book of Grampound with Creed*. We had an interesting conversation, during which I taxed her with the comment in her book that John Hampden had found his true love while in Grampound - something I found difficult to accept. I asked if it was a local legend, but she said that she had read it somewhere but couldn't remember where.

We said goodbye to Miles and Alison Buckinghamshire, who had driven down from Aylesbury the previous day and were starting the long drive back up to Scotland to start their holiday.

**G.B.** We were then at liberty for the afternoon until the procession at 6 pm, so we spent the time clearing up the exhibition items in the school, fixing the Society's banner to the two halberds, and wandering round the recreation ground.



Lady Helen Motteux inspects the troops on the Recreation Ground

This had the usual ingredients of a small scale fete, together with some unusual features like a bat handling lady. I wanted to ask her if she was serving battered bat butties, but was persuaded that it was not a nice thing to do.

**R.B.** The turnout on the recreation ground was good one, with a selection of interesting floats. Roger Paynter's was not a very serious representation of the Civil War period, but no one took any exception.

Our procession of members was asked to take up position immediately behind the band and the Carnival Queen, with the banner on its (now shiny) halberds leading. It was originally intended that Graham and I would carry the banner, but it was obvious that I couldn't do that and capture the whole event on video as well.

At one point we asked David Miller, who had some experience, if he would do the filming, but he got roped in to something else of great importance by Peter Williams, as you will see. So John Seal took over one of the halberds, leaving me to concentrate on operating the camera. Carrying the banner would have been much less exhausting!

At 6 those in uniform were fallen in behind the leading bands and the Carnival Queen - a quiet little girl who seemed rather overwhelmed by it all, in solitary splendour on her float. The team was Graham and John, Derek Lester in his grey officer's uniform and Mike Portsmouth in a blue-grey uniform he had bought, each carrying a standard of John Hampden's Regiment of Foote.



The rest of the members wait to march

Behind them was Kate Holland in her 'principal boy's' costume, Joan Portsmouth looking like an aristocrat in a beautiful blue dress and feathered hat, Gill Blackshaw in the rather more sober ensemble of a Puritan middle class lady, and Maurice and Ann Kirtland, Liz Morris and Sam Hearn in Greencoats' uniforms.

Maurice was wearing a floppy black hat, but the headgear of the other three looked most peculiar - though doubtless authentic. Since there are recorded instances of women serving as men in the Civil War, Anne and Liz were certainly authentic.



Confrontation in Fore Street

The Society's contingent was completed by the non-uniformed 'camp followers' - Annabel with my son Tom and his wife and daughter (who had made great use of the face-painting stall), Lady Helen and Hugues Motteux, Bob Hammond and Valerie Horne (Paul Hooper very sensibly decided to watch the whole thing from the sidelines). As they do every year, the police closed the A390 through the village for the duration of the parade.

**G.B.** Churchwarden Peter Williams and I had carefully rehearsed a little ceremony to take place out in the road, and our part of

the procession was requested to halt by the school and only proceed when the band had stopped playing. On our cue we marched out onto the street, where we were challenged as to our identity by two members of the crowd dressed in splendid Royalist costume - Peter and David. This led to an exchange of pantomimic dialogue, as follows:

Peter: Halt! Halt! ????

Me: Civil War strife is long over; we come in peace and friendship.

Peter: Well said. But have you got the password?

Me: Yea - bypass Grampound now!

Peter: Correct. Let me see now - advance and be recognised. Who be ye?

Me: Our banner tells all - we be followers of the great John Hampden of Buckinghamshire.

Peter: And is that the great John Hampden who was of immortal memory and was MP for Gram-

-pound?

Me: Yea, his plaque is on yonder house - Trevail.

Peter: It is marvellous, that is. Now, is he also the John Hampden who fought courageously in the great Civil War?

Me: Indeed he was a brave soldier.

Peter: And was it he who refused to pay unfair taxes?

Me: It was indeed.

Peter: Why, staph me, if he was against Customs and Excise men, he was one of us, not one of you. So I say, let's all advance together in friendship and in peace, and we will escort the Carnival Queen and her fair Princess to the top of Grampound Hill and back.

Me: Well said.

whereupon, with a shout of 'For King and Parliament' from the Society's contingent we were allowed on our way, with Peter and David leading.



**R.B.** I had forgotten just how exhausting newsreel-type coverage of a procession could be! Having covered the interchange between Graham and Peter, I filmed the procession setting off, ran to get ahead, let them go past, ran to get ahead again, etc. At one point I hitched a lift in a Land Rover pulling the float immediately behind the Carnival Queen.



Derek Lester lowers the Regimental colours as the returning procession passes Trevail

At the top end of Fore Street the parade turned into the courtyard of a large house to allow the traffic, which had already been halted for nearly 15 minutes, to flow again. I really appreciated the rest, as I was very hot and very out of breath! When the police again stopped the traffic for the return journey, filming going down the hill was much easier.

**G.B.** It was a long pull up the hill and an effort to keep the banner stretched tight, so when we stopped to turn round I passed my halberd to Kate Holland, reckoning that as the youngest member of the group she probably had a lot more puff left than any of the rest of us.

I excused myself by saying that I wanted to break off on the return, to pop into The Dolphin and tell the landlord how many of us would be having a farewell lunch on the Sunday, but I don't think it fooled her for a moment. I felt and probably looked fair tuckered out.

**R.B.** He wasn't the only one! The lunch was a good idea of Graham's. I had originally tried to organise a special buffet Sunday lunch at the Eastern Promise Chinese restaurant, which stood almost opposite the school and was reckoned to be one of the best in the South West of England.

It needed a commitment from at least 15 people to make it worth their while to open, but the take-up fell well short, so I had cancelled the tentative arrangement on Thursday. However, Graham had noticed that the Dolphin did a Sunday roast for under £5, and arranged with the landlord that a party of us would eat there after the church service.

**G.B.** The procession over, I returned to the school which had been our headquarters for the last four days, to change into 'civvies' and found that Kate had just done similarly, she teasingly telling me that I had arrived slightly too late to see any of her interesting bits. Reflected sadly that such disappointments were mainly the story of my life... *(I refuse to comment - R.B.)*

All that remained was to follow my colleague Gordon Leverton back to his home at East Taphouse for well-merited food, drink and rest.

**R.B.** I didn't stay for the evening's activities, which included a bonfire at the recreation ground, as I was feeling pretty bushed after the day's exertions. Annabel

and the rest of the family had left earlier, so I followed them back to our holiday cottage at Rock, and fell asleep on the settee!

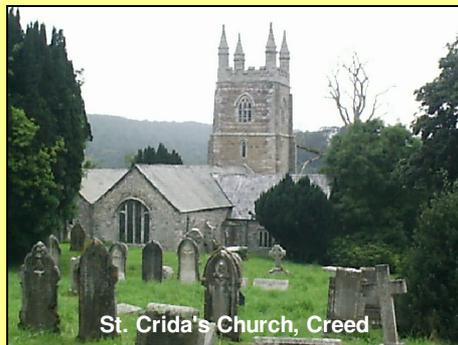
### Sunday 2nd September

**G.B.** Gordon, his wife and I made an early start so as not to be late for the unveiling at Creed church. The allowed-for tourist traffic did not materialise and we arrived early.

This gave me a chance to arrange with Father Ian Morris that we would not disrupt him by popping off camera flash guns, but would re-run the unveiling ceremony at the end of the service.

The early arrival let the Levertons browse amongst the tombstones in the churchyard and permitted me to hang about taking pictures of some of the more colourful participants - including John Sweetman the Town Crier - a large man in a top hat and canary yellow waistcoat, who looked like a comedy character from the pantomime - plus his lady dressed in Cornish tartan.

**R.B.** Leaving the rest of the family, Annabel and I rendezvoused with Liz Morris at the school, where she left her car. One less to block up the narrow lanes around Creed church, but there were plenty there when we arrived.



St. Crida's Church, Creed

Our Chairman, Lord Hollenden, who was to perform the unveiling, was there with his wife Callie and two sons, and we were pleased to see Jenny Luzmoor, whose recent conversion away from the Church of England had not prevented her from coming all the way from her home near Camborne to support us.

Jackie and Terence Hodges had made the even longer journey for the second time from St. Ives, and were later rewarded with a copy of Paul Hooper's book. Lady Mary Holborow was again kind enough to attend.

Father Morris had obviously gone to a great deal of trouble to ensure that the content of the service was as appropriate as possible. The first 3 verses of the opening hymn, which I had never heard before, went:

Give praise for famous men  
From history's open page,  
by whom our God unfolds his plan  
for each succeeding age.

Some wore a Kingdom's crown  
And made themselves a name;  
Some by God's word brought Kingdoms down  
And with his judgement came.

Some fashioned wisest laws  
To guard our liberty;  
Some champions of a lonely cause  
Set slaves and prisoner free.

which I thought was amazingly appropriate.

From then it was very much the normal order of morning service, finishing (again most appropriately) with John Bunyan's rousing hymn 'Who would true valour see, an interesting and amusing sermon by Father Morris and the hymn 'Soldiers of Christ arise and put your armour on.'



**G.B.** The unveiling, before the final offertory hymn, was performed admirably by Ian Hollenden who made a short but thoughtful and well-researched speech, as follows:

Before performing my official task of unveiling this plaque in memory of my ancestor John Hampden, MP for Grampound in the 1621 Parliament, I feel I should say a few words about Hampden's relationship with the Church in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century. It was not always an easy one.

By way of background to this, I should mention that John Hampden, ever since his school days at Thame Grammar School, some twelve miles from the village of Hampden, had been brought up with an education based very much on religion, and as a devout Calvinist, even to the extent of having to recite a chapter of either the Old or the New Testament for a quarter of an hour every day before dinner. Calvinism stressed the equality of all men in the sight of God; in brief it was very much a conditioned reaction against corrupt Catholicism. The young Puritans at this school grew up, and I quote: 'To fear God, and no person, and nothing else'.

Similarly during his university days, at Magdalen College, Oxford, a staunchly Puritan institution, his Calvinistic beliefs were further cemented. However it is significant that John Hampden's undergraduate days were considerably enlivened by the future Archbishop of Canterbury, William Laud, preaching highly inflammatory sermons along the lines that 'Presbyterians were as bad as Papists'. Little did the young John Hampden realise the significance of these sermons, and the huge influence that Laud would have on future events.

Some 15 to 20 years later, as a committed Parliamentarian, John Hampden first started to become aware of the dangerous powers that the Church held in those days. Archbishop Laud had already started his campaign to crush Puritanism, and a number of dissenters had been cruelly punished in the manner of the day.

Hampden himself was shortly to fall foul of the Archbishop's fervour, when in 1634 he was severely reprimanded for using a churchyard in Beaconsfield for his muster, or gathering of troops; and also for failing to attend his own church every Sunday. I should explain that in those days, it was a common habit for Puritans to enjoy the sermons given at neighbouring churches, despite, amazingly enough, this practice being officially against the law at the time.

Subsequently in his role as a parliamentarian he was able to practice the conviction of his beliefs, and redress the balance of power between the Church and the King on the one hand, and Parliament on the other.

I give these brief insights into John Hampden's life, to illustrate the fact that, whilst he is primarily known since his death as a great parliamentarian and a man of the people, he was undoubtedly helped in carrying out this important role in history by his strong religious upbringing and his unwavering belief in the Protestant religion.

This was followed by a short address from Lady Mary.



Derek Lester and Kate Holland flanked the plaque, each bearing a standard of John Hampden's Regiment of Foote. As the service concluded, they and Ian patiently stood for several minutes whilst members of the congregation - which totalled around seventy - lined up to take photo after photo.

John Sweetman the Crier climbed the short staircase to the belfry ringing platform under the tower, made a brief announcement and we all headed for the wine and nibbles which had been kindly provided by the members of the parochial church council.

**R.B.** During this convivial get-together, during which I was asked for two copies of *John Hampden of Buckinghamshire*, I had an interesting conversation with Ian Hollenden, in which he vouchsafed that he had found it difficult to concentrate on writing his speech a few weeks earlier, because at the time he had been on holiday in South Africa, watching a pod of whales from a sunlit beach in Natal.

It also transpired that he and Callie had spent their time in St. Mawes taking 7-mile walks along the beach as training for a 100-kilometre sponsored walk on behalf of the National Autistic Society that they were shortly to undertake in Inner Mongolia. Yes, Inner Mongolia!



**G.B.** We headed back to The Dolphin where, for a modest £4.75 a head, twenty of us - including our guests the Paynters, Mrs Miller and David, the Levertons, David Marcombe and Kate Holland - sat down to a splendid and very adequate Sunday roast lunch. It was the perfect way to finish off a most enjoyable week.

**R.B.** Some of the members were heading straight back home, but about a dozen of us had one more visit to make to complete the weekend.

When helping with the final arrangements for this event, it occurred to me that, if possible, it would be a good opportunity while in Cornwall to see the Walker portrait of John Hampden, which has been in the possession of the Eliot family at Port Eliot since the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Following the Society's formation in 1992, the latest representative, the Earl of St. Germans, kindly allowed us to use the picture in any way we wished.

So we invited him to the ceremony on Saturday, and asked if we could visit Port Eliot and see the original on the way home. He suggested that I ring him after lunch on Sunday to confirm that he was at home, but when I did he said that he was in bed feeling unwell. This explained why he did not turn up the previous day. Nevertheless, he agreed to our request.

We rendezvoused in St. Germans village, which is a good 30 miles east of Gram-pound back towards Plymouth, and drove down the long drive to the house, where we were met by the Earl's housekeeper, Mrs Rita Bermingham.

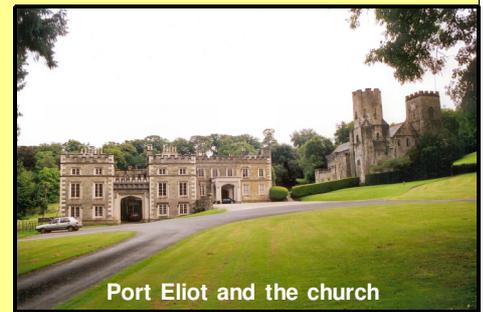


She took us to a small study, where high up on the wall was the famous portrait, said to have been given by John Hampden's son Richard to Sir John Eliot's elder son. Over the fireplace was the original portrait of Sir John in the Tower of London, painted when he was close to death.

Annabel wandered off to inspect the gardens, but the rest of us were treated to a fairly comprehensive tour of the lower part of the house by the obliging Mrs Bermingham.

**G.B.** There is an air of genteel shabbiness about the place - 'The Earl doesn't like change' - which was reinforced as we were shown the vast servants' quarters, a warren of abandoned rooms piled high with disused and discarded furniture, the doors bearing large plaques recalling the splendours of a bygone age: 'HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM', 'SERVANT'S BEER CELLAR' 'ICE ROOM' and so on.

Yes, the place was originally a port as its name suggests. The River Tiddy - an arm of the Tamar - once came up almost to the house. The nearby village church - still vast - stands adjoining the house, and long before the Norman Conquest had been the cathedral for Cornwall and Devon.



Later it was a monastery; doubtless the Eliots bought it at the Dissolution, dismantled some of it, rolled the stones further downhill to the river frontage and rebuilt or enlarged their ancestral home. In due course the river was diverted, the grounds and the house mock battlemented, probably in the late 18<sup>th</sup> or early 19<sup>th</sup> century.

**R.B.** We made our way around into the village to inspect the church, which has two parallel aisles and an enormous Norman doorway, not now used. On the wall beside the altar is a memorial plaque to Sir John Eliot, who was buried in the Tower.

**G.B.** Some of the slightly eccentric notices in the grounds: 'PLEASE DO NOT INTRUDE,' 'PROCEED WITH CAUTION - CHILDREN ON MOTORBIKES EVERYWHERE', reminded me of the notice prominently displayed at the old entrance to Renishaw Hall to deter faint-hearted visitors: 'PLEASE DO NOT TREAD ON MR SITWELL'S SNAKES'!

In the late afternoon we said our final goodbyes on the sweeping gravelled forecourt of Port Eliot, all agreeing that it had been a splendid weekend, helped enormously by the fine warm dry weather.

The nicest comment came from David Marcombe, a veteran of many years of arranging, organising and leading successful and well-attended university weekend and day schools. He remarked that everything about the event had an easy air of informal spontaneity, which carefully concealed the fact that a great deal of meticulous planning and thought had gone into its preparation. And I don't think you could want higher praise than that.

As I started back on the return leg of my 699 mile round trip, I considered the fact that we might now apply our organisational expertise to doing something similar in Hampden's other constituency of Wendover in a few years' time.

And as I concluded the record of this interesting and challenging project, I discovered (unsurprisingly) that I have accumulated 100 A4 pages of notes, letters and sundry information about the Grampound project onto my computer. But it's been a lot of fun.

**R.B.** It certainly has. As I drove back to the north coast with Annabel to commence a truncated week's holiday, I thought of the new friends that we had made in Grampound, and I hoped that the contact would continue as it had after our visit to Hampden (Maine) in 1994.

There had been a serious purpose behind our Cornish sojourn, but we had extracted an enormous amount of enjoyment from it, which I hope this diary shows. The people of Grampound had bent over backwards to assist us in every possible way and to make us welcome. We are grateful to all of them for their help.

Thanks must go to all those members of the Society who participated, but the credit for the success of the whole operation belongs to Graham Barfield, who conceived the original idea two years earlier and ran with it, dealing (among other things) with all the organisational difficulties, seeking planning permission for the erection of the plaques, and having them designed and made.

I only really came into any involvement in the last few months; getting the exhibition material updated and having some new colour slides made, producing name badges, and sending out press releases - and that was quite enough!

Perhaps the best way to finish this diary is with the poem (*right*) written by Valerie Horne, who made such a vital contribution by recording so much of the activities on film, and who is already busy organising a similar event in Wendover for 2003.

### Editor's Note

I must apologise for the fact that this special souvenir edition of such an important event has taken so long to produce

An explanation of the reasons would fill another page and would be extremely boring, but I hope that readers will feel that the wait was worthwhile

I hope to put all the many photos from this event in a special album on our website in due course, so keep watching

[www.johnhampden.org](http://www.johnhampden.org)

## IN GRAMPOUND

And so we went to Grampound  
To spread the word of Hampden.  
Roy\* drilled the walls to fix the plaques  
He did it all with good attack.  
"Hampden elected to be M.P."  
The plaque now there for all to see  
In Grampound.

Graham's lecture filled the hall,  
Roy's kept people well enthralled.  
The school was filled with pupils' drawings  
And their own words, all outpouring  
Showed that they had learned their task  
In Grampound.

People came from near and far  
Some on foot and some by car  
Our exhibition there to see:  
Hampden members clothed in greencoats  
Hampden standards to be seen, waved  
Aloft with much panache  
In Grampound.

Lords and ladies did abound  
"Civic Dignitaries" here were found.  
Locals took us to their hearts,  
Came along and played their parts  
In celebrating Hampden's past  
In Grampound.

Miles and Ian spoke well, as always,  
Lady Mary had a ball.  
Enthusiasm never palled.  
The Town Crier came, all resplendent

And the sun shone over all.  
Civic Lunch with Local Wine  
Local fish and Cornish Pasties  
Lots of wonderful delicacies  
Best, by far, the warmth of the people  
Who welcomed us in Grampound.

The Procession, that was fun;  
Up that hill went everyone,  
No one said "It's one in five"!  
Never mind, I'm still alive.  
Then the bonfire - lots of music  
Quiet chats at close of day.

Sunday saw us at St Crida's  
Solemn service, John Hampden needs us  
To unveil a second plaque  
On the Church, at the back  
A better site there couldn't be  
Where man gave lives for Liberty.  
If, as I think, John Hampden joined us,  
I do think he would have said  
"Well found, well done, God speed us all  
'Til we meet again in Grampound.

Last of all the final dinner  
The Dolphin swimming with  
Chatter and Laughter  
Town Crier - mine of information.  
I enjoyed the whole celebration.  
I've been teacher, pupil too,  
The sun has shone the weekend thru'.  
What more could one ask  
Now we've reached the end;  
Could we do it again?  
In Grampound.

V.A. HORNE SEPTEMBER 2001.

*I would like to say a personal thank you to those members involved in organising this visit as nothing runs this well without much unseen hard work (or "beaucoup de Travail") being undertaken beforehand.*

\* Actually, it was Graham!



Brewers (by appointment) of  
**JOHN HAMPDEN'S ALE**  
and other fine beers  
\* \* \*

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*Why not visit our brewery shop?*

Photographs by:  
Roy Bailey  
Graham Barfield  
Valerie Horne  
Maurice Kirtland  
Bernard White

### Roll of Honour

The following, listed in alphabetical order, contributed to the cost of producing the two plaques. The Society's Committee would like to express its thanks to them:

Roy Bailey, Graham Barfield, Anthea Coles, William Eason, Cynthia Ettenfield, Kenneth and June Godfrey, Robert Hammond, Dr Frank Hansford-Miller, Sam Hearn, Christopher and Joanna Hobart, Miles Hobart-Hampden - Earl of Buckinghamshire, Jacqueline Hodges, Dr Paul Hooper, Valerie Horne, Jack and Joan Horton, Moira Hunter-Watts, The John Hampden Press Ltd., Barry and Veronica Keating, Gordon and Maeve Leverton, Liz Morris, Lady Helen Motteux, John Pearson, Michael and Joan Portsmouth, Jim Rodda, John and Chris Seal, Gloria Smith, Doreen Taylor.

Further copies of this special newsletter are available at £2.00 each by sending a stamped, self-addressed A4 envelope with your remittance to:

**Park Meadow Cottage**  
Thame Park Road  
Thame  
Oxon OX9 3PH

# THE JOHN HAMPDEN SOCIETY

*. . . honouring a great Englishman*

## 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Banquet

27<sup>th</sup> October 2002 marks the 10th anniversary of the formation of the John Hampden Society. It is intended to mark this event by holding a 17th century banquet in the Great Hall of Hampden House, Great Hampden, where the inauguration took place a decade ago.

By happy chance 27<sup>th</sup> October this year falls on a Sunday, which is the only time Hampden House is available to us, so the banquet will follow the 17<sup>th</sup> century custom of dining early. It will commence at **1.30 pm** and continue until **6.30 pm**, with 24 courses (dishes) in 3 removes, as follows:

### FIRST REMOVE

Gammon of bacon pie  
Leg of mutton stuffed with apricots  
Kippers with onion  
Muggets  
Pease Pottage  
Grand Salad 1  
Eggs in mustard sauce  
Carrots with marigold flowers

### SECOND REMOVE

Sausages cooked in claret  
Roast pork  
Lemon chicken  
Venison pie  
Grand Salad 2  
Lob Lolly  
Cucumber Salad  
Leafy Salad

### THIRD REMOVE

Cheddar  
Brie  
Fruit Tarts  
Minced Tarts  
Fruit Leathers  
Marmalade  
Fresh Fruit  
Syllabub

Period musician Peter Bull will play throughout the afternoon, and there may be other entertainments.

Cost of the banquet will be **£25.00** per head. This price excludes drinks, which diners should arrange for themselves. Glasses will be provided and there will be no corkage charge. There is a limit of approximately 50 places, so priority will be given to John Hampden Society members. Bookings must be made by **Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> September**, and a deposit of **£10.00** per person is required. Cheques, etc., should be made payable to 'The John Hampden Society' and endorsed 'Banquet' on the back. Diners are earnestly requested to attend in 17<sup>th</sup> century dress.

The Society has achieved a great deal in its relatively short existence, and this banquet, to be held in John Hampden's ancestral home by courtesy of the owner, Tim Oliver, will be a celebration of our efforts to honour the man known as 'The Patriot', and a springboard for future activities. It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend.

For further details or for any enquiries contact Derek Lester at the address below, or on 01992 701304 (h), 07860 539244 (m), or by e-mail to: [lesterderek@hotmail.com](mailto:lesterderek@hotmail.com)

To: The John Hampden Society  
8 Margaret Close  
WALTHAM ABBEY  
Essex EN9 IPZ

Please reserve me . . . . places at the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Banquet on Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> October at Hampden House, Great Hampden I enclose a payment of £ . . . . as a deposit.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

Postcode . . . . . Tel. No . . . . .

E-mail address . . . . .

If your booking is for two or more persons, please list all their names here:

. . . . .

. . . . .

If you do not wish to cut this newsletter. please photocopy this form

## JOHN HAMPDEN MEMORIAL - WENDOVER

As you are probably aware the John Hampden Society has, for sometime, had background plans for a John Hampden commemorative plaque in Wendover. As I have valuable contacts in and around this area, I decided to 'test the water' for reactions to the idea. I talked with four people in February and in the following weeks the idea moved from a possibility to a reality. I reported this to the Committee who decided to let me run with the project under the watchful eye of Bob Hammond. Working in conjunction with Wendover Parish Council, we now have basic plans in place.

As we will need to order and PAY for our plaque by the end of August 2002 I need to ask you if you will give me your support for the Wendover venture? If each member is willing to contribute a minimum £6 we would cover most of the cost of the plaque, leaving current funds available for the projected video. Please make your cheque payable to the John Hampden Society, endorsed on the reverse 'John Hampden Memorial Fund' and send it to:

**The Hon. Treasurer**  
**134 Park Road**  
**Chiswick**  
**London W4 3HP**

Please do it as soon as possible so that it does not get overlooked! We will run a commemorative roll to record all donors.

The unveiling of the Memorial plaque will take place on June 21st 2003. This date has been chosen as the annual dinner at Thame will be on that day, thereby making it easier for members with a long journey to attend both events in one day. The event will have a timespan from 12 noon, when it will be opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, until about 4 p.m. **The Earl of Buckinghamshire** will perform the unveiling ceremony at a time yet to be decided.

Plans are afoot to have an early 1600's style country fair/market on the Manor Waste - the central square - in Wendover, with stalls selling honey, candles, herbs, John Hampden's ale, etc - anything that would have been at a country fair at that time. Hopefully we shall have some involvement with local schools, some mini pikemen maybe for Derek Lester to drill, maybe some children selling lavender bags etc. and of course **EVERYONE IS REQUESTED TO COME IN THE COSTUME OF THE DAY**. Our society exhibition will be on show on the day and there will be a couple of talk and slide show sessions leading up to the event.

Our multi-talented member **Graham Barfield** has taken up stone carving in recent years and has offered to produce a roundel with a John Hampden head, similar to the one on the plaque in Thame, to be mounted above the plaque.

We had a marvellous reception from the local people in Grampound last year and a good response from members and their friends who attended those events, making it a truly memorable experience. Let us hope we can match the experience here in Hampden country.

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**ACCOMODATION, RESTAURANT  
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## CHALGROVE FESTIVAL

The Chalgrove Village Festival, held on May Bank Holiday weekend (Sat 4<sup>th</sup> to Mon 6<sup>th</sup>) was an outstanding success. Fine weather ensured a good turnout - both of spectators and participants. The military side was organised by local member **Richard Parsons** of The Marquis of Winchester's Regiment, and featured displays, drills and skirmishes by a number of Royalist regiments of The King's Army of the ECWS, plus Col John Hampden's Regiment of Foote.

The John Hampden Society was involved on all three days. On the Saturday evening Graham Barfield gave an illustrated talk on John Hampden in the Village Hall, where Chalgrove Local History Group also mounted an exhibition. On the Sunday Derek Lester led a walk across the battlefield on behalf of The Battlefields Trust, and advised us that the conditions were considerably warmer than on the previous walk in March 2000!

On Sunday the Society's exhibition, which had been updated with some of the Gram-pound pictures, was set up in the Village Hall in front of the one by the Chalgrove Local History Group, and attracted a good deal of interest, despite the large number of alternative attractions outside. These included a parade by the regiments from Chalgrove Manor, drill, and a skirmish much enlivened by the use of a very noisy cannon.

A fun fair, a beer tent, and many stalls selling a variety of items made the whole Festival well worth attending.

Many thanks to those members of the Society who helped to set up the exhibition and manned it throughout the day.



Pictures by Derek Lester



Annabel Bailey and Valerie Horne on duty at the exhibition