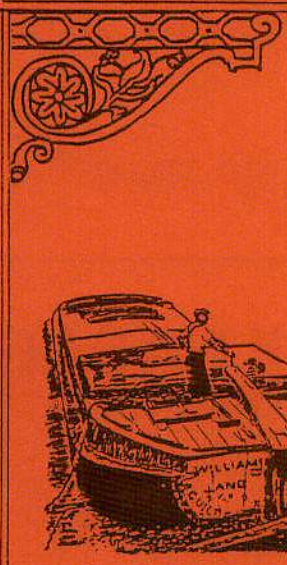
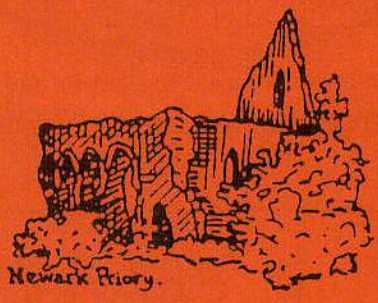
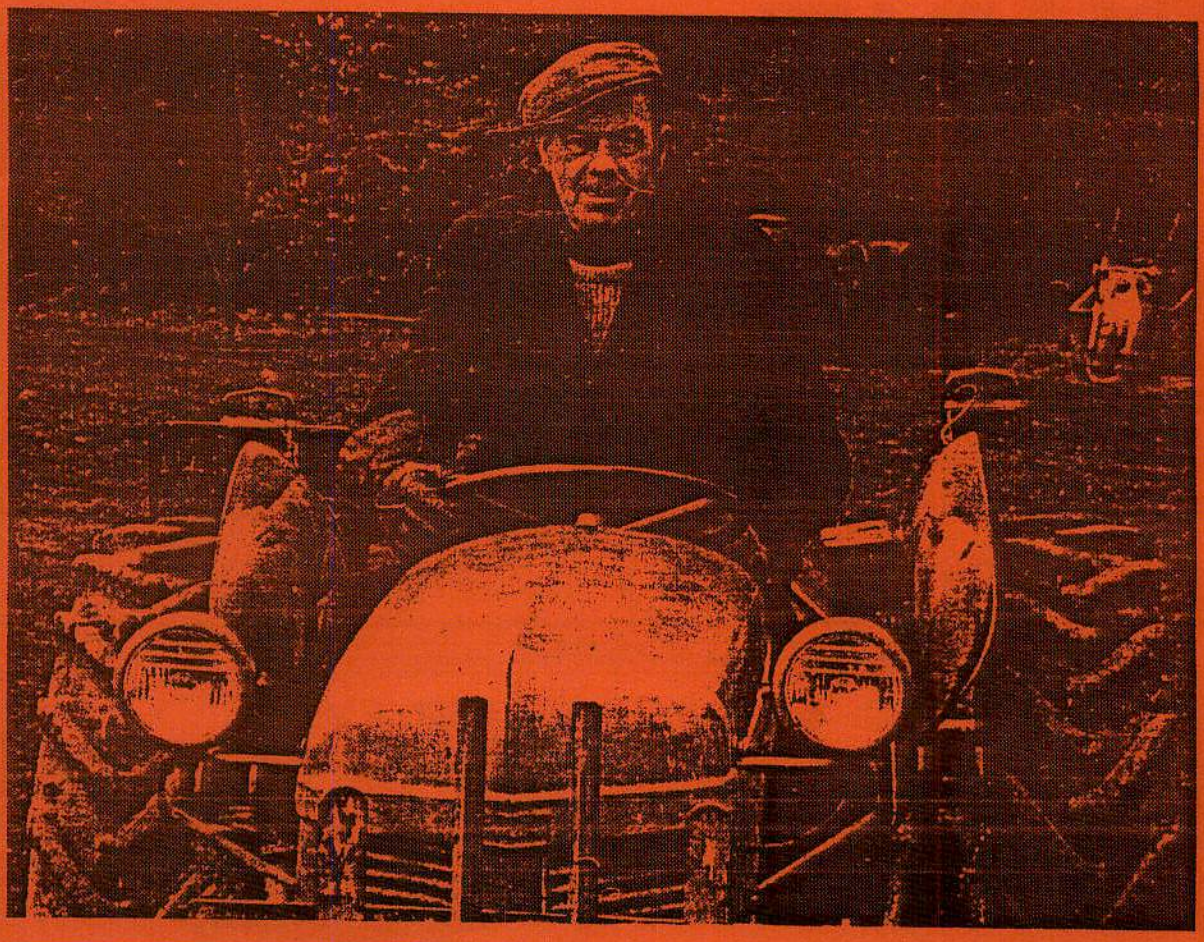
Send & Ripley History Society





Newsletter No.97 March/April 1991



Send & Ripley History Society

Established 1975 as Send History Society

Registered Charity No. 296324

Chairman: Mr J M Slatford

St George's Farmhouse, High Street, Ripley (Guildford 222107)

Secretary: Mrs A Sykes

Kevan Cottage, Clandon Road, Send (Guildford 222060)

Treasurer: Mrs P Medlen

Muir House, Broklyn Road, Woking (Woking 760021)

Newsletter Editor: Dr R L Gale

44 Newark Lane, Ripley (Guildford 211536)

Typed by Mrs Chris Parker.

Newsletter No 97 March/April 1991

Contents **Page Number**

Cover Illustration: This shows Bill Styles, a member of the Society who died earlier this year. Bill was born in Ockham in 1914 and lived all his life in this area, mostly in Send. His memories, recorded by the Society, are reported in this issue of the Newsletter and form a fitting tribute to a man who was uncomplaining with a keen sense of humour.

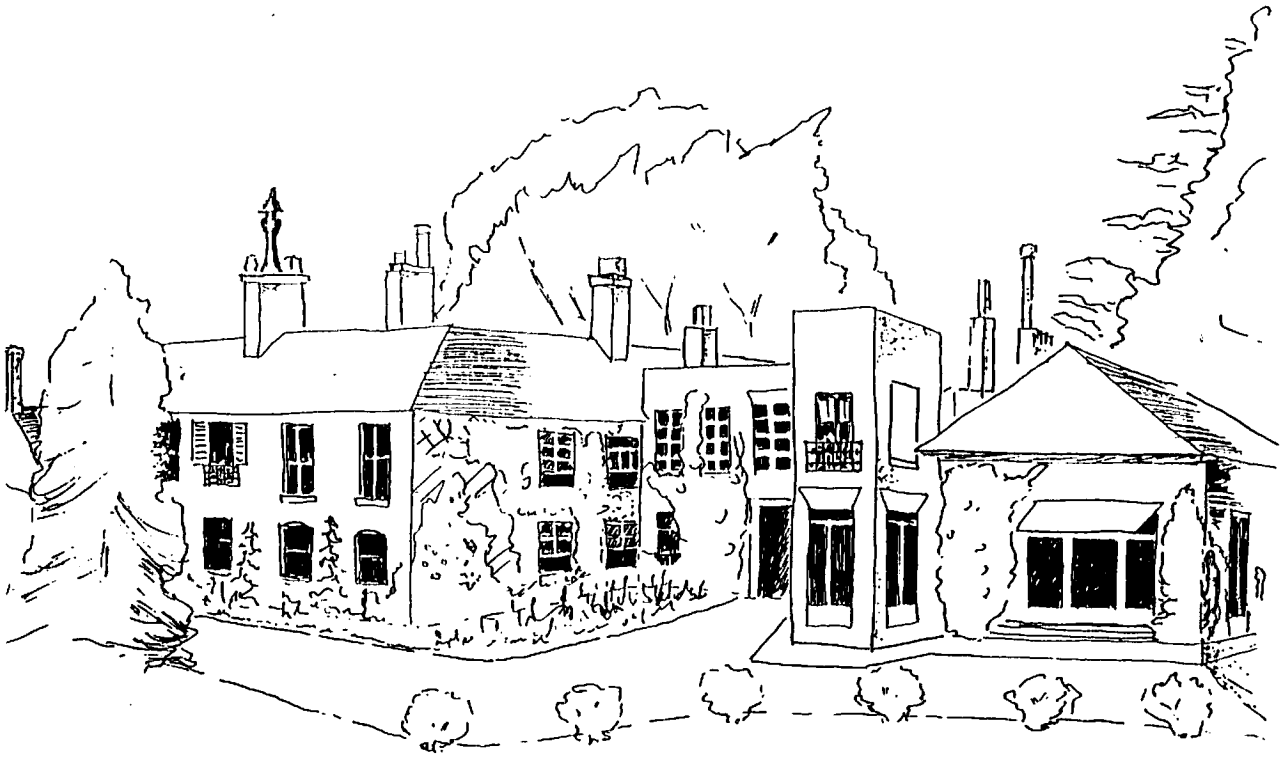
RIPLEY HOUSE - A HISTORY OF OWNERSHIP

By Jane Bartlett

A collection of deeds has now enabled us to trace the earliest history of Ripley House.

Ripley House, standing at the London end of the High Street, was built by Henry Pawley, gentleman of Cliffords Inn, on land formerly part of Hogstye field, bought from Thomas Lord Onslow. In addition to the existing messuage, stables, courtyard, gardens, orchard and two acres of land, a further five roods of land at the North corner was bought in December 1720, and also a parcel of land of two roods "to lay dung" at the South end of the stables (presumably the walled garden at the end of Pear Tree Cottage). This then puts the initial construction in the early 18th century.

At his death, Henry Pawley left the house to his three sisters; Martha Mabanke and Sarah Heyman, both of Guildford, and Katherine Allen of Newark Mill. As Katherine had already died, her share came to her daughter, Hannah (of what is now Yew Tree House). It seems that in 1731 Henry had intended to convey the messuage to Charles Pinkney (late of South Carolina and now of St Martins-in-the-Field). So, as all three had homes of their own, they sold Ripley House to Charles Pinkney in 1759. This started a period of "outsiders" buying the house as an investment and leasing it, often as a "dower" house. It was quite normal in those days, before the formation of building societies, to lease a property for a period of years rather than tie up one's capital, and also for those with capital to invest in property. (In the census returns, occupation or profession is sometimes given as "proprietor of houses".) So we have, for example, the following owners or tenants:- a Mrs Francis Basil, a widow of Turnham Green in 1774. Then it came as a marriage settlement to Elizabeth Brickenden of Wincanton, Somerset. In 1808 Charles Cambridge of Whitminster, in Gloucester, sold to Mrs Sarah Lonsdale, a widow from Peckham, who already owned a farm and estate in Hertfordshire and a house in Welbeck Street. Her son-in-law, on her death, sold it to the Rt Hon Henry Lawes, Earl of Carhampton, in the Kingdom of Ireland. In 1820 it was sold for £2500 to a Major Henry Court, a Captain in the Honorable East India Company Corps of Artillery. Does this huge price reflect the substantial additions made



Ripley House.
Traced from Watercolour
picture c1890's

to the property? In 1862 John Leland Maquay Esq, of Ashford House, Mondsterium, Queen's County, Ireland, sold to Captain Cerjat of South Sea, Commander of the Royal Navy, who in turn leased it to a widow from the Isle of Wight for £114 17s 0d a year.

So, there were often absentee owners and often widows for tenants. Problems frequently arose. For example, the property had been left in trust for the two sons of Stephen Barbut, but because of their minority, the money paid in 1795 by Charles Cambridge had to be invested in 3% consolidated bank annuities until the title could be completed, and in the meantime he paid a peppercorn rent, then the young Barbut died, still a minor, in the East Indies. In 1835, when George Maquay died, it was found that his will, probated in County Armagh, had been drawn up before he had purchased the Ripley property. This same Maquay was one of the two owners who said that his respective wife "might not dower out the property", as they had other marriage settlements made. In 1874, Henry Lawes, Earl of Carhampton, had to make recovery of the property from his tenant

It is disappointing that not much is said about the house itself, and the obvious extensions of different periods (vide N/L 58). Most leases mention the two pews and square seat on the North side of the communion table in the chapel of Ripley. The name Ripley House did not appear until a deed of 1862. Some description of the interior is given with its fixtures and fittings in a lease of 1815, and I tried to sort out the present identity of "Back Chamber, Sitting Room, Large Back Chamber, Front Room, Principal Drawing Room, Dining Parlour, Breakfast Room and Hall". They certainly needed many servants if they kept fires going in all the stoves listed:- Rumford stoves in many of the rooms, "an elegant engraved and polished steel register stove with shifting front" in the principal drawing room, a "japanned register stove" in the dining parlour. I wonder which room had sufficient doors to boast eight finger plates, and what was the significance of the green Venetian sunshade in the breakfast room? The kitchen was well supplied with a "wind up range" and three stewing stoves. The tenants were ordered to keep the paper hangings and the marble chimney pieces in good order. We no longer have the weather vane on the coach house, and no traces remain of duck house, hen house and calf pen.

There is still evidence of the previous owners' pride in the gardens. Three acres of meadowland was leased for some years from the Earl of Lovelace in 1856 on the understanding that the land "must be cultivated, used and manured in a husbandlike manner". Tenants were told to look after the kitchen gardens, lawns and pleasure gardens. They were told not to harm the trees, saplings, pollard trees or shrubs and to replace them if diseased. Unfortunately, the gales of 1990 took the deodars at the front of the house, many of the cedars and chestnuts from the once leased woodland, and a purple beech from the garden itself. Luckily one of the three plane trees and the giant cedar of Lebanon, at least 150 years old, are still standing in the pleasure gardens of Ripley House.

Thanks are due to Miss R Onslow for allowing us access to early deeds.

Mr BILL STYLES

Memories Recorded by Jane Bartlett and Mavis Lake

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr Bill Styles, one of the members of our Society. After over 60 years spent in Send, he had many stories to tell us of early days there. We were very lucky in being able to record an interview with him in 1989. This is not intended to be a formal obituary, but at the same time we, on behalf of the Society, would like to express our condolences to his family.

Mr Stiles was born in Woodbine Cottage, Ockham, in 1914, and first went to Ockham School. His earliest memories were of getting water from the well with a bucket on a pole and being told to put the frogs back. Before school he used to collect a jug of milk from the farm, and was frequently in trouble for getting dirt in it. Sometimes, after school, he brought down the carthorses from the high field (now Wisley Airfield) in return for a bag of pears or other produce. He and his sister were often frightened by old Sally Edgell (her photograph is on the front cover of "Looking Back"), who, when gathering firewood, used to jump out at them from behind the furze bushes.

His father died when he was five, and although his mother moved to Bridgefoot Cottage and did odd jobs for Lady Lovelace, she could not afford to bring up the two boys, so he and his younger brother went to Banstead Orphanage. There the older ones had to look after the younger ones. They mended their socks and were punished if there was a hole in them. One punishment consisted of cleaning 50 pairs of boots. There was no dinner for any child who wet its bed. Wrists and ankles were often chapped in the winter, and were scrubbed till they bled. His brother, George, died of diphtheria aged 7, while still at the orphanage, but Bill came home to Send, aged 12, when his mother married again. What was so typical of Bill was that he did not complain about these hardships, but merely said "It taught you to fight for yourself."

Certainly he still had the same high spirits of the other boys of Send. They used to get a halfpenny each for catching rats, so they used to pass the same rat round amongst friends, until Mr Boorman "cottoned on" and kept the bodies! They put a finger under the scales while distracting Miss May's attention, so that the penny for sweets went further. Bits and scraps from the rubbish trench near Joe Baigent's farm (now the recreation ground) were built into primitive bicycles, and on these, at night, they cycled down through the furze opposite the Lancaster Hall, without brakes or lights, and "going like the clappers".

LIke most children at that time, he had Saturday jobs. He pushed a hand cart delivering logs (25 logs for a shilling). He picked strawberries for Mr Boorman and received one penny a pound in tokens, not cash. He was an errand boy at the Co-Op, and had the honour of putting out a box for the speaker to stand on at the opening ceremony of the store at the corner of Wharf Lane.

We were given an impression of an earlier Send. He remembered Sale's laundry down Wharf Lane with its drying fields. The tannery had a bell which rang every morning

at 7 am. The tanning pits were 6' square and 4' deep; the drying sheds had movable slats (as a boy he put his hand in and pulled out a snake skin "I put it back quick"). Threshing was done with two large steam engines at the rickyard at Mays Corner. In the field where the Catholic church now stands, Mr Tice kept his horse, "Prince", which pulled the funeral cart. In Sandy Lane where the bungalows are now was Canon Cook's large walled garden (where boys used to scrump apples), and instead of the Red Cross hut, there were the stables of Hester, the butcher. It was Hester who was the first to move into the new parade of shops near the corner of Sandy Lane. Before that there was only the one shop, the greengrocers-cum-fish shop of Mrs Oldland.

Bill's first job, aged 14, was one of the dozen walking boys at Gordon Stuart's kennels at Send Manor. He walked the Great Danes six days a week for £1. Later the boys were given distinctive green coloured bicycles to do the exercising. ("If you put the right dogs in the right order you didn't have to pedal - they pulled you along.") After a short period with the Water Board, he went in 1933 to Franks & Harris in Guildford, where he stayed for 47 years (that included his war service in the Royal Engineers). Amongst other public works, he worked on the air strip at Brooklands and helped put the hoggin on Wisley Airfield as a base for the Norland's concrete finish.

After he retired, he acted, until three years ago, as Water Bailiff in control of the fishing for the Woking Angling Society on the stretch from Worsfold Gates to Triggs Lock. He no longer saw the otters he used to see as a boy, but often watched mink and king-fishers while on his rounds. He was so much part of the river scene that Nancy Larcombe, the artist and author, painted his portrait by the river at Walsham Gates.

Mr Bill Styles' enjoyment of life and his vivid way of describing events will be much missed.

THE 16th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

February 27 1991

The meeting was held at the Manor House, Send Marsh, due to the double booking of the Red Cross Centre, Send. Because of an extremely wet evening, only 22 members were present. Our Chairman, John Slatford, gave his report on the past year, saying it had been a busy and successful one, the two highlights being the visit in October of the Surrey Archaeological Society, and the publication of our "Walk About Ripley". He concluded by thanking the Committee for all their hard work connected with these events, and all the others involving the Society.

The Treasurer, Patricia Medlen, expressed her thanks to Peter Spindler for auditing our accounts. She pointed out the ever rising costs of running the Society, but even so, we continue to have a surplus of income over expenditure, mainly due to the sale of our publications.

Audrey Sykes, Secretary, gave a brief report on the groups within the Society, namely the Buildings Group in the charge of Tony Medlen, which is not as busy as in past years, due to the notable buildings in the area having been visited. The Documentary Group, with Bette Slatford in charge, still has records to transcribe. Mention was made of our stall at the Surrey Local History Council Symposium at the University, and of the social, which was again a success, although numbers were rather down.

Les Bowerman, Membership Secretary, reported a membership of 294, 25 fewer than last year.

The outgoing Committee proposed a motion that although we are a comparatively wealthy society, the subscription should be raised to keep in line with ever increasing costs. All agreed, after a proposal by Tony Medlen, seconded by Ted Goldup, that the subscription should be raised to £4 for singles and £6 for couples.

At this point John Slatford vacated the chair, but returned on his immediate re-election. The other officers, namely, Tony Medlen, Vice-Chairman, Audrey Sykes, Secretary, Patricia Medlen, Treasurer, and Les Bowerman, Membership Secretary, all continue in their posts.

Except for Wendy Vincent, who did not stand again, the remaining Committee were also re-elected, ie Ken Bourne, Anne Bowerman, Bob Gale, Rosalie and Terry Hewitt, Bette Slatford and Ted Goldup. Bob Gale intimated that he would continue as Newsletter Editor for one more year.

Under any other business, Bob Gale paid tribute to Chris and Geoff Parker for their selfless help and co-operation in producing the Newsletter, of which the 100th edition will be October this year. John Slatford brought up the question of a tea rota, which up to now has always been prepared and washed up by the same few people.

The meeting ended with a brief question and answer session on local subjects, and thanks to Les Bowerman for offering his house as an alternative venue for the meeting.

Audrey Sykes, Secretary

MINERAL EXTRACTION

By Les Bowerman

Further to part 6 of the series of occasional notes under this heading, published in N/L 95/4, Bob Whapshott adds, in relation to the clay pit at the corner of Send Marsh Road, opposite "The Kilns" (No 7 on the map at page 6), that his father was 8-9 years old when brick making ceased at the kilns. This would have been in 1900. In fact there is a mistake about this in the schedule entry No 7 at page 5. It should have read "Believed used second half of ***the 19th*** *century." Bob also informs us that the brickyard at Green Lane closed at the same time. The brickmakers were members of the Daw or Dawes family. Some of their bricks are identifiable by the large letter "D" in the frog.*

---

100 YEARS AGO - EXTRACTS FROM "BICYCLING NEWS"

Contributed by Les Bowerman

From "Bicycling News" 4/4/1891

W. J. Lewis, landlord of the White Hart, does simple cycle repairs at Ripley promptly and well. He charges pretty well, but those knowing how badly temporary repairs can be done will not grumble.

* * * *

There was a nice convivial concert last Monday at the "Anchor," Ripley, where Miss Mason presided at the piano. Syd Lee recited and Bert Mason (a born comic), Alf Dibble, Tacagni, and others assisted.

* * * *

Plentiful notices are placed by the local authorities along the road between Ripley and Guildford to the effect that "no riding on the path is permitted," but as far as cycling is concerned these are superfluous, as the road is excellent, and as, at the present time, the said path is in one place simply a mass of new laid stones, and in another nothing better than a strip of damp grass with a worn track along it calculated to make the lot of the cycle rider along it an unhappy one.

The following paean to the Ripley Road is from 11 April 1891 issue of the newly inaugurated weekly "Cycling". It is interesting to note that "Cycling" used what we regard as the American spelling of "favorite" and "parlor".

The Ripley Road! The very name is so familiar that it almost seems hackneyed. But the popularity of the old road never seems to deteriorate, and we suppose it never will. It is not our wish to extol it here in this brief article over and above all others; its praises have, perhaps, been sung too often already, and none know better than we that better roads, and prettier, exist. But then, the history of it! Curious and startling are the annals which attach to most roadways leading out of London; they were famed in the old coaching days, or patronised by the ***Reckless Highwayman.***

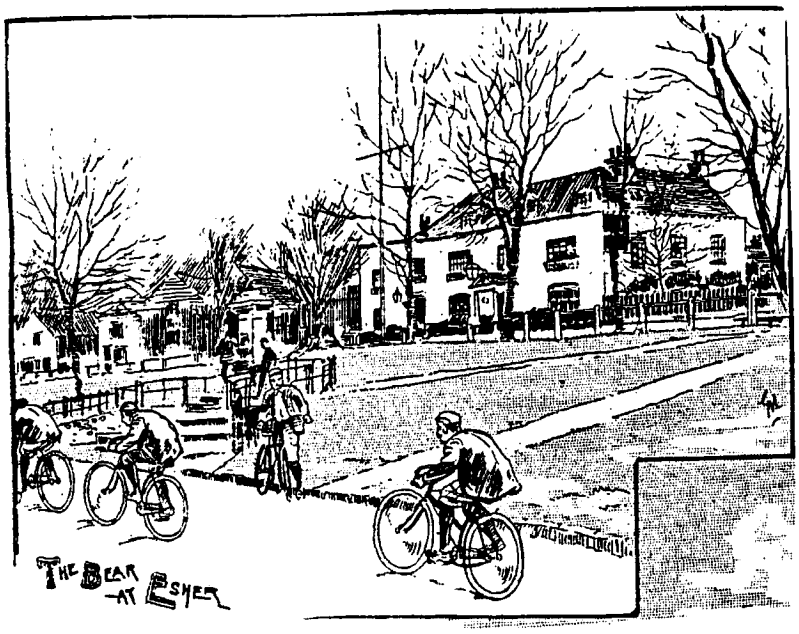
But we have to deal with that more modern branch - the history of the wheel. And who can say that the famed and favorite way of cyclers does not play a most important part in the sport's history? One can easily follow us in imagination to the well-known haunts of wheelmen, with which the road is replete. You will find yourself spinning away through Richmond Park, over a good surface, through an expanse of park land of extreme beauty, over which rushes a slight breeze, ***Laden with Pleasing Perfumes.*** *One whirls, through it all too quickly; here a climb, and there a rush down; out over a cobbled gateway, and along a common, till the "New Inn" at Ham is reached. This is a corner nearest town where the cycler loves to stay. The surroundings are pretty enough, but the inn is not so quaint an hostelry as those to be met with farther afield. Quite homely, however, always overflowing with good cheer, and never deserted by wheel riders, it is foremost as one of* ***The favorite houses*** *on "the road." Thence to Ditton one skims a roadway which, by its alluring smoothness, tempts many a cycler into speed trials with some companion awheel, or with some unknown wheelrider who may chance to raise the British dander by flitting by too swiftly.*

Round through the busy marketing town of Kingston by Thames, where the cycle is as ordinary a sight (and sometimes nuisance perhaps) to the side-way walker as the common house-fly. Away with a ring along the esplanade, past a crowd of boating people in varied colored attire - with the river down on the right lapping along like shimmering quick-silver in the sunlight, bearing here and there a pleasure-boat resplendent with the charm of female costume in all its gorgeousness or quietude of color - and urging forward on good wheels, we pass the home of an early champion - Jack Keen, . . .

Then here is the historic "Angel;" somewhat robbed of its antiquity by the addition of a modern frontage and bar, but still ancient and interesting in the main. The old back room - low, small, and cosy - has sheltered, and still shelters, some of the jewels of the pastime. The charms of the old inn are in no small measure enhanced by the matronly care of Mrs. Ayres for the cycler's welfare.

Pleasing in the summer sunshine to loiter for awhile in front of the old hostelry; to lie stretched on the grass plot, or to sit on the old seat under the hollow tree, and watch the wheelmen as they whirl round the corner, "baked," hot, and thirsty. Pleasing to see them refresh themselves in the bar, and then saunter around, descanting upon the merits or demerits of this machine and that, of this tyre and the other, or discussing the latest and most prodigious topic of the hour.

From "The Angel" the road commences to spread its charms before us, through Esher up the long hill past the race-course to the top of ***Horseshoe Clump Hill,*** *where cyclers can glory in the expanse of view, the undulating nature of the country, so picturesque, and so charming in its variety; they, too, have noticed, as you will, the healthy odor borne over the range of pretty gorse-bedecked common in front of you; they also will have crept lazily along over the fair mile, with the scented breeze fanning their cheeks into a healthy tinge, as it does yours, till you rush down the "Tartar" hill irresistibly, flushed with excitement at the mad pace your wheels attain. Then you are in Cobham; Preparatory to continuing the journey Ripleywards, often enough will you find them stretched or* ***Seated in the sunshine*** *on this bridge here at the foot of Pain's Hill, watching the*



water as it falls foaming and seething, shimmering and sparkling forth a thousand beauties as the sunlight catches it and turns it into a rushing silver flood tumbling down before you, and then stretching away through green meadow-lands dotted here and there with foam until it fades into a narrow streak. Up this shady hill, where the banks rear up on either side so wealthy with the growth of ferns and cooling greenery, and that pretty bridge spanning its centre from side to side, they admire at the top of Pain's Hill a splendid avenue of firs, Red Hill stretching away picturesquely in the distance. With a dash down the other side, you once more find yourself spinning over common land, with here and there black patches of straight, pointed firs, and one or two almost imperceptible rises and falls in the road, till a curving descent brings "The Hut" and Wisley pond in sight. And here is a marvel of beauty; the scene is almost Canadian in its aspect; the calm, gently-rippling surface of the lake reflecting the hundred charms that surround it; the peaking firs the luxuriant banks, and the fleecy clouds flecking the sky. No wonder the cyclers are attracted to wait at this spot so alluringly cool, so fascinatingly lovely. It is but a short spell from Wisley pool to Ripley, few cyclers have not ***Breasted that last slope,*** *and whizzed down the final hill with that smiling English country-cottage home on the right, or rounded the bend and dashed into the quiet Surrey village without a happy feeling of contentment.*

And here is "The Anchor." And what can we say of "The Anchor" that has not already been said? It is a curious old hostelry, so quaint, so English-looking. Average-sized people have to stoop as they enter its low doorway, and again as they go still further into its interior to rest awhile in the low-roofed parlor. Then what of the history of this same old parlor? If walls had but the power of speech, as it is said they have of hearing, what tales these old walls could tell! What mirth and happiness! How they have contained the charm of sweetest music; and then resounded with the ring of boisterous song! Glance around the room and see the hanging memoirs of bygone days;

Some familiar frequenters of the Ripley Road.
The Brothers BUCKLAND, FREDDY COOPER, S. F. EDGE, J. E. L. BATES, W. MCCANDLISH and W. MUNDAY.
From a Photograph taken in the Grounds of the "ANGEL," Ditton.

Starts for contests *on those queer-looking, straight-handled old cycles.*

Then who has not experienced the kind attention of the Dibbles? What kindness! One can almost liken "The Anchor" to a wheelman's house of charity, and the Misses Dibbles as Sisters of Mercy flitting backwards and forwards at the beck and call of cyclers - never wearying, indefatigable in their efforts to please; whilst Brother Alf., portly and pleasant, will quaff you a cup, or trill you a song as merrily as the best. Small wonder that the habitues of such a hostelry are numerous; small wonder that they never tire of running Ripleywards, with such an ending to their outward journey.

Charming as the way to Ripley is in sunny daytime, it is not less so in the moonlight, when the tall, peaked fir-trees tower up black and sombre on either side of the road, and the pool at Wisley luminously reflects the pale light from the moon, as you push up the hill, your wheels hissing through the dust at every thrust. Equally beautiful is the waterfall under Pain's Hill as you see it by night, tumbling under the bridge in the chequered light of the night orb struggling through the over-hanging trees. Colder will blow the wind as you press forward high up along the fair mile, but charming is the road right away till you wheel into the lamp-lit streets, mingle with the vortex of traffic, and find yourself back amidst the life and business of the great, great city.

Walter Groves

NEWARK MILL

"The destruction of Newark Mill at the end of 1966 robbed Surrey of one of its best known and most imposing landmarks. Even now, almost a quarter of a century later, the memory of its five-storey, weather-boarded structure still lingers and captures the imagination. It continues to arouse a considerable amount of curiosity and interest, so providing the motivation for this publication. The intention has been to produce a short and popular account of Newark Mill with some general background information regarding the history and development of milling . . . "

This opening paragraph of the Preface introduces the subject of the Society's latest publication, Newark Mill. As this issue of the Newsletter is "put to bed", it is expected that the new booklet will be on sale in April at £2.95 through the usual outlets - Ripley Post Office and Newsagent, Smiths in Guildford and Woking and the RHS shop at Wisley Gardens, as well as direct from the Society itself. (Please apply to Bob Gale, 44 Newark Lane, Ripley, Woking, Surrey GU23 6BZ, and include 50p for P&P).

Editor

"GO SHELL": NAMING THE NEW GARAGE

Together with many other people, the History Society was concerned at the naming of the new Shell garage, on the site of the old "Happy Eater" restaurant, as the "Clandon Garage". It is well known that this area is definitely not Clandon, East or West, both of which have their own garages, as does Send itself.

The obvious choice was to call it the "Burnt Common Garage", and the Society put this suggestion to Shell UK, but they decided they wanted to hold a competition for the new name, with a TV set as prize. The winner lives in Amberley Close, and we are pleased to announce that he or she thought that "Burnt Common" was the most suitable name. A new sign will be erected in due course.

Audrey Sykes

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF DARTMOOR

An Illustrated Talk by Mr Terry Hewitt

Notes by Tony Medlen

Those members who braved the shocking weather on 6 December were treated to a most interesting and absorbing lecture, by our Committee member, Mr Terry Hewitt, punctuated with his excellent slides and dry sense of humour. Terry started by explaining the term "historical geography". History is about chaps, while geography is about maps. Historical geography is about the effect that man has had on the landscape through historical time. After the Lake District, Dartmoor is Terry's favourite area, and he has spent many hours studying the district, both on holiday and on field trips with his students.

Dartmoor and much of the South-West corner of England was infiltrated by an enormous eruption of molten granite about 290 million years ago. This volcanic action pushed up the existing land to form the Scilly Isles, the high Tors of Dartmoor, Land's End and Bodmin Moor. The higher areas of granite were subsequently exposed and it is the granite tors that dominate the landscape on Dartmoor. The bleak lonely appearance of Dartmoor hides much of the human activity that has occurred over the centuries and most of this activity has been based on the unusual geological properties that one finds on Dartmoor and the surrounding areas. The area around the edges of Dartmoor, known in geological terms as a "Metamorphic aureole", is responsible for the many minerals, such as tin, lead, zinc, copper and arsenic which are found there. When the ice-sheet retreated about 10,000 years ago, the climate changed and would have been much better; at first scrub would have grown, but eventually, about 6000-7000 years ago, the area was probably covered with deciduous trees, probably oaks. All these woodlands have been gradually subjected to man's use, and constant coppicing and felling have removed them. There are only a few examples of the ancient woodland remaining, of which "Wistmans Wood" is best known.

Mesolithic man and the Neolithic period did not make nearly as large an impression on Dartmoor as the Bronze Age did. Bronze Age man lived in hut circles, and there are about 1500 or so of these on Dartmoor. These were pastoral settlements, designed to keep the animals from straying too far, usually with a stream flowing through the middle. They were not defensive. Grimspound is a good example. The huts were made by taking granite stones and forming a drystone construction three or four feet thick. The inside was lined with flat slabs, while the interstices were filled with rubble. The roof was probably thatched with heather, and the rafters rested on the walls, while the floor was often excavated to a depth of one or two feet. The Bronze Age people buried the burnt bones of their dead in individual graves, or barrows, using a stone coffin, or "cist". Over the years many of these granite cists have been used by farmers as gateposts.

The early Iron Age followed the Bronze, and here we see hut circles, together with sub-rectangular fields. Knowledge was coming in from the Continent, illustrated by the earliest known iron furnace in England, which was found by the distinguished archaeologist, Lady Eileen Fox, near Kes Tor. During the later Iron Age, the climate deteriorated to something more akin to our climate today, and people moved away from the high moors to the edges, where they were protected from the elements. Iron Age hill forts never came to high Dartmoor, but there were many built on the periphery, usually by fords over rivers, or in strategic positions where they were isolated by the gorges formed by the rivers.

The Roman influence on Dartmoor was small; they tended to stick to the milder climates to be found in Exeter and the Mendips. By the 8th century, Dartmoor is well and truly a Saxon settlement, and the population was starting to grow again. People were returning to what was a fairly deserted area. Hound Tor is a good example of a deserted mediaeval village and it is mentioned in the Domesday Survey as having five longhouses, barns and corn drying kilns. The Dartmoor mediaeval longhouse was a single-storey structure

made of granite and built into the hillside, usually with a roof thatched with turf. The farmer lived at one end of the house with his family, while at the lower end were the animals. This meant that the valuable animals were safe and warm with the family. Later these longhouses became more sophisticated and today a few still survive.

During the 12th century, the climate improved and the area became fairly stable. Dartmoor was declared a Royal Forest by the Normans, and in 1239 it was granted to the Duchy of Cornwall. The parish of the forest was at Lydford, and in general administrative power lay on the outer edges of the moor. There are many stone crosses on Dartmoor, but they do not have any religious significance, having been used by farmers and tinners as direction markers over the high passes and the tops of the tors. We know that in the 14th century there was terrible weather in the North Sea and climatic deterioration. This, together with the Black Death, meant that the social structures were damaged. Many villages were abandoned, as there was a shortage of labour.

The extraction of tin ore from Dartmoor began in about 1150 and was conducted up until about 1700. This was done in the gravels of the river beds, using a process called "streaming", or "panning". There was no tin mining until the 18th century. The streaming took advantage of the fact that the black, heavy tin-bearing stone, or cassiterite, was deposited in the base of the river beds. The rivers were diverted and a trench dug across the river bed, and the ore, which was at the bottom of the bed, was dug out. The ore had to be smelted. Many of the river valleys were worked over by the tinners digging out the tin and smelting over a period of 300 years, and streaming has had a tremendous effect on the landscape. However, today these artificial valleys have grown over and look as if they are part of the natural landscape.

The 14th century saw a revolution in the smelting of tin as water power was used to drive hammers to crush the ore and to operate the bellows of the furnaces in the so-called "blowing houses". Leats were used to take water to the "blowing houses" and the smelted tin was cast into granite moulds. The tin had, by law, to be taken to the Stannary towns of Plympton, Ashburton, Chagford or Tavistock, where it was checked for purity. The Stannary towns and their officers possessed great powers, and the tinners were able to bypass many of the restrictions of the feudal system. In this they were aided and abetted by the Crown, who were simply protecting their own interests. There was a Stannary prison at Lydford, and the Stannary Parliament for Devon met at Crockern Tor, near Two Bridges. There was also a Stannary Parliament for Cornwall.

The 18th and 19th centuries saw the next phase with the introduction of turnpike roads and "improvements". The Devonport leat was built in 1793 to supply water to the Naval Dockyard at Devonport. There was a strong desire to develop the moor and entrepreneurs came out from Plymouth, encouraged by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, who did much to "improve" Dartmoor. The Tavistock-Mortonhampstead toll road did much to improve access, and was largely built due to the influence of the Duke of Bedford, who had considerable interests in the area. This road did not follow the old tracks over the moor, but was designed for horse-drawn traffic, and it ran through Postbridge over a newly constructed bridge. However, the bridge at Postbridge that most of the tourists come to see is the "clapper" bridge which is close to the main road. There are several of these simple granite slab bridges on the moor and no one knows how old they are, but they were never intended for horse-drawn traffic.

In 1844 gunpowder making was introduced at "Powder Mills", near Postbridge, by a Mr George Frean. George Frean was an alderman from Plymouth who had sensed that there was a market for gunpowder, what with the mines, quarries and the Royal Navy at Devonport. The very remoteness of Powder Mills made it an ideal site, for if explosions occurred by accident, as they frequently did, there were few people to come to harm. All the buildings were designed with very light roof timbers, so that when an explosion did occur, everything simply blew out of the roof. Water was used to provide all the power for the powder mills and this came from a little stream called the "Cherry Brook".

At one time up to 100 people were employed at Powder Mills, and the industry flourished until the end of the 19th century, when the development of dynamite finished the gunpowder market.

West Country engineers were very clever with water and there are still several leats that run on Dartmoor today. The earliest well-known leat on Dartmoor was designed by Sir Francis Drake, and was built to supply Plymouth with water. It was replaced in 1793 by the Devonport leat, and the history of the water supply of Plymouth is a fascinating study in itself. Today the town is supplied by various reservoirs, but one of the most picturesque, if such a thing can be said of a reservoir, is at Burrator, near Yelverton.

In 1806 Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, MP for Okehampton, and later MP for Plymouth, decided to build a prison on Dartmoor. Originally this was for French prisoners of war, and later on Americans. It was the prisoners who would provide both a market and the labour force for the "improvements", and Tyrwhitt was the leading entrepreneur. It seems to have been an obsession to develop Dartmoor. The idea was to make Princetown the commercial centre of the moor, and in 1823 Princetown was linked to Plymouth by the Dartmoor railway. Princetown prospered for a while, but when the wars ended, so did the trade with the prison, and by 1850 Dartmoor Prison was established as a permanent Crown penal institution. Today Princetown is a grim and miserable place, disfigured by the prison, which dominates the area.

Dartmoor granite itself has always been in demand as a building stone, as it is so strong and durable, and there were many quarries on the moor. Some of the most famous quarries were around Haytor, and the so-called blue granite that lies under the tor granites is the stone that was most favoured for buildings, and was used to build the original London Bridge, which was sold to the Americans. Castle Drogo, the National Trust property at Drewsteignton on Dartmoor, is a marvellous example of how the famous Surrey architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, used granite to best effect. It is well worth a visit while in the area. The granite at Haytor was removed from its quarries by horse-drawn waggons, using the unique Haytor granite railway. This was a railway made completely of granite, even the lines and points were actually made of granite. The Haytor granite railway ran for about ten miles or so in the direction of Bovey Tracey, where it eventually met the Stoke Canal. There is still an active quarry at Merrivale, and here granite is cut and dressed. The traditional way to split granite is to heat, cool and split using wedges. Granite is susceptible to frost action, and over the centuries water in the joints of the granite rocks, or tors, has frozen and thawed, so that eventually the granite breaks down into smaller lumps to form what is known as clitter, which can be seen at the base of most of the tors. China clay is also a breakdown product of granite, and is found around the Lee Moor area of Dartmoor, where the white spoil heaps give the area a lunar landscape. Granite consists of felspar, quartz and mica, and it is the felspar that sometimes breaks down over many hundreds of years to form the valuable china clay which is used in the paint and pottery industry.

Deep mining on Dartmoor was mostly in the softer rocks of the Metamorphic aureole, and shafts up to 200 fathoms were sunk. Here damage to the landscape is mostly from derelict buildings, engine houses and spoil heaps. The open cast system of tin mining, where tin has been worked in the granite itself, causes much more damage to the landscape. The area known as Birch Tor, and the Vitifer mine, just South of the Warren House Inn, were productive open cast systems, and the scarring of the landscape around these workings is much greater than that caused by deep mine. West Countrymen have always tended to dominate hard rock non-coal mining and the mine "captain" was the man in charge. Miners tended to live during the week in barracks, and they returned to their homes, which might be up to 20 miles away, at weekends. Vitifer mine employed up to 100 men underground and reached its peak at the end of the 19th century. Many minerals apart from tin have been extracted from Dartmoor, mostly around peripheral areas such as Mary Tavy and Morwellham, which is just over the border in Cornwall. Here was the site of the largest and wealthiest mine, the Devon Great Consuls, which at one time had up to 30 huge water wheels. Everything was originally powered using

water. Owned by the Duke of Bedford, this enormous copper mine at one time produced most of the world's copper, until large accessible deposits were discovered in Chile and Africa. This saw the demise of the industry, and in the early 20th century the mines began to close.

The fine Stannary town of Tavistock and the surrounding area was patronised by the Duke of Bedford, who had made a lot of money from Devon Great Consuls and his other West Country interests. Tavistock is built almost completely from a green form of granite and contains many fine buildings worthy of study. Morwellham and the site of the Great Consuls mine is today a working tourist attraction, and it has been tastefully and accurately rebuilt to simulate the mine as it was 100 years ago. It is well worth a day's visit when in the area.

Another unattractive use of the moor is its use for many years by the Army and the Marines for military training. This use tends to be restricted to the North-West, but as long ago as the end of the last century, there was an artillery range at Okehampton. Considerable amounts of the moor are "out of bounds" to the walker or tourist, and it seems wrong to allow this activity in a National Park.

Terry ended his talk by stating that he had told us a little about Dartmoor. It is not what it seems, and if one knows what to look for and begins to scratch the surface, what seems to be a bleak and barren place can turn into a fascinating treasure. It is paradoxically the very bleakness of the climate and unforgiving nature of the land that has allowed Dartmoor to survive, and given us the marvellous National Park that we have today.

SURREY LOCAL HISTORY COUNCIL

150 YEARS OF THE BRIGHTON LINE

A meeting, organised by the Surrey Local History Council, will be held at the Parish Rooms, St Matthew's Church, Station Road, Redhill, on Saturday, 27 April 1991.

2.00 pm	*Chairman's introductory remarks.*
2.05 pm	*Mr John Gent will speak on:* ***THE LONDON & CROYDON RAILWAY.***
2.50 pm	*Dr Gerrard Moss will speak on:* ***REDHILL AS A RAILWAY CENTRE.***
3.35 pm	*Break for tea and biscuits.*
4.00 pm	*Mr John Minnis will speak on:* ***THE LONDON, BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.***
5.00 pm	*Discussion on these three papers.*
5.30 pm	*Close of meeting.*

The Parish Rooms are about ten minutes' walk from Redhill Station, using the main exit on the West side of the track. Cross the road at the zebra crossing and pass to the left of the bus station. Cross the pedestrian precinct and the former main road. Continue Westwards (towards Reigate) and St Matthew's Church will be found on the righthand side. The Parish Rooms are behind the church. Parking is known to be difficult in Redhill on a Saturday, but advice will be included with tickets ordered in advance.

TICKETS: For members and visitors: £3.00.

Tea and biscuits will be included with all tickets ordered in advance and will be provided, while still available, for those who buy their tickets on the day, at 60p.

Members of member societies may make advance applications to the Honorary Secretary (quoting their society name), to:

Mrs G M Crocker, Hon Secretary, c/o The Guildford Institute of the University of Surrey, Ward Street, Guildford GU1 4LH.

NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome the following new members:

Mrs Margaret A Fox, Manor Barn, Eakring Road, Wellon, Newark, Notts NG22 0EG
Mr & Mrs P J Hancock, High Street, Ripley.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday, 24 April: Open meeting at 8 pm at the Lancaster Hall (upstairs), Send Road, *when Mark Sturley, MA, author of the recently published "The Breweries & Public Houses of Guildford", will give a talk entitled "The Temperance Movement in Guildford". Those who remember his talk some years ago on Guildford's lost pubs will appreciate that this should be a most interesting evening.* Please note the change in venue.

Thursday, 23 May: Local History Treasure Hunt (on foot), organised by Bette Slatford. Pit your wits. Test your knowledge of local history. Win a prize. Meet at the car park on Ripley Green (opposite Wylie & Mar), at 7.30 pm. The finishing line will be a local pub - not to be missed! All contestants will be charged a fee of 50p.

Thursday, 20 June: Visit to the Rural Craft Museum at the Old Kilns, Tilford. Meet at Send Marsh Green at 7 pm, or at the Museum at 7.30 pm. A modest entrance fee will be charged.

Wednesday, 17 July: Guided tour of Brooklands Museum, Weybridge. A "must" for all racing car and aircraft enthusiasts. See the reconstructed Second World War Wellington bomber, salvaged from Loch Lomond. Meet at 7.30 pm at the Museum. Entrance is reached from Brooklands Road. There will be an entrance fee of about £2.50.

Saturday, 27 July: Visit to Loseley House, Guildford, where Queen Elizabeth I is reputed to have slept, and possibly the Watts Gallery at Compton, containing works of the famous Victorian artist and sculptor. Meet at 2.30 pm at Loseley House. Entrance fee will be about £2.30. See next Newsletter for more details.

Sunday, 29 September: Visit to London. Morning mini-tour of a selected area of the City of London, with the add-on option of visiting the Museum of London. Details in next Newsletter.

NB. Please advise John Slatford if you wish to attend the above meetings on 20 June, 17 July, and 27 July, since places may be limited.