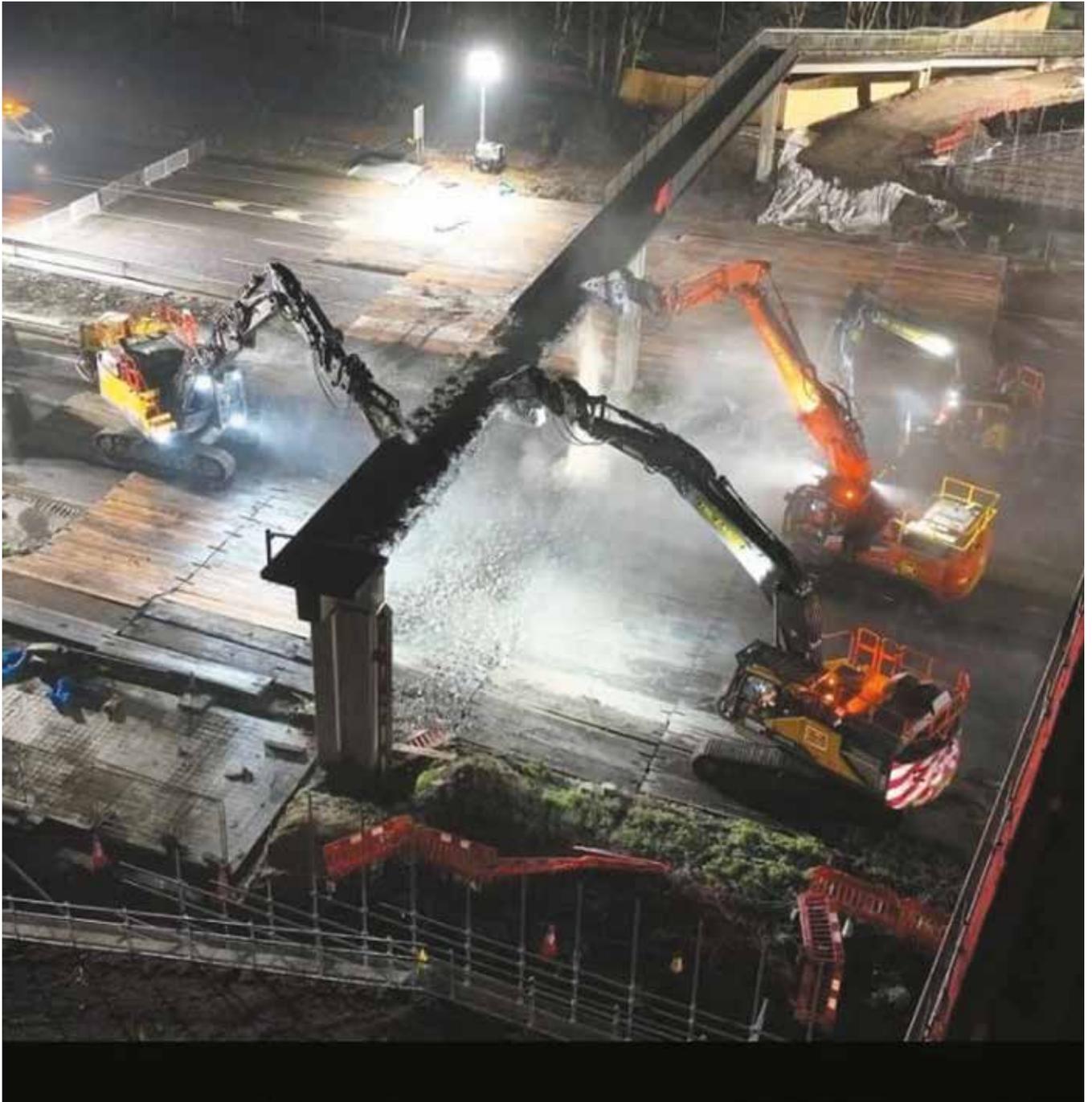


Send & Ripley History Society



FRANK BROWN
– JOURNEYMAN
PAINTER – PART II

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BACK SOON

CONTACTS

Send & Ripley History Society
Established 1975 as
Send History Society
Registered Charity
No. 1174161

President: John Slatford
St George's Farmhouse,
High Street, Ripley,
Woking GU23 6AF
T: 01483 222107
E: jmslatford@gmail.com

Chairman: Cameron Brown
Church Farm House,
Wisley GU23 6QL
T: 07811 276386
E: cmb@aappl.com

Hon Secretary: Jenny Jackson
The Haven, Polesden Lane
Ripley GU23 6DX
T: 01483 222 980
E: jmj@jennyjackson.co.uk

Treasurer, Membership
Secretary and Journal
Distribution: Christina Sheard
Old Manor Cottage,
Send Marsh Green, Ripley,
Woking GU23 6JP
T: 01483 224600
E: christina.sheard@
btinternet.com

Journal Editor:
Cameron Brown
T: 07811 276386
E: cmb@aappl.com

Art director and copy editor:
Ditz Brown

Archaeology Specialist:
Andrew Jones
106 Georgelands, Ripley,
GU23 6DQ
T: 01483 479647
E: andrew738jones@bt.com

Web site management:
Chris Brown
Web site: [www.sendandripley
historysociety.co.uk](http://www.sendandripley
historysociety.co.uk)

Book sales: Angie Richardson
T: 07792 198363
E: srhistorysociety@gmail.com

Museum Curator:
Clare McCann
T: 01483 728546
E: cricketshill@hotmail.com

Museum Archivist:
Phil Davie
T: 01483 223955
E: phil.davie@jpsd.plus.com

Journal Advertising:
Jez Haines
T: 07747 145946
E: srhistorysocietyadvertising
@gmail.com

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Night work demolition of
the Elm Corner/Wisley Lane
footbridge - see article on
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EDITORIAL

CAMERON BROWN

I make no apologies for dedicating more than one third of this Journal to the words and paintings of Frank Brown. By the time you receive this edition we will be in the final days of our exhibition of Frank's work and Saturday 1st June will be your last opportunity to see it. This has been one of our most challenging exhibitions and our curator Clare McCann is to be congratulated on its success. It has attracted an unusually large number of visitors and awakened many memories amongst those of our members who knew Frank when he lived here. We also produced a catalogue (copies still available) and a film which you can find at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x365FHpI_fc&t=6s

Just to remind you, there are now quite a few films available on our website on subjects including The Ripley pharmacy and its importance in the story of penicillin, Clarence Sex & Co, Sir Anthony Browne: the man who was given Send and Ripley as a present, The fire in Ripley in February 1969 – and more.

Time for an appeal to members: for decades we have been interviewing local residents to record their memories for future generations. In recent years this has been done mainly by Alan Cooper who, conveniently, seems to know just about everybody in Ripley! A couple of members in Ripley have recently offered to help him but he would be

grateful to have support tracking down and interviewing more of the residents of Send. If you think this might be of interest please contact Alan on alancoopersrhs@btinternet.com and he will tell you what is involved.

I was looking back at J252 from seven years ago and saw that the then editor Cate Davey had written in her editorial: 'It feels that the world is moving back to the bad old days of dissent and danger. Historically 2017 will be a very interesting year, not only for the UK and Europe but also for the USA as they start the year with a very new kind of president. In the meantime the Middle East is feeling more chaotic than it has since the 1960s and 70s. Let us hope for a year of peace and tranquility and new understandings'. It doesn't seem to have changed very much...

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at cmb@aappl.com by 15th June 2024.

Authors of illustrated articles should submit high resolution (300 DPI or higher) jpgs to the editor by email to ensure best reproduction in the journal, but no more than 20 MB in any one email

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CHALKE VALLEY HISTORY FESTIVAL

CLARE McCANN



Visitors enjoying the refreshments at the Chalke Valley Festival 2023

I would like to mention the Chalke Valley History Festival which may be of interest to members. Having learnt of it from our member Mike Morris it is now one of the highlights of my summer.

It runs for most of the last week of June in a beautiful valley just west of Salisbury. For a modest amount of money you can spend all day attending talks, watching re-enactors and tasting local food and drink.

Tickets are also available for more high profile speakers. The profits go into promoting history in schools. www.cvhf.org.uk



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40 YEARS AGO

CAMERON BROWN

In Newsletter 55 of April 1984 Les Bowerman wrote about one of the consequences of the building of the new M25, in his article 'Cycle Racing on the Ripley Road'.

Sunday, 18th December 1983 marked the end of a tradition which has lasted for 114 years. Following the opening of the M25 interchange with the A3 at Wisley, the Ripley Road, as it was known to the early cyclists, has become too dangerous for bicycle racing and the Dulwich Paragon Cycle Club's 25-mile time trial, won in 58 minutes 29 seconds, was the final event.

The first bicycle race known to have been held on the road was in January 1870 when John Keen of Surbiton Hill was beaten by 100 yards in a challenge race for a prize of £10 on boneshakers along Fairmile from the fourth to the fifth milestone outside Esher, finishing downhill into Cobham. The winner was J Johnson of Kensington.

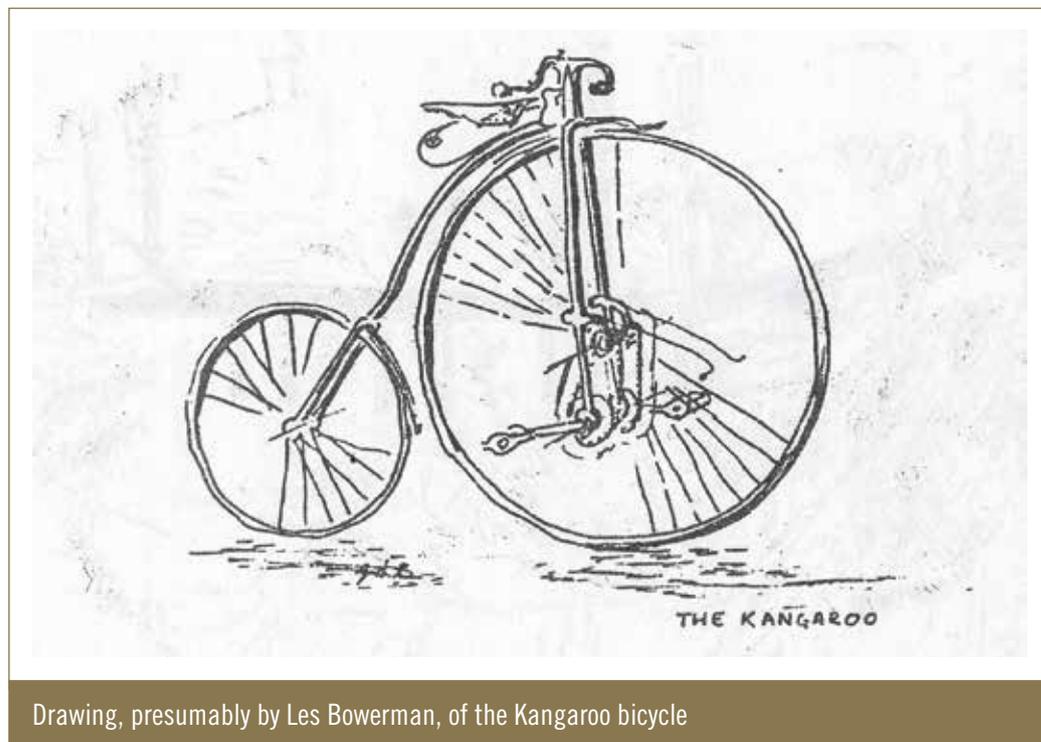
Although only 20, Keen's bicycle was his own make. His defeat may well have been due to his machine having a driving wheel two inches smaller and lacking the India rubber tyres of his opponent's. Be that as it may, it seems to have given him the incentive to go on to build bicycles higher and lighter than anyone else and to become 'Champion Bicycler of the World' for the next decade. He thus played a leading part in the development of the old high ordinary bicycle.

On 12th August 1876 the Surrey Bicycle Club held its Captaincy race from the Griffin in Kingston-upon-Thames to Guildford and back to Ripley. There were seven contestants and the winner, H Osborne, thereupon became Captain for the year. This gave him the privilege of leading the club's runs and therefore of setting the pace. It was also sensible to have the fittest man as leader because it meant that his fellows would have the benefit of shelter when riding into the wind, a factor that was presumably appreciated at an early stage.

On Saturday, 19th July 1879 the Belgrave Bicycle Club held a 10-mile handicap race from the 15th milestone at Ditton to the 25th beyond Ripley (ie at Burpham), starting at 6.30 pm. On 19th September the same year the Kensington Club held their 10-mile handicap from the Angel at Thames Ditton to the Anchor in Ripley, the first instance known to the writer of a 'between the houses' race. The last three races were on high bicycles.

In March 1886 a handicap race was held from the Anchor to the Angel between HR Gosset and a Mr Bruce-Green. Both rode Humber Gripper tricycles. Gosset had a three minutes' start, the watch being held by the then 36-year-old professional, 'Happy' Jack Keen mentioned above. Both men were paced by Humber tandem tricycles and accompanied by another rider on a safety machine (Rudge & Humber Safeties). Although they were neck and neck in Esher some two miles from the end, Green eventually pulled well ahead to win. Timekeeper Keen, on one of his own ordinaries (he never rode anything but an ordinary apart from occasionally propelling a 'Coventry Chair' with a passenger) had overhauled them to such effect that he was at the Angel, presumably waiting with both watch and glass in hand, for nine minutes before Green arrived.

As indicated above, the middle 1880s was a time when all manner of machines were in use. One of the 'safety' bicycles was the Kangaroo of Eillman, Herbert & Cooper which appeared exactly 100 years ago in 1884 and which was a geared-up ordinary with a somewhat smaller driving wheel. Bearing in mind the prevailing ethos at the height of the Empire period when anything that moved was fair game for 'sportsmen', it was hardly surprising that it was decided to hunt the 'bounding kangaroo'.



Drawing, presumably by Les Bowerman, of the Kangaroo bicycle

The first such event, in December 1885 was organised by the Wheelmen's Harriers of North London. It amounted to a game of 'hare-and-hounds' on wheels with the Kangaroos having a four minutes' start. Predictably, this new form of event was tried on the Ripley Road. Held on Saturday, 1st May 1886 and organised by the Wheelmen's Harriers, it met the disapproval of the editorial staff of *Bicycling News* as a thinly disguised race and was not a success. One correspondent to the periodical called the events "wholesale scorching matches yclept 'Kangaroo' hunts"^[1].

In July 1886 the Jupiter Club held their 50-mile race on the road from Ham Common to Ripley and the short-lived Ripley Road Club ran their 'Between the Houses' club race from the Anchor to the Angel for a beautiful silver shield presented by their member Dr EB Turner.

It was won in 30 minutes 30 seconds by AI Bower and is today the President's Shield of the Southern Veteran Cycle Club. Bower (Good Old Superior Bow-Wower) was at the time landlord of El Vino in Fleet Street (in the news in recent years for refusing to serve women). He went on to become in 1925 Lord Mayor of London, as Sir Alfred Bower.

By the turn of the century, with the advent of motor vehicles and increasing attention from the police, paced road-racing was greatly in decline and in the period 1900 to 1903 the big clubs such as the North Road Cycling Club, the Bath Road Club and others went over to individual place to place record riding and unpaced time trials with the riders sent off singly at set intervals. Thus began the form of racing on the roads which has formed the backbone of cycle sport in this country for eighty years.

Regretfully, this writer has no note as yet of the first time trials to be held on the Ripley or Portsmouth Road. Certainly anyone with business on the road early on Sunday mornings will know that for as far back as they can recall black alpaca-jacketed and tightened figures, up until about 1950 and latterly brightly-coloured figures in racing jerseys and shorts, have sped silently at more or less one-minute intervals through Ripley, mostly in pursuit of an 'under-the-hour' ride at 25 miles. No more now will the still Sunday morning air in Ripley High Street carry the gentle zinging of pencil-thin tubular racing tyres, inflated to over 100 psi, as they are propelled over the tarmac at speeds often in excess of 30 miles per hour.

^[1] Les Bowerman clearly expected that all readers would have shared his familiarity with Chaucerian English. Just in case things have changed over the past 40 years, yclept means 'named' or 'called'

FRANK BROWN – JOURNEYMAN PAINTER - PART II FROM RIPLEY TO ROTHESAY

CLARE McCANN

Traumatic as it was when The Artist's Own Gallery closed in 1968 together with dozens of others going down the plughole, it paled into nothing compared to the thought of imposing a curriculum and draconian discipline and total loss of freedom on a spirited and self-expressive subject – art. My old headmaster, who had watched over me for seven years rang me up to ask me to teach for two days a week as the Royal Grammar School had grown in numbers which swamped my old art master. He thought that I could fit easily into the slot and that it would leave me time to continue my painting. So I carried on.

A large complex painting of Europe's inhumanity to man went to Strasbourg to the director of Dance and Music to the City.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight went to a huge Texas ranch – to one of my friends from Sussex, who had danced in the Crazy Horse in Paris and bagged her millionaire. Loose, beautiful and extremely athletic, she ticked all the boxes and her grandfather lived in the village, [intriguingly Frank offers no more clues].

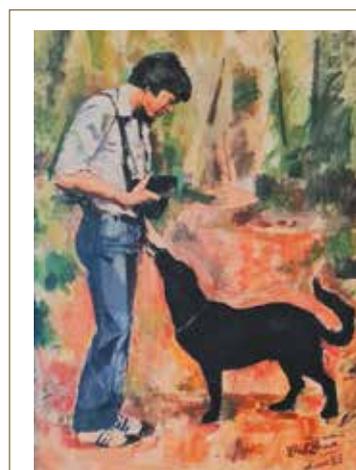
Another complex painting was of rock and roll groups mixed with portraits from the life and this, together with a painting of aircraft, departed abroad when Vickers Armstrong closed their design teams and caused them to head off to Fort Worth along with their expertise in the technology of swing-wing bombers.



A compilation picture of David Puttock, commissioned by his wife Lona. Note the old school, the cricket club and Newark Priors in the background

With paintings of horses, cars, children, cats and dogs I managed to keep the creative juices flowing.'

Frank was also painting local subjects in his studio in Rose Lane. I think that Mrs Deakin with Daisy is



Young Michael Puttock, Lona and David's son, and their dog



Mrs Deakin with Daisy

particularly charming – apparently she was a local rag and bone lady, whose family operated in all the local villages, a friend of his Granny Budd and his mother.

‘It’s very satisfying to know that people new and old might realise that quite a few ‘with it’ paintings came out of the garden shed at Turner’s Cottage and a lot of ordinary Ripleyite families still have portraits of many of their relatives from so long ago and that, having never spoken to me, should be able to put together my history and oeuvre so well and at such short notice.’ A case in point is Elsie and Dennis Ruffles whose son, Derek, sent me this image



Elsie and Dennis Ruffles

which was painted by Frank Brown in 1974.

Bluebells in Ockham was painted for Frank’s mother in law.

As well as painting and playing cricket Frank found time to fall in love with Jean. Her parents

ran the Anchor in Ripley. Her father, Arthur Searles, originally came from Battersea and was employed at the Reform Club before the war. He had volunteered for the first batch of Commando recruits and fought from Crete to Sicily up the spine of Italy, through Greece and into Yugoslavia. After the war he and his wife took



Bluebells in Ockham

on the Three Pigeons in Guildford and then various other Surrey pubs before coming to the Anchor around 1970. Frank met Jean in the pub as her mother had seen a portrait of Frank’s uncle, Sid Haines at Harvest Time. ‘She asked if I would do one of Jean’s father in his uniform (No.9 Commando) which I did and Jean was very pleased with it. We made a date to see Chris Barber’s Blues Band and after that never missed a date.’

As he told me later, ‘This (teaching and painting) continued until I met Jean, the person I’d always wished for, a beautiful redhead, classical Greek figure, a keen opponent in an argument, very knowledgeable about art, music and particularly literature. After we had met

we decided we would see each other every day and she forsook all her rich friends – male and female. We visited galleries, concerts, theatres and enjoyed each other's company more than anything we had done before. Our marriage was a joy, a mixture of family and friends. The night before, she had set up the pub car park with all the good luck activities in the highlander handbook as she had instigated our betrothal and something must have worked because here we are in our beautiful abode in Bute, warm and cosy while the temperature drops like a stone outside and our cats snuggle up.'

Frank elaborated on juggling the demands of painting and making a living: '

After we were married on 13th October 1973 I continued to teach at the RGS whilst Jean worked as a librarian and then as a bookseller. I had started selling my paintings of horses and we were able to get Jean onto a City and Guilds day release course for textile art which led to her own success in the visual arts.

Meanwhile the RGS was fighting for its independence, making things a bit schizophrenic for old state-school 11plus boys like me to feel at home in either camp. Then came my real break as a horse painter – a long story which ended with the publishing of the limited edition of the Lester Piggott birthday painting and a one-man exhibition at the 1977 Derby in the Queen's Silver Jubilee year. Lester Piggott won on The Minstrel while I was at school administrating an O-level still life exam. Jean and her father, an inveterate gambler and member at Sandown, took my tickets and chatted up the owners and trainers (it's wonderful what a commando tie will do on these occasions).

We were also invited for the Oaks bash on the Saturday – a little down-market because the Queen couldn't be there. Of course her crack filly Dunfermline duly won, Willie Carson triumphant.

Lester had been put over the rail in the preliminaries by Durval, the favourite, who had also dumped him on the Newmarket Gallops. The Queen Mother deputised in giving away the gongs with a face like thunder – the only



The first Injured Jockeys calendar

thing more deadly than sibling rivalry being between mother and daughter. Everyone else left the Downs with a warm glow (except Lester of course – baaaaaaaad loser).

On the back of this came an invitation, gratefully accepted, to paint the first Injured Jockeys calendar – Lester Piggott and his Eight Derby Winners. The calendar made a great deal of money and Lester appeared with it on TV at the Boxing Day meeting at Kempton. Although I had a few, they were purloined by family and friends and my catalogues were only in black and white. I ended up without one, but a lot of people who had spent the princely sum of thirty bob tell me they wouldn't part with it for all the money in China.

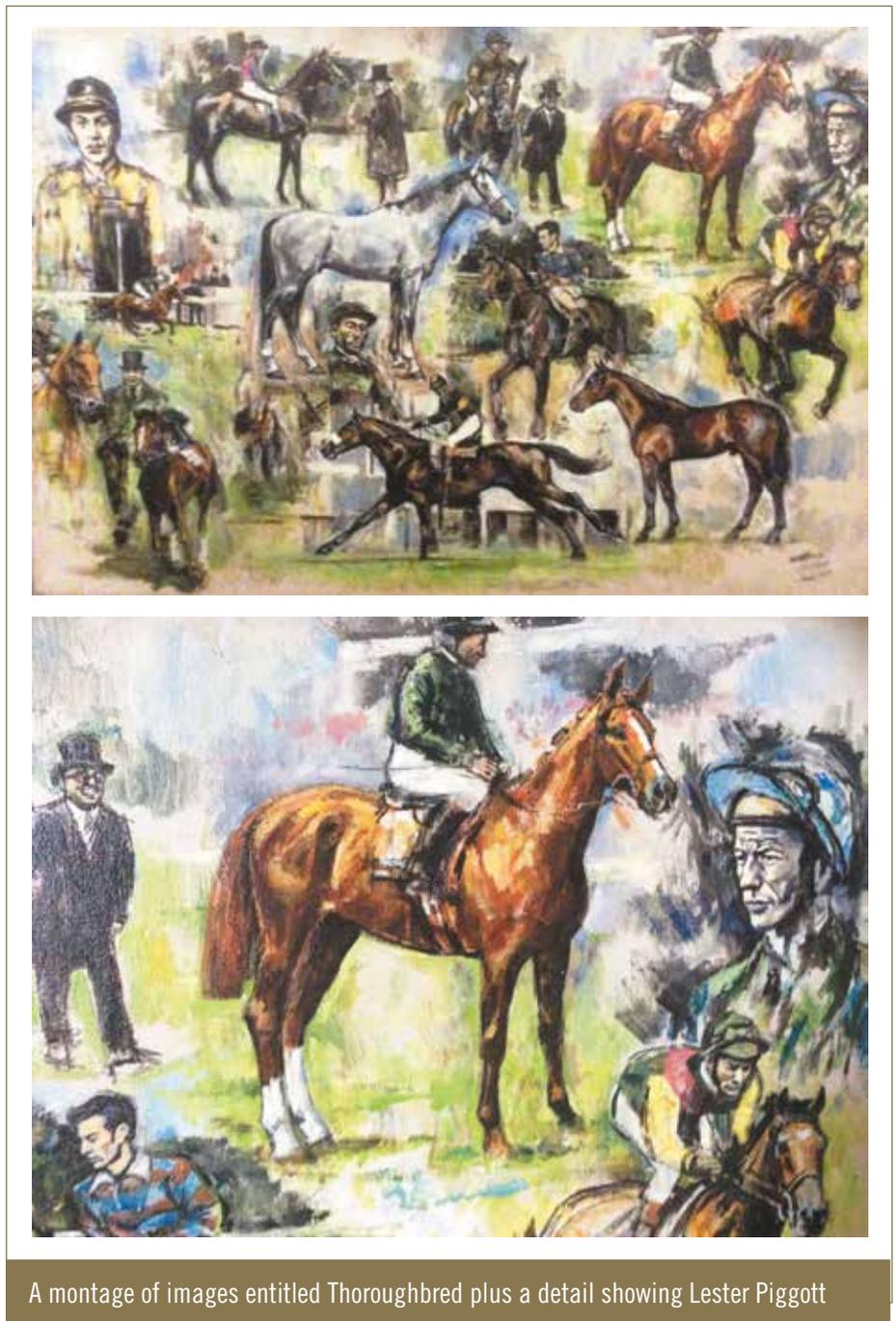
Then reality struck. The publishers, Kensington Sporting Prints, offered me an exclusive contract which had all the flavour of those one knew and read about that music firms offered their most naive clients, so I went back to school and revelled in the day job and had everybody from the smallest second former to the deputy headmaster asking for tips. I told them all that the best way to lose friends was to give tips and to see how many bookmakers spent their holidays in the Caribbean.

My next big set piece was getting the official print for the 200th running of the Epsom Derby, backed by one of my old cricketing buddies Brian Powell, which lifted my reputation a bit further. As well as selling well in English horseracing circles, it was sold to racecourses all over the world, including Australia, Hong Kong and South Africa. One was even on display in the Aga Khan's office over his desk, according to a top horse vet, whose son I had taught at the RGS.

By then I had a new head of department, a gnome from Manchester Art College who did his training in the forties and found me a bit of a savage from the Surrey Hills who had some reputation as a painter who actually sold paintings. He really wanted to get rid of me but my headmaster definitely did not. Then, when in 1987 I had the chance of an exhibition at Guildford House Gallery on the High Street, I went professional.'

Frank continued to paint horse-inspired pictures. At one point it seemed he was destined to become a specialist horse-painter as he mentioned when reviewing his working career. He told me - 'I've always loved horses – Lady Lovelace's Arabs at Ockham Park, Gribbles' Percherons at Chapel Farm. Horses were everywhere because of the lack of petrol during the war effort and the subsequent recovery but then in 1956 in came the tractors and out went the horses.

My grandfather on my mother's side, who had grown up in a large hotel at Lynton in Devon, had run away after



A montage of images entitled Thoroughbred plus a detail showing Lester Piggott

being bullied by his father and became a drummer boy at Aldershot, going on to be a farrier in Egypt, while my father's surrogate father was a professional soldier in the Army Service Corps. He was a sergeant in charge of three teams of horse-drawn carriages filled with machine-gun ammunition from the depot to the front, under constant enemy fire for four years, before being demobbed without a scratch.

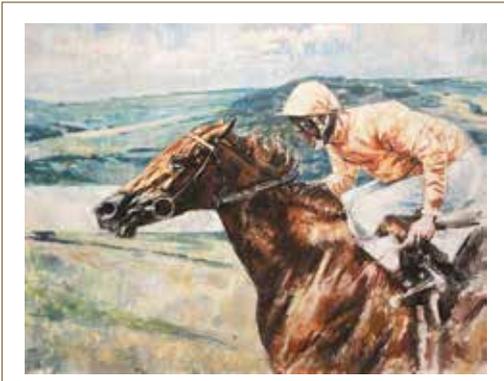
My mother's father was sent to the front at the start of the WWI looking after the horses that were so necessary to run every aspect of that war. He came back to Ockham to tend Lady Lovelace's mares and foals, dying from cancer at 60 when my mother was in her teens but



The great Shergar winning the Derby with Walter Swinburne on board 1987



Desert Orchid 1987– now in Australia



Kris



Flagship Uberalles

leaving her with a profound love of horses which has carried on to me.’

Flagship Uberalles (sic) depicts the horse of that name running at Frank’s local course, Sandown Park, in one of the most famous races on the calendar. ‘It shows that wonderful rapport between horse and rider and the painting itself is a beautiful mixture of colour, line, shape, texture and rhythm which makes it so satisfying for both painter and viewer alike.’

‘After my exhibition at Guildford House Gallery I went full-time after Jean and her mother had been sent to find a home and studio, but we decided we wouldn’t be able to make a living. We were not ready to gamble, so when I was offered a job teaching the worst-behaved children in the South of England with high wages and a pension but

who had been thrown out of sixth forms all over the world. Jean continued at the RHS until her retirement. And then we made our move to Bute in July 2007. We’ve been there ever since.’

Back to the painting : While horse-painting was important, music remains an interest and also a source of inspiration



Clapton Full Throttle

a low chance of survival, I accepted. I managed eight years. When I worked in Guildford I had taken the Green Line bus. My new job was at Mayford between Woking and Guildford so I started by riding my mountain bike, but when I was 50 my knee went and I had to learn to drive. My teacher being a massive, ex-women’s army trainer (Jean had refused to have anything to do with it even though she’d been driving since her teens) and I was left to the tender mercies of Superwoman – but she got me through and also got a badge from the examiner saying ‘I get 50-year-olds through the driving test and I believe in miracles’. In the end my back was seriously injured at work and I then got a part-time job at Hurtwood House teaching children

in his painting. Frank provided us with some fantastic samples of his music-related pictures. From a local standpoint his pictures of Eric Clapton are particularly relevant and even have a bearing on the title of the exhibition.

‘When I was painting Eric Clapton, we were discussing what kind of painter I might be and I answered “Journeyman painter” which he was delighted with, having also studied art at the then Kingston Polytechnic and he later named one of his albums Journeyman as a result.’

Frank has since filled in details of his contact with Eric. ‘I was at the same primary school as the great blues guitarist but not in the same form and only spoke to him by chance on the Green Line when I was taking a painting up to the Slade, a painting I’d been working on in my garden shed studio. We discussed modern jazz, particularly John Coltrane’s Sheets of Sound.

We also met at a funeral for my cousin Tony, ‘Spider’ Hill, a true Ripleyite, spin bowler and great company and the first words he spoke were “You aren’t still going on that effing Green line, are you Girder?” (in reference to my drinking Guinness – there was an advertisement at the time showing a Guinness-drinker carrying a steel girder with one arm)’, My stock comment about the nickname was “if it’s good enough for Arkle it’s good enough for me”.

I did his portrait which ended up as a large multi-image POP painting in which he is laying down his own particular sound with colleagues who have their own particular sounds. It was here that I suggested that I was a journeyman painter. Ginger Baker came with him to pick up the painting on Boxing Day in Ginger’s van. They had been playing football on The Green and Ginger warmed his very large boots on the grate of the



Home at Last

fire in our little cottage in Rose Lane. Later Eric brought over an album named Journeyman, a reference to my character which went down well with critics and public alike. I played in a couple of his charity matches and saw him just before Jean and I set off for the far north. Before we departed I did a painting of him when he had settled down with his beautiful wife and delightful children for one of his old chums who won’t let it out of his sight and



Bye Bye Johnny Be Goode, R I P John Lennon



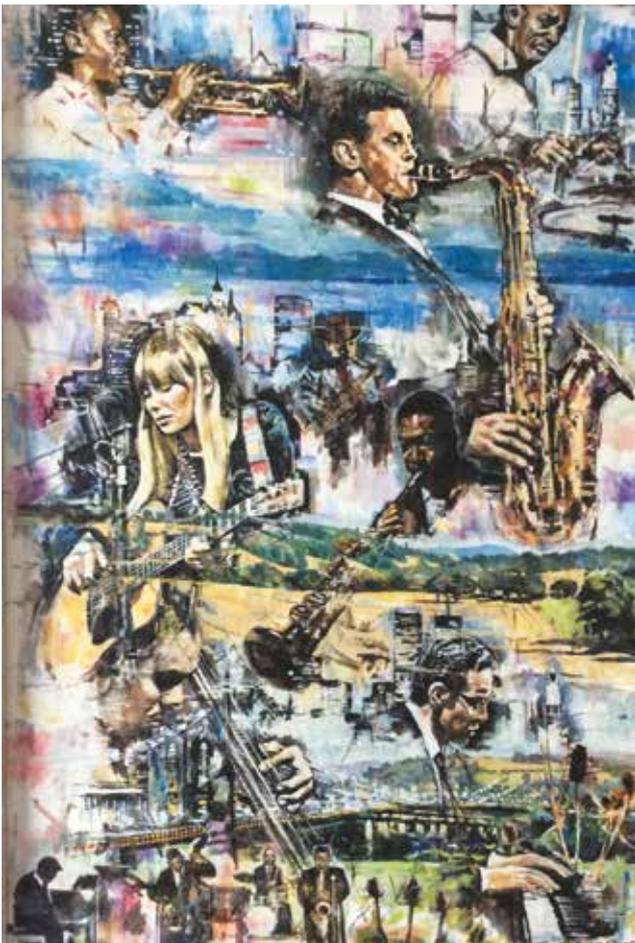
My Sweet George – Cedar House in the centre. A print of this is in the current exhibition

my wife has a print of it which is sacrosanct and so reminiscent of those few but wonderful times.’

Some other notable music inspired paintings include Bye Bye Johnny Be Goode and R I P John Lennon. The John Lennon memorial was started on the day after his death in 1980.

Frank commented ‘a reminder of the horrors of bloody murder inside the ‘safety’ of the city. My wife Jean and various folk, rock and jazz musicians sing his lament by Chuck Berry: Bye Bye, Johnny Be Goode and hope Yoko can survive the loss and the shock.’

All the while he was painting many local pictures of friends and acquaintances in the village:



The Hippies' Sweetheart - Joni Mitchell, singer songwriter and artist amongst other musicians



Twist and Shout 1963



Muddy Waters- I Got My Mojo Working

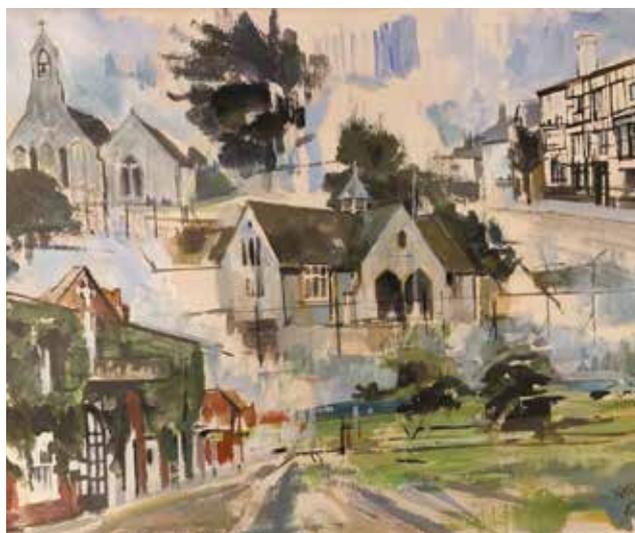
The Vicar and His Parish, undated, and Local Buildings including the old school in the centre dated 1978 are in the society's collection.

Of the first, Frank commented: 'Just a few notes on the early works in the exhibition, which despite a certain naivety, show signs of things to come, with the picture of the Rev Street drinking a cuppa tea (?), perusing his parish as all those who have been in charge of 'a village of highwaymen and gypsies, whores and out of work painters' as Lester (after whom Lester Piggott was named) Waller, long time publican of the Jovial Sailor described the inhabitants of the village to my father-in-law. A nice little portrait, with, interestingly, a map drawn out with miniature inhabitants – a direct line to my later paintings of Oliver Cromwell and Bannockburn.'

'The second painting is an early multi-image of our dear village before our beloved (or hated according to one's views of learning and teachers) school had been torn down. The Talbot is still covered in ivy and the Cedars a little run down, a bit like me, but the church still had its bell to toll the hours and summon the faithful and those getting married or about to meet their maker. Now the bell is cracked and ignored so I'm told. Let's hope this is not an augury for the future. The painting itself is well drawn, nice use of vigorous brush stroke and expressive colour and avoids sentimentality as befits a working village and it has the feel of the place in its mixture of beautiful architecture with – for as long as anyone can remember – the very important function of getting a major road from Hyde Park Corner to Portsmouth Harbour. So keep up the good work you Ripleyites... I spent so many happy hours playing out our roles in Treasure Island or Robin Hood or just enjoying the flora and fauna of our beloved place.' Frank and Jean lived in Westcott from March 1997 until July 2007 where he painted the attractive snow scene on the following page. As mentioned, in 2007 they made a far more radical move. Jean's mother was from the Isle of Bute, which perhaps prompted the idea of moving there. Frank says, 'We moved permanently to Ardbeg, Rothesay in July 2007, though we did have a trial run a few months previously in Kilchattan Bay in the deep south of the island which didn't work out as we couldn't find appropriate work and it was cut off from Rothesay. Eventually we arrived at Glenbeg Cottage, just north of the town on the road that leads to the Highlands. By then we were ready to settle as we had both retired on a reasonable pension, having sold our cottage in Westcott for a good price and the Castle Gallery were more than willing to display and sell my paintings for the going rate. We have had our share of troubles with Jean diagnosed with cancer and all that that entails a year into our move



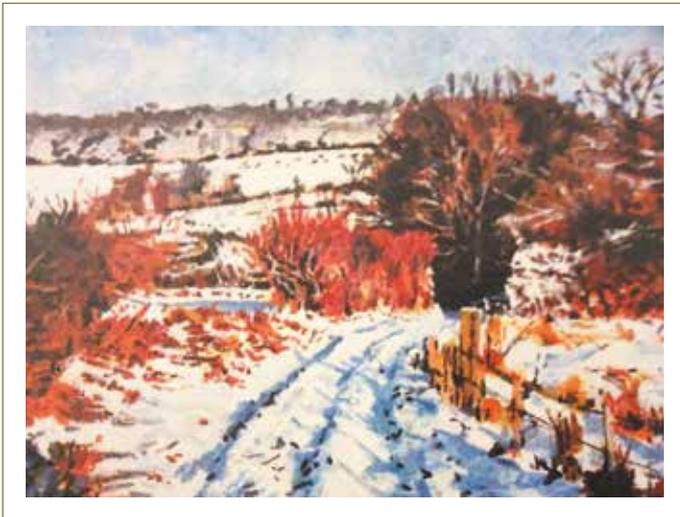
The Vicar and His Parish



Local Buildings including the old school (1978)



Turner's Cottage (top left) and Local Flora and Fauna



Surrey Weald, painted in Westcott

but we soldiered on, me with my paintings and Jean having great success with her textile design and execution (she had taken her City and Guilds Parts 1&2, having a day release from her work running a book shop in Godalming) and when they started an Artist's Trail on the Island each summer she sold extremely well.'

Back to one of the strong themes in Frank's work – history. Interestingly these paintings have all been accompanied by explanatory commentaries, perhaps because of the extensive research that has clearly gone into them. There is not room here to include everyone but I show a few that demonstrate the intricacy of the images and his gift for portraiture.

Frank explains: 'Nelson, our greatest and most gallant admiral: victories at St Vincent, Aboukir Bay, Copenhagen and Trafalgar ensured Great Britain's survival against Napoleon. The Ripley connection of course is the A3 – the milestone at Bridgefoot, which Mr Dixon (headmaster of Ripley School) took us little ones to see when we were five years old, says it all: 21 miles to Hyde Park Corner, 54 miles to Portsmouth Harbour. Stagecoaches changed horses at 7-mile intervals, the positions and architecture of the Talbot etc are completely dependent on this statistic as well as the forge on the cross roads.'



Captain Cook

Lt James Cook (later Captain), navigator supreme, started life on a collier out of Whitby, thence to study for a commission to the Royal Navy and sent across the earth to study the transit of Venus to improve chronometers and the accuracy of latitude and longitude. He was also given sealed orders from the Admiralty to be opened only after the astrological event. It transpired that he was ordered south into the vast and wasteful oceans where no European had sailed before and discovered the northern tip of New Zealand, claimed it for the British Crown and circumnavigated and surveyed the coast so accurately that his maps are used to this day. He then sailed on to Australia and although his life ended in ignominy he certainly made his mark. My connection with all this is that my Uncle Bob, who was landlord of the Cricketers pub at Westfield near Woking (now demolished) had a family tree made up by the College of Heralds and discovered that one of our forebears (a Budd of course) was First Admiral of the Australian Navy, a martinet who wallowed in the nickname of 'Limey'. This came from the use by British seamen of limes as an antidote to scurvy, first used by Captain Cook.'



Nelson at Trafalgar

Frank said, 'I'd better show something Scottish if only to assuage my ancestors and the ghosts of the house.'

Robert the Bruce was a nephew of Edward I, The Hammer of the Scots, one of the best tournament champions in Europe. The painting is a pictorial map using lettering images both figuratively and in landscape and heraldry to lead up to the pivotal moment when Bruce, observing the battlefield, armed only with an axe and clothed in chain-mail mounted on a Highland pony was attacked by the Earl of Warwick, strictly against the rules of chivalry in full battle armour, armed with a lance. Bruce side-stepped his opponent and split Warwick's helmet and head. In the ensuing battle (Bannockburn), the Scots' spearwall held out against the constant battering of the vast numbers of heavily armoured knights who fell into the mire and booby traps. Anybody alive was put to the knife and the sword to gain back the hallowed ground of Scotland till the Bloody Duke of Cumberland destroyed the Highland system and reduced Scotland to be a satrap to the English Crown.'



Bannockburn

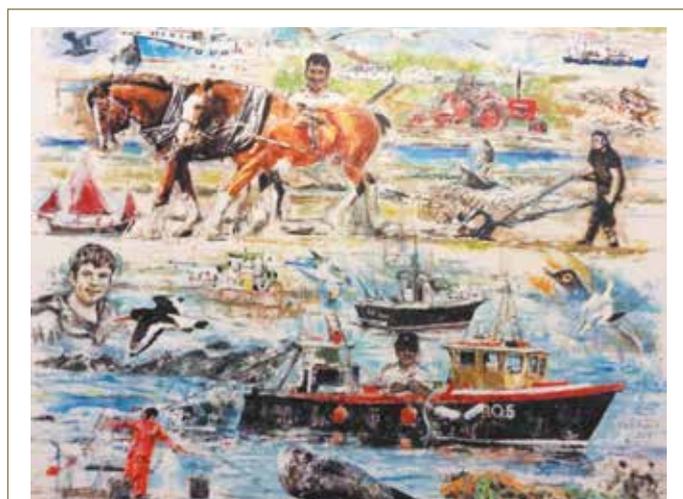
I will include one more, Edward, The Black Prince, which I particularly like but he has painted numerous subjects from history, including from the American west and Iceland.

And finally to Bute and the inspiration he has found there.

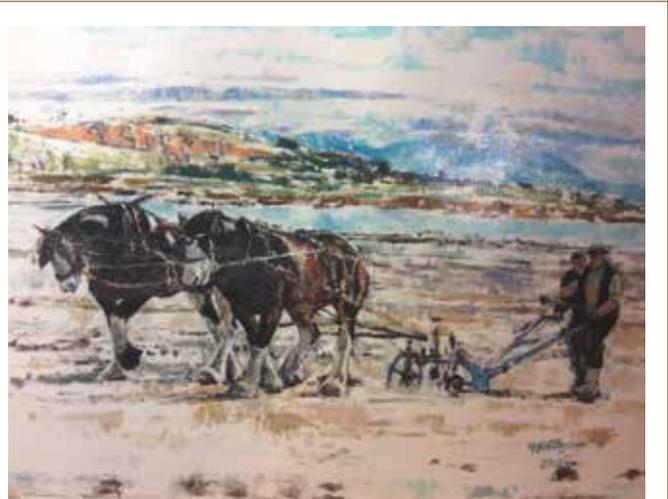
'Fishermen sail in the traditional trawlers which can go out in all weathers and although using modern radar to navigate the rocks, narrows and other craft, have still to exercise all the ancient skills to get a good catch. There are massive American John Deere tractors to work the flat areas of land but many small nimble machines to work the hilly and boggy bits.



Edward, The Black Prince



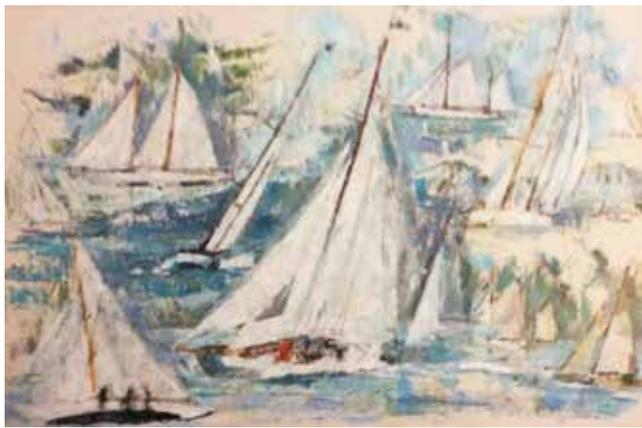
Fishermen with Plough



Clydesdales Ploughing at Ettrick Bay

The painting on the previous page is to show many of what to me are the reasons for being alive at 81 going on 82. I send it to you as testimony to my love of horses, in this particular case to Clydesdales, which have worked the land for many a long year. They take many cups in this country and abroad for their beauty, strength, agility and perfect temperament.

This is the racing yacht Letitia, painted on her 100th birthday. She had been built on the island and there was a regatta and a salute to mark the day. The painting is of an imagined trip around the Island using all my own photographs. It was exhibited in the front window of the Castle Gallery in Rothesay and was sold within minutes



Letitia

Harbour. Her great great grandfather was swept off the wheel in a cyclone off the Bay of Biscay. He has a large and beautifully-carved headstone (no grave of course) in the churchyard of the High Kirk in Rothesay.'

Frank says he enjoys every minute of being on Bute as 'I have a goodly percentage of Scots and Nordic genes though I did still love living in Ockham, Ripley and Westcott and being educated at Ripley C of E Primary, the Royal Grammar School Guildford and the Slade School of Fine Art, University College London and spending so much time teaching at various schools and institutions in Surrey. When I settled on Bute I at last found my natural environs.'



The August of the People



Tall Ships at Greenock

to a farmer at the south of the Island (professional galleries never divulge their client's name) but luckily I had photographed it before handing it in.

My connection with these beautiful vessels is that Jean's forefathers sailed clipper ships on the run to China and India for tea and Australia for wool from Rothesay

Seven years ago disaster struck as Frank was diagnosed with sepsis, nearly died, and then found when he recovered that he had lost much of the sense of feeling in his fingers.

'Although I didn't realise it at the time, the painting The August of the People was to be my swan song, the last to demonstrate my ability to paint as I wanted. It's also the last of the old Bute as I knew it. I'll write more expansively later but this was the height of the Season each year, a gathering of the clans at the Highland Games. Those who take the mickey out of the tartan should beware as the spirit of Auld Scotia lives throughout the land and throughout the earth and should never be taken lightly. Remembering the words of the Bard (Burns): 'Liberty's a Glorious Feast (Bannockburn) and however much you try you can't beat the Scotsman out of the boy – a quick skirl of the pipes will fix that.'

Frank's wife Jean was found to have Parkinson's and so he



Atomic

is now a carer rather than a painter but he is embracing new technology – taking photographs – creating images on his ipad and sending emails! To demonstrate this he sent me an email headed – ‘Work in progress’:

‘The following image is one I’ve been working on for some time called Atomic, to express my feelings negative and positive about that very evocative word. I’ve since changed it but kept the original image. It’s something I could not do in an instant before I had my newest ipad. You might think an old draughtsman like myself would worry about this but on the contrary, he is delighted that this is a physical possibility. So have no worries that I shall be disappointed with whatever you do to allow those who in the normal course of events would never have seen or enjoyed my work to now do so. I have exhibited in very many kinds of places to allow my pictures to communicate to whoever wishes to mark, learn and inwardly digest.

So it is with great joy that I find someone who doesn’t stand on ceremony and gets things done ‘gainst all disaster’. Anything I can do to ease the pain or clarify ambiguities I shall do to the best of what abilities I have left to me; so put any ideas that my ego will be damaged or I will be disappointed to bed, and let’s get this job done. Miniature Westminster Bank as a Time Machine sounds great to me.’

To sum up Frank says:

‘We have spent much time on methodology, but when push comes to shove an exhibition needs to stir people’s imaginations to enable them to see things in a different way.

The art world as we knew it has quietly dissolved. I was very lucky, I’ve exhibited quite often, had one-man

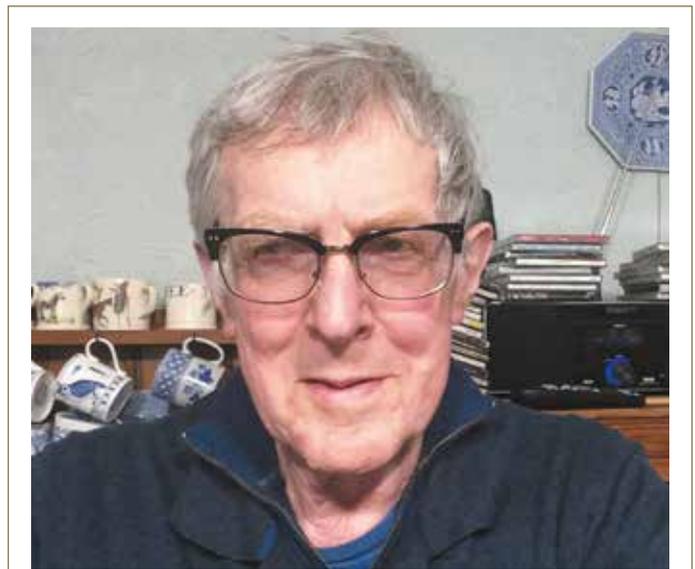
shows, lots of collectors’ prints, including the commemoration print for the 200th running of the Epsom Derby. So when I was approached to do this exhibition I was pleased on two fronts; firstly I would come into contact with some of my friends from my earlier days and secondly, some

people from a different era could get an inkling of what it is like to be me. Thanks for giving me the chance in my 82nd year.’

Later he reflected: ‘It’s a strange business going back to times which sometimes become almost smoke-screened away by the present but have made one what and who one has become. The same applies to one’s work which stretches through one’s life – a river to the sea. You never can be quite sure of what you’ll come across or how a work of art can transform the ideas or opinions of those that see it or remember it, so it only seems right that it is Ripley History Society who have decided to show the village what one born and bred in Ripley has made of the world, through eyes trained by living here and soaking up experiences before setting out on the journey of life.’



“Linesman”



Frank Brown

CONSTITUENCY BOUNDARY REVIEW

CAMERON BROWN

I found out recently that some of our members have only just discovered that they now live in a different parliamentary constituency than they did at the last general election in 2019. Most of us now find ourselves in Guildford for the first time. The shape of the Guildford constituency has changed significantly following the 2022/23 electoral boundary reviews, becoming much more concentrated on the town of Guildford. It has lost some villages to the south, instead extending north east into the old Mole Valley seat, which includes Send and Ripley. Mole Valley was created as a new constituency (comprising most of the previous Dorking seat) in 1983 extending from west of Guildford to Dorking and Horley.

Politics in our area is a complex science. We are in Surrey, so affected by Surrey County Council but mainly within the boroughs of either Guildford or Woking, so we elect their borough councilors. Then there are parish councils (though we don't have one any more in Wisley...). Our Mole Valley MP at the moment (Con) represents an area substantially within the control of Dorking borough council (Lib Dem). Members living in Pyrford, West Byfleet or Woking have a

Woking MP (Con) and borough council (Lib Dem) and are not affected by the Guildford changes.

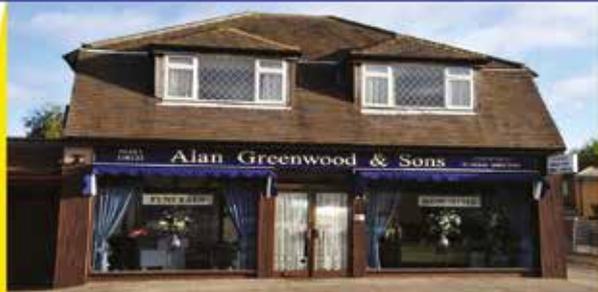
A review of constituencies takes place at irregular intervals, the last one being in 2014/15 and is the responsibility of the Boundary Commissions of the United Kingdom, which is tasked with rebalancing the number of people each MP represents. As each MP has one vote the idea is to keep things fair by having them look after a similar number of constituents. The latest review results were approved by Parliament in November 2023 but seem not to have been communicated with quite as much rigour as they were in the past (or am I just getting old?).

The current size of the UK electorate is approximately 48 million, represented by 650 MPs. That means an average of 74,000 voters per constituency and the recently-reviewed rules require each to have between 69,734 and 77,062 voters, though there are five exceptions for 'special cases' like the Isle of Wight. At the time of the 2019 election the Guildford constituency had 77,729 voters, Mole Valley 74,665.

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JUNCTION M25/A3 - ONGOING WORK

CAMERON BROWN

Few of our readers can have been unaffected by the ongoing roadworks at junction 10 but residents of Elm Corner, Ockham must surely be having the worst of it. These fascinating aerial photos were circulated by Ockham & Hatchford Residents Association

in March showing the new road running from the Ockham roundabout to Wisley Lane and the RHS as well as the demolition of the footbridge between Wisley and Elm Corner and the one between Wisley Common and Ockham Bites.



The south side of Ockham Park roundabout – Ripley off to the left



The new bridge crossing the A3 to and from Wisley Lane and the RHS with the Elm Corner footbridge still in situ



The new road under construction to and from Wisley Lane; the bridge is just out of sight at the top right



Demolition of the footbridge between Ockham Bites and Wisley Common, close to junction 10



NEVER ABSENT, NEVER LATE – TRUANCY AND THE SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

ALAN COOPER



Top: A severely damaged road surface in Cowley, near Oxford, around 1908 – churned beyond recognition to an impassable muddy quagmire by the horse and cart

Bottom: Today, even a 4x4 would struggle to navigate this section of road - also near Cowley around 1908

Compulsory education in the UK began with the introduction of the Education Act of 1880, which demanded school attendance for all children between the ages of 5 and 10. The Elementary Education (School Attendance) Act of 1893 raised the age to 11 and a further Act in 1899 to 12. By the end of WWI the Education Act of 1918 increased it further still to 14. The Education Act of 1902 had created Local Education Authorities and it was these that attempted to curb the ever-present problem of truancy. But why was this such an issue?

Most wealthy parents and even those on modest incomes had their children privately educated. This left the working classes who, in rural areas such as Send and Ripley, were mostly agricultural labourers and lived in abject poverty.

Their children were often kept away from school at certain times of the year to earn additional income for their families, harvesting seasonal crops such as hops, cornflowers and so on. It is no wonder that the prospect of a full belly easily outweighed gaining such

knowledge as what the capital city of India might be.

Consider then a child having to walk to school, often without shoes or a coat, even in the middle of winter. In my late father's schooldays – the depression era of the 1920s and 30s – it was still not uncommon for some of his contemporaries to turn up bare-footed and without adequate clothing.^[1]

The hard fact of life was that agricultural labourers and those on similar poverty-level incomes simply didn't have the money to provide adequate clothing for their children.

The problem of truancy may be further explained by viewing a humble picture postcard of the day. Every time it rained, the streets leading to the schools, heavily rutted from horses and carts became impassable quagmires to pedestrians and the minor roads and cart tracks worse still.

The two images on the previous page indicate the damage that regular horse and cart traffic could subject a road to. Admittedly not of Ripley, but the birthplace of my paternal great-grandfather near Oxford (hence my having these images). Ripley and Send would probably have looked no different in the residential side roads whereas Ripley High Street, being the main turnpike from London to Portsmouth, was fairly well maintained from as far back as the 1870s and would have been in far superior condition.

I recently had the good fortune to obtain, from a well-

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE. [CARD S.A. 1.]
Mixed department
Ripley C.E. school
 Summary of the attendance during the week ended on the *Feb. 9th* 1917.

	No. on registers.	No. admitted.	No. withdrawn.	No. of times school open.	Total No. of attendances.	Average attendances.	Percentage.
BOYS	59	-	-	8	334	41.4	70.6
GIRLS	44	-	-	"	378	47.2	64.1
TOTAL	103	-	-	"	712	89.	64.1
INFANTS	39	-	-	"	179	22.3	66.8

No. in each Standard or Class.

	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.	EX/VII
Boys								
Girls								
Infants								

Signed, *W. Blaxland*
 Head Teacher.

Head Teacher's Remarks as to attendance

Attendance summary card for week ending 9th February 1917 of Ripley school. Submitted to the Superintendent of School Attendance, Woking, by headmaster William Blaxland

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE. [CARD S.A. 1.]
Mixed department
Send school
 Summary of the attendance during the week ended on the *Feb. 9th* 1917.

	No. on registers.	No. admitted.	No. withdrawn.	No. of times school open.	Total No. of attendances.	Average attendances.	Percentage.
BOYS	53			10	402	40	76
GIRLS	97				618	62	64
TOTAL	150				1020	103	68
INFANTS	51				157	16	31.

No. in each Standard or Class.

	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.	EX/VII
Boys								
Girls								
Infants								

Signed, *Lance Rawes*
 Head Teacher.

Head Teacher's Remarks as to attendance

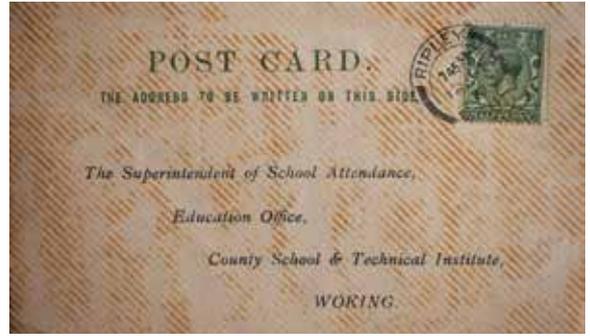
Attendance summary card for week ending 9th February 1917 of Send school. Submitted to the Superintendent of School Attendance, Woking, by headmaster Lance Rawes

known internet auction site, attendance records for both Ripley and Send Schools dating from 1917, enabling a direct comparison between the two villages.^[2]

Not surprisingly, there is very little difference in attendance levels between the two schools for older boys and girls: Ripley 70.6% and 64% and Send 76% and 64% respectively. However, infant attendance at Send was just 31% compared to 56.8% at Ripley.



Top: Obverse of Regular Attendance Medal. Bottom: Reverse of Regular Attendance medal presented to Rebecca Alderman. Rebecca lived in Cheam, Surrey where her father William worked as a railway contractor's labourer

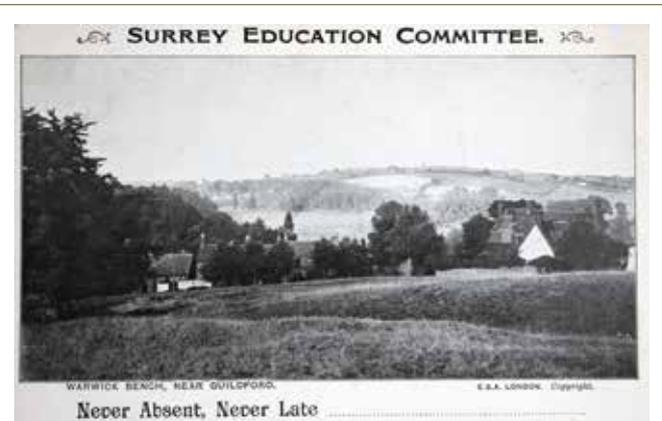


Front of attendance summary card submitted to the Superintendent of School Attendance, Woking

And so it fell upon the local education authorities to come up with a plan to alleviate this huge problem and this was to offer the children themselves incentives to attend. At some schools pupils were given a token for regular attendance, punctuality, or good behaviour. If this continued, the token would be exchanged for a medal. Even better attendance would result in a silver medal being awarded. The silver examples are very rarely encountered as parents of impoverished children would have sold them for scrap metal value to help support the family.

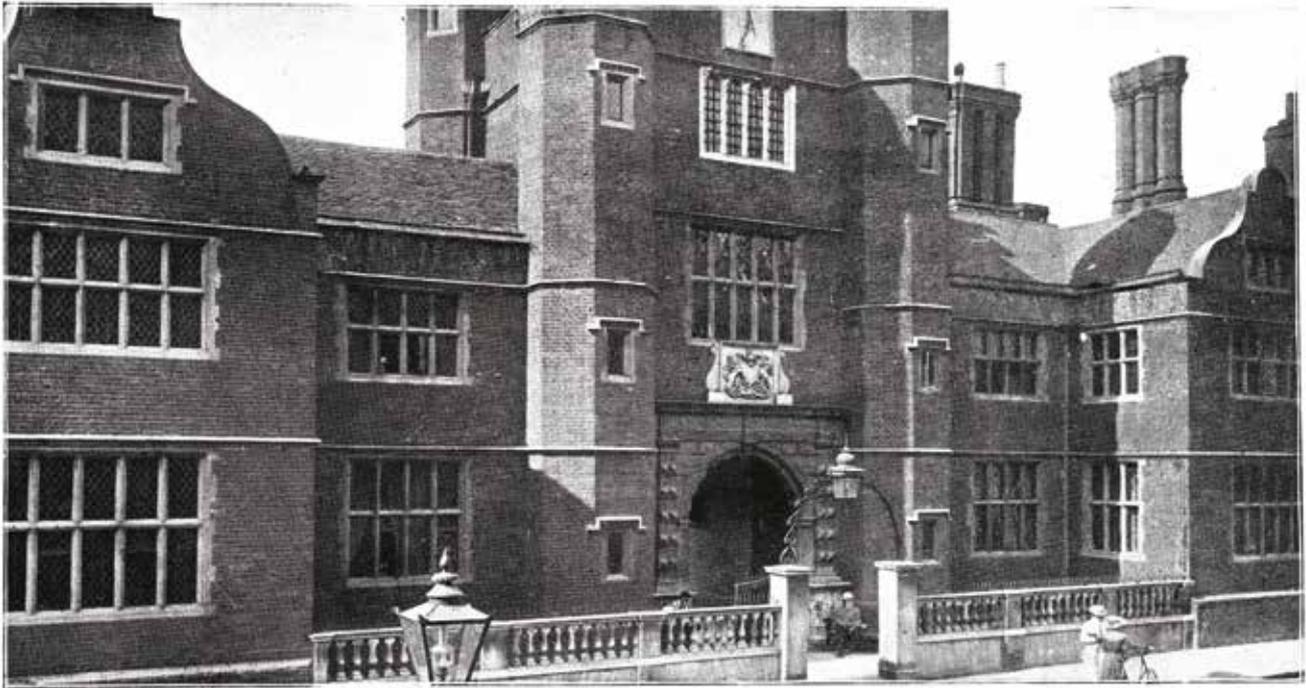
This happened a lot in the depression days following WWI when survivors often pawned or sold their silver 'war medal' (the other medals being of no value due to their production from non-precious metals).

Here in Surrey, ideas for rewards were expanded to include a series of postcards.



Example of a 'Never Absent, Never Late' postcard depicting Warwick Bench, Guildford

❧ SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE. ❧



ABBOTS HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

E.S.A. LONDON. Copyright.

Never Absent, Never Late

Example of a 'Never Absent, Never Late' postcard depicting Abbots Hospital, Guildford

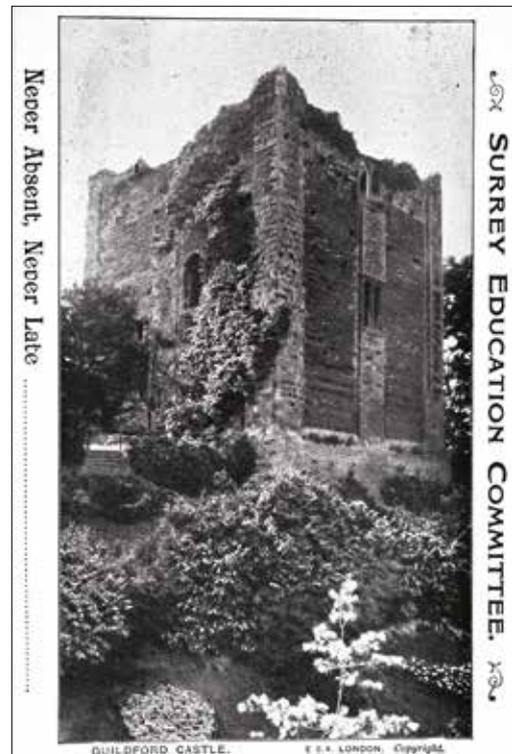
Almost 12 years ago, local historian David Rose was aware of 47 different images, each issued by the Surrey Education Committee and containing the slogan 'Never Absent, Never Late'. I imagine quite a few more have surfaced in the meantime as these cards were quite common and issued in their hundreds.^[3]

^[1] Local Memories – Ted Cooper

^[2] More information relating to the conditions in our village schools during their formative years may be found in the Send & Ripley History Society book *Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools* which is available to purchase from the Society's museum, Pinnocks coffee shop and the Society's website <https://sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk>

^[3] www.getsurrey.co.uk - 27/02/2012

Photos and artefacts c/o Alan Cooper collection



Example of a 'Never Absent, Never Late' postcard depicting Guildford Castle

GHOSTS ALONG THE WEY – A RURAL CHILDHOOD IN SEND – PART II

PETER GROVE



The subject of seven-year-old Peter's infatuation, Maureen Sale with her horse Tinker and yappy Pekingese dog Shah Shah

Alan Cooper writes:

Several of our readers have contacted me pointing out inaccuracies in the first part of the edited highlights of Peter's memoir.

Please be aware that although we know of these errors, we have decided not to correct them to create a historically accurate document. There are bound to be inconsistencies when somebody recalls events that took place over 80 years ago! Please keep your observations coming though, as they keep us on our toes!

On a hugely positive note, our member Michael Morris has provided us with a photo of Peter's first love, Maureen Sale, alongside her horse Tinker. The photo belongs to his niece, Helen Morris (née Sale) and we extend our grateful thanks to them both. I'm sure Peter will be absolutely delighted to see this.

If any other members have photos they think would complement this narrative please get in touch. For example, does anyone have a photo of David Boyt?

PART II MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

Mum had a good, simple life. But by no means was she a simple person. Her sense of right and wrong was invariably on target. One story clearly illustrates that. Sister Sheila had taken confirmation classes and the day of confirmation fast approaching, it came to Mum's attention that Christine Best, who lived just up the road, had become pregnant by the older Atiya boy whom she duly married. It was decided by the vestry that Christine could not wear a white dress like the other girls. Another colour, yes, but not white. Upon hearing this, Mum was up at Mr and Mrs Best's in a moment and at that celebration a week later two girls wore identical, pale green dresses.

Mum and Dad gave a home to Ruffle Strevens and her infant daughter Michelle. Ruffle's husband Bernard was a drummer. But Bernard was out of the picture. Only years later did I learn from Cousin Ian that Bernard was not only a philanderer but was actually doing time for embezzlement. Ruffle was able to get herself a job at Kenwood (Old Woking) assembling switches. I remember

her bringing bags of them home to work on. Using her nimble fingers, she would manipulate screwdrivers and pliers and could be seen snapping endless Bakelite pieces together. Later she would complain of rheumatism in her hands, or was it carpal tunnel syndrome? I remember that 'Aunt' Ruffle was a fun-loving sort who loved to dance and who had flashing eyes. Ruffle and 'Micky' stayed with us until Ruffle found herself a small, terraced house in Bognor Regis where, later, we often went to visit her. She and Bernard never got back together.

Mum was a very warm mother. She would look at me lovingly, wag her head wistfully and say that she'd always wanted a monkey and I understood it to mean that she was somewhat disappointed – until much later of course – when I saw quite clearly what she really meant!

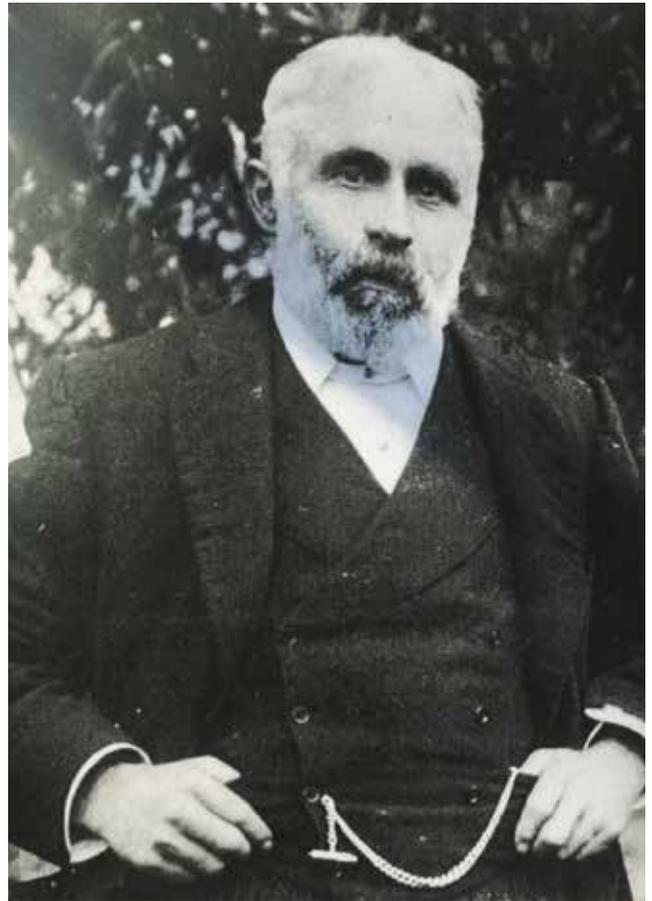
If I climbed on her large lap for some warmth and comfort, she would smile and say that it was just 'cupboard love' which I thought meant hide in a cupboard and hug. You know, I was simple then, as I am now and very literal. But she loved those times and would hug me to that big front of hers and I think I, like my sister, brought her great happiness.

Like her sisters Winifred, Florence and to some degree Peg, Mum was big-boned, kind of clunky-looking but not obese like Flo. She would often be desperate to 'spend a penny' and she was soon out of breath walking up hills or hurrying for the bus. This, no doubt, was an early sign of the approaching cancer...

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

I had no problem later in life writing, storytelling or listening to stories either. Whatever success I've had as a teacher is due almost entirely to Dad. It may be that I love science, that I've always hoped to bring about change; that I love being surrounded by children, but I believe it was my ability to tell stories that helped me to survive the cut – and that was from him! Stories were to become a huge part of my teaching. But he was the master storyteller, the raconteur, the true lover of nature.

There is the story of how Dad, as a boy, hooked into a great eel way down in the roots of the alders opposite Worsfold Gates. As the eel grabbed the worm, Dad set the hook. A great struggle ensued with the eel pulling way back



Walter Grove (1856 – 1930), Peter's grandfather and very partial to jellied eels!

under those roots. The eel wasn't about to give up nor was Dad, but the line was cutting into his hands pretty badly. His father, who was in the garden opposite, heard Dad's cries and looking up saw the ongoing struggle.

"What is it, boy? An eel?" Dad nodded desperately. "Well, this is what you do", said his father. "Put tension on the thing but tie it off to that alder. Then come home for your dinner. Let the eel fight the tree, not you!"

One hour later, Dad said when he untied the line and lifted it, the poor eel, "quite 3 feet long and thick as his wrist", came up like a limp sock. Walter Grove, it must be said, was very partial to jellied eels!

On another occasion Dad saw one of the cows just standing there in the meadow while all of her companions had been called in for milking. She seemed to be in trouble standing awkwardly with hind legs apart bellowing her head off. Another quick boat trip across and Dad was soon with her. "What's the matter with you, old dear?" thought Dad. But now beside her he could see quite plainly the trouble. The poor cow had a swarm of bees on her tail - a great ball of bees that with every move

she attempted to make banged against the back of her legs and udder. Dad yelled across the river for one of his brothers and in less than no time Mr Cox, the beekeeper who lived just up the boathouse lane, was there with a smoker and a skip.

“You hold her head, Alec while I take care of this.”

That was another shilling for Dad for don't you know! As we used to say: A swarm in May is worth a load of hay. A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon but a swarm in July isn't worth a fly!

Then there was the story of three or four of the Grove boys pulling Miss Ashford with ropes across the frozen floods down there as she sat in a kitchen chair. The towers were going hell for leather but somehow missed an errant slab of ice – or perhaps a short piece of wood sticking up from the slick smooth surface. In one instant, said Dad, all four legs of that chair were sheared off flush and Miss Ashford – unharmed, mind you – sped onward but at a new and lower altitude.

JUST ONE OF THOSE STORIES OF TITCHAM HAMSHIRE, THE POACHER

“Watch this”, said Titcham one day as he and Dad stooped low behind a hedge somewhere up there in the fields behind the vicarage. Out there, Dad said, a rabbit sat not too far away soaking in the afternoon sun. Off went Tichams's cap and the old man deftly threw the thing frisbee-like out into the field BEYOND where the rabbit sat. Immediately upon the thing coming to rest, the creature stiffened and homed in upon it. What was this foreign object that appeared from nowhere? Caps do not move by themselves, but they can look dark and ominous and for all the world as if they are up to no good. In an instant, Dad said, Titcham was through the hedge. The rabbit, still focused on the headwear, neither heard nor saw the old man. In the breeze that gently sifted up from the south, Titcham quietly circled to the north. So smoothly, so soundlessly did he go, said Dad, that the rabbit knew nothing until the calloused edge of the old man's hand broke its neck.

“Well, I'm damned”, said Dad. “I would never have believed it!”

“Well, there you are“, said Titcham, as he popped the limp animal into a small cloth bag suspended inside of his coat. “They are rather limited creatures...”

AND ONE OF MY OWN

One year Molly, our dark, sandy-coloured cat, had what seemed like a lot of kittens in a little cave she'd created under the brambles over in Studholmes'. That nest full of mother and kittens looked so roomy, yet dry and cozy. I remember she came and got us one day to show us her brood. We kept two of the kittens, also sandy-coloured but long haired. They became Rusty and Dusty.

Dusty died early in his life in the chair by the airing cupboard one Saturday lunch time. All of a sudden right out of the blue he threw up a lot of blood. Mum rushed me out of the room as Dad wrapped Dusty plus blood into a blanket. “Thrombosis”, I was later told. I was only four when Molly had those two (actually ten) kittens, but I was twenty-one when Rusty finally began to fail. I took him up to the vet on Constitution Hill as you approach Woking. The vet took one look at Rusty, looked in his mouth, plinked out a large piece of calcium that had built-up, gently felt the cat's thin stomach, looked at me and said, “Peter, the kindest thing we can do here is to put him asleep”. I had to decide. “It really will be like falling asleep”, he said. I nodded. I remember my eyes filling up. I remember hugging old Rusty for the last time. I remember trying to say something but couldn't and blundered out. The vet, a young blonde-haired fellow, seemed like the best of fellows and that helped a lot...

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Alan Cooper has sent us the following request for photographs: Over the years I have accumulated a number of school photos. The first I recall being that of my late father and the rest I photographed whilst interviewing people.

The image featured here is typical of the style I am looking for. Coloured in this manner and with the child's face vignette style. The examples I have come from Ripley, Send and Ockham schools, all taken during the approximate period of 1920-35 and presumably by the same photographic business.

I would like to hear from anyone who has similar photos of relatives who attended these schools during that period with a view to photographing them for our archives and forthcoming journal articles.

Ever-observant Pat Clack writes:

In Clare McCann's piece on page 29 of Journal 293 about the various village halls she says that the flyer illustrated doesn't show the year - well it *does* in a way because it gives the date of Tuesday, August 7th 1951 for the cycle polo match followed underneath by Thursday, August 9th for the whist drive, and Friday, August 10th



for the Scouts' concert – so it is obvious that these are all the same year. As for myself, I was doing something far more interesting that year – I was married in Send church on Saturday, August 11th!



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WHERE IS IT?

ALAN COOPER

A BUSY ANIMATED SCENE. WHERE WAS THE PHOTO TAKEN AND WHAT EXISTS TODAY?



WE ASKED IN JOURNAL 295 WHERE THE THREE COUPLES OUT HIKING STOPPED FOR A REFRESHMENT BREAK AT A WATER FOUNTAIN.

The photo was taken in Ripley High Street adjacent to the entrance to The Green. Behind the hikers stands

The White Hart public house, today converted into a residential dwelling. The furniture shop to the left is now also residential.

Correctly identified by: Michael Morris, Audrey Smithers, Peter Smithers and Vernon Wood.



WHAT IS IT?

ALAN COOPER

A STRANGE WOODEN OBJECT. WHAT IS IT AND WHAT WAS IT USED FOR?



WE ASKED IN JOURNAL 295 WHAT THIS TINY VESSEL IS AND WHAT ITS PURPOSE WAS.

This tiny vessel is an eye bath, used to remove debris and/or pollutants from one's eyes.

Correctly identified by: Ditz Brown, Pat Clack, Ian Mason, Michael Morris, Audrey Smithers, Peter Smithers, Wendy Soden, Jackie Strange and Vernon Wood.

WHO IS IT?

ALAN COOPER

WE ASKED IN JOURNAL 295 WHO THE SMARTLY-DRESSED GENT AND HIS WIDE-EYED COMPANION TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE WERE, WHEN THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN AND AT WHAT OCCASION.

The gentleman, Peter Brough (1916 - 1999), was a ventriloquist popular with audiences in the 1950s and 60s. His puppet was Archie Andrews. Appearing on both radio and television, at the height of their popularity 15 million listeners tuned in to the radio show Educating Archie. (A ventriloquist on a radio broadcast!! - Beyond my comprehension but perhaps someone who remembers the show could enlighten me please?).

The man on the left of the photo is Charles Nunn who lived in Myrtle Cottage, Send Road. The photo was taken no later than 1960 as Charles died that same year.

Our member Pat Clack believes that the lady to the left of Archie is Mrs Carpenter, that the photo was taken in the

garden of Michael May and was possibly an over 60s event. Grateful thanks to Audrey Smithers for providing the photo.

Correctly identified by: Pat Clack, Peter Smithers and Vernon Wood.

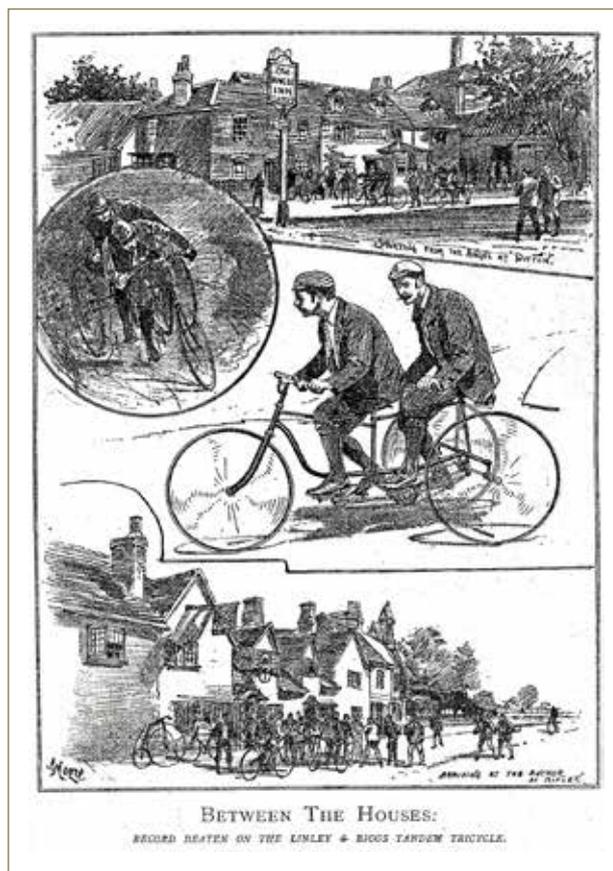


MUSEUM NEWS

CLARE McCANN

Our next exhibition, Ripley – The Mecca For All Good Cyclists, will run from 8th June to the end of August and is supported by the Veteran Cycle Club and the Anchor. Many local people will know that Ripley has a connection with cycling but may not be aware that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century ‘Of all the stretches of highway popular amongst cyclists, the Ripley Road, without dispute, is far and away the most famous’. The ride from the Angel at Thames Ditton to the Anchor at Ripley was known as ‘Between the Houses’ and attracted thousands of cyclists from all over the world. Lord Bury described Ripley, or possibly the Anchor, as ‘The Mecca for all good cyclists’ and in 1881 alone over 4000 signed the visitors’ book at the Anchor. Ripley was so famous it had its own board game, its own cycling shoe and even a tricycle named after it. Come to the museum to learn more and enter a prize draw for a lunch for two at the Anchor!

Meanwhile, we have been delighted at the response to the Frank Brown exhibition, which continues until the end of May. Visitor numbers have been substantially up and the comments have been very positive. I have sent feedback to Frank and his comment was that it has ‘made an old man very happy’. If you haven’t looked at Chris Finden-Browne’s excellent film yet, then please do. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x365FHpI_fc&t=6s



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of the month at the Ripley Bowling Club in Rose Lane, GU23 6NE. Doors open for all evening talks at 7.30pm for an 8.00 start. Tea/coffee and wine available. NB – payment by cash only.

DATES - 2024	EVENTS
Tuesday 11th June	Outing to High Clandon Vineyard
Sunday 18th August	Members only BBQ
Wednesday 11th September	An illustrated talk: <i>Tillingbourne Tales</i>
Wednesday 9th October	Kathy Atherton talk: <i>Literary Mole Valley</i>
Wednesday 13th November	Talk by Nick Bale: <i>William Harvey – The Ladieswear Specialist</i>
Wednesday 11th December	Christmas Social. MEMBERS ONLY

Further details can be obtained from Helena Finden-Browne helena_findenbrowne@compuserve.com

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS



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HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Frank Brown, Ripley to Rothesay – Journeyman Painter		£5.00
History Colouring Book (price includes felt tips and a carrier bag)		£5.00
Ripley & Send Then and Now; The Changing Scene of Surrey Village Life	Reprinted 1998/2006	£10.00
Guide to The Parish Church of St Mary The Virgin, Send		£1.00
Then and Now, A Victorian Walk Around Ripley	Reprinted 2004/07	£2.50
The Straight Furrow, by Fred Dixon		£1.50
Ripley and Send – Looking Back	Reprinted 2007	£9.00
A Walk About Ripley Village in Surrey	Reprinted 2005	£2.50
Newark Mill Ripley, Surrey	Reprinted 2012	£4.00
The Hamlet of Grove Heath Ripley, Surrey	Reprinted 2005	£4.00
Ripley and Send – An Historical Pub Crawl in Words and Pictures	New Edition 2017	£5.00
Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools		£10.00
The Parish Church of St Mary Magdalen Ripley, Surrey		£2.00
Memories of War		£5.00
Map of WW2 Bomb Sites in Send, Ripley and Pyrford		£2.50
Memories of War and Map of Bomb Sites		£6.50
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Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin		£5.00
Special Offer: Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley		£5.50
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All the publications are available from the museum on Saturday mornings, from Pinnock's Coffee House, Ripley, or via the Society's website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk or email srhistorysociety@gmail.com



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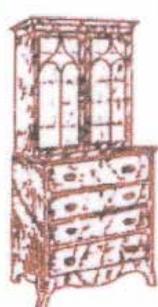


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