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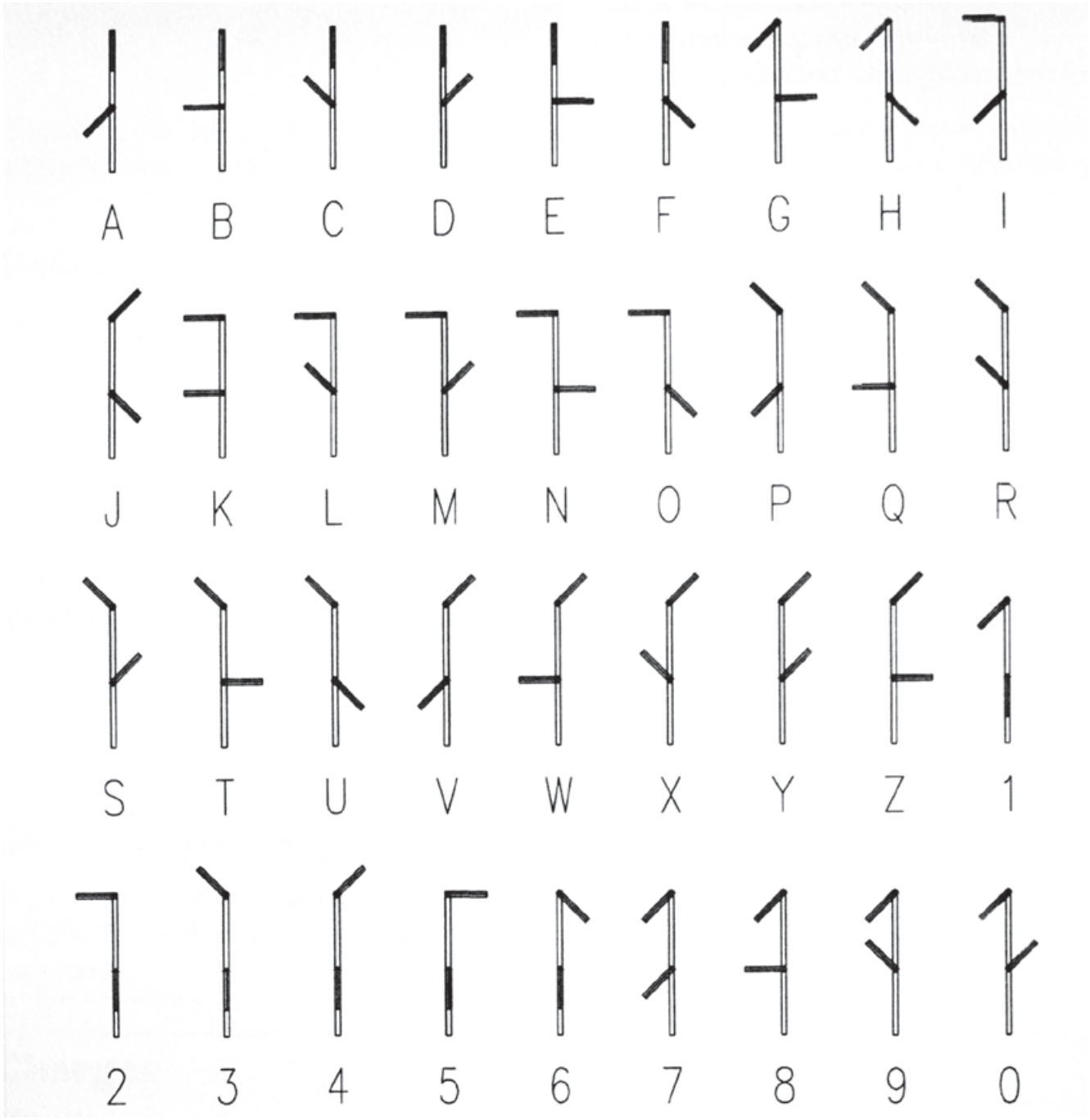
September 2020

Send & Ripley History Society



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Cover image:
The original chart of semaphore signals (courtesy Alan Cooper)

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www sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk

EDITORIAL

CAMERON BROWN

As I write it is still not clear when the village hall will re-open. We are discussing how to deal with the necessary cleaning after each meeting. I am not sure that we can ask members to wash their chairs after use… Meanwhile we will continue to explore what we can do online, will keep the journal going, and are now able to open the museum by appointment only with a new exhibition called *Plagues and Pandemics – Looking for Cures*.

As well as researching the past I believe that part of our job is to record the present, to help future local historians. I hope therefore that you will not mind that I have dedicated a few pages to the current Covid crisis. We could have written much more.

From July to August we have moved from a record-breaking, sustained heatwave with temperatures in excess of 36 degrees to persistent heavy rain and a mini-tornado in Wisley and Pyrford, which brought down trees in Wisley Lane, Warren Lane, the Wisley golf club (over 100 trees lost) and across the Navigation between the Anchor and Pigeon House Bridge where many old trees were uprooted and large branches snapped off, blocking the waterway and rendering the towpath impassable for several days. One huge oak branch even hit a narrowboat, but apparently it stayed watertight and the damage was not as severe as it looked.

In addition we sadly carry four obituaries in this edition: Les Bowerman, Bev Jackman, Tony Medlen and Patrick Sheard. I must also report the death of Mary Campbell.

I am grateful that our appeal for new contributors has borne fruit with articles in this Journal from Penny Corlett, Richard Davies, Linda Parker Picken, Janet Weston and Ian Whittle – and one to follow next time from Woking History Society's Richard Christophers. Please keep them coming, and stay well.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at cmb@aappl.com by 15th October 2020.

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 10MB in any one email

cmb@aappl.com

RESTORATION AT ST MARY'S, SEND

PENNY CORLETT

I am grateful to have this opportunity to tell fellow members a little about our current programme of restoration work and repairs at St Mary's church, such an ancient and cherished part of our community. We are launching a twofold appeal for funds for this work and to continue to run St Mary's in the 21st century.

The total cost of the repairs has been estimated at £105,000 of which £46,000 has been paid out of St Mary's reserves, but these are depleted. In round sums, £60,000 is now required to complete the works, which include: repairs to the tower, walls, nave and general maintenance of the roof, windows and interior decoration. All of these works have been identified as essential to make sure St Mary's is able to continue functioning safely, and, of course, to prevent costs escalating into the future.

But that's not all; to have the church building in good repair will be a tremendous achievement, but we also have to pay for running the church, not forgetting paying the vicar. Costs are increasing, but our income has taken a dive because of the pandemic. We are hoping to raise an additional £12,000 a year to keep going.

It would be very much appreciated if you could help us, with either a one-off or a regular gift.

Donations may be made via the JustGiving page on the St Mary's website:

https://www.justgiving.com/sendpcc or by bank transfer.

Regular gifts can be made by setting up an order with your bank.

Details from stewardship@sendparishchurch.co.uk

If you are a UK taxpayer, please remember to tick the Gift Aid box or request a Gift Aid form by emailing the above address.

For more details of the restoration programme, please contact: buildingworks@sendparishchurch.co.uk

FORTY YEARS AGO

CAMERON BROWN

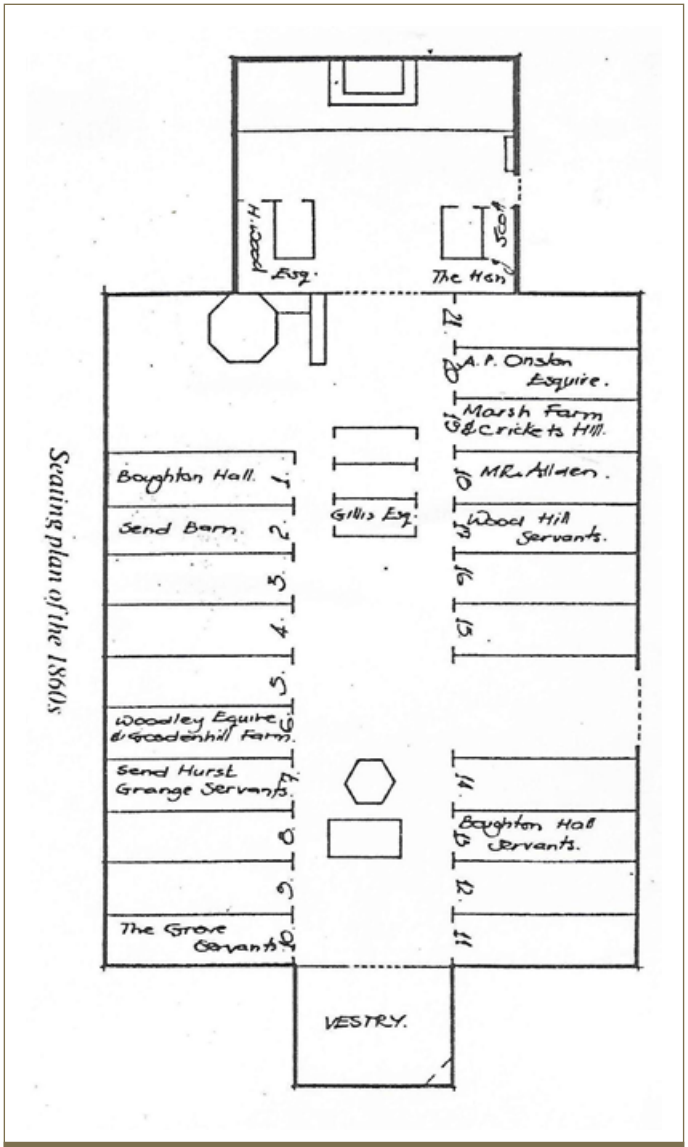
This article, about the pews in St Mary's, Send, is from Newsletter 32 of June 1980 and was written by Les Bowerman. The photos were not featured in the original article but were used in our publication *The Parish Church of St Mary the Virgin*, also from 1980 which is still available. I have added some footnotes explaining ecclesiastical terms with which we might be less familiar now than 40 years ago.

CHURCH PEWS AND SEATS

Whilst Ken Bourne and Jim Oliver were carrying out research in Send church recently in preparation for the guide to the church, which at the time of writing is with the printers, faint numerals about 4" high, stamped inside a circle at the end of some of the pews, were observed. These will be some of the numbers mentioned in the document in the church safe headed "Copy of an Account of the seats in Send Church number'd and affixed to different Houses, by Robert Boughton and John Hole, Churchwardens. August 8th, 1773". The document has been referred to before in Newsletters 24 and 31. In this article it is proposed to write a few words concerning church pews and seats so that readers may appreciate its significance.

To dispose of a preliminary matter first, the word 'pew' derives from the Latin podium meaning an elevated place. As early as the 15th century it referred to a raised standing-place, stall or desk in a church. Later it came to mean a raised and often enclosed place for a great personage or family to occupy in church, but now it signifies a bench with a back, usually but not always, in a church. The word 'seat', on the other hand, means, of course, anything that can be sat upon, and in a church can include pews as well for instance as benches against the walls or round the base of pillars. In spite of the use of both words in the title of the document, it probably refers only to pews.

The basic law relating to church seats was stated in one of the old law reports as follows: "By the general law, and of common right, all the pews in the parish church are the common property of the parish; they are for the use in common of the parishioners, who are entitled to be seated orderly and conveniently, so as best to provide for the accommodation of all. The distribution of seats rests with the Churchwardens as officers, and subject to



St Mary's seating plan of the 1860s

the control of the Ordinary[1]. Neither the Minister nor the Vestry have any right whatever to interfere with the Churchwardens in seating and arranging the parishioners as is often erroneously supposed". Individual rights to pews in ancient parish churches were illegal, and churchwardens who attempted to enforce any sort of pew rent or payment for seats risked being reprimanded by the Ordinary. However, under the Church Building Acts, in churches for which commissioners of competent authority fixed a scale of pew rents the usual powers of the churchwardens were to a degree restricted, and in certain cases the selling

of pews was legalised by the Church Buildings Act 1818. Not withstanding the legal position, in early times the wardens construed their duties as allowing them to allocate specific seats to certain houses or families, and they often charged substantial rents for them. This resulted in much controversy and many court cases which decided, among other things, that nobody with a pew appurtenant to his house could let it to a person not resident in the parish, and that anybody quitting the parish lost any rights he may have had to a seat in the church. Addleshaw and Etchells in *The Architectural Setting of Anglican Worship* state that pews became attached to houses if their occupants kept in repair either the pews or the aisles and chapels in which they stood.

In his book *The Parish Chest*, V. J. E. Tate quotes many interesting instances regarding presumed rights to pews. For example, at Bury St. Edmunds elections were held for the allocation of pews, with rival candidates issuing election cards. Pepys records in his diary that on Christmas Day 1661 he was kept waiting by the locked door of his pew. In *Letter III of the Rev. Gilbert White's Antiquities of Selborne* (which this Society is visiting shortly), published in 1788, he writes "Nothing can be more irregular than the pews of this church, which are of all dimensions and heights, being patched up according to the fancy of the owners."

The pews in St Mary's. From a Hassell watercolour of the 1830s

Dr. J. C. Cox in *English Church Fittings* suggests that the right of the Squire to a pew or other seat in the chancel often attaches to him not as rector, but as patron, and that this was recognised in the diocese of Exeter in the 13th century. Another interesting suggestion by Dr. Cox (in the light of the fact that there were formerly parclose[2] screens around side chapels in Send Church) is that manor pews had their origin in the parcloses surrounding the chantries of manorial lords. The history relating to pews is complicated and by no means clear. It is perhaps best summarised by Addleshaw & Etchells quoted above.

In a talk given by Marjorie Sex to the Send Residents' Association in 1975, and written up in Newsletter 16, she recalled that the Lancaster family occupied the pew in the chancel of Send Church near to where their plaques are now, and woe betide any of the staff of Sendholme who were not present in church for the service.

In a notebook which the executors of the estate of the late Miss Eveline Lancaster gave to the Rev. Garrett, Arthur Lancaster, who came to Send about 1896, recorded that in 1890 Mr. R. Boughton Smith made a claim that the first pew in the nave on the north side was a faculty pew[3] belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Boughton. He noted that the claim was not in any way proved and had lapsed. The correspondence on it was at that time in the church safe.

The 1773 Account of the seats in Send Church indicates that the seats there were numbered up to 19 and allocated to the owners of particular houses and where appropriate to the tenants who occupied them. Men and women were segregated. As recorded in N/L 30, Robert Boughton of Griggs (now Boughton Hall), who was a churchwarden and co-signatory of the Account of Seats, had seat No. 1. A seating plan of the 1860s in the late Mr. A. H. Lancaster's papers shows the seats by then numbered up to 21. No. 1 was still allocated to Boughton Hall, but the others where allocated did not correspond with 1773. Segregation in the 1860s is between owners and servants whose seats were towards the back of the church. An illustration of the 1860s plan and the 1773 Account will appear in the next issue of the Newsletter together with a brief analysis of the remaining pew numbers[4].

The old enclosed family pews were replaced by the Victorian open arrangement of pews still in use today, largely as a result of pressure from Dr. J.M. Neale and his fellow Cambridge ecclesiologists. Dr. Neale started his career as a curate at St. Nicholas, Guildford, but was relieved of the position by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, who found him too revolutionary.

Notes:

1 An archbishop or bishop

2 A parclose screen is a screen or railing used to enclose or separate off a chantry chapel (financed usually by a wealthy parishioner), a tomb or manorial chapel, from the public areas of a church, for example from the nave or chancel

3 Faculty jurisdiction is the process that allows the *Church of England* to care for alterations to its buildings; therefore a faculty pew means one approved by the church authorities

4 This is too long a document to incorporate here but can be accessed on the Society's website in Newsletter 33 but we are showing the seating plan

OBITUARIES
LESLIE GEORGE BOWERMAN (1932 – 2020)

Les Bowerman

Now in our Society's 46th year it is very sad to record the loss of our founder member, Les Bowerman. It was Les who started everything by writing to the Surrey Advertiser in January 1974 suggesting that a Send History Society might be formed and inviting interested readers to respond. Some 47 people did so, and we now number over 320.

Les was born 9th October 1932 in Stockers Lane, Kingfield, near Woking, to Kath and Fred Bowerman. The son of a car mechanic and a home-maker, he grew up there, together with his sister. During WWII his father served in the Old Woking Home Guard.

Les attended Woking Grammar, having passed the scholarship exam. He left school not long after the end of the war, and got the call-up for National Service and was drafted into the RAF. However, due to his A-level French and German, he was sent to Cambridge to learn Russian in case of invasion.

Les initially worked for the Civil Service, but after studying licensing law at evening school, he eventually became chief clerk to the magistrates court in Horseferry Road. He commuted to Marylebone magistrates court in London from Guildford daily by bicycle, having also cycled to college in the evenings to pass law exams to progress his career to magistrates clerk. He became the country's leading authority on licensing law.

Les married Anne in 1956, and they bought a bungalow in Jacobs Well, where they started a family. They had four children: Anita, Marc, Juliet and Guy. They moved to Orchard Way, Send, in 1966 where they spent many happy years and subsequently bought Send Manor in 1978, which is where Les spent the rest of his life, having put a huge effort into renovating it.

Before he had children, Les belonged to an amateur dramatics society in Jacobs Well, and performed in several plays. He was also Assistant Scout Leader of the 1st Send St Mary's Scout Troop and may even have helped to start it up. He assisted in running several Scout camps, Scout jumble sales, and other activities. Later in life, he was very happy to have the Scouts use his property to host the annual Send Marsh fireworks display.

However, his overriding interest was cycling. Les was a member of the Charlotteville Cycling Club – which is in Guildford, not Virginia, USA. The following is an extract from the tribute to him published recently by the club, and many of our members will be surprised to read of some of Les' (and Anne's) remarkable achievements in the world of competitive cycling:

'Les had his prime racing years during the mid to late 1950s. In 1954 he was the first to claim one of the club place-to-place records that were first set in 1949. He set a time of 5hrs 5mins 29secs for a ride from Guildford to Oxford and back again; during that year he also rode a distance of some 15,229 miles. In 1956 Les (who had become club treasurer) married club secretary Anne Reeve, a club record-holder herself at a number of distances.

1957 saw Les ride a huge distance of 453.69 miles in the Catford '24' (his first attempt at the 24-hour discipline) which is a club record that still stands today and is

perhaps unlikely to be broken. It was in the following year that Les went on a record-breaking spree on his tricycle, beating club records at every discipline up to and including 12 hours. In doing so he became the second member of Charlotteville to become a National Time Trial competition record holder breaking records at 50 and 100 miles. In fact, he was unfortunate to not have also broken the 25 mile record too when he beat the existing record with a time of 1.04.25 in the Camberley Wheelers local course only to find out that another rider had gone faster in an event in Colchester earlier that same morning. He also missed out on the 12 hour tricycle record by a mere 500 yards when he came 4th with 245.82 miles in an event that August. That distance was also another Charlotteville club record that is still standing more than 60 years later.

A keen collector of cycling memorabilia, his collection of historic bicycles was unrivalled locally and he was well known in the cycling community as the man to speak to with any questions about cycling's past.'

Les was also a keen member of the Southern Veteran Cycle Club (later known as the Veteran Cycle Club). They added this:

'Les was past president, chairman 1994-97, News & Views editor 1987-97 and secretary of the Ripley Road section from its inception. Les was a keen collector of bicycles, tricycles and accessories from the entire history of cycling. He owned a replica of the original bone-shaker, a few 'ordinaries' (commonly known as penny-farthings) which he used to race, some tandems and a huge collection of bikes - which numbered 300 at one point. Les also used to acquire unwanted bikes, and fix them up free of charge for the charity Bikes for Peru.'

The inaugural meeting of our Society was held on 28th January 1974 at Ken Bourne's home, Heath House in Tannery Lane, and Send History Society was born (adding Ripley to the name in 1982). From then on Les took on the role of secretary and newsletter editor, duties which he retained for many years. He subsequently became chairman, handing over to Cameron Brown in 2015, but remaining on the committee for a further four years.

Despite all of these roles, Les was extremely active in many other aspects of the Society's activities, especially the buildings group. Due to his small wiry frame, he became renowned for climbing into the most inaccessible roof spaces in the course of our buildings researches. He will be remembered for all manner of contributions to our meetings, not least his commanding

Road racing circa 1956

Above: Riding a 'boneshaker', mid-1970s
Below: With a 1908 Dursley Pedersen in 1975

The gathering on Send Marsh Green © Ditz

voice whenever announcements were to be made, and riding his ice cream bicycle through the village hall during the interval on our annual film night.

The funeral took place on August 3rd, attended – because of the current virus-related restrictions – only by family and close friends. However, a large number of people, including many from the cycling fraternity as well as members of our Society turned out on Send Marsh Green and saw Les off with a moving mixture of applause and cycle bells.

TONY MEDLEN (1946 – 2020)

Tony Medlen in 1983 at the launch of our booklet *A Victorian Walk Around Ripley*

Tony Medlen was another of our very earliest members. He and his wife Patricia joined before 1980 and from the very beginning were involved in various Society activities.

Tony grew up in Plymouth. After a short-lived civil service career he became interested in medical laboratory work. This led to him working for five years at the medical school at Bristol University from where he followed a career in medical laboratory science, first in London at the Institute of Child Health, part of Great Ormond Street Hospital, and later in the Department of Microbiology at Southampton University.

Tony and Patricia married in 1972 and settled in Woking. Some years later, in 1979, Tony secured a post in the Department of Microbiology at Surrey University and it was here that he spent the rest of his career.

Tony and Patricia quickly became committee members of our Society and Tony was very active, particularly with the Buildings Group and the Local Memories Group. He was also involved with several of our books, in particular *Then & Now, a Victorian Walk around Ripley*, published in 1983 which, after several reprints, is still in print. He was very much a part of the bank/museum team.

In 2001 Tony was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and he took early retirement. He and Patricia then decided to move back to Patricia's childhood home in Devon. Thus they were no longer able to be part of the Society activities but they retained their membership. Although it was a long time ago they derived a great deal of pleasure from all of their Society involvements.

PATRICK WATSON SHEARD (1946 – 2020)

Patrick Watson Sheard

Patrick was born in Goole but spent most of his childhood in Hunmanby, East Yorkshire, where his father was a parish councillor, and where both parents worked at the local school. His secondary education was at Woodhouse Grove in West Yorkshire.

From there, he went to Reading University to study cybernetics, then an emerging field. Like most students, he enjoyed university life, but his degree stood him in good stead for a career initially with Hawker Siddeley, and since 1978 with Logica plc (later Logica CMG) where he spent over 30 years in various roles, working on specialist one-off systems for clients including the Army, MoD, BT and the Crown Prosecution Service, until his retirement in 2011.

In the meantime, before marrying Christina, Patrick had a long term-relationship with Frances, with whose daughter, Wendy, he formed a close, father-daughter relationship. This lasted until his death, and no-one could have been a better grandfather to her and Kolton's sons, Monte and Ira, whom he adored, travelling to London once each week to look after them while their parents were at work.

Patrick married Christina in 1995. They lived initially in Papercourt Lane, Ripley, and moved to Send Marsh Green in 2000.

In spite of Patrick's family being scattered across England, they were all close, and have wonderful memories variously of growing up together, of holidays which continued into adulthood, and of regular family Christmases. On these and similar occasions, Patrick would be the life and soul of the party, often organising pantomimes or dressing up, and always being ready with a joke or fun activity. That notwithstanding, he was serious when circumstances demanded it, and was always wise, helpful and kind.

Patrick was known to many for his concern about and his work campaigning on local issues over several years before he stood and was elected as borough councillor for the Guildford Greenbelt Group in 2019. He was a regular member of the congregation of the West Horsley Methodist Chapel and had many friends there. This was important to him as he had been brought up a Methodist.

The above doesn't even scratch the surface of a full life well-lived, but it is enough to say that Patrick will be sorely missed by his close and wider family, by his friends, and indeed by all those who came into contact with him.

Cameron & Ditz Brown add: we met Patrick and Christina when we moved here some 14 years ago and joined the Society. They became our closest local friends. We will greatly miss Patrick's presence in our lives, his competitive spirit at our regular canasta sessions, our outings together, his willingness to lend a hand at a moment's notice and his dry Yorkshire humour.

BEVERLEY JACKMAN (1935 – 2020)

Bev Jackman

Beverley (Bev) Jackman was born 11th August 1935. Her parents, Alf and Ethel Carswell lived at 'Merrylands', a smallholding in Polesden Lane, Ripley, where she attended the village school. She married in 1955, living at Manor Cottages, in Ripley High Street before moving to Wharf Lane and later to Tannery Lane in Send. Separating from her husband in 1990, she lodged with Les and Anne Bowerman at Send Manor for a year and finally moved to Georgelands in Ripley, making many friends along the way.

Familiar to all who lived in Send, her husband frequently referred to her as 'the local social worker'. Her door was always open to anybody in need of help and advice. With her considerable organisational skills, she founded the youth club in the Red Cross Hut in 1969 which she ran for many years with the help of Janet Holland and later with Viv Lamb. Bev accompanied any boys 'in trouble' to court and dealt with the local police officers accordingly.

She worked at Send First School in the kitchen and also did the cleaning there. Along with Joyce Mills and Peter Conisbee, she arranged numerous outings for older residents, notably to the Ripley Event and pantomimes at Christmas.

Annoyed at Ripley holding annual bonfire celebrations while Send had none, Bev started a similar event, along with the Summer Fair and many fetes on the Rec. Cliff Richard was approached to open the first fair but, sadly, all she got was a brief note on an autographed photo which she kept and treasured until her death on 1st June 2020. She leaves a son, Gary, and a daughter, Anita.

FREDERICK AND DORA TICE'S WWII WARTIME LETTERS

TREVOR AND JANET TICE

Our research began with a simple request from Clare McCann. She wanted to know if Trevor had any family memories of an aeroplane that crashed near Mays Corner during WWII. Trevor didn't remember being told about such a plane but it did make him think about some family letters that he has had for a few years and that he always meant to look through and document one day. Well, that day had come. We would make good use of our lockdown time, and yes, we did find the aeroplane that Clare had enquired about.

The letters were discovered in a suitcase and most were either written to or were written by two of Trevor's uncles who served in the RAF from 1940 until 1946. They were Desmond and Lionel Tice, the two youngest sons of Frederick and Dora Tice of St Helen's (now 6 and 6a), Send Barns Lane. They had both volunteered at the outbreak of war. When the letters begin Desmond had just started his training at Blackpool to be a flight mechanic and Lionel was awaiting his call up for training to be a rigger.

Their two sisters, Elsie and Rhoda, were also still living at home. Later in the war Rhoda was called up for war work. She was taken by coach each day to Vickers where she worked in the metal-cutting room and was later transferred to Pantiles at Burnt Common.

Their three older brothers were all married. Frederick, the eldest, worked for the Ministry of War, employed as a clerk of works on various government installations all over the country. He and his wife Joan had to stay in digs for the duration of each job and as the war progressed they found it extremely difficult to acquire accommodation. In one letter Joan complained to Lionel, 'People treat us like tramps.'

Arthur, Trevor's father, was living at Doiran, Send Barns Lane (later number 21 and now a new development of houses), with his wife, Marjorie. He worked as a painter in his father's building and undertakers business. His brother Reginald lived with his wife Rose at Holly Cottage, Send Marsh Road and also worked for the family firm, as a bricklayer. According to letters written early in the war, they both had to learn a new skill: building air raid shelters in customers' back gardens. At the outbreak of war they both volunteered as members of the Auxiliary Fire Service ('AFS') based at Send Manor

Desmond Tice

Frederick and Dora

which was owned by Gordon Stewart. Arthur was conscripted into the Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery in 1943 and spent the rest of the war defending the east coast of Britain.

Desmond and Lionel's mother, Dora, wrote to them both every week, usually on a Saturday or Sunday. She gave them news about various members of the family, and their father always added a few lines, telling them about what he had been doing in the garden that week.

We do not have all of the letters that their parents sent. When Lionel and Desmond were posted overseas it was impossible for them to keep them – especially Desmond, who was in the Middle East for three and a half years. We do have the letters that they sent home, responding to their mother's news and giving their own. However, the most interesting letters of the collection were those written by their parents during the Battle of Britain July-October 1940 and the Blitz that followed. In these, Dora recorded enemy action as seen and heard by them at their home in Send, and how it impacted on their lives.

A letter from friends of the family is one of the first in the collection, sent on 27th March 1940. It was from Mrs Jean Atiyah who had lived with her husband and young children at Blackland in Bush Lane. The family had left Send shortly after war was declared and Mrs Atiyah was writing to say that the family had arrived safely in Beirut, 'complete with dolls, pram and motor car!' She hoped that Rhoda had found someone to take the cats and that she didn't have too much trouble clearing up the house. All the children sent their love and she herself wanted to thank them for all their help and kindness. The family must have left in a hurry as she asked Dora to say goodbye to friends Mr Pullen and Mr Broomfield (who lived in Send Barns Lane) and to let them know they had arrived safely. Later in the war Frederick and Dora received an airmail from Mr Edward Atiyah in Khartoum, wishing them all a happy Christmas and hoping that the war would soon be over as 'we are quite homesick for Send!' [For more details of the Atiyah family see Journals 254, 258 and 265].

Frederick and Dora saw their first real action of the war on the afternoon of 6th July 1940. Dora wrote in a letter to Desmond that evening: 'This afternoon Dad had just gone to get a lettuce for tea when he heard bombs drop, then saw the plane come out of the cloud firing its machine gun. One of the bullets just missed the children all sitting on those trunks of trees outside Tylers [who lived opposite at Elm View, now 60 Send Barns Lane]. George Baigent [he lived next door] found one of the bullets so pretty near. Lionel said he heard the bullets whizz.'

Gerald Sanger saw this incident and wrote in his diary: 'On this Saturday, Send had its biggest excitement of the War when a German bomber flew overhead and was clearly seen in the gaps between clouds – by myself, among others. I identified it as a Dornier 17; I may have been correct! Some of its bullets were picked up in the village, but its bombs had already been dropped somewhere else.'

In the following week's letter Dora told Desmond that the new people letting the house next door, Elmsleigh Farm (now no. 7), had come from Dover and they said how pleased they were it was quieter in Send. On 4th August she started her letter by saying that she was glad Desmond had received the parcel with raspberries and peas. She added that it had taken so long to get there that the peas must have had whiskers on - she had cooked them! Dad wrote 'I told her it wouldn't be any good sending the peas.' Later in the letter she told him that they had, 'hundreds of transport troops through here Thursday morning. On and on they came in streams, tanks as well'. Unfortunately she does not say in which direction they were going.

On 18th August she wrote: 'We had two warnings here Friday, one midday and one about 5 o'clock. After the all clear had sounded Elsie happened to go out and said, "Look at this huge thing coming out of the clouds." I soon came in. Dad said they were firing from the ground defence at it [the anti- aircraft battery on the Broadmeads]. Great big balls seemed to burst all around. They say they picked up shrapnel in Ripley.' Unfortunately, she doesn't say what the 'huge thing' was but this could have been a German plane which had taken part in a raid on Kingston and Malden that same day.

The raids continued all around them the following week. In that week's letter Dora wrote that they had no warning on Wednesday but heard the bombs drop and were later told it was at Weybridge. She continued: 'We had them over on Thursday, kept on droning overhead. We were late going to bed as Arthur and Reg were going on duty all night on Wisley common 1 o'clock until 6am [with the AFS], so Marjorie stayed the night here. There had been a fire started which showed them the way as they dropped 12 bombs there. Reg said he saw three of the big craters they made. I hope they don't have to do that very often as they still had to go into work the next day – a bit tiring.'

Arthur Tice

Lionel Tice

Reg and Rose Tice

In the following letter on 1st September Dora again wrote that they had had lots of warnings all week and added that the planes usually came over about 10 o'clock at night. [Gerald Sanger in his diary noted a similar fact: that there was usually a night raider looking for either Brooklands or Aldershot]. The previous Sunday they had six parachute flares and: 'they seemed all in the garden. Reg and Arthur had just been called out to Wisley Common to beat a fire down. On going round to their post they saw the flares all round. Bombs were dropped somewhere in the distance. Marjorie stayed the night and Lionel was out at the gate until 2 o'clock.' Dora went on to tell Desmond that Fred and Joan had come to stay the day before and that night they had a raid. Fred would not go to bed, so they all stayed up!

On 2nd September Lionel had written to Desmond from Cardington where he was training, 'and boy is it stiff,' he wrote, but added that he had not been troubled with his boots. He continued, 'we get up at 5.30 and parade before breakfast at 6.10 – after this PT at 8 o'clock. After an hour of this we get drill on the square. This continues all day until 6.30pm. Next week we get 5 hours a day of rifle drill…We all have to keep this hut spotlessly clean and I am sure you would like to see me polishing floors and cleaning windows.'

There must have been a roll of honour of all the villagers who had enlisted, similar to the one the parish had made during WWI. A friend of Desmond's, Atholl Rawes, grandson of Mr and Mrs Rawes who had been schoolmaster and mistress at Send School until the early 1920s, wrote to him on 7th September to say that he had been down to Send for a few hours the day before. 'We've got our names on a roll of honour hanging up in the church. I'm a Gunner RAF – whatever that is.' Atholl was stationed at Eastbury Park, Northwood, but his grandmother had previously written to Desmond telling him that, 'Atholl has been to India on a pleasure trip with a General of some sort.' The mind boggles!

There were no more letters written in September, probably because Desmond was home on leave. The next letter, written on 12th October, had news of a local man, Howard Charles Parsons. Dora asked Desmond if he knew the people that lived next to Fieldfare on the Clandon Road, where his sister Elsie worked. She went on: 'It's really very sad. The two brothers who lived there [Oak Trees, Clandon Rd] go up to town every day. Being a nice morning one said he would walk over Waterloo Bridge, the other went by tube. An oil bomb was dropped and he was injured so badly that he died and sixty more as well. He was buried at Send today.'

In the Send parish burial records his burial entry states that he died from his injuries at Charing Cross Hospital. He is remembered on the stone plaque in St Mary the Virgin church that commemorates those from Send who died in both world wars.

The following week was an eventful one for those at St Helen's. Dora began her letter of 20th October by saying that they had had a rough week. It started on the Sunday evening [13th October] when a stick of about fifteen bombs fell on and about the Clandon Road and damaging, amongst others, Oak Trees, the home of the Parsons family who had buried their son only the day before. Dora wrote, 'the roof is in a good mess and the windows out.' The Jones family had to evacuate their home too, but apparently, 'Allworks [from Ripley] were soon on the job doing repairs.' Other houses along the road were in an awful state 'roofs off, windows out, doors all buckled and huge holes everywhere.' She went on, 'you know White Ness - well that frontage was in ruins and the roof off and the two girl Norrises were walking along there and were seriously injured.' Some of the injured went to Dr Wallace who lived further along the road. Dora continued: 'That happened about 8 o'clock then about 12 we had another scare. Heard a plane flying overhead out of control. It appears it was one of ours. The pilot had baled out. It landed in the leek field of Secretts [Send Marsh Road]. One of the latest machines, too, but didn't we get a scare, such a weird noise going round and round.'

According to the book, *Surrey at War* by Bob Ogilvy, page 84, the plane was a Bristol Beaufighter of 219 Squadron, Redhill. It was short of fuel and crashed in Send. The crew baled out safely. This was the plane that Clare had asked us about at the beginning of lockdown.

Next to be detailed in the same letter were the events of Monday 14th October: 'Then Monday night we thought our lot had come, thought the place was coming down on us. They dropped a bomb by the council houses [at Mays Corner]. The two that Greens and Strudwicks live in down to the ground and the other pair have got to come down. Lucky they all got out alive, only two slightly injured. It is a huge crater, could drop this place in easy. Lucky it fell in their gardens. Some army heads came out to see the crater. They reckon it was a mine and if it had fallen on the road all our lot around here would have been down. Mr Tilbury's [Sunnyside, now Lavender Cottage, Send Marsh Road] downstairs windows smashed also Carlton and one of the workshop windows forced out. It shook us up a bit.'

Very close to home indeed. The following week Dora wrote that they had planes over every night and it was difficult to sleep. On 3rd November she wrote, 'the weather has been pretty rough at nights, rain and wind, but still they come.' On the Friday they had walked into Ripley and got a surprise to see so much damage to the houses there, 'so many places were down, roofs all broken, windows out. Seems awful for a small village. I suppose it is making Allwork busy.' They were always thinking of the competition!

In the following week's letter she wrote: 'Usual news, bombs again all week, none very near but shakes the place. They dropped 80 at Pyrford on Thursday [7th November] one direct hit, two on the L.V.D. post, lucky no-one was there. Plenty dropped yesterday [9th November] thought they were quite near but haven't heard anything. They were machine gun firing yesterday afternoon. Dad was cycling along, said he wondered what all the clutter was.'

Eighty bombs sounds an awful lot and is doubtless an exaggeration, but it probably seemed like that to them at the time. Iain Wakeford wrote in an item entitled *The Bombing of Woking* on the website https://wokinghistory.org/onewebmedia/170203.pdf '… on 7th November thirty-two high explosive bombs fell on the Pyrford Court Estate – probably the largest number to be dropped in any one raid on the area.'

There were bombs closer to home the next week: 'On Thursday and Friday the planes came over all night in waves. Friday night [16th November] they dropped 12 bombs in Luffs field just past Send Barns. What luck no damage was done.'

Apparently Woodham was the target on 19th November and several people they knew in the area had damage to their homes. The following night Frederick and Dora had just gone to bed when they heard a terrific noise: 'They had dropped four bombs out on the Broadmeads and some round Old Woking corner. Bill Burns said he was on duty and they let all four out at once. Lucky they dropped on soft ground. Then Friday night [22nd November] about 8 o'clock we had another lot in front of Sinclairs' house, [Tithebarns] also by Burnses, windows out at Sinclairs and Grays' greenhouse windows….I know we all dived down!'

Dora wrote that Jerry had been busy again on the nights of 28th and 29th November, 'came over and over in incessant waves. Gunfire was very heavy and shook the place. Must have been some bombs dropped.' Thankfully the next two weeks were quieter with planes going over but 'no nasty work round here.' The lull did not continue into the next week as on 22nd December Dora wrote: 'Jerry over here Thursday, started dropping bombs at 7 o'clock. Some fell quite near. Hope Mrs Rawes didn't get a shaking as one fell in the sandpit between them and Mrs Tilly, another in the Rec, one at the back of Shirer's, one up the road and one nearly landed on the main road, so we were lucky. A few windows smashed at Tilly's.'

Several Send residents remembered these bombs in the SRHS book Memories of War. In the same book Ripley residents remember the next incident that Dora wrote about in her first letter of the new year on 11th January 1941: 'Jerry was pretty busy over here Thursday night – had a good few heavy bombs drop. Reg said he reckons there were 1000 incendiaries. He was out all night, said the fields round by the smallholdings were smothered with them. They had to lay down in the ditch when more were dropping. There were a good many dropped near the camp across the Broadmeads also out near the Isolation Hospital [now the site of HMP Send]. At Ottershaw several were killed I believe, so he certainly was trying for something that night. Dad and I didn't get to bed until gone 1 o'clock.'

This was the last letter to include local bombing news. In February Dora wrote that Jerry had gone quiet, but they were obviously suspicious about the reasons as she continued, 'his next move will be try to invade, I suppose.' In April, May and June the planes returned, the bombers going over, sometimes all night long, but no bombs dropped locally. Dora nearly always added after writing about the planes droning overhead that they, 'hoped London wasn't getting it again.'

When Lionel got some leave in February she told Desmond that he was helping dad do the digging in the garden. She added, 'I suppose all have got to Dig For Victory!' Apparently Lionel had been given £2 ration allowance for his keep, but he was only allowed: 'the same amount of fat and butter as civilians - 2oz butter, 4oz marg. He had six 7oz coupons for meat so that is pretty good but now it is a bit of a job to get meat. For myself a cup of tea would do for me and I was going to say a crust of bread and cheese but that is a job to get, so I had better say bread and jam!'

And we thought we had problems with a few weeks of empty shelves just before lockdown. Rationing continued until 1951, so another ten years for them all at St Helen's after this letter.

The letters continued throughout the war, although as has already been mentioned, no more survive from Frederick and Dora after 1942. In 1941 Lionel was posted to RAF Picton, Canada, where they trained bomber crews. He often wrote about working in freezing conditions, going to salvage different parts of planes from various crash sites often in frozen lakes or in deep snow. He also wrote of happier times: learning to skate on frozen lakes, buying a car and taking trips to different cities – even Detroit – whenever they had leave. In 1942 Desmond's squadron was posted to the Middle East and he remained there until 1946. His working conditions were totally different to Lionel's: very hot during the day and always accompanied by flies. The sand would get into everything making stripping an engine very difficult.

Families have many worries in the strange times we are experiencing, but eighty years ago families had many anxieties of a very different kind. Thankfully, the Tice family survived the war and Desmond and Lionel took over their father's building firm when they returned to civvy street.

MEMORIES OF A WONDERFUL TEACHER

JANET WESTON

The writer grew up in Send and after attending the local primary school – as Janet Meyer – went to Woking Grammar School for Girls. Then she joined the Civil Service moving to Kent when she married in 1975. After her children went to school she followed a career in journalism as Janet Weston. She now lives in Westerham and has been involved in reporting, photojournalism, sub-editing, book reviews and website content management, still visiting Send weekly to see family and revisit childhood haunts.

Childhood memories are a strange thing, particularly when they involve school. Most pupils of an era at Send Primary School can never quite forget its indomitable headmistress Stella Perrin but I owe my greatest debt to Dorothy Lord.

Mrs Lord was my first teacher when I went up from the infants into the junior building in School Lane. Dorothy was quite familiar to me as she lived across the road from us in Winds Ridge and her son Stephen - who was a few days older than me - was in the same class.

Indeed the day before we started in 1960 she told us to make the most of the rest of the day as it was school tomorrow. Until then it certainly hadn't occurred to me that education might curb freedom. At that time the reception class was also housed in the junior building under the tutelage of the extremely patient and kind Mrs Bagguley. One day at the end of lessons I waited and waited and nobody came to collect me, it was Mrs Lord's turn as she and mum had a rota. When I was the last child left two 'big girls' knocked on the door of Miss Perrin's house – nobody ever did this. The head teacher phoned Winds Ridge, another extraordinary thing in those days and it transpired Mrs Lord was unaware I was back after illness. As she could get there quicker than mum with a toddler, I remember Dorothy literally flying down School Lane to get me, the first time I'd seen a teacher run.

But Dorothy only started teaching in Send a little later when Stephen was settled at school. They were recently returned from Ontario where her husband Derek worked as an aircraft draftsman. Living abroad had given her a different perspective immediately. Our classroom was part of a Gothic-styled Victorian building with windows too high to see out of which made life dull before you started. I remember her livening up a lesson telling us about the

Dorothy and Stephen at 14 months in November 1956

awful smell left by skunks and describing the resultant odour after one was squashed in the road in Canada. A bit more sedately she told us how shy cuckoos were but how she'd seen one once when she'd opened her window when she lived in Godalming. This perhaps obliquely alluded to the days when she taught at Charterhouse School – doubtless Send was rather a change – but what she thought of it she never said.

Stephen said his mother was always a very private person and I only found out recently something which amazed me – that Dorothy worked in Bletchley Park during the war. This was never talked about even to her family and her work was a secret she took to the grave. Looking back the only clue I remember is her teaching us about very basic codes A=1, Z=26 etc and chalking them up on the blackboard. Stephen and I used to write messages in such cyphers to each other which winged all the way across the road. She had joined the RAF in 1941 – presumably after women were called up – following a brief wartime marriage which failed. She had lived in Greenwich

and during the early part of the war worked for her father who had a construction company which helped build aerodromes, driving a five-ton truck on runway construction work. In 1950 she married Stephen's Dad Derek, having been introduced by mutual friends.

Back in the classroom she continued to try to make her lessons interesting. The Lords went to Scotland on holiday, so we heard about the bloody murder of David Rizzio and how she'd seen the spot where his body had landed after being thrown down the main staircase at Holyrood House. It was another 40 years before I did. We also learned about Alexander the Great and his horse Bucephalus and equally vividly of Boudica Queen of the Iceni who drove round with knives on her chariot wheels. Maybe Dorothy was a feminist at heart – photographs show her often wearing trousers in the days in which women didn't so much – it was hard to read her.

Our teacher certainly livened up lessons reading Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty* and Robert Louis Stephenson's *Treasure Island* with Long John Silver. Soon she was pressing home the advantage of our love of buccaneers in poetry. The class's especial favourite was *A Pirate's Christmas*, we loved the line about walking the plank needless to say. But Dorothy was of the opinion – maybe not so fashionable then – that in interesting children in reading anything was worthwhile, even Enid Blyton which some teachers scoffed at. We also had a good selection of comics to read during wet playtimes and lunch hours.

School dinners then were far from famous. Apparently Stephen told his mother that she couldn't make custard like school. "I don't think I could if I tried", was her tart reply. She taught the Queen's English fairly effortlessly but had different ideas on arithmetic than my parents. Now I'm quite old enough to make up my own mind I don't do sums in the way any of them advised!

We had a second year in Mrs Lord's class and some other children joined the melee. She gave us all new exercise books as she said it was important in life to make a fresh start sometimes. It was a treat to write on pristine pages and think of turning over a new leaf in other respects. We sat in a seemingly random order. Looking back I think the idea was that no child should feel left out and the more studious and popular pupils could help those who were less so. There were still some homeless people in Germany even so many years after the war. Dorothy was immensely kind to a boy of about eight called Hans who came over on a visit and was in our class for a short while speaking little English.

But it wasn't all the three Rs. May Day was as always a great highlight and Dorothy would lend the girl chosen

On holiday in Selsey in 1956. The car is Derek's infamous Riley Special. Note Stephen's traditional–styled pram

to be Queen a pair of long-sleeved white gloves. We did school plays from time to time and a great deal of effort went into this. Joyce and Norman Jenkins' classes would combine to do something ambitiously tuneful as he was a fine musician. Dorothy teamed up with her colleague Mollie Wilson and they produced an alphabetical affair involving every child. It started with 'A is for agility' with children on stage obeying commands to "stretch those arms and bend those knees" complete with bean bags and bouncing balls, leading to some chaos. We were mortified when the audience laughed and really surprised next day when Mrs Lord told us the sketches were supposed to be funny. But then again it was soon: "B for break we all agree, time to set the captives free…". Once school finished Dorothy drove home at the end of the day in a black Morris Minor KTX 404 nicknamed Katie.

Mrs Lord always put family first without hesitation and was a very proud mum to Stephen and a loving 'Aunt Dorrie' to her sister Olive's children Susan and Tim. She had any amount of time to spend on those close to her and was always very welcoming. But most of her own friends were teachers. My mother Barbara Meyer and Dorothy were always on the most cordial terms and loved to smoke together. At one time they shared teaching a class and in later years became remedial experts at St Bede's Middle School. Mum said doing open evenings was so much easier with Dorothy who was very good with the parents. Unfortunately Dorothy suffered health problems in later years and died in 1979 but - although I did not realise at the time - she was the best teacher I ever had. Her legacy lives on with her pupils and family.

Janet Weston can be contacted via gettingconnected@btinternet.com.

CHATLEY HEATH SEMAPHORE TOWER – INSIDE AND OUT

ALAN COOPER

Situated in the woods behind Hatchford Park (mid-way between Ockham and Cobham), this Grade II listed building has been the subject of an SRHS article in J38 (1981). Details of Society visits and further information also appear in both J112 (1993) and J165 (2002). To summarise:

The 60-feet-tall octagonal tower comprising five levels of living accommodation topped with a fully-working semaphore[1] mast was one of a series of signalling stations that enabled the Admiralty in Whitehall to communicate with the Royal Naval Dockyard in Portsmouth.

Built in 1822, but operating only briefly until 1847 when the electronic telegraph rendered it obsolete, it was in residential use until 1963 when it was condemned as unfit for human habitation due to the lack of essential services. Within a week of being vacated it suffered vandalism during the Easter holidays, with all the ground floor windows being smashed. It was further damaged by fire in 1984, but fully restored by the Surrey Historic Buildings Trust and Surrey County Council in 1989 and remains the only one of its kind in existence.

As we go to print the building is being subjected to extensive renovations, primarily for damp but sadly, to convert the property into holiday lets.[2] With Surrey County Council unable to afford the £680,000 repair bill, Landmark Trust has taken on the renovation project which will provide 4-bedroom accommodation plus bicycle storage – something I personally consider to be totally irresponsible when one considers the rare ground nesting birds this area is well known for.

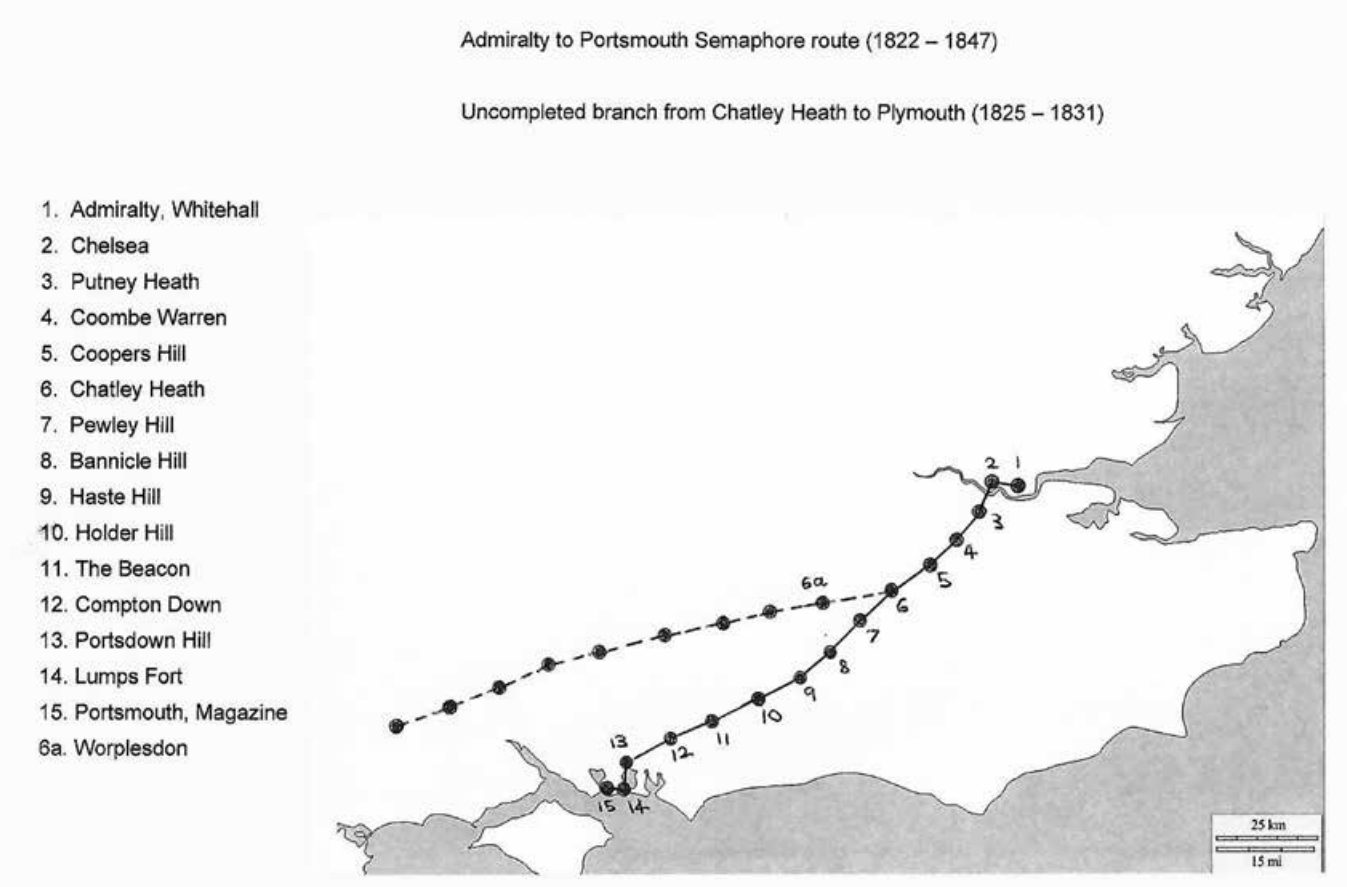
Cobham resident Graham Johnson was the last person (along with his parents and sister) to live in the tower and has kindly provided us with a selection of photos taken in the late 1950s/early 1960s which are reproduced here.

Winding mechanism side panel featuring 'up and down' indicators

The winding mechanism that controlled the semaphore arms attached to the mast

Top: Graham's father cleaning a chimney
Bottom: Condemned as unfit for human habitation due to lack of essential services, here we see water about to be drawn from the well

Top: Roof access
Bottom: The staircase – with Graham, his mother and sister and Eileen Kryger (wife of Andrzej who, along with Reg Gibbons ran the nearby market garden)



Map indicating the route taken by the messages and the other stations involved.

Of Note: A little known fact is the proposed construction of a second chain of stations from the Admiralty, Whitehall to Plymouth via Chatley Heath. Work commenced in 1825 but the project was abandoned in 1831 after just nine stations had been built. The first on the new route was adjacent St Mary's Church, Perry Hill, Worplesdon. A six-storey tower similar in construction to Chatley Heath, it was built by Thomas Battey of Whitmoor Common on parish glebe land purchased for £82-17s-2d, plus £10 to the rector. It is believed to have been demolished shortly after the abandonment of the Portsmouth chain in 1847[3]

Print within St Mary's church, Perry Hill, Worplesdon depicting the tower next to the church

Tablet commemorating the original location of the tower within the graveyard

Top: Graham feeding the geese
Bottom: Graham's mother in the entrance

Note the rendering falling off the tower – this was completely removed during the 1989 restoration. Also, the bricked-up windows – this was an original feature when built. The sash windows were single glazed apart from those on the face which took most of the prevailing weather which were double glazed. All had internal shutters

[1] Semaphore was invented in 1803 by Rear Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham (1762-1820). Famously, it was used to transmit the signal 'England expects that every man will do his duty' by Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson from his flagship HMS Victory at the commencement of the Battle of Trafalgar, 21st October 1805

[2] Further information about the renovation/conversion may be found on the 'Get Surrey' website www.getsurrey.co.uk

[3] Further reading: *Worplesdon – The Tale of Four Villages*

Many thanks to St Mary's Church, Perry Hill, Worplesdon for permission to photograph their print of the church and tower

All period photos c/o Graham Johnson collection

Semaphore signals, signals route map and Worplesdon Church photos c/o Alan Cooper collection

Further reading: Send & Ripley History Society Journals 38, 112 & 165. Available to view at:

https://sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk under the journal pull down tab

MEMORIES OF FREDA SPICKETT

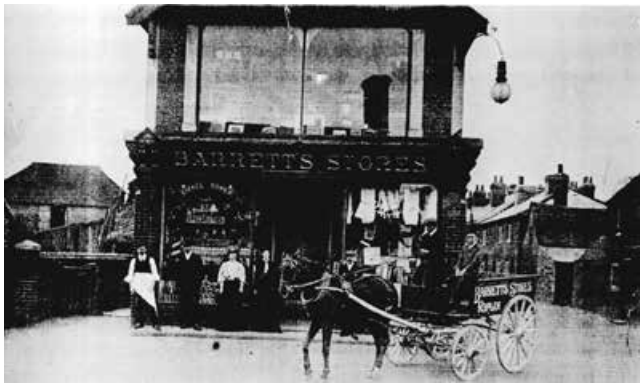
ALAN COOPER

Freda Spickett (née Gunner) was born in Ripley in 1927. Her great-grandfather Thomas was born in Knaphill, Woking in 1847, moving to Ripley around 1867 where he married Ellen Bowers and lived in Newark Lane. They had ten children of whom nine survived to adulthood. Thomas worked as a chimney sweep and is known to have employed at least four of his sons over a period of time. His son James, a sweep, married Alice Cook in 1905 in West Horsley where they lived briefly before returning to Ripley to the newly-built Rippleby Cottages. The extended family have lived there, at number 1, ever since.

Freda's grandfather, James Gunner and William Peters standing next to a dung cart. A note on the rear of the photo explains the strange attire being worn by both men - 'In celebration of the Relief of Mafeking, May 1900' during the Boer War. The photo was taken in 'Gran Gunner's' back yard in Newark Lane.

Patriotism ran high in those days and on an occasion such as this, just about everywhere throughout the country, flags were hoisted, church bells were rung and workers downed tools to sing and drink in the streets and generally have a good time[1 2]

Rippleby cottages were initially owned (along with many others) by local entrepreneur Thomas Lucas (1851-1938). Tommy, as he was known, was the owner of Barrett's Stores[3] and many other shops in the surrounding villages and as he wound down his business empire, to retire at the ripe old age of 46, he invested heavily in local residential properties to keep him comfortable in his later years.



Top: Barrett's Stores, High Street, Ripley (pre-1907). The building then went through a number of different business uses, notably 'The Surrey Trading Company', followed by several others connected with the motor-trade

Bottom: Mary Anne Tyrrell, Ockham resident and occasional midwife having just delivered Freda's mother Gladys and standing outside No.1

Freda's aunt Alice and uncle Frederick Burroughes outside No.1

Freda's mother Gladys made a name for herself in the early 1920s when, as a 13-year-old schoolgirl, her swimming exploits were recorded in the local newspaper under the heading:

YOUNG GIRL'S GOOD SWIM – NEARLY FOUR MILES IN A THUNDERSTORM

'A Ripley schoolgirl named Gladys Gunner, aged 13, accomplished this in the River Wey on Wednesday evening. Accompanied by Miss Dibble, she entered the water at Papercourt Lock at Old Woking and swam to Pyrford Lock a distance of nearly four miles. It would have been an achievement at any time for so young a girl, but when it is stated that the thunderstorm was raging at the time and the water was lashed with heavy rain it must be regarded as a truly creditable achievement. It was solely the severity of the storm which induced the young swimmer to leave the water. She was quite fresh when she did so and evidently capable of a much longer swim.'

AH Daborn, who witnessed the event went on to say:

'Miss Gladys Gunner swam the distance of 4 miles in the River Wey from Weyes Lock to Wisley Lock. Miss Gunner was accompanied by Miss E Dibble. The swim was given up on account of a bad thunderstorm – signed AH Daborn. Aged 13.'

SCHOOLDAYS

Freda had a fairly unremarkable childhood, marred by asthma, which resulted in a fair amount of missed schooling. She recalled: "Although I was off school more than I was there, I did enjoy it. My favourite teacher was Mrs Herrington, who lived in West Horsley – she was lovely. Games lessons would often take place on Ripley Green and when the war started, we had lessons all over the place. Sometimes in the Methodist chapel next to the Clock House and sometimes in the village hall. This was necessary

Top: Harvest festival display 1936 in the top class of the school – note the desks in the foreground of the picture
Bottom: Mrs Herrington, Freda's favourite teacher circa 1936

because we had so many evacuees come to the village. We took in two boys, brothers who came from Portsmouth, and Mrs Lacy who lived in Newark Lane took their sister.

The rent was 8/9d including rates. Rippleby was by then owned by 'Whites of Surbiton', the sausage makers. 'Porky' White's dad would collect the rent on his way to the cattle market in Guildford every Tuesday. He signed the rent book with a cross – he could neither read nor write. Lots of people in the village would make a little extra money by working for Mr Hill at St Georges Farm picking cornflowers. He would take them, along with all the vegetables, to market to sell. Us children would often go 'canoeing' up on Wisley Common with an old pram. When we got back to Lamberts Hill, we would let go of it. Down it ran on its own and needless to say we had a lot of picking up to do, but it was all good fun."

The aftermath of the German bomb that destroyed half of Little Horrells cottages. The photo shows the site immediately after the damaged buildings had been demolished and was taken from Ivy Wilkinson's front garden

WORLD WAR II

"I'll never forget there were three of us standing outside Goodman's school when it was announced that we were at war with Germany. We all ran home as fast as we could, scared out of our skins and waiting for the bombs to fall.

Both my great uncle and great aunt had very lucky escapes when a bomb fell on their houses in Newark Lane. Thomas Gunner junior (also a sweep) lived at No. 1, Little Horrells and Sarah Burdett (née Gunner) at No. 2. Sarah had been recently widowed and took in a lodger, Tom Buller, who was blown out of his bed by the explosion. Apparently, he was dazed and when he came round he was lying beside the bed in the bomb crater with a chimney pot right next to his head.

I remember the day the German airman shot down in Ockham was brought to Dr Crete's surgery for treatment. We had just finished a cookery class and looked on as Mr Bushnall I think it was, who lived in Perseverance Cottages, took one of his boots from him. He then paraded it around the village collecting money to pay for the school air raid shelters.

During the war, Ripley Court school became a temporary maternity hospital. I worked there on Sundays when I was a Girl Guide making teas".

It would not be the last time!

Top: Ripley Court school
Bottom: Ripley Court School in use as a maternity hospital during World War II

WORK

"…I left school at 14 and started work on the cash desk at the Co-op in Send. (Now Alan Greenwood's Undertaking business). My work colleagues were less than sympathetic about my asthma, on one occasion prompting one to say "Freda, will you stop wheezing, we can't tell if it's you or a doodlebug coming for us". I was so small that if there was a raid, they would put me underneath the counter!

I married in 1947 and around that time our rent went up by £1 a week. I said to George, (aka 'Arch') my husband, I'd better go for a better job to earn that extra pound. I worked at Ripley Court school doing, amongst other things, cleaning for Mr and Mrs Newte, who were in charge then, and started on half-a-crown an hour. I worked there for 32 years until the Newtes retired and then for them personally for a further 16 years – 48 years in total. Their son Stephen still comes and visits me

Top: Mr and Mrs Newte pictured at a school fete in 1960
Middle: Freda about to lay the wreath on the war memorial at St Mary Magdalen, Ripley, on Armistice Day
Bottom: Freda with David Elms, Mayor of Guildford, in 2015

every week without fail. After I left the school, I still went back for a few years giving local history talks. That was followed by 19 years of voluntary work at Ripley church school where I particularly enjoyed reading with the children. For that I was awarded the 'Mayor's award for service to the community' in 2015. In those days, every year on Armistice Day, I would lay the wreath on behalf of the church school along with a pupil. It was always the oldest and the youngest that did it. The young lad in the picture was four years old.…"

THE DAY I MET THE QUEEN

Freda worked tirelessly for the Newtes both at Ripley Court school and personally at their home. Mr Newte died in 1999, his wife in 2005 and shortly afterwards their daughter Tamsy was to reward Freda with an experience she would never forget. She remembers well the day the postman called: "He looked at me straight and said in an inquisitive voice 'you're not 100 yet, are you?' – and pointed to the cancellation on the envelope – Buckingham Palace no less. I was taken aback and upon opening the envelope, it transpired that just after her mother died, Tamsy had put my name forward to receive Maundy Money"[4]

The Queen was 80 that year (2006) and, as chance would have it, the presentation took place at Guildford Cathedral. I was only allowed one guest so to be as fair as possible, my son John accompanied me and met the Queen while son George got to keep the Maundy coins. Another person from Ripley, Peter Gammon, got Maundy Money that day as well.

Top: Freda's Maundy coins – obverse
Bottom: Freda's Maundy coins – reverse

Freda and John prior to attending the ceremony

Everything went perfectly and I had such a marvelous time. If only you could have been there to see it all! It was a day I will never forget…"

[1] This Photo was taken in what is now the back garden of SRHS members Peter and Jenny Cliff in Newark Lane

[2] The Siege of Mafeking took place during the second Boer War and lasted for 217 days from 13th October 1899 to 17th May 1900. It made Colonel Robert Baden-Powell, the British commander, into a household name, direct descendants of whom have, until recently, lived both in and around Ripley

[3] For in-depth information regarding Thomas Lucas, see the article written by John Slatford in Send Ripley History Society journal 118 (September/October 1994) Available to view at: https://sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk under the journal pull down tab

[4] The gift from the reigning monarch of Maundy Money, given to deserving people of pensionable age on the Thursday before Good Friday dates back to the 13th century. Each year the presentation takes place at a different cathedral where an equal number of men and women receive two purses, one red, the other white. The number of gifts given is equal to the age of the monarch at that time. The red purse contains an allowance for clothing and provisions while the white purse holds four specially-minted silver coins of legal tender with the values of one penny, two pennies, three pennies and four pennies. Due to the limited quantities produced, these are highly prized by collectors

Relief of Mafeking celebrations and midwife photos c/o Alan Cooper collection

Barrett's Stores, bomb site and Ripley Court school photos c/o SRHS archives

All other photos c/o Freda Spickett collection

Special thanks to Roy and Cynthia Smithers for providing a transcript from an extremely fragile newspaper cutting from the 1920s

WHERE IS IT? / WHAT IS IT?

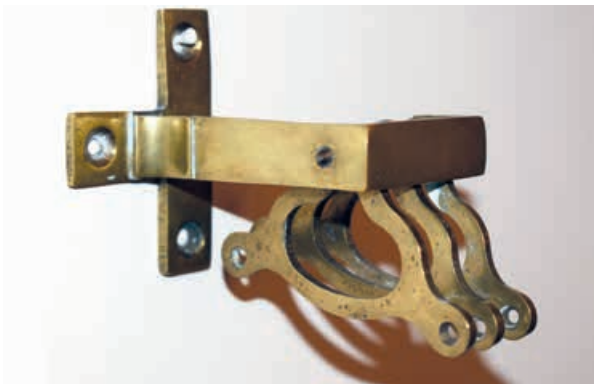
ALAN COOPER

This photo was taken locally in the 1960s, but where?

ANSWER TO WHERE IS IT? – J.273

Known as 'the picnic tree', this was located at the bottom of Ripley Green where the path forks to the left to access Walsham Weir and straight on to Ockham Mill

Correctly identified by Audrey Smithers, Chris Brown, Joan Vine, Peter & Blanche Smithers, Ros Hewitt, Ruth Harvey



ANSWER TO WHAT IS IT? – J.273

It would have been one of a series of similar swinging arm mountings that controlled via wires a series of servant's call-bells

Correctly identified by Audrey Smithers, Ditz Brown, Janet & Trevor Tice

WHEELERS FARM

IAN WHITTLE

(With grateful thanks to Brian Wilson whose careful research made this article possible)

In days of old, when knights were bold and lavatories weren't invented
'Mongst meadows by the Pear Tree Ford, a Hall House was erected
With oaken beams, with wattle and daub, a comfy home ensued
Wherefrom the splendour of Newark Priory was very clearly viewed.

Wheelers Farm stands on the south side of Warren Lane and is a part of the dispersed medieval village of Pyrford – a cluster of buildings now so small it hardly qualifies as a village or even as a hamlet. It is in the borough of Woking – within the Wisley-with-Pyrford parish and situated about 250 yards east of the 12th century St Nicholas' church. As the crow flies (if it ever flies in a straight line) it is one mile NNW of Ripley Village. When first built, it was a hall house – which had the smoke from the fire filtering through the roof. The earliest reference to the building is dated 1474.

Pyrford, known as Pyrianforda in the 10th century, Pyrpherde in the 15th century with various spellings before and since – but all meaning the ford by the pear tree – had been a part of the manor lands which William the Conqueror traded with Westminster Abbey for Windsor forest, which provided him with hunting. Everything changed after the Reformation when the manor passed through many hands including the Earl Lincoln, the Wooley, Weston, Mainwaring and Parkhurst families, becoming part of the Onslow estates in 1677. In 1783 Onslow exchanged the manors of Ripley, Pyrford and Wisley with the Baron King's manors of Papworth (Send) & Dedswell (Clandon). Lord King, the 8th Baron, later became the first Earl Lovelace.

Wheelers Farm seems to have ceased active agricultural activities in the mid-19th century, being rented out as a private residence until the freehold was sold early in the 20th century.

At some unknown point in time, probably in the early 16th century, an extension was constructed against the eastern end of the hall house with similar oak frames and infill. Although this part of the building is thought to have originally served as the barn, it was eventually converted to form part of the living accommodation. Whenever that happened, a new barn would have been built that predated the 18th century building that exists today. Water was obtained from a well that had been dug about 20 yards south of the main building. This remained in use until 1912 when the water became polluted and, at considerable expense, the house was connected to the mains supply by 300 yards of one-inch pipe.

A chimney had been introduced, probably during the late 16th century, with a back-to-back inglenook fireplace that formed the centrepiece of the building. This then facilitated the addition of an upper floor with a semi-spiral staircase that hugs the brickwork of the wide and bulky chimney.

It is thought that the farmer (as master of the household) and his family would have occupied the eastern end of the house that then included what had originally been the barn. Servants or farm workers would have been accommodated at the other end beyond the main fireplace. A bread oven was built at the side with a rounded ('pepper pot' or 'beehive') extrusion against the outside of the south wall.

The earliest record (1474) of an occupant of the farmhouse was of one named Whelere. It is therefore not unreasonable to assume that the building was referred to as Whelere's Farm at the time. The spelling Wheeler first crops up with an occupant in the 18th century but whether there is any connection between the two families is unknown. Doubtless, in deference to the incumbent, 'Wheelers Farm' was a reference applied in the 18th century although it was known as 'Buttercups' during the first decade of the 20th century – reverting later to 'Wheelers Farm'.

Of the many occupants of the farmhouse, one of the most notable was the Colyer family during the early 16th century. The name reappears with different spellings over the centuries: Colyer, Collyer, Colyar, Collier – until, in the late 18th century when a James Collyer lived there. However, just to confuse, the farmhouse was either tenanted or rented by the Bonsey family in the early19th century before another Collier comes on the scene from 1841.

Back view of Wheelers Farm, from an old photograph thought to have been taken at the end of the 19th century

By 1865, Mrs Carter, a Canadian widow with two daughters, was a tenant. They were frequently visited by Arthur J Munby who was a Cambridge don and lawyer, most famed for being a detailed diarist and fancier of working-class girls. Munby became emotionally attached to Sarah, one of the Carter daughters, when he was already married to a housemaid named Hannah. His difficulty in this respect eventually caused him and Sarah not inconsiderable sadness.

A few years later – in about 1870 – the Vernon Lushington family stayed happily at Wheelers Farm whilst looking around the area for a suitable country residence to which they could escape from 'smoggy' London. In 1881 their friend Arthur Munby moved in and lived at the farmhouse until his death in 1895.

After a short tenure by a Colonel Ternon, Mr W Thompson became a tenant from about 1910 and at the time of writing there remains some research to be done to ascertain when Countess Lovelace sold the freehold of the property and it became detached from the surrounding farmland. What we do know is that all the surrounding land, not including the two-acre plot of the farmhouse, was bought by the Rubin family after the end of the war. This left the house standing within five yards of its barn building but with it and all the surrounding meadowland no longer included as a part of the property.

In 1963, after several years during which it was unoccupied, Wheelers Farm was bought by Mr Percy Holroyd Shaw, late of The Mill House, Byfleet. By then the old farmhouse was in a sorry state and the garden very overgrown. Mr Rudkin, a builder from Ripley, was called in to put the place to rights.

Following Mr Shaw's death in 1972 and until the present day, the house has remained in the hands of his daughter

Back view of Wheelers Farm from a reproduction of a pen and ink drawing by Marguerite Howard, executed in the 1950s and most likely given by her to Mr Thompson who lived there at the time and whose grandson passed the card on to the Whittle family. Note that the external bread-oven can be clearly seen and that, by now, dormer windows had been installed in the roof

The old key to Wheelers Farm © Ditz

Wheelers Farm today

Hilary and her husband Ian Whittle (the author of these notes). Over the years, much further work was carried out by Mr Rudkin's son Graham – with major alterations to the outbuildings including new garages, tennis court and an annex cottage.

One fine day in 2010, a charming elderly gentleman rang the front door bell and announced that he was the grandson of the Mr Thompson who had taken up residence around 1910. He described how his grandfather had first come to Ripley Village seeking to rent a property in the area. At the estate agency they apologised that there was nobody available to accompany him, but offered him the key to Wheelers Farm. They said he may go and have a look at the house in case it might be to his liking. He took one look at the enormous iron key and said that, if it was the sort of place that fitted such a key, he would most probably take it. And he did.

In 2014, permission was granted for Mrs Rubin to convert the Grade II listed Wheelers Barn into a four-bedroom dwelling. In some desperation, and to preserve the rural setting, the Whittle family purchased the barn and much of the immediately surrounding land. In this way, a part of the original farmland was repossessed and the rural ambiance saved. Wheelers Farm is now a 30-acre estate almost entirely given over to wildlife.

Over the main entrance of the house there is a Latin inscription put there by Arthur Munby sometime during his contented tenancy. It reads: *Illa placit tellus in qua res parva beatum me facit*: It is a pleasant place in which small things make me happy.

LOCKDOWN NOTES

CAMERON BROWN

Society quiz night

When all of this started we asked for members' thoughts, comments, diaries and reflections on the strange life we are currently experiencing. We have published a few on our facebook page and in the last journal. Most churches around the country have organised online services but All Saints, Ockham have been particularly innovative in holding a pets' service on zoom.

Send's craftswomen (and men)

Rev Hugh Grear's cat addressing the congregation via zoom

Clare McCann arranged a light-hearted online quiz for members – won by Angie and Phil Richardson, and the committee has also been meeting via zoom.

Not to be outdone the Send Crafts 4U group proudly displayed the results of their members' activity on their website and on facebook.

There follows a rather more serious contribution, and an interesting record for future social historians. The author provided many more photographs to accompany this piece, which we will make available at the museum and online.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS ON SEND IN LOCKDOWN

LINDA PARKER PICKEN

Coronavirus in China was in the news for quite some time in early 2020 but was probably viewed by most people as the equivalent of SARS, a disease that would stay in the east and not affect us here in the UK. But, in a televised announcement on 23rd March, Prime Minister Boris Johnson spoke these shocking words:

'From this evening I must give the British people a very simple instruction – you must stay at home.' The Covid-19 (short for coronavirus disease 2019) pandemic had hit here and was going to be a huge problem. We could only go out for essential shopping, to collect medicines or for a short period of exercise each day. A few days later into March, we all received a (curiously undated) missive through our letterboxes – a letter from 10 Downing Street to remind us '… we are giving one simple instruction – you must stay at home'.

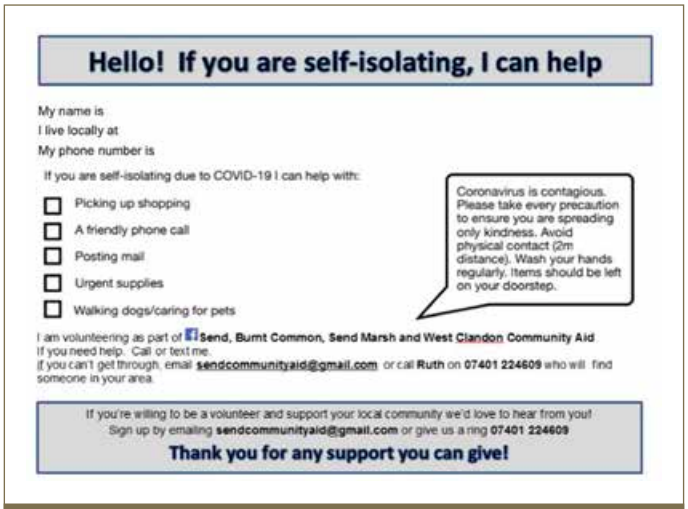
From then, life as we previously knew it came to an abrupt halt. Three weeks of lockdown was extended and eventually went on for several months, and life in Send as elsewhere throughout the UK and indeed around the globe became pretty surreal.

We mostly behaved in an exemplary way and obeyed the rules, although as ever there were some exceptions, with a few people heedlessly carrying on as normal. We could no longer hug our nearest and dearest unless they lived in the same household. No-one taken into hospital with Covid19 was allowed visitors; to add insult to injury, friends and relatives could only attend in very small numbers the funerals of those who died.

To emphasise the gravity of the situation, on 5th April the Queen gave one of her rare televised speeches, which began: "I am speaking to you at what I know is an increasingly challenging time. A time of disruption in the life of our country: a disruption that has brought grief to some, financial difficulties to many, and enormous changes to the daily lives of us all. I want to thank everyone on the NHS front line, as well as care workers and those carrying out essential roles, who selflessly continue their day-to-day duties outside the home in support of us all. We should take comfort that while we may have more still to endure, better days will return; we will be with our friends again; we will be with our families again; we will meet again."

SRHS member Pat Clack, 95, was interviewed for the Surrey Advertiser for a comparison of life in WWII and during lockdown. She commented, "We are not thrown together in quite the same way, but maybe we are beginning to be so in these past few weeks. I have had help with shopping, more phone calls, just generally keeping an eye on me while my family are not local – noticing if my light is on, etc".

Care home residents could only hope to speak to those outside via phone or zoom, which became the new normal means of getting together with groups. Send parish council (SPC) started to conduct its meetings via zoom and considered how it could help the community. Ruth Wilkinson had already set up the Send, Burnt Common, Send Marsh and West Clandon Community Aid (SCA) group and SCA members had leafleted residents with offers to shop and collect prescriptions. SPC agreed that the best course of action was to support that group with a financial donation plus the loan of equipment such as their laminator. The charity Send Help was forced to stop providing its usual services because many of its volunteers fell into the vulnerable over-70 age range, but they provided and delivered meals where they could and liaised with SCA.



Hello! If you are self-isolating, I can help

My name is
I live locally at
My phone number is

If you are self-isolating due to COVID-19 I can help with:

- ☐ Picking up shopping
- ☐ A friendly phone call
- ☐ Posting mail
- ☐ Urgent supplies
- ☐ Walking dogs/caring for pets

Coronavirus is contagious. Please take every precaution to ensure you are spreading only kindness. Avoid physical contact (2m distance). Wash your hands regularly. Items should be left on your doorstep.

I am volunteering as part of **Send, Burnt Common, Send Marsh and West Clandon Community Aid**
If you need help. Call or text me.
If you can't get through, email **sendcommunityaid@gmail.com** or call **Ruth** on **07401 224609** who will find someone in your area.

If you're willing to be a volunteer and support your local community we'd love to hear from you!
Sign up by emailing **sendcommunityaid@gmail.com** or give us a ring **07401 224609**

Thank you for any support you can give!

A leaflet for use by SCA volunteers

McColls (Send)

Non-essential shops were told to close. Those that were allowed to remain open posted notices on their doors about how to behave inside. We grew accustomed to queuing on the two-metres-apart footprints showing us where to stand, following the one-way arrows, and keeping our distance from other people. We all adopted a new vocabulary including *lockdown, self-isolation, shielding, social distancing, furlough, bubble, PPE, the R number, quarantine and track & trace.*

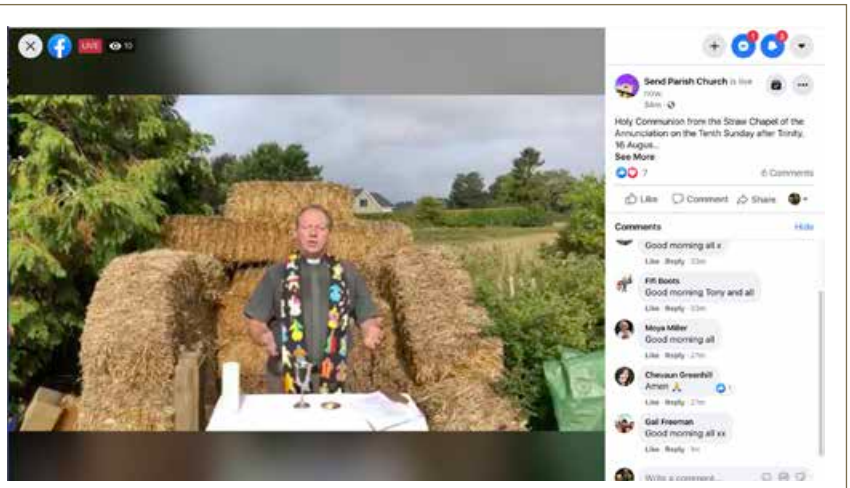
Halls, pubs, churches, offices and restaurants all closed. Social events, including weddings, were stopped. People struggled to work from home and juggle their children too. Only the children of key workers and those under the supervision of a social worker could go to school, and then only as long as strict social distancing measures were put in place. At the beginning of June, reception, and pupils from years one and six were allowed to return but with a maximum class size of 15. Some fearful parents chose to continue home-schooling with materials provided by Send Primary School. The Villages Medical Centre (VMC) stopped seeing patients face to-face unless 'at the request of a clinician' and telephone consultations soon became the norm. Well-behaved socially-distanced queues formed outside Boots at the VMC to collect prescriptions.

At the start of the coronavirus pandemic UK government advisers suggested that 20,000 UK deaths would be a good outcome. But the death rate steadily rose to, at the time of writing, over 45,000. The UK was slower than many other countries in telling people what Covid-19 symptoms to look out for, with a heavy focus on cough and fever. A loss of taste and smell was added to the UK's official list of symptoms on May 18th, more than a month later than in France and almost a month after a study suggested these as clinical symptoms of infection. UK borders were also kept open. Neighbours have told me that they'd had Covid-like symptoms as early as December/January, and I'm sure the number of cases reported must be well below the true figure.

Unable to use the main building, the ever-resourceful pastor of St Mary's, Tony Shutt, built the Straw Chapel of the Annunciation at the vicarage. Services were live-streamed via facebook. The Straw Chapel was constructed from re-purposed bales left over from the crib scene Tony had made in the churchyard during December 2019.

It was dedicated for use on 25th March, and named after the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Lord to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Tony painted a little icon of the annunciation which was placed in the chapel. It depicts a socially-distanced Mary and the angel, two metres apart!

Send Scrubs set up its HQ in the Send Evangelical Church (SEC) hall on the Broadmeads and co-ordinated the making of masks, scrubs and hats from there. The Send Crafts4U group that evolved from last year's 'Get Creative' event was of course no longer able to meet in the SEC hall, so its sessions were run via zoom or socially distanced on Send Rec.



St Mary's, Send. Holy Communion as experienced on facebook

A new group called Send Rocks was set up by Emily Renaud, an enterprising young resident of Send Marsh. She writes: 'After being furloughed from work at the end of March I wanted to find a way to cheer people up and stay connected during the quarantine. I recalled seeing some painted rocks in the Forest of Dean a few years ago which had brought me so much joy at the time that I thought this would be the perfect way to lighten up the days of quarantine. My family broke out some old paints, got some stones from the garden and got busy. I set up a facebook group on April 1st and we placed the painted rocks around the village. Before too long people started signing up and two months later we had over 200 members in our creative community, and a whopping 600-plus posts of people designing and finding rocks. I couldn't be prouder walking around Send and seeing all the brightly-coloured rocks people have put out. It's amazing that something so small, created a community so large, so supportive and so creative.'

Send Rocks' popularity grew via facebook and many amateur local artists both young and old painted pebbles, some with messages thanking the NHS for their work during the pandemic and others just good to look at when people took the hour of outdoor exercise that was all that we were allowed. SPC has decided to preserve some of the rocks in a permanent feature on Send Rec.

People also put up rainbows of hope in their windows, and slogans in support of NHS workers. The New Inn started a very popular takeaway service.

GCSE and A-level exams were cancelled and results will be based on estimates. As someone who worked for the exam board AQA, I can only imagine what the chaotic fallout from that will be! Universities closed their campuses, held final exams online and virtual degree ceremonies. One Send Road resident qualified as a doctor and her mother commented: "After six long years of study and an underwhelming virtual graduation ceremony (Hippocratic oath spoken via zoom), Doctor Georgina Blake starts her first official day as a junior doctor on July 28th. A proper degree ceremony is planned for March 2021, all being well. By then Georgie

A small selection of painted rocks

will have been working as a doctor for a year since they were sent early onto the front line due to Covid."

Because the Lancaster Hall and Send Village Club couldn't open, volunteers spent time there freshening them up with new paint and the club got a new kitchen. The caretaker repainted the front of the parish office.

As we emerged into the bright sunshine of early July, we installed a new exhibit in the old Send phone box celebrating how we'd been spending our time since late March. Entitled *Send in Lockdown*, passers-by were initially worried by the large sign on the back wall that it was starting all over again! Not so: it was a record of the many different ways in which life had changed for us during the weeks we spent in self-isolation. The first children to return to Send Primary had made

The back wall of the phone box including the prime minister's March letter

paper chains of gratitude which went on display. Send Scrubs contributed two heads, one with a mask and the other a scrubs hat, plus statistics of what they and the Community Aid Group had achieved by then. The Lockdown exhibit will remain in place until 11th September when it will be replaced by one about the lovely Wey Navigation. Many of us spent happy times there taking our originally-allocated one hour's exercise walking, running or cycling along the towpath. We'd probably never before appreciated so much the great countryside on our doorstep.

The May Fair was cancelled and a lot of bunting that had been made to display in the centre of Send for the 75th anniversary of VE Day was instead put up outside people's homes. Some held 3pm socially-distanced picnics in their gardens on May 8th, the bank holiday having been moved from May 4th. Pat Clack decorated the Send blacksmith in red, white and blue for the occasion as reported in Journal 273. The Scouts' usual November bonfire has already been cancelled.

As July and August progressed, the 'new normal' included the reopening of many more shops, pubs and restaurants. But checkout staff were protected behind plastic screens and customers had to wear masks – something unprecedented in this country. Many businesses will never recover from their enforced long period of closure.

As I conclude this article on 9th August, social distancing continues and several areas of the country have had to go back into lockdown because of a rise in the number of cases there. Those of us who are overweight or obese have been told to lose weight to reduce our susceptibility to the worst effects of the pandemic. Anyone returning from a holiday in various countries has to quarantine for 14 days; we can still only have one other household in our home at a time, or up to six people in our gardens (I think). Frankly, the rules have been updated so many times with variations between the four nations of the UK that we've all become a little confused about who can do what. And many thoughtless people are congregating on packed beaches in our 30-degree-plus heatwave. The New Inn pub's garden has also been crammed at times. In a newspaper article today, the prime minister said it was the 'national priority' to get all pupils back into classrooms in September after months without in-person education. 'This pandemic isn't over, and the last thing any of us can afford to do is become complacent,' he wrote. 'But now that we know enough to reopen schools to all pupils safely, we have a moral duty to do so.' Under new plans reportedly being drawn up by Boris Johnson, pubs, restaurants and even shops would close before schools in the event of severe local lockdowns.

This is my personal story: Our first grandson was born two days into lockdown. Not a tragedy, but desperately upsetting. After three weeks of self-isolating, I broke all the rules and went to stay with my daughter's family for a fortnight, since they were struggling with a wailing first-born, sleepless nights and no support…

30 POTTERS LANE, ALSO KNOWN AS 2 OXFORD COTTAGES: AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE

CLARE McCANN

Oxford Cottages (photo Clare McCann)

The society has a new member, Paul Mahon, who lives in Leicester. His great-grandmother, whose surname was Cakebread, lived at 30 Potters Lane, Send, and her son Frederick Prior moved in with his wife Marjorie some time in the 1930s. They had three children, all born there. The children, Hazel, Derek, and Paul's mother, Edna, all went to Send Primary School. Paul also attended the school in the early 1970s but only for three months; even so he apparently is listed in our book *Two Surrey Village Schools*. At the time the headmistress was still Miss Perrin, who had also taught his mother.

Paul Mahon's grandfather died at 30 Potters Lane in 1956 and his grandmother in 1982. His grandfather was a lot older than his grandmother and had been married before. His first wife was called Eliza Spooner. He says the family was from Send and apparently were florists back in the day. (I wonder if she was related to Spooners who ran a market garden?). Paul asks whether there are any Spooners left in Send?

His nanna's neighbours, who he recalls from the 60s and 70s, were Miss May Whitborn (next door), Mr and Mrs Charlie Bigwood, Miss Parrot and, across the road, Mr & Mrs Giles. The corner shop was run by Mr & Mrs Bert Lemon.

He knows 30 Potters Lane was owned at the time his family lived there by a man called Mr May (presumably

the Mays of Ashburton House) as he says he lived in Send in a big house on the other side of the river, but he would love to know more about the family house and when it was built (and why they were named Oxford Cottages) and would like to hear from anyone who remembers his family.

I had just written up these details for the journal when it crossed my mind to send the query to our members Janet and Trevor Tice. Trevor's family were local builders and I thought that they might have built 30 Potters Lane. This was the surprising news which they were able to send to Paul Mahon:

'Well, what a surprise we had this morning when we opened our emails and found the query you had sent to SRHS. Clare sent it to me as my husband Trevor was born in Send and she wondered if we knew anything which would help her to reply to your enquiry. Well, we do. You and Trevor are second cousins! In our family photograph album we have a picture of your grandmother, Marjorie, and Trevor's mother, also called Marjorie, with a very young Hazel and Derek outside Oxford Cottage. Trevor's mother was a Cakebread. Her father, Harry Cakebread, was Frederick Prior's half-brother.

Trevor remembers making frequent visits to Aunty Marj at Oxford Cottage with his mother when he was young and I remember going there with Trevor when we were married. Trevor asks if you remember the sounds and smells from the laundry next door? It has been replaced with houses now. He wonders whether it was your father who was a prison officer or was that your uncle? [Paul confirmed that it was his father] You mention the Bigwood family - Trevor's mum was a bridesmaid at Ivy Bigwood's wedding. Do you remember hearing stories about Great Granny Eliza Cakebread who lived in Birds Nest Cottage further up Potters Lane? Her sister was Stephen Spooner's wife. The sisters were born in Essex and Eliza is first recorded in Send with her family on the 1891 Census. You even have a mention on our (very rough and ready!) family tree going back to 1753 in Gilston, which is just over the Essex border in Hertfordshire.

You ask if there are any Spooners left in Send. As far as we know there are none. We think that Trevor's grandfather, Harry, was apprenticed to Stephen Spooner (probably due to the family connection), and Harry continued to work for him until the late 1920s. We have reports from the Send Parish Magazine recording the celebration of Mr and Mrs Spooner's Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1913 and the burial of Susan Spooner the following year. Mr Spooner died in 1939 at the ripe old age of 97.'

Quite a coincidence but we still do not know when the cottages were built or why they are called Oxford Cottages…can anyone help?

Marjorie Prior, Paul Mahon's grandmother, is on the left and Trevor's mother, who was Marjorie Cakebread at the time, is holding Derek (photo courtesy Trevor Tice)

MUSEUM NEWS

RICHARD DAVIES

LIFE IN SEND MARSH 35 – 60 YEARS AGO

Clare McCann delivered a brown briefcase dug out from the museum store to provide me with something to do during lockdown – to read through the enclosed papers and catalogue its contents. What interesting papers or artefacts would I find? It turned out to be paperwork from the Send Marsh Residents Association – mainly minutes of committee meetings and newsletters.

As you might imagine, not the most interesting papers to read through, but they do shed light on Send Marsh community life half a century ago. Some members may remember these times from being involved in the Association or attending children's events. Other incoming members may like to know what village life was like at the time.

The Residents Association appears to have been formed in early 1953, formalising an existing group, with free membership. The first meeting was held in the Saddler's Arms and later meetings often held in committee members' homes. On 2nd June 1953 the Association held Coronation celebrations on The Green, including a children's party, bonfire and fireworks (costing £12). They also organised the 5th November bonfire and fireworks and continued to do so until it was wound up and the Scouts took on the role.

The Association's main business seems to have been organising various activities for residents. In 1958, for example, they included whist and bridge drives, a seaside outing, table tennis, babysitting, a visit to Chessington Zoo, a car treasure hunt, harvest supper, a pantomime and a children's Christmas party.

The Whitsun fete was the main fund-raising event and included a fancy dress parade and children's races. Jumble sales and raffles were also organised to raise funds.

Besides social events the Association also concerned itself with local facilities including the provision of a bus shelter, resurfacing of Tuckey Grove, the May's Corner to Send Dip speed limit, improvements to and upkeep of The Green, provision of a footpath to the then A3, and a travelling library. In March 1976 concerns were raised about a possible extension of sand extraction at Manor Road, with extensions already at Crickets Hill and Prews farm. In 1980 complaints were continuing to be made about Hall's lorries. It also made donations to help the community and at Christmas made a present of biscuits to older residents.

Some concerns are familiar today, including development proposals for Wisley Airfield and incidents of vandalism on The Green; newly-planted trees being broken off and seats damaged, to be replaced by the concrete-ended seats seen on The Green today.

Activities remained similar throughout the life of the Association, although the Whitsun fete seems to be replaced by the summer fete, and harvest supper disappears along with whist and bridge drives and babysitting. These changes reflected wider changes in society.

The Association was formally dissolved in 31st December 1983 due to lack of support, with physical assets going mainly to the Scouts and monies being distributed to the Scouts and Girl Guides in Send and Ripley, Send and Ripley play schools and first and middle schools.

All of the papers are now available at the museum and we should be pleased to hear from any members with anecdotes, documents or photos concerning the Association.

LETTERS

JANET TICE WRITES:

No doubt Pat Clack has already told you but we spotted a mistake in J273. In the article from Forty Years Ago about the closure of grocery shops it says that the post office on Send Road 'operated as Forrest Stores, owned by Mr Jimmy Lucas of Sandmore, Send Hill'. This should read 'operated as Barretts Stores, owned by Mr Tommy Lucas'. It was written incorrectly in the original article 40 years ago. This is the same Tommy Lucas who was mentioned in Cameron Brown's article in J244, page 12 about hidden dolls which were found in the former Town & Country Cars - Suzuki garage. The Send store was one of the many stores Tommy Lucas ran.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS AND PUBLICATIONS

OUR NEXT ZOOM MEETING WILL BE ON 29TH SEPTEMBER FOR WHICH YOU WILL BE SENT A ZOOM CODE BY EMAIL. CATE DAVEY PLANS TO GIVE A TALK ON THE SPIKE.

THE MUSEUM IS NOW OPEN, BY APPOINTMENT ONLY – FOR DETAILS CONTACT CLARE McCANN ON 01483 728546.

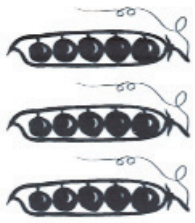
THE NEW EXHIBITION IS ENTITLED 'PLAGUES AND PANDEMICS – LOOKING FOR CURES' INCLUDING DR STOUGHTON'S ELIXIR.

OTHER EVENTS MUST REMAIN ON HOLD UNTIL A FURTHER RELAXATION OF LOCKDOWN MEASURES AND THE RE-OPENING OF THE VILLAGE HALL.

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		£1.25
Then and Now, A Victorian Walk Around Ripley	Reprinted 2004/07	£4.00
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	£2.00
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	£8.00
Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools		£10.00
The Parish Church of St Mary Magdalen Ripley, Surrey		£5.00
Memories of War		£8.00
Map of WW2 Bomb Sites in Send, Ripley and Pyrford		£2.50
Memories of War and Map of Bomb Sites		£10.00
Send and Ripley Walks (revised edition)		£7.50
Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin		£8.00
Special Offer: Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley		£10.00
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



Visit Ripley Farmers' Market on the second Saturday of every month. Fresh local produce in a wonderful village atmosphere from 9am until 1pm on Ripley Village Green