

No. 279  
July 2021

# Send & Ripley History Society

WINNER OF THE 2021 BALH AWARD FOR BEST LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY JOURNAL



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TEA ROOMS

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LOOKS UP TO  
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**Cover image:**  
Cedar House Tearooms  
interior, circa 1926 (SRHS)

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# EDITORIAL

## CAMERON BROWN

Most of you will know by now that we have won the 2021 British Association for Local History (BALH) award for the best local history society journal/newsletter. This is a prestigious award, won against competition from societies throughout Britain. BALH was formed in 1982 but can trace its origins back to the National Council For Social Service formed in 1948 and is the national charity which promotes local history studies.

BALH praised the quality of production as well as the range of content and the evidence of involvement and participation by the local community. I have been editor since 2017 but credit for the aesthetic quality goes to my wife Ditz, and to David Bedford of Headline Design and Print, Woking, who handles the design and production of the journal.

I have a niggling feeling that we had an unfair advantage over many of our competitors as, for some 25 years, I was a publisher of illustrated non fiction books and magazines and Ditz has for all her adult life been a professional artist. But more important is the quality of the content and for

this I am grateful to all of our contributors, especially the regulars. You know who you are! Please keep them coming.

A short film of the presentation ceremony by BALH can be seen on our website or at <https://player.vimeo.com/video/562500149>

On a more serious note I am sad to have to report the deaths of members Ted Goldup and Margery Bernard.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at [cmb@aappl.com](mailto:cmb@aappl.com) by 15th August 2021.

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 20MB in any one email

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# 40 YEARS AGO

## CAMERON BROWN

I was not able to find an appropriate longer article in the May/June journal of 1981 so have picked the regular ornithological report as I am always impressed by the knowledge and pleasure in nature which these pieces evidence. Then I reproduce a charming letter from J35 of December 1980.

FROM J38 MAY/JUNE 1981

### ORNITHOLOGICAL REPORT - MARCH/APRIL

DAVID NURNEY

March was very quiet at Papercourt. Fieldfare and redwings were still about, as were four goosander on the 21st. On the 28th two chiffchaffs were singing at Send Heath Ponds. There were a few early nesters about, song thrushes and blackbirds were on eggs and blue tits were building.

On 2nd April a willow warbler was singing at Send Heath Ponds, and on the 5th sand martins and a little ringed plover arrived at Papercourt. The last of the wintering goosander flew north over Ripley sewage farm on that day, and a green sandpiper was also about.

Swallows and house martins arrived about the 10th, the first ones merely passing through. Little grebes and swans were on nest and great crested grebes were building at Send Heath ponds on the 16th, when a blackcap arrived and began singing. By the very end of the month whitethroat, lesser whitethroat and sedge warbler had arrived at Papercourt.

#### DITZ BROWN ADDS:

The above report was followed by the Wild Flower Project which was reported by the Natural History Group. Inter alia the Society learned that Dorothy Challen had carried out a survey of the wildflowers along the river Wey as part of her Senior School Project in 1952. As I regularly walk along the Wey Navigation with my dogs and closely observe what mother nature has on offer it was gratifying to see that nothing much has changed over the intervening years and that I can enjoy the same shrubs and flowers as Dorothy all those years ago. The article mentions garlic mustard and its properties and by coincidence this is the first year that we have actually tried to eat it; it makes an



Garlic mustard growing in my copse (photo © Ditz)

interesting addition to a salad ... providing that you like garlic. The article states: 'There is jack-in-the-hedge, or garlic mustard, looking like a large nettle (I disagree with that), but with white flowers having four petals supported on short stalks at the top of the plant and occasionally at leaf junctions. This plant was used with lettuce in salads and in sauces. The herb has a strong garlic taste and is said to strengthen the digestive faculties, although if eaten by cows it gives a disagreeable flavour to the milk.'

FROM J35 DEC 1980

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FROM MARIE TIMMINGS, SEND

As a new resident of Send, I haven't the advantage of writing about its history which we all enjoy so much. My earliest recollection was around 1958, when on the way to Guildford we used to pass a signpost on the old Portsmouth Road which read 'Send Church 1 1/4' which, much to my husband's amusement I always read as 'Send Church, a penny farthing'. I always felt an affinity with Send and although much later we travelled to Guildford on the A3, I always thought as we passed that way of the poor little church that only received a penny farthing. However, when our house at Guildford was compulsorily purchased and Harold asked where I would like to live I said simply Send, never believing it would happen. Well some dreams do come true, don't they. Due to inflation I am expecting to see at any moment a signpost reading 'Send Church 2 1/4'.

# CEDAR HOUSE TEA ROOMS

CAMERON BROWN



The Cedar Tea House circa 1926 (SRHS collection)

Much has been written about this complicated building in our Journals over the years<sup>1</sup>. Variouslly called the George Inn, Tudor House and Cedar House, part of which was once the home of Grimditch & Webb, butchers, currently reincarnated as Café Beirut, it seemed appropriate to look at its past as a café, as local cafés are also the theme of the current exhibition at the museum.

The house was originally a single property known until around 1800 as the George Inn and farm; the farmland was off Newark Lane and was later developed as Georgelands. The inn was first recorded in a deed of 1544 and probably closed for business in 1802 when the building was sold as three separate lots.

By the early 20th century it was divided into two properties: the residential part on the right (from the High St), confusingly known then as Cedar House, and the butcher's shop and slaughterhouse on the corner facing the High St and Rose Lane. The Howard family bought Cedar House in late 1919, partly because the premises opposite, on the corner of Newark Lane, were also for sale and Mr Howard was interested in buying it to open a garage, then very much a growth industry. Mrs Howard meanwhile had the idea of starting a teahouse in order to make a living for the family while the garage business was building up. She called it the Cedar Teahouse. Around 10 years later they acquired the butchers' too, and extended the teahouse into it, renaming this part Cedar House and the residential part Tudor House.

The reminiscences which follow are taken from a longer article in J64 of September 1985, written by Kathleen Howard, who opened the Cedar Teahouse in 1920. The material was donated to the Society by her son Basil Howard.

Kathleen writes of the start in January 1920: 'Never shall I forget that first day, in the light of what followed; it makes one smile. We had an old maidservant, Anne. She and I cooked a moderate amount thinking that as we were yet quite unknown very few people would stop even though we had a sign up. It was difficult to realise that we were professional hosts.

Traffic had begun in earnest down the main road and presently car after car stopped outside our door and then drove on again. What could this mean? Then we discovered a policeman who, because our front door was closed, had ordered cars to move on, thinking that the teahouse was not yet open to customers. Telling the policeman that the mistake was ours, we flung wide the door and in streamed the customers to partake of a very inadequate tea in a very unsophisticated way.

Next day was Sunday, always the busiest day on the road, a beautiful spring day, and we had a crowded house. Old Anne was happy and beaming, filling her pockets with payments and giving change out of them. The day wore on and still more customers. Supplies began to run out. The closed baker's shop in Rose Lane was kind and ready to help, but his wares were not appreciated and presently a large party of customers went into the kitchen and sat down to a feast of eggs, and bread and butter. All this informality and 'inconsequential amateur mess' evidently appealed. It was like having public tea in a private house, and it certainly did bring us many crowded afternoons. This kind of informality of course could not go on, and we gradually realised the need of a till, and organised prices and service. But I think our reputation spread quickly after that first picnic-like day, and always we were reminded of the homeliness of the old house which had made so many people our friends.

In warm weather too, the garden was a great attraction. Little wicker tables and chairs were set out under the great cedar tree. The scent of honeysuckle and white jasmine wafted from the walls of the house and from those enclosing the garden. It was indeed a lovely spot, and quite without the noise of passing traffic.'

Basil Howard recalled: ‘Everyone wrote their names in the ‘Rosemary Book’, the visitor’s book which lay on the table by the stairs. It was called Rosemary for remembrance, and in it may be found many hundreds of names of ordinary people who enjoyed their tea there, and some who are world famous and still enjoyed their tea.’

#### KATHLEEN HOWARD RECALLS SOME OF THE VISITORS:

‘Sometimes on the long journeys from Goodwood to London and back the Earl of March, afterwards to become the Duke of Richmond, would stop for a rest and light refreshment at the Cedar Teaouse, helped by a devoted chauffeur.

Dr Wyler had lost a leg in the Battle of Jutland when serving with the fleet. He often came to have luncheon on Sundays. We could only admire his marvelous courage. Having been fitted with an artificial leg at Roehampton he often preferred to wear a wooden peg-leg which he called ‘Jones’. He used to arrive on a Sunbeam motor cycle and sidecar with ‘Jones’ fitted into a special spring clip, fixed to the footboard. He was very courageous and never let his lameness, or even the discomfort of Jones affect his spirits. He referred to Jones as his retractable undercarriage.

A tall, handsome fellow came in one day when our staff were on holiday. I was not expecting visitors but he asked to have a light luncheon. He looked tired and I could not refuse to do my best. He asked for a glass of beer but I explained that this was difficult as we had no licence. I said however that while I got the luncheon ready would he care to take a jug to the Anchor to buy his own beer. He said “This is a new experience but I will go”. I handed him a glass jug and he went while I continued with the lunch preparations. When I took him his coffee he wanted to talk.

“This is excellent coffee” he said. “Can you get all you need from the village International Stores?” I explained that the coffee was from the Army and Navy Stores, but that the local International Stores could not be more civil, and were always ready to help. He thanked me and said he would come again, which he did. Afterwards I learnt that he was the owner of International Stores. He was the son of Lord Devonport on a tour of discovery as to the needs of their customers. Ever afterwards their coffee was proverbial!

One afternoon in one of the open motor cars then allowed to park in front of the house I saw the driver trying to get a view, evidently anxious to make a sketch. Knowing how much nicer the house with its gables is at the back, I asked him if he would care to see that. He came with alacrity and was delighted with the four beautiful gables, the old tiled walls wreathed with honeysuckle, jasmine and ceanothus, and the tall chimney. It was the famous artist Cecil Aldin. He was at that time writing a book on old inns<sup>2</sup> and illustrating them. He became our friend and, in his great generous-hearted way, painted and gave to us a large sign to put over our front door.

A regular customer who often called for luncheon or tea when, as he told us, he had stolen away from his work in London to watch over the alterations to a house he had bought in Sussex, was always in a hurry. “So busy in the house”, he would say. One late afternoon in more haste than ever he asked for the quickest possible fulfilling of what he had ordered. We did as he asked but because he always seemed to like us to show an interest in his restoration work at his house I asked how far it was towards completion: had he arrived at the whitewashing stage? He looked at me just a little nonplussed saying “Madam, I refer to the House of Lords – I am the Chief Whip!”



When the tearooms was still a butcher’s (SRHS collection)



Cedar House in the early 20th century, before the Howards painted it white (SRHS collection)



**Top:** A postcard showing the corner of the Oak Room, circa 1926

**Bottom:** A postcard showing the Refectory, circa 1926  
(both SRHS collection)

One of our regulars, who shall be nameless, openly admitted to us that he was engaged to four separate fiancées. Having sworn us to secrecy he brought each of them to tea on separate days. This embarrassing state of affairs called for great care and diplomacy by all the staff, but we never gave him away.

The chef of the Hotel Metropole often brought a carload of his friends to tea and invariably invaded the kitchen demanding to make his own omelettes for his party and requesting ten eggs! We got used to this in time and were glad of the expert demonstration, quite regardless of the normal panic in the kitchen being multiplied several times!

Kathleen adds: 'A teahouse of the twenties! Those happy days of leisured ease! Leisure? Not when running a teahouse on the Portsmouth Road, one of the busiest highways in England. One was rushed off one's feet from morn to eve catering for the delightful and often distinguished clientele who always demanded the houses's speciality – 'nabs' – small round white loaves, served hot. Many dozens were made every day. Tea was served on the ground floor in the White Parlour, in the Refectory and

on the first floor in the Oak Room. When the weather was fine tea was also served in the lovely garden which always had an air of tranquility, seemingly many miles from the busy road that was really only a few yards away.

Before concluding I would like to pay tribute to those who helped to make the Cedar Teahouse, the success that it undoubtedly became over the years. Besides our faithful Anne, we owed much to Lela Foley, who came from Australia, and worked for the money to pay her passage home again, but decided to stay with us and became almost one of the family. Then there were the two Mrs Pullens, one large, with white hair who became known as 'White Pullen', and the other small and dark who became 'Black Pullen'. There was also Ada Molesdale who served tea to dozens of hungry people all at once, and Mrs Cooper the cook who always needed a drop of 'mother's ruin' in order to help her to turn out her best culinary miracles!

Basil's own reminiscences also mention, inter alia, 'Master Richard Dimbleby' who, when a schoolboy, came with his parents from Richmond; celebrities of stage and film including Angela and Hermione Badderley, the cast of *The Co-optimists* with David Tennant.

Others included Douglas Byng, Nellie Wallace, and that wonderful old Dickens' actor Bransby Williams who used to recite *A Christmas Carol* on the BBC each Christmas. There was Gary Marsh, Christine White and the complete cast of the Ballet Russe; Alfred Lester and Marione Woods, Jack Phillips, and a host of others from stage and screen.

From Brooklands motor racing track we find the signatures of Kaye Don (AC), famous racing driver, also the Longman brothers (AJS), Jack Emerson, Claude Temple (OEC) and Violet Cordery (Invicta), that famous lady racing driver of the 1920s; also Betty Carstairs, famous speedboat racer, and Nicolson the great yacht designer. One day Ramsey Macdonald came to tea, brought by his daughter Ishbel, who was a regular visitor, and one outstanding signature that we prized highly was that of Henry Ford from Detroit.'

Just before WWII the Howards moved to Yorkshire and let the Tudor House to a Mr and Mrs Burnside as a private dwelling, letting the Cedar Teahouse to a Miss Taplin.

Cecil Aldin (1870 – 1935) was born in Slough, attended various art schools and sold his first picture at the age of 20. He went on to achieve success as an artist depicting aspects of country life and buildings, animals and hunting scenes. He was a prolific illustrator of books and periodicals and published two illustrated books of his own work, *Old Inns* and *Old Manor Houses*. The following extract is Chapter VI of *Old Inns*.

Oh boy! How you did enjoy yourself! You and your motor-cycle, with the neatest-ankled girl in the world perched behind you. On Bank Holiday, on the Ripley Road, you were out in your thousands, in one long, continuous stream, and the Anchor looked just as it did in the old push-bike age.

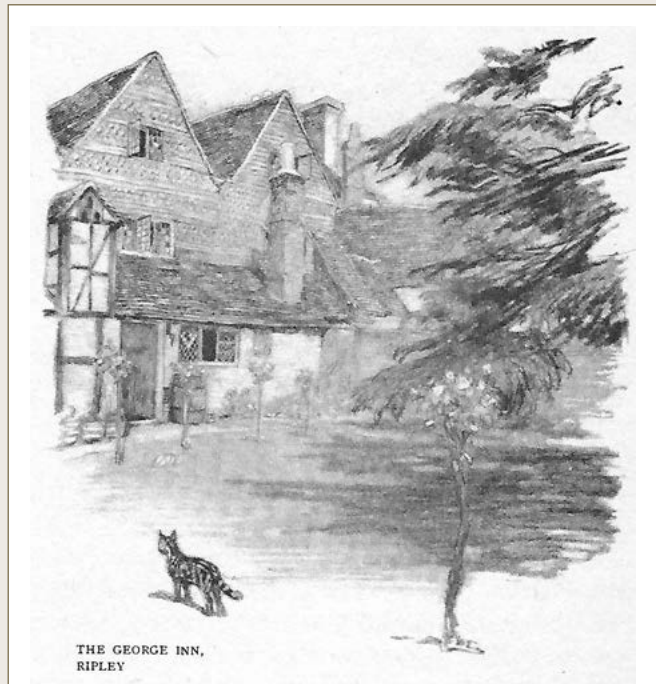
To watch this holiday throng from the comfortable bow window of the old George Inn was better than any play or cinema ever devised, for the reason that, as we used to say as children, it was all real. Every one rushing down the road, and trying to pass every one else, with a heaven-help-the hindmost feeling about it all.

On a fine Bank Holiday on the Ripley Road the motor-cyclist and girl are in the ascendant. And on the Bank Holiday I saw it, how they all were enjoying themselves – the boys and the girls, a totally different crowd to that on the Epping or Maidenhead Road on a similar holiday.

The public-house was not doing the heavy drinking business of the old days – what the beanfeaster usually considers enjoyment. Moreover, on the Ripley Road there was no singing. It was all dead keen enjoyment all the same. Each girl with neat feet swung out, feeling sure she had the best ankles of any, and each boy convinced that his ‘mo-bike’ could beat them all and, moreover, trying his level best to do so.

I have studied an Epping crowd, and the Maidenhead Sunday knuts. In the first, charabancs are in the ascendant. On the Bath Road, Rolls-Royces and smart two-seater coupes come an easy first. But on the Ripley Road the motor-bike is king, just the same as the old push-bike was king on the same road years ago. On the Maidenhead Road we go out to luncheon, but on the Ripley tea is the big meal.

A picnic lunch – what the publicans call a nosebag lunch – is what most of the travellers carry, but for tea they foregather. Tea is the pièce de résistance.



The back of Cedar House, drawing by Cecil Aldin

And what a teal! Eggs, jam, and cakes galore. Here the lasses get down for a well-earned rest for their erstwhile swinging legs and ankles. Here they meet their friends and acquaintances, in fact ‘foregather’. There's no other word that expresses it. Here at the historic Anchor or The Old George (which no one will recognize because it is not now known by its old title) and other hostelries, they TEA before making or finishing the homeward journey.

Now, on the Bath Road, if we tea at all, we do it in small quantities; we have lunched at The Riviera or Skindle's. But on the Ripley Road we sit down to a square tea meal. It is at tea, and not lunch, that our ladies disport themselves and their frocks for the envy and admiration of the surrounding crowd.

Did I say frocks? If so, it certainly is not the right word – kit is the word: there are no frocks on the Ripley Road. Kit is what they wear. Many of them in the discarded war-kit of land girls, or remount stable workers; but cut inches shorter to suit the prevailing fashion, I presume,

shorter than they were allowed to do even during the war. Somehow or other their kit, whatever it may be, always seems suitable and workmanlike for a motor-bicycle; and as for ankles, the display on a motor-cycle parade on this road on a public holiday would put to shame the best and more carefully selected stage chorus. The fashions of the Ripley Road are a vogue in themselves; they are neither of the Maidenhead nor the Epping highway – they stand alone, neat tailor-made garments generally being in the ascendant. Frocks don't worry these ladies, of frills and furbelows they will have nothing; but the best silk stockings and Sunday shoes are always put on for the motor-carrier, and on the Ripley Road no self-respecting boy would think of starting out on a Bank Holiday without a smart pair of silk stockings swinging behind him for all the world to see.

At Ripley all the world has tea, at least, all the motor-cycling world. The landlord points out to you, if by chance you should be a stranger, the motor-cycling racing knuts, just as in the old cycling days, host Dibble (still in possession of the Anchor) would point

out the foremost road-racing and track men seated round his hospitable board.

From 6 o'clock onwards the exodus begins, after much discussing of machines, oiling, and petrolling. An admiring crowd watch a well-known track rider swing into his saddle like a jockey, as his bus jumps off the mark Londonwards. And so the string goes on, one incessant procession of pneumatic-tyred traffic, until about 10 o'clock when the snails begin to crawl through. Obsolete motor-cars clank, clanking their way back to town, motor-cycles towing others, or cars being towed to the nearest garage.

Last of all come the walking contingent, cyclists who have buckled their wheels by trying conclusions with other and heavier traffic on the road, and so comes the end of one more milestone, a Bank Holiday on the Ripley Road.

<sup>1</sup> The main articles appeared in J46, J51, J52, J64, J77, J186 and J216

<sup>2</sup> *Old Inns* by Cecil Aldin, published 1921 by Wm Heinemann

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# WHAT IS IT?

ALAN COOPER



This was found on the wall outside St Mary's in Ripley recently

## WE ASKED IN J278 WHERE THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN.

The answer is the garden of Cedar House. This was identified correctly by Ditz Brown, Pat Clack, Jeremy Haines and Audrey Smithers.



Cedar House

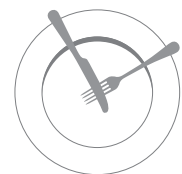


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THE CLOCK HOUSE

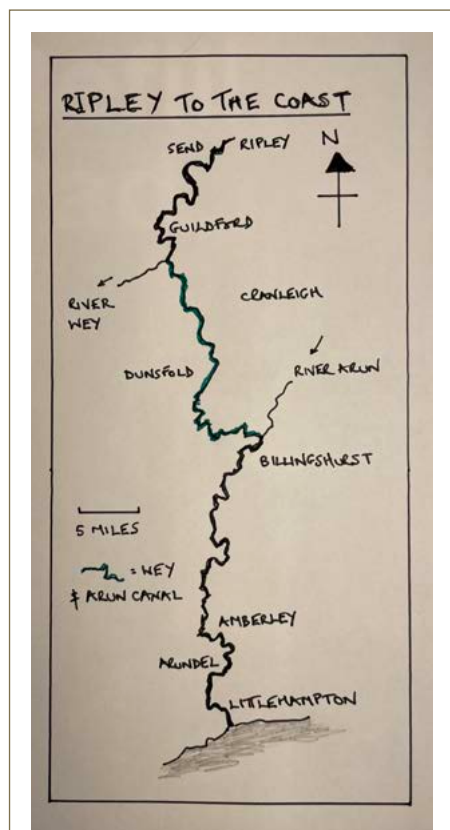
# FROM RIPLEY TO THE SOUTH COAST BY FOOT - OUR COVID LOCKDOWN CHALLENGE

ANDREW & JACK PAULSON

Ripley residents Andrew Paulson and his 12-year-old son Jack wrote this account of their travels during the summer of 2020.

Two hundred years ago Ripley was connected to the South Coast by inland canal. Until 1871 the only direct navigable waterway between London and the English Channel passed through Ripley and Send. Taking advantage of an easing (as it turned out, temporary) of Covid lockdown restrictions in August, we set off to re-trace the 63-mile journey by foot.

The route is surprisingly directly south. From Walsham Lock the route follows familiar paths through Guildford to Shalford, then across the North Downs tracking the former Wey & Arun canal, skirting Bramley, Cranleigh and Dunsfold to the River Arun at Billingshurst. Onward from there it takes us through beautiful Amberley and Arundel to the sea at Littlehampton.



Andrew's map of the route

Our adventure was inspired by JB Dashwood's charming short story *The Thames to the Solent by Canal and Sea*. In the hot summer of 1867, Dashwood made the same journey, with his 16-foot-long una rig<sup>1</sup> Caprice, towed by horse. Dashwood's jolly diary of the trip through the rolling Surrey and Sussex countryside captures the landscape, history and activity of yesteryear.

We set out to do the same from our own doorstep in Ripley – but on foot – and laden with face masks and hand sanitiser.

Jack writes: 'When Dad asked me whether I would like to do a 64 mile walk to the coast my first thoughts were: how are we going to do a 64 mile walk in about seven days? I was not keen at first, however I warmed to the idea slowly, seeing it as a way to get out into fresh air after weeks and weeks of remote learning. This was tough, getting quite boring and almost felt like an eternity of unending time. Having had only a short period in school, some of the topics that were taught I didn't quite grasp as well as I would have if I was in school. Teachers and pupils were getting tired and this was evident towards the middle and end of the lockdown. I worked most of my time during this period in the same seat, same room and on the same iPad every single day.

We went for many training walks around the picturesque Leith Hill to get in shape for the massive walk which we were to attempt. The fresh air helped my eyes a lot after staring at the screen all day every day.'

Andrew: 'South of Guildford, we followed the former path of the Wey & Arun across the North Downs. Much of the original canal can today only be imagined, the landscape dotted with the relics of the former waterway. A fair amount of exploration was needed to locate the canal's original 28 locks, around half of which are visible today but clues of its former glory are dotted across the landscape, aided by the excellent Canal Trust walking guides. Our favourites included walking through Turf lock, finding the entrance to the remarkable 375-yard long Hardham Tunnel, crossing the picturesque bridges at Tannery Lane and Stopham, and enjoying a Connisbee pork pie at Drungewick aqueduct.

The Wey & Arun canal was originally built to provide an alternative inland route to transport military supplies to Portsmouth without risking attack on the open sea. The canal served as the distribution network enabling local industries to flourish. Grain and timber were said to be the main goods transported but we saw the remains of many others on our walk. The glass industry flourished



Crossing the Wey and Arun Canal

in the 14th to 16th centuries, smelted by charcoal from Sidney Wood, at the current entrance to Dunsfold Airfield. The chalk pits near Amberley remain visible. In Pallingham, near Wisborough Green, the site of the Wey Navigation Company's original inland dockyard can still be seen. The last barge built here was in 1864 but only got as far as Guildford. Loading up with a shipment of gunpowder at Stonebridge Wharf in Guildford a rare accident blew the barge to pieces.

At the canal's peak in 1839 it is reported that 23,000 tons of goods were carried in the one year. Today a single huge ocean-going ship carries over ten times this amount in a single voyage.

The opening of the directly-competing Guildford to Horsham railway line in 1865 – captured wonderfully at the restored Bramley station – was the beginning of the end of the canal. What goods had been transported hitherto by water switched to rail. The line ran immediately alongside the canal, today the Downs Link cycle path. In 1871 the canal closed, six years after the opening of the railway. A century later Beeching closed the railway too.'



Locals dealing with the heat on the Arun

Jack: 'A typical day for us started at about 7.30 am and we would often have got up as early as 7 am to beat the boiling sun which came at about 11-12 o'clock. At around those times we would have to find shelter to sit for an hour before it cooled down again.

I admit to staying at some incredibly nice B&Bs along our route, starting in Pulborough and ending with our stays at Amberly. Most nights when we stayed over at B&Bs (and in one case at a hotel!) we enjoyed a scrumptious dinner and that was particularly nice, especially after some of the very hot days.

It was good to have a sense of normality come back in on that walk, and a bit of hope for the future and the spring but also the vaccine which was being developed at the time.'

Andrew: 'A startling point of continuity between Dashwood's journey in 1867 and our own was the inns and public houses, all of which survive to this day.



A tired young man working through 162,000 steps

Of *The Anchor* in Pyrford Dashwood writes “Here we brought up for a rest and procured some bread and cheese from the little inn adjoining the lock. The inn was full of weary haymakers who asked me in a plaintive voice if it was not very hot. I suggested in reply some beer might be refreshing.” Two miles, after a no doubt exhausting afternoon rest in his boat, he arrives at the New Inn in Send: “The village is small, with a nice inn, where refreshments simple and clean can be obtained”.

It would appear he stopped at every pub on the route, a tradition we did our best to uphold. Albeit Dashwood would have no doubt been surprised to observe the socially distanced outside seating arrangements and the NHS ‘track & trace’ system to permit entry.’

Jack: ‘I have to admit that Dad did seem to want to stop at every single pub possible on our route. We were walking a long way, though we still stayed the same weight (I wonder why that was?) and we often ended up having a pint of beer in my Dad’s case whilst I tried all the orange juice Sussex had to offer!

In terms of our walk statistics (this was quite shocking for me once Dad had actually shown me), we walked:

- 63 Miles
- 162,000 steps!!!
- and we walked through the hottest day recorded for 17 years (7th August) which hit a temperature of 36 degrees.’

Today the Wey & Arun canal is being restored by a group of enthusiastic volunteers. Started 40 years ago the Trust is making steady progress, with the area around Loxwood particularly beautifully renovated. There is some way to go as a lack of time and money, and private land ownership rights complicate progress.

We live in hope that one day perhaps the link will be fully opened again and it will be possible to travel to the English Channel from Ripley. Watch this space...

All photos © Andrew Paulson

<sup>1</sup> A small sailing boat which has either a gaff rig or a lugsail set on a mast close to the boat's stem, and carrying no foresails. This rig was common in lightly built upriver racing boats in the 19th century, and obtained its name in Britain from the 5-metre (16-ft 6-in) racing boat called *Una* on which it was first tried in 1852 (thanks to *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea*)

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# THE MYSTERY OF THE FOURTH STANSFIELD BROTHER

ALAN COOPER

Much has been written over the years about Stansfield's mineral water factory in Newark Lane, Ripley and all relevant articles can be viewed on the Society's website at: [www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk](http://www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk). For the benefit of newer members the following paragraph gives a brief overview of the business:

It was founded in 1845 by Arthur Stansfield (Snr) who was born in West Clandon in 1816 and was described variously as a grocer (1841 and 1851), beer retailer (1845) and a grocer and soda water manufacturer (1861). Upon his death in 1864, the business passed to sons Arthur (1843–1897), Albert (1845–1910) and Abraham (1848–1907), under a number of names: Stansfield Brothers in 1874, Stansfield & Co in 1907, Stansfield and Son in 1912 and Stansfield Brothers (again) in 1938. It would remain in the family until the late 1980s although manufacturing had ceased a good deal earlier. From 1989–1996, Pinks of Chichester used the old factory as a distribution centre. It was then let to Smart Movers for eight years and finally, in 2013, the premises were converted into residential properties.

## THE STANSFIELD BROTHERS:

Arthur Stansfield (Snr) married Emma Jemima Stammers in 1839. Her father was the landlord of the White Horse in Ripley<sup>1</sup> and this represented the first of many marriages within the Stansfield family into associated businesses. Emma produced eleven children of whom eight reached adulthood. Following the death of Arthur (Snr) in 1864 the family business became known as Stansfield Brothers, run by Arthur (Jnr), Albert and Abraham, but there was a fourth brother, William (1851–1939). Why did he apparently shun the rapidly expanding business and why is he not buried in the family plot in St Mary Magdalen churchyard, Ripley?

The answer lies initially with Arthur (Snr's) daughter, Easter (1846–1899) who, on 13th March 1865 married Walter Attfield. The Attfields were a large family hailing from Albury, Surrey and became well established in that and the surrounding area following their arrival in the 1750s. In the 1860s Walter's father Henry was the landlord

of the Bulls Head in West Clandon and it is reasonable to assume that the Stansfield brothers supplied Henry with their products, hence Walter meeting Easter.

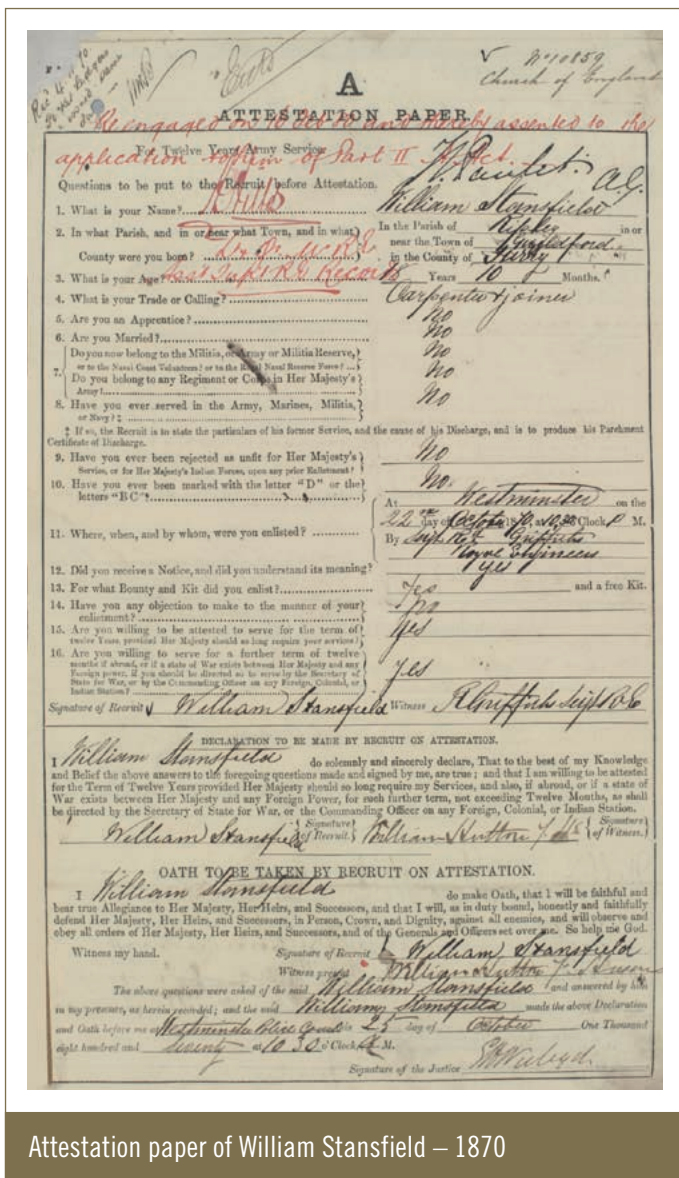
Walter's younger brother Arthur left the area and joined the army, where he would remain on home service for the next 22 years in the Royal Engineers. He achieved the rank of Colour Sergeant Major

and was awarded a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Arthur's cousin William was clearly impressed and decided to join the army as well but not before persuading his friend William Stansfield to follow suit. Both were carpenters and joiners and the Royal Engineers seemed the perfect choice to exploit their skills. William was clearly an adventurous type and, not keen on entering the tedious yet financially stable environment of the family business, would appear to have needed little encouragement.

Arthur Attfield's exemplary career very nearly failed to materialise. He originally joined the 34th Regiment of Foot (Border Regiment – Cumberland) but hated it so much he bought himself out for the sum of twenty pounds and joined the Royal Engineers (Regt. No.10459) at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, Kent on 17th May 1870. Cousin William joined soon after with Regt. No.10507 and William Stansfield on 25th October 1870 with Regt. No.10859, the two friends having initially enrolled together at The School of Military Engineering, Gillingham, Kent.



The grave of Arthur Stansfield (Jnr) in Ripley churchyard. Note the device incorporated on many of their family headstones



Attestation paper of William Stansfield – 1870

In common with many members of small rural communities of that period, some of the Attfield family had a deep lack of respect for law, order and discipline. Transportation for quite minor offences resulted in the family name becoming well established in Australia. This punishment was perceived as a more humane alternative to the death penalty, with the first fleet setting sail in 1787. Transportation was formally abolished in 1868.<sup>2</sup>

Albury is now a very desirable residential area but in those far-off days and located adjacent to Peaslake and Ewhurst, which lay on a recognised smugglers route from the south coast to London, it attracted a less desirable resident. In her book *Old West Surrey* published in 1904, Gertrude Jekyll described how ‘terrified farm people lay trembling in their beds when the Peaslake men were having a night of it, feasting on a stolen pig or poultry’.

Easter’s husband Walter, also a carpenter and joiner by trade, found himself on a charge of stealing woodworking tools and on 6th February 1868 was sentenced to three months



Left: Army Long Service and Good Conduct Medal – obverse (As awarded to both Arthur Attfield and William Stansfield)  
Right: Army Long Service and Good Conduct Medal – reverse

imprisonment in Wandsworth jail. Not long after his release he was charged with obtaining goods under false pretences and on 19th October 1869 was sentenced to four more months imprisonment. These misdemeanors would appear to have ended their four-year marriage as census returns suggest Easter was bringing up their daughter Alice on her own, working as a servant (cook) in Broadmead House, Send in 1871 and Church Road, Godalming in 1881. Widowed, she re-married on 15th October 1891, to Henry Spencer.

Back in the army, William Attfield clearly couldn’t take any more discipline and on 17th July 1871, just a year after joining up decided the army was not for him and deserted. In contrast, William Stansfield carved out a successful career for himself. He joined as an 18-year-old carpenter and joiner and after 21 years of home service was discharged on 25th October 1891 with the rank of Sergeant, an exemplary record and the award of a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. During his service he qualified as a surveyor<sup>3</sup> and was stationed at Gillingham, Bristol, Brentwood, Potterspurty, Southampton, Bedford and Netley. It was whilst serving at Southampton that he met his wife-to-be Emma Jane Heden. They married in 1875.

After army life William worked as a mechanic and office keeper and lived in Westminster, London (then Middlesex) with Emma and their four children; Nellie, William George, Annie Kate and Arthur Charles.



The Chequers Inn, Walton-on-the-Hill, Epsom, photographed in July 1908 during William George's tenure. He is probably among those pictured here



Top: The Bell, Stoughton, photographed very shortly before William Stansfield became landlord

Bottom: The Bell, Stoughton photographed in 1976, and barely changed in 70 years

Then tragedy struck when in 1909 his wife of 34 years died. By now, his two daughters were married and son William George was landlord of the Chequers Inn at Walton-on-the-Hill, Epsom. Life turned full circle and William returned to Ripley with son Arthur Charles and lived in the High Street, Ripley along with a housekeeper, Elizabeth Hannah Milbourne, 22 years his junior, whom he would marry in 1925 at the age of 73. What followed could be compared to the return of the prodigal son, as William, after a glittering career, took menial work in the family business, employed as a factory worker with son Arthur Charles keeping books and helping generally. This continued for the next five years.

At 62 years old many people would be happy to call it a day. Not so William. Whether by design, through his son William George, or the connections of the family business we can but surmise, but it appears he once more severed links with the family and became a public house landlord in 1913 just outside Guildford at the Bell, Bell Fields Road, Stoughton.<sup>4</sup> The Bell was owned by Lascelles Tickner & Co Ltd. However, this brewery was unable to sustain competition from the more aggressively operated Friary Brewery and in 1926 Friary Holdroyd and Healy's Breweries Ltd took over all the assets of Lascelles Tickner.

William ran the Bell from 1913 to 1925 with help from his youngest son Arthur Charles, until he decided to marry their housekeeper Elizabeth that same year. They relocated to Burnt Heath, Bromley Cross, Essex and ran the Cross Inn until his death on 15th December 1939 in Colchester, Essex. He died on his 89th birthday and is buried at St George's, Great Bromley.

Upon leaving the Bell in 1925 William's eldest son William George, along with his wife Harriett Francis,

became the new tenants and would manage it until the late 1940s. William George died in 1952 and Harriett Francis in 1950.

- <sup>1</sup> The White Horse Inn was one of six inns and public houses mentioned in the 1839 edition of *Pigot's Directory* under the heading of Ripley and neighbourhood. It closed in 1853 and was located in White Horse Lane (behind what was the chemist's shop and latterly Cellar Wines).
- <sup>2</sup> From the Attfield family genealogy website – attfield-tree.attfield.de
- <sup>3</sup> William's brother Arthur was also a qualified land surveyor
- <sup>4</sup> Last orders were finally called at the Bell when in 2005 it became the Red Rose Indian restaurant

#### Acknowledgements:

Grahame Larter (*Surrey Advertiser*) for permission to use the photo of the Bell taken in 1976 by EAW Tyrrell, from the *Surrey Advertiser* Photo Archives

Jackie Godfrey (Walton & Tadworth Local History Society) for permission to use photo of the Chequers inn

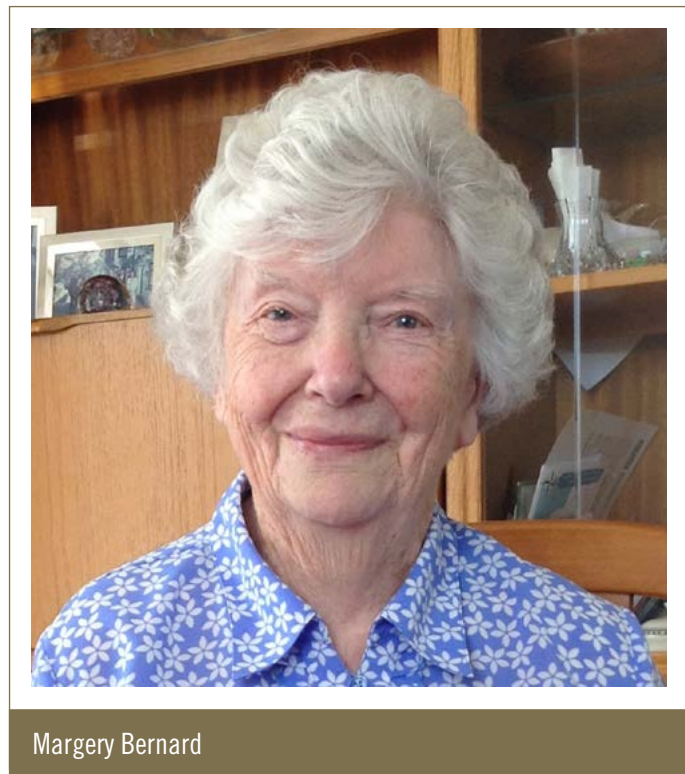
Medal photos c/o Alan J Thomas, director of Medals of England – <https://www.medalsofengland.com/>

Other photos c/o Alan Cooper collection

## OBITUARIES

# MARGERY JOYCE BERNARD (1926 - 2021)

CHRIS MULDOON



**M**argery was born in Ripley, to George and Kate Whapshott, and grew up in Tithebarns Lane, West Clandon.

With her father employed on a farm, she gained a keen awareness of, and enjoyed, farming, nature and the seasons. She ably assisted in growing vegetables for the family and soon developed a keen interest in gardening. As a young child she also learnt the arts of sewing and knitting. Margery always fondly remembered her childhood in the country.

Her schooling completed, she attended teacher training college and then found her forté as a teacher specialising in needlework, teaching mainly in Longford, West Byfleet and Falbrook. She developed a reputation for 'getting things done' at the schools that she worked at.

Margery became very accomplished in sewing and knitting and, in her spare time, would make wedding and bridesmaids' dresses. In her twenties, on a European train trip organised by the Vicar of Send, she met Winnie Wilby, who introduced her to Ockham WI.

When the farmer decided to sell the cottage that she and her parents lived in, she bought it, providing a continuing home for them. Then, in 1955, she met Leslie Arthur Bernard, marrying him in 1962. Leslie shared her keen interest in gardening and they also enjoyed many driving holidays throughout Europe. In photos from this time Margery can often be seen on a gorgeous balcony, knitting needles in hand.

In 1976 they moved from Tithebarns Lane to Shalford, Guildford. Around this time Margery added smocking to her needlework repertoire, and quickly became renowned for the beautiful smocked dresses that she would make for all her friends' granddaughters. She began supplying her smocked dresses to Cranleigh market, where they were much admired and purchased by the settled travelling community.

Moving to Brixham, Devon, in 1989, Margery continued her involvement in the WI, making plenty of friends, amongst whom, along with her needlework expertise, her sausage rolls and cakes were much appreciated. After Leslie passed away in 2007, Margery continued to maintain their large plot with the assistance of a gardener. She also continued her knitting and smocking, treasuring all the photos that she had received over the years of babies covered with one of her beautifully knitted blankets, or girls in one of her lovely smocked dresses.

One of her outstanding abilities was retaining a perfect memory of all the events and people in her life. She would often recount tales from her childhood or teaching career and she eagerly awaited the arrival of the latest Send and Ripley History Society journal. Margery also maintained an active interest in all her family and friends' lives, and enjoyed reading *The Telegraph* every day.

As she aged, her main goal was to be retired for as long as she had worked, and this she accomplished in 2020. She always said that if she was unable to knit or sew then it would be time, which is basically how it panned out.

Margery is remembered for her independence, her strong resilient practical nature, her loyalty to family and friends, her adaptability and helpfulness ... not to mention her cakes!

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## EDWIN (TED) GOLDUP (1929 - 2021)

Edwin Goldup, who was most commonly known as just Ted, was welcomed to membership of the Society, together with his wife Rita, in Newsletter 7 of February 1976. Whilst local history was an interest, Ted's first passions were Massey Ferguson and John Deere tractors and, more especially, how they worked. He was employed for many years at Ben Turner's as an engineer. In his working life of farming and engineering he gained many skills that enabled him to develop an encyclopaedic knowledge of tractors and their workings.

Ted had contacts and friends all over the world through tractors. He could be seen regularly setting off in his immaculate, rebuilt Morris pickup truck with Rita in the passenger seat. They would be going to help people who were renovating tractors and sometimes steam engines. Mileage was no object, Ted and Rita would go anywhere for a tractor and Rita would line up a picnic for the journey. They also enjoyed the steam rallies, would go with the caravan in tow and set up for days along with friends who showed their own tractors.

Ted actually collected tractors as others might collect stamps. After some years of ill health he made the decision to get rid of the tractors, had an auction and sold almost all of them. However, his health then improved and as time went on he couldn't resist the urge to buy another one that needed re-building – and another!

Rita would be furious when a flat-bed lorry would pull up outside the house and offload what looked like a pile of rust. Nonetheless she would support him in his search for parts and tolerate his hours of work in the garage resurrecting an old tractor. "It's possibly the last of its kind Rita", he would tell her. She would know he was right.

He was a Send parish councillor for many years and was also a mine of information about the history of all the farms and the land around the village. He and Rita loved going to the Send and Ripley History Society meetings. When the Society acquired the museum it had to be



Edwin (Ted) Goldup

moved into the village hall car park on a trailer, unloaded and put into its new position with great precision. This was an occasion where Ted was able to give practical help.

When we had a spate of thefts of metal gates and railings in the village, Ted went and welded the tops of the hinges on the cemetery gates to ensure they could not be 'lifted' without a great deal of difficulty. The gates are still there to this day. Ted and his grandson Adrian also helped with the installation of the Christmas lights in the village for many years, using the trusty Morris pickup.

Both Ted and Rita were family people and together a great partnership. Their children shared their interests in tractors, village life and gardening. When their daughter Diane bought a Barrel travelling van, both Ted and Rita helped with the rebuild. Their son Graham has a great interest in the land, golf courses and the machinery that goes with them. Graham also inherited his dad's love of tractor competitions.

Ted was always a very humble man but he was clever, talented and kind. He passed away at The Royal Surrey County Hospital in the early hours of February 24th 2021 after several years of ill health. He and Rita had two children, Graham and Diane. He will be greatly missed.

(Our thanks to Diane Bennet (née Goldup) and Janet Manktelow, who wrote the original of this obituary in the *Ripley & Send Matters* 2021 summer edition)

# THE SURREY CONSTABULARY BUTTON

ANDREW JONES



PC Carpenter in 1857, wearing his police uniform with well polished buttons (taken from the commemorative booklet *A Hundred Years of the Surrey Constabulary 1851-1951*)

I was recently metal detecting in the garden of Society member Cate Davey when I found a Surrey Constabulary button; on the front is a crown and coat of arms which I believe is Victorian or Edwardian, set inside circular lettering saying Surrey Constabulary. The rear has the words I & B Pearse & Co London on it. The buttons were bright and shiny when new but this one has darkened over time and is 25.5mm wide. I had always assumed that the names on the back of uniform buttons were those of the button makers, but this is not true in this case. The button makers are not known; I & B (sometimes J & B) Pearse was the firm which finished the buttons which were supplied to them in two halves. They sold the same buttons to both the police force and the prison service and I believe they may well have supplied complete police uniforms as they were also makers of uniforms for officers in the British army.

The earliest mention of the company which evolved from I & B Pearse into J & B Pearse is in a London directory of 1775, where they were listed as Pearson & Bowen. The next mention is in a directory of 1790 where they are listed as Nicholas Pearse & Son; then in 1805 as J N & B Pearse, Blackwell Hall Factors (see below) & Army Clothiers. The directory of 1811 has them listed as John & Brice Pearse and around 1839 they were listed as John & Brice Pearse & Co, perhaps as a result of a change in partners, as two of the five partners had left on 31st December 1838. All the partners were now named Pearse, so it was doubtless a family-run firm. The company traded under the Pearse name until 1924 when it was taken over by Compton & Sons & Webb. It is worth noting that J & B Pearse might at some stage have been part of Hobson & Sons Clothiers, uniform suppliers to the regular army, who bought up a number of companies in the same trade.

Blackwell Hall Factors have an interesting history. Blackwell Hall (originally Bakewell Hall) was a medieval building adjacent to the Guildhall and owned by the de Bankwell Family. The City of London purchased it in 1395 to create a central location to bring together



The Surrey Constabulary button

traders in wool and finished textiles. It became the main marketplace for what had, by the 17th century, become England's most valuable export – woollen cloth.

Around this time a group of financiers known collectively as the Blackwell Hall Factors began to become active. They comprised a number of individuals who were sufficiently wealthy to be able to act as middlemen between buyers and sellers, buying goods from the seller for cash and reselling to the seller's customer on credit. Through this arrangement the credit risk was passed from the manufacturer to the factor. The factors would buy wool for resale to manufacturers and finished goods for sale to the drapers at home and abroad. Under this arrangement the buyer would not know who the original seller was and vice versa. So successful was this that by the end of the century the Blackwell Hall Factors had almost completely taken control of the trade.

By the late 18th century much of the financing required in Lancashire and Yorkshire was being handled locally and the East India Company were taking a growing share of the overseas markets, so business for the London factors declined. The Blackwell Hall was finally demolished between 1812 and 1820. J N & B Pearse,



The Blackwell Hall being demolished in 1812  
(courtesy Mechanical Creator Collection, Wikipedia)

Blackwell Hall Factors & Army Clothiers must have been one of the last firms to trade at the hall.

All information is from the internet, Wikipedia and my own research.

Photographs by Ditz

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# EVERYBODY LOOKS UP TO A ROOFER

PHILL PESTLE



Peter Harknett working on the angel in 1986 (photo by Terry Habgood, courtesy *Surrey Advertiser*)

I am a roofer first, a builder second and my choice of tool is a hammer. If just one of you historians gain something from this article, then I shall judge it a success.

Back in 1983 whilst working for a roofing company called DA Taylor and Sons from Knaphill, I was sub-contracted out to KC Marshall Builders, a local family firm based up in Wood Lane. Ken Marshall unfortunately passed away a few years back and his yard is no longer there, but I believe that his son, Brendan, has kept the company going.

At this time the local councils were giving grants to homeowners to have their lovely slate roofs replaced with concrete interlocking tiles which, in my opinion, have ruined the character of these old Victorian dwellings. I had previously 'improved' numbers 29, 64, 103 and 104 and was starting work on 105, Send Road. This house was owned by an Irish family called Comer. The dad, Joe Comer, was a Galway man and appears in

As well as being a member of this Society I am a partner in a local family roofing company called P Pestle and Sons Ltd. Having worked in this area for most of my roofing and building career I have been fortunate enough to have been involved with some remarkably interesting buildings. I have made many good friends through my work and none more so than Cameron Brown and his wife Ditz. They have been bullying me for a couple of years now to put down in writing some of my experiences in the building industry. I am not a writer; a pen is not one of my tools!

SRHS's book *Ripley and Send – An Historical Pub Crawl in Words and Pictures* enjoying a pint or two in the Saddlers Arms in Send. It was rumored that Joe earned a few shillings in the old days as a bare-knuckle fighter. He could be seen most days leaning on his gate smoking a Woodbine while watching the world go by. Joe had moved here during WWII to work the land and met his wife, Margaret, while she was working in a hotel in Richmond. It turned out that she was also from Galway in Ireland but they had never previously met. They married and had three children – Mary, Irene, and John.

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I have mentioned all of this because I married Joe's daughter Irene and went on to have three boys: David, Liam, and Chrissie. We all work together in my present company.

On March 31st 1986 I was working on a building site just west of Hampton Court Palace. In those days, all trades had to be on site by 6.30 am to start work at 7.00 am. When we arrived we saw that every worker was perched on one of the roofs to be tiled. After politely asking what they were doing sat there like a flock of pigeons waiting to be fed we were told that the palace was on fire. We hurried to take our place in line on the roof. Although our site was on the opposite side of the river just before the bridge, it still gave us a good vantage point to view the sorry sight. Thick smoke was spiraling around the ornate chimneys with flames visible through the missing roof tiles. We all sat there for about 30 minutes before we were told get on with our work. Many years later my son and business partner Liam had a similar experience. He sat in his spare bedroom watching Clandon Park House in flames. Thankfully, people with extraordinary skills and patience are able to restore these buildings to their former glory.

Just after the Great Storm of 1989 I was invited by a friend of mine, Mark Allen of Guildford Signs, to meet a friend of his called Peter, who had gilded the Guildford Cathedral angel. It was a typical misty and murky autumn morning. We were all a bit miffed at the gloom of the day, but Peter assured us of a good time. He took us into the cathedral and led us up countless steps. The view looking down into the upturned bells is something not to be forgotten.

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Unfortunately, this was back in the day when mobile phones were carried in a military backpack with a 6ft aerial, otherwise I would have some spectacular photographs for you. Peter took us up through the spire

and pushed open the door. We were greeted by the most spectacular sight: the whole of the North Downs was bathed in that beautiful golden sunshine that only autumn can bring. Guildford Park, the University, Park Barn and Guildford High Street had been swallowed by a pure white shroud of mist, but London could be seen with such clarity. We stood in awe as Guildford and the surrounding areas slowly climbed out of the mist as the sun rose. While we were watching the sun unveil Guildford, Peter told us the most marvelous story. He had a good working relationship with the powers that be in the clergy. Whenever royalty visited the cathedral, he would escort the police to all the nooks and crannies in and around the building in case some undesirables were lurking in the shadows. Anyway, after the great storm he received a phone call informing him that one of the lead rainwater hoppers had been blown off the wall and subsequently removed by persons unknown. These hoppers are approximately three-foot square, quite ornate with a symbol of the monarchy cast into one face. Peter asked if anyone knew what the decoration was on this particular specimen but as the architectural drawings had been lost during WWII and the original hopper had disappeared with the night, he was told to improvise and use his discretion. Being of Hebrew descent, and as the hopper was not in obvious view and, with his humour shining through, the new hopper was emblazoned with the star of David. True or not, I do not know – but how I wish it to be so!

In the late 1980s I was contacted by Ken Marshall and informed that he had a lovely little contract for me. We met at his yard and he drove me down to St Mary the Virgin Church by the river in Send. The contract involved stripping off the lych gate roof and retiling it. The main problem was that scaffolding was not allowed because it would interfere with access for the congregation and the many visitors to the church. The only option I had was to borrow one of Ken Marshall's lorries and reverse it through the gate. I then laid scaffold boards across the raised sides of the lorry to create a working platform. I am immensely proud in the knowledge that my workmanship is included in many a happy bride and groom's wedding photographs and will be for many years to come.



The Lych gate at St Mary's, Send © Ditz

The scaffold was erected and fenced off as agreed and although we would not be carrying out the repair, I did get to see the works in motion as it were. I was amazed to find that the clock's mechanism was actually inside the building and that the hands are moved via drive rods running through the hollow black supporting arm. Apparently the moving of the clock time one hour forward or backward had been carried out by the same elderly horologist for years. One year he was not available for some reason. GBC hired the talents of another chap who very quickly sheared all the gears on the drive shafts and they had to be replaced. Whenever Guildford features on the television the clock is bound to be somewhere in the clip. Artists travel from all

Fast forward a few years and I was working as a contract manager for a company in Guildford who were called upon by Guildford Borough Council (GBC) to help them with various projects from gutter cleaning and new roofs all the way through to ensuring that the brackets bolted to various buildings on the High Street were sturdy enough each year to carry the decorative Christmas lighting and the replacement of any support wires as required.

On one occasion I was called up by one of the engineers and asked to meet him at the bottom of the High Street. We arrived at the agreed time and he asked me to look up the High Street to the clock. To my astonishment the arm supporting the clock was a few degrees below horizontal.

“How quickly can you get a scaffold to support it?” I was asked. “Well, I need to apply for street licenses and get a couple of quotes from local contractors” I replied. “So, we agree tomorrow then” came the reply. “And don't bother with a license.” It is amazing how fast they can move when it suits them!

over the country to sit at the top of the High Street to paint the clock with The Mount in the background. A couple of years ago I was browsing through a charity shop up in York and found just one such watercolour.

Whilst on the subject of painting: I was invited to quote for a roof overhaul on a lovely timber-framed building in Chaldon, East Surrey. It is next door to the church of St Peter and St Paul which is over 1000 years old. If ever you are around that area, it is well worth a visit. The estimate was submitted, accepted, and we started work. The current owner of the property, Mr Masky, told me the following story: when they moved into the property, they decided that they wanted to redecorate the main bedroom. The wallpaper was removed and exposed a splendid example of a hand-painted wall decoration, beautifully preserved under the wallpaper, albeit just on the timber wall plate. Strict instructions were given to the decorators that these works of art were not to be interfered with under any circumstances. On this particular day they must have had the music on their radio turned up loud because upon Mr Masky's inspection later that day he found that the whole wall had been given a coat of emulsion. You will be pleased to learn that the paintings have now been restored. All's well that ends well.

# THE DEMISE OF THE OLD HALL (FORMERLY BOUGHTON HALL) - 2020

ALAN COOPER

Much has been written over the years about one of Send's more recognisable landmarks<sup>1</sup> but, sadly, Boughton Hall is no more. The current owners, The Geoghegan Group, purchased the Hall in 1997 and immediately set about a total refurbishment of the property, reducing the number of beds by twenty per cent and improving the staff-to-resident ratio, thus creating a more homely atmosphere. Recently, the decision was made to raze and rebuild and The Old Hall closed on 1st October 2020. Demolition began towards the end of November 2020. This photo was taken on the last day of the month. A week later the site was completely levelled and awaits construction of the group's new care home.

<sup>1</sup> For further information please refer to the Journals archive section of the Society's website: <https://sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk>



Demolition of Boughton Hall, November 2020 © Alan Cooper

# RIPLEY VILLAGE HALL

CAMERON BROWN

Speaking of buildings disappearing almost overnight, members will have noticed that the village hall has gone and phase one of the new hall, the smaller unit at the front of the property, is well on its way. We do not yet have a timetable for completion of the whole project.



The last of the Village Hall, June 2021 © Clare McCann

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# THE CURIOUS WORLD OF WALTER POTTER AND HIS MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES

PAT MORRIS

This is a précis by Helena Finden-Browne of a fascinating and entertaining Zoom talk given by Pat Morris on May 11th this year.

Walter Potter (1835–1918), taxidermist, was born at Bramber, Sussex, on 2nd July 1835 and baptised there on 13th September, the sixth son of James Potter (d. 1867), labourer, and his wife, Sarah (1802/3–1838). His mother died when he was young and his father, by then employed as a publican, was remarried in 1840, to Elizabeth Wootton, a servant from Bramber. After leaving the village school Walter helped his father and stepmother to run the White Lion hotel in Bramber, which they owned. Fascinated by nature, he began as a boy to collect birds' eggs and butterflies, and taught himself how to preserve birds, starting with a pet canary in 1854. Over the next seven years, inspired by an illustrated children's book belonging to his sister, he built in his spare time and completed in 1861 what became probably the most famous piece of Victorian taxidermy, a large tableau recreating *The Death and Burial of Cock Robin*. Ninety-eight British birds (some with glass tears in their eyes) surrounded the rook with his book, the bull tolling the bell, and the infamous sparrow with his (bloodied) bow and arrow. The other verses of the poem were appropriately illustrated, with a cortège of mourning birds following Cock Robin in his casket.

Potter's Cock Robin tableau was initially displayed to visitors in a summer house in the garden of the family's inn, but moved to an adjoining building in 1866. By the time of his marriage, on 1st August 1867 to Ann Stringer Muzzall (b. 1839), daughter of John Muzzall, a farmer, Potter was describing his occupation as 'naturalist' and thereafter made a living as a taxidermist. As his collection attracted many new customers to the inn he was encouraged to build up the museum, which opened officially in new premises in 1880 and was serviced by buses and coach tours from the seaside resort of Brighton.

Potter created a succession of keenly observed tableaux depicting groups of animals behaving as though they were tiny humans. He quickly became the leading British exponent of this kind of humorous taxidermy. His scenes included the *Upper Ten*, a squirrels' club, in which servants brought drinks on a tray. One group were in earnest discussion as to which cards to play, while others argued

over a decanter of port with much animation and tapping of the table with fingertips. By contrast the *Lower Five*, a scruffy rats' den, was depicted as being raided by the local policeman, who sees gambling over a game of dominoes and one player obviously protesting at the way the game has gone. These two cases were inspired by a contemporary song contrasting the lives of different social classes.



Top: *The Death and Burial of Cock Robin*

Middle: *Rabbits' Village School*

Bottom: *The Kittens' Wedding*

In the *Rabbits' Village School*, probably made in 1888, forty-eight little rabbits could be seen busy writing on tiny slates in a Victorian village school. *The Kittens' Tea Party* tableaux displayed feline etiquette. There was also a *Guinea Pigs' Cricket Match* frozen in time with the score at 189 for 7. *The Happy Family* case incorporated a variety of improbably associated animals, reflecting a common Victorian theme in zoos and menageries, where predators and their prey were exhibited in harmony.

*A Friend in Need* showed a pair of rats helping a companion to escape from a trap, and *The House that Jack Built* and *Babes in the Wood* were further inspirations derived from childhood stories. *The Kittens' Wedding* (finished in 1898) had twenty kittens wearing morning suits or brocade dresses and a feline vicar in a white surplice.

The many kittens immortalised by Potter were the unwanted offspring of local farm cats. Farmers also supplied rats in abundance and the gamekeepers provided a supply of (red) squirrels. Potter's own pets were added to his expanding museum, including his white cat (fitted out with a red bow tie).

The tableaux were the centrepieces of the museum, which also contained a miscellany of curiosities, ranging from prison leg irons to flowers from Charles Darwin's grave and a piece of the Great Wall of China. It was mostly, however, a crowded mass of natural history exhibits, including an albatross with outstretched wings, a monkey riding a goat, a giant coypu caught in the local river, and hundreds of other animals. Local farmers also brought freaks of nature, including a three-legged piglet, a four-legged chicken, and several examples of kittens born with supernumerary legs and even double heads. These proved particularly popular with visitors and featured on postcards sold at the museum.

Walter Potter was a quiet and kindly gentleman who spent his whole life in Bramber, where he was a churchwarden. He suffered a minor stroke in 1914, died at Bramber Museum on 21st May 1918 and was buried in the village churchyard. Potter was a country taxidermist of no great expertise and his methods were crude by later standards, as he had a tendency to create very boggle-eyed birds and mammals, but he and the little museum he created became widely known in Britain and abroad as exemplars of whimsical Victorian taxidermy.

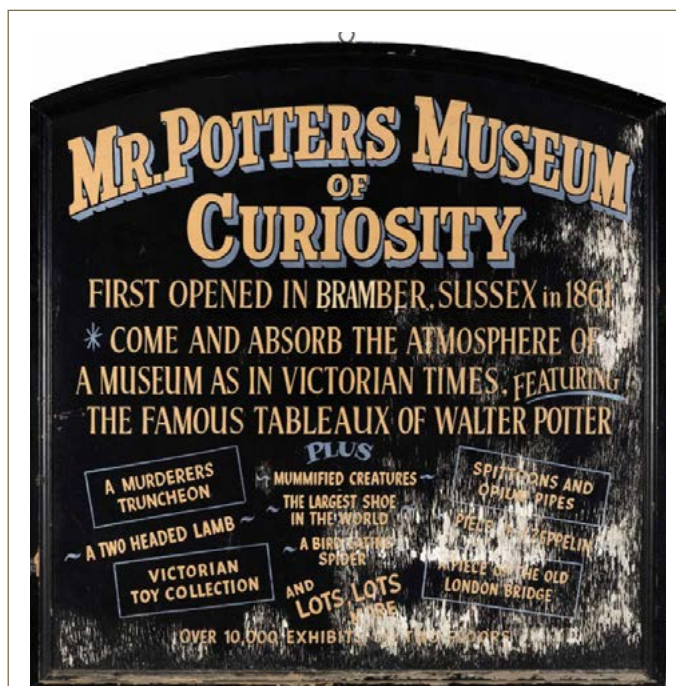
Potter had a son and two daughters, the younger of whom, Minnie (1878–1965) and her husband, Edgar Weller Collins (1875–1938) maintained the museum as a tourist attraction. The collection moved to Brighton in 1972 for a couple of seasons, then to Arundel, where it remained until it was sold in 1984 to the owners of Jamaica Inn,



When Walter was about 75, by Bernard Lucas RA

Bolventnor, Cornwall, where it attracted more than 30,000 visitors each year. Sadly economic considerations sapped the venture of its viability and, when a buyer to maintain the collection intact did not come forward, it was auctioned by Bonhams in 2003, realizing over £500,000. *The Kittens' Wedding* was sold for £21,150 whilst *The Death and Burial of Cock Robin* was the highest-selling item of the sale, raising £23,500. A bid of £1m offered by Damien Hirst for the entire collection had apparently been rejected by the auctioneers and the owners sued them, arguing that this offer should have been accepted.

Photos courtesy Walter Potter



The museum sign from the Jamaica Inn period (after 1988)

# TEA PLACES - A CYCLIST'S RECOLLECTIONS

JOHN PURSER



The Three Frogs Café in the 1950s (photo courtesy David Rose)

David Rose (editor of the *Guildford Dragon*) visited the current exhibition at our museum and donated a photo of the Three Frogs Café. This photo, which appears to date from the 1950s, reminded me of a cycling institution and just how busy we kept places like the Three Frogs and, at the other end of Ripley, the Rio Café. Some readers will recall that the original Rio Café was part of a group of buildings next to the Anchor. These were subsequently redeveloped and I believe it was after the war that the second Rio Café opened on the left side of the Portsmouth Road at the London end, next to where John Cornell's work shop is today and more or less opposite the Ockham Park gates. Here, for a few months in 1938/39 one of the buildings became my parents' house, rented from the Allworks family.



The second Rio Café, in the 1950s ©SRHS



Staff at Marshall, Hardy, Headland in wartime. Michael May is on the left and Hubert Hardy 3rd from the right ©SRHS

When I came into club cycling the established pattern was for an all day ride of 80-100 miles, a picnic lunch and a slap-up tea of sandwiches and home-made cakes, before heading for the Jolly Farmer at Worpleston. Those who had been racing in the morning would often ride out to meet the rest of us for tea. A tale from those happy days was the complaint one afternoon that the Marmite sandwiches hadn't been shared out fairly. "But I didn't make any" said the mystified proprietress. It was pointed out that one of our number had been having a lot of trouble with his chain all day and was eating bread and butter with greasy fingers...

In wartime the Three Frogs was the home of MHH Engineering Company Ltd who made screws, nuts and bolts for the war effort. The founder directors were Messrs Marshall, Hardy and Headland. It seems that Michael May from Ashburton House at Cartbridge, Send was also involved somehow. He was well known at Brooklands, racing an Alvis and an Aston. Hubert Hardy raced a motorbike there. Hardy ran the business day to day and my father's company, J Gibbs Ltd, benefitted from a steady supply of any sub-standard fasteners to keep agriculture running, no doubt reciprocating with whatever MHH couldn't get hold of.

The Three Frogs was a wooden building standing near the bridge parapet beside the old-established Fishers Garage, which belonged to John Edden. They used to tune cars for Brooklands there. The Three Frogs disappeared when the housing estate was built between Send Marsh Road and the southern end of Send Barns Lane, known in those days as Send Dip and, at the time of writing, the area once occupied by the garage is HR Owen's Bentley showrooms.



Fishers Garage in the 1950s, with the sign for the Three Frogs just visible on the right in this picture © SRHS

# MAGNET FISHING

DITZ BROWN

On 8th June 2020 I came across an intriguing article about magnet fishing on Surrey Live<sup>1</sup> which I mentioned to Cameron and he promptly wrote in his editorial for Journal 273:

The denizens of Ripley were disturbed on the evening of June 8th around 10pm by an explosion. The bomb squad had been called to the river Wey close to the New Inn after an explosive device was pulled from the water. According to the police a member of the public who had been ‘magnet fishing’ had snared a wartime mine from the riverbed. A military explosive ordnance disposal team removed the object from the scene and carried out a controlled explosion on The Green. Nobody was injured in the incident but one does wonder how the mine got there in the first place.’

According to eyewitnesses, parts of the towpath, which is owned by the National Trust, had been closed off to members of the public during that incident and soon afterwards I spotted a ‘No Magnet Fishing’ flyer on the National Trust noticeboard on the Wey Navigation by the Anchor at Pyrford.

I contacted the Walsham Lengthsman Emma Goodwin, who manages the water levels and vegetation from Pyrford to Papercourt. Lengthsman is a job title, and two of the team currently employed by the National Trust are in fact women. (How refreshing that they hold this title and were not reduced to being a mere ‘length’ in the way of our ‘politically correct’ times where women holding the job of a chairman have been reduced to a mere ‘chair’...) Emma’s regular articles appear on the National Trust noticeboards as well as in issues of *Ripley and Send Matters* and she kindly scanned a copy of this notice for me.

As I’d never heard of magnet fishing before I tried to discover more about it. Apparently boat owners have long used magnets attached to rope to retrieve lost keys, spectacles or other items which fell overboard. This



The National Trust’s ‘No Magnet Fishing’ notice

practice seems to have developed into a pastime which quickly gathered popularity. People hunt for metal submerged in canals and rivers but there are stark warnings to be heard over this potentially dangerous hobby.

Grenades are a regular find, as are knives and guns, indicating that rivers and canals are convenient dumping grounds for the tools of the criminal trade, as they are an easy way to get rid of evidence.

Nothing, however, can be more gruesome than the discovery of some handcuffs in the River Itchen on 17th March 2019 at Woodmill in Southampton by magnet fishermen as they were still attached to a man who had fled the police in January of that year.

Closer to home, Surrey Live reported on 28th July 2017 that six-year-old Leah Knewstub from Woking, who had



A pile of rubbish found by magnet fishers © National Trust



The eel fork found by a local National Trust maintenance team © National Trust

taken up magnet fishing with her parents three months previously, landed her 'unbelievable' catch of over 3,000 steel tipped bullets when casting off from an old bridge under a viaduct in Pirbright. Magnet fishing on the Wey and Wey Navigation is forbidden for the safety of visitors and to protect historical artefacts.

When I met Emma on the towpath I asked if there had ever been any finds of significant interest locally and she told me that, unfortunately, people have a tendency to leave behind any metal that they don't want but keep 'treasures' for themselves. She sent me a photograph of a local 'find' which provided an explanation for the heap of rusty metal I had previously come across piled against the support of Murray's Bridge (which was originally called Twigs Bridge and built to provide a way over the canal from West Hall to Byfleet village).

However, in a later mail she wrote: 'A Navigation that has been active since 1653 has its fair share of stories to tell. That is true of the towpath, which of course was full of activity long before the Navigation was completed, but it is doubly true of the channel itself. You might imagine that after all this time she had yielded all her secrets but the old girl hasn't finished yet.' Emma sent me a fascinating photograph of an eel fork and states: 'The eel fork, found during a routine lock closure in December 2011 by our Dredger Master, a member of our



A medieval eel fork displayed at the Tower of London

maintenance team, is being kept safely with our extensive collection of artefacts but not currently on display. We know that we still have decent eel populations with an enormous individual started during another recent lock de-watering and young elvers still being regularly spotted. They must like it here, particularly with no-one trying to spear them anymore.'

Confirmation that eels have obviously always 'liked it here' comes in Clare McCann and Helena Finden-Browne's article *The Wandering Wey* in J267 in which they write:



Early medieval iron spearhead © Surrey County Council, License: CC-BY

‘There is a popular site for eel traps in the river proper alongside Newark Road as it approaches Pyrford village. Eel traps were a common feature along the Wey valley providing a living to the trappers and food for the table for many hundreds of years. The remains of the large eel trap at Newark are almost certainly on the site of the monastic one.’ Eels and fish would have formed an important part of the monks of Newark priory’s diet.

Further research led me to the British Museum’s website where, on their Portable Antiquities Scheme they show as one of their most interesting finds an Anglo-Saxon spearhead, which was recovered during summer 2018 by magnet fishing from the confluence of the Bourne (or Hoe Stream) with the Abbey Stream and river Wey adjacent to Newark Priory<sup>2</sup> and I am transcribing their article in full:

This spearhead has a lozenge-shaped cross section, with pronounced midrib and a characteristic split socket. According to a commonly used typological scheme for these objects produced by Swanton (1973) from studies of burial assemblages, aspects such as the profile and ratio of blade to socket length enable the spearhead to be attributed to category H2 (angular blade with concave curves to the angle) and dated to the latter half of the 6th century AD. It was heavily corroded by nearly fifteen centuries at the bottom of a river. It was also apparent that it had been intentionally bent to an angle of around 50° before deposition and would have been over 27cm in length when straight.

Spears had a great deal of meaning in early Anglo-Saxon society which was, in many ways, fundamentally a warrior culture. They were the most common weapon type of the 5th and 6th centuries, and are the most common type of weapon found intentionally deposited, like this example, in rivers. Two comparable examples of contemporary spearheads deposited in local rivers are known from within a kilometre or so of the find spot and many other examples are known from North Surrey and the Thames valley.

This find represents a rare and important material addition to our understanding of the pre-Christian cultural landscape in Surrey and the origins of the minster of Old Woking and the occupation activity underpinning the medieval site of Newark Priory.

Following its recording by the PAS, the artefact was returned to the finder, who subsequently and very generously donated the spearhead to Guildford museum, where it now complements the wider collection relating to Anglo-Saxon Surrey and the history of Newark Priory.

<sup>1</sup> <https://www.getsurrey.co.uk/>

<sup>2</sup> [finds.org.uk/counties/surrey/an-anglo-saxon-spear-from-surrey](https://finds.org.uk/counties/surrey/an-anglo-saxon-spear-from-surrey)

# MUSEUM NEWS, FORTHCOMING EVENTS AND PUBLICATIONS



Even though there is building work for the new village hall going on we are planning to open the museum on Saturday mornings from 10-12 from the end of July. Private visits can also be arranged.

We urgently need some more stewards please. You would only have to commit to two sessions per half year, will be well briefed, and paired either with your spouse or a friendly (and double-jabbed) partner. The library area is cordoned off to enable social distancing.

Please contact Clare McCann on 01483 728546  
or [cricketshill@hotmail.com](mailto:cricketshill@hotmail.com)

| DATES                  | EVENTS   |
|------------------------|--|
| Tuesday 21st September | James Dickinson talk: <i>Margaret Beaufort 'My Lady the King's Mother'</i> |
| Tuesday 19th October   | TBC  |
| Tuesday 16th November  | TBC  |

Further details can be obtained from Helena Finden-Browne. [helena\\_findenbrowne@compuserve.com](mailto:helena_findenbrowne@compuserve.com)

| HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS  |                     |        |
|---|---------------------|--------|
| 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  |
| Send and Ripley Walks (revised edition)                                   |                     | £7.50  |
| Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin                                     |                     | £5.00  |
| <b>Special Offer:</b> Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley         |                     | £5.50  |
| Heroes All  |                     | £20.00 |

All the publications are available from the Museum on Saturday mornings, from Pinnocks Coffee House, Ripley, or via the Society's website [www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk](http://www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk)



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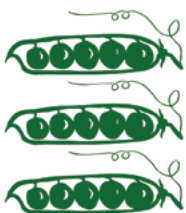
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