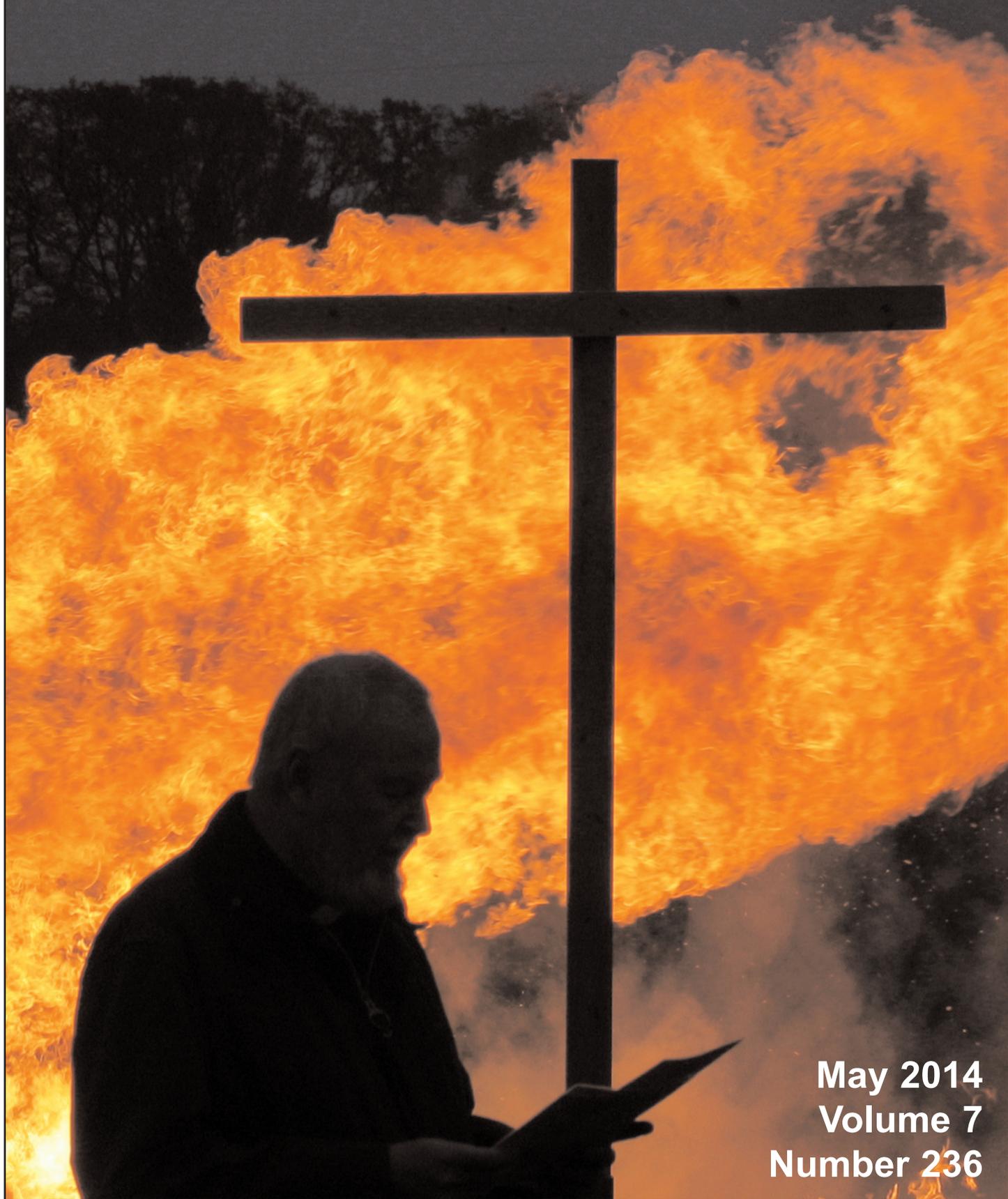


SEND & RIPLEY HISTORY
SOCIETY JOURNAL



May 2014
Volume 7
Number 236

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Journal Volume 7 No. 236

May/June 2014

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Cover image: Easter Service at Newark Priory 2014
(see article by Cameron Brown p14). Photo © Ditz

EDITORIAL

Spring is coming and the floods of the last few months are receding. In fact, before the Easter weekend we had had so little rainfall in April that many had taken to watering the garden!

In the editorial for January 2013 our President, John Slatford, asked “*where are all the younger active members?*” He made the point that although one might imagine that “*after all these years that every aspect of our history has been researched and published comprehensively and that there is little else to be done. Nothing could be further from the truth.*” As editor I am privileged to be the first to read the articles that our devoted contributors research and write up. This month I hope that you will all be as interested as I was, to read the report from new members Jan and Phil Davie. Jan has been helping Clare McCann with a new exhibition for the Museum, entitled *The Last Summer*. The exhibition has been prompted by the Surrey History Centre Museum’s trail of the same name, and visitors can pick up a copy of the leaflet at the Museum. While researching at the Surrey History Centre, looking at back copies of the Surrey Advertiser, Jan came across an article, which she and her husband Phil have put into context, giving us an interesting insight on the summer of 1914.

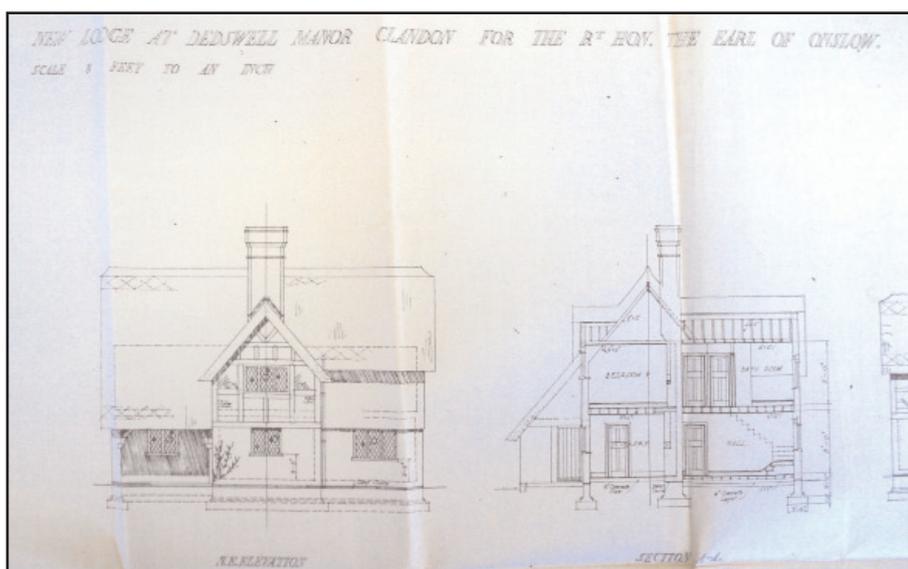
There is no room for any more from me this month!

Catherine Davey
editorsrshjournal@gmail.com

The Thatched Cottage and Fogwills, Burnt Common

John Slatford

In the early 1900s a young architect, Alfred Claude Burlingham, came to Surrey to join a Guildford property developer Albert Taylor. Taylor had purchased Stoke Park Farm from the Earl of Onslow in 1909 and Burlingham quickly became involved with designing houses on the land which became known as Abbotswood on the London Road out of Guildford. He subsequently worked in other parts of the town notably in Merrow. He is also recorded as having designed a house in Send for the Earl of Onslow. This is the Thatched Cottage at Burnt Common, now the home of our members Ted and Rita Goldup. The original drawings of the house, with the roof specified as thatched, are in the archives of the old Guildford Rural District Council held at the Surrey History Centre. At the same time, Burlingham designed another larger house which was built for Onslow in Highcotts Lane, a short distance away.



Part of the original plans for the “Thatched Lodge”

The Thatched Cottage site had previously formed part of the Onslow Estate. There had been an older cottage on the site built in the early 1800s possibly as a lodge for the Onslow carriage road, which originally started at that point (see Journals 228 & 229) but was later probably an estate worker's home. An ag. lab., William Percy and his wife Sarah, were living there



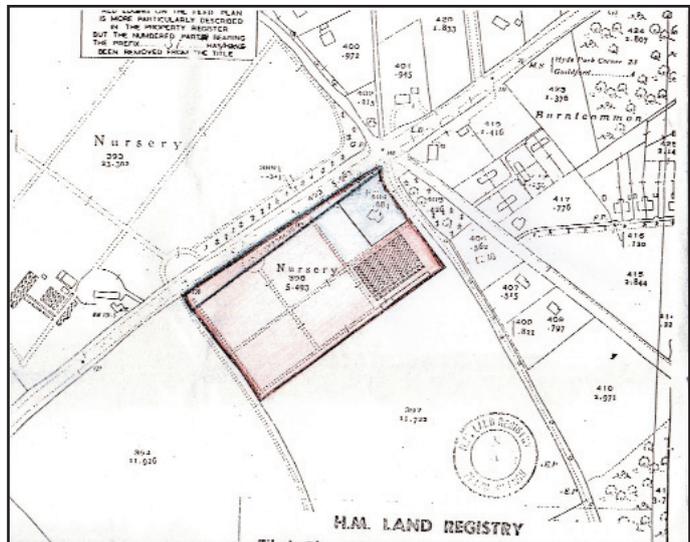
Fogwill sign that faced the road at Burnt Common

in 1841. The older cottage had gone by the time of the 1915 Ordnance Survey. The present day Thatched Cottage was constructed in 1924/25 by G H Coles, a builder from Haslemere who was also involved with building houses at Abbotswood.

It is not known who lived in the newly-built Thatched Cottage but possibly it would have been an Onslow estate worker. On 12th January 1933, The Earl of Onslow sold the property, then known as the Thatched Lodge, to Joseph

Alexander Fogwill of 12 Friary Street, Guildford and described as a coal, corn and seed merchant. The sum paid was £1,550.

Joseph Fogwill was the principal of the then well-known corn and seeds firm of Fogwills Ltd. The seed business was established in Friary Street, Guildford in 1856, but it was in the early 1900s before the Fogwill family acquired the business. In the early 1930s, Fogwills had started a seed trial ground at Burnt Common adjacent to the Thatched Cottage. The trial ground extended over an area of approximately five acres with large greenhouses on part of it. So far as is known none of the Fogwill family ever lived in the Thatched Cottage and it seems to have been the base for their trial ground



Map showing the extent of Fogwill's trial ground

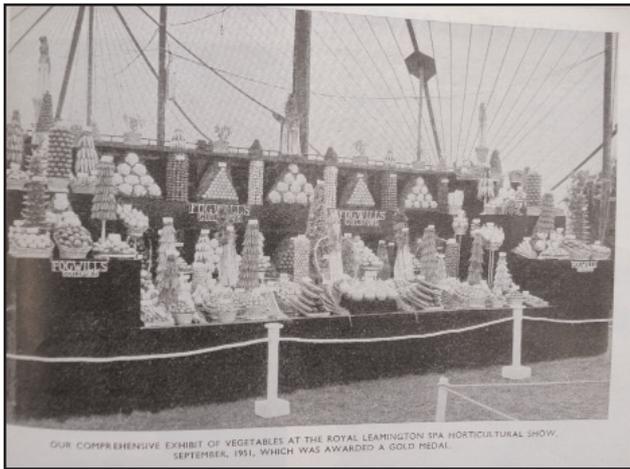


Fogwill's building in Friary Street, Guildford

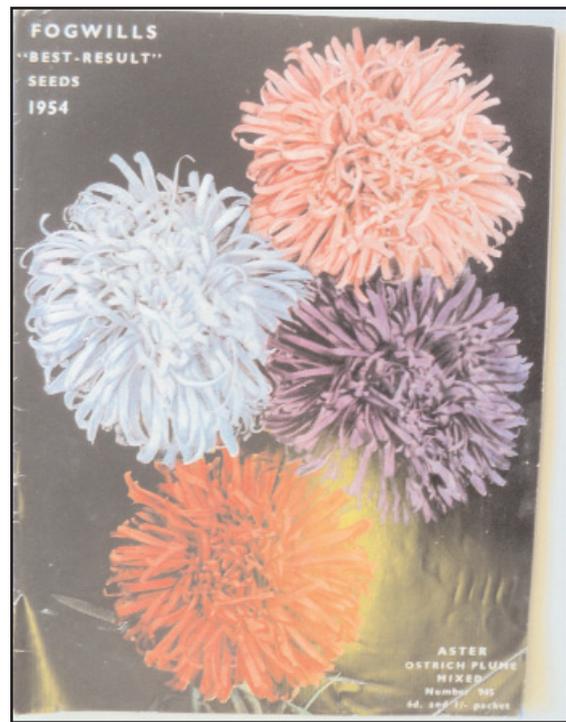
manager. Between at least 1935 and 1946, it was Alfred Lionel Berry and his wife Margaret who lived there.

Fogwills Ltd. was located at No. 12 Friary Street near the junction with North Street, roughly where TK Maxx is today. The company was renowned as "seed growers and merchants" and sold not only locally but also had a substantial mail order business at home and overseas. In the 1950s, they produced comprehensive forty-eight-page seed catalogues annually. The catalogues often featured photographs of their gold medal winning displays at

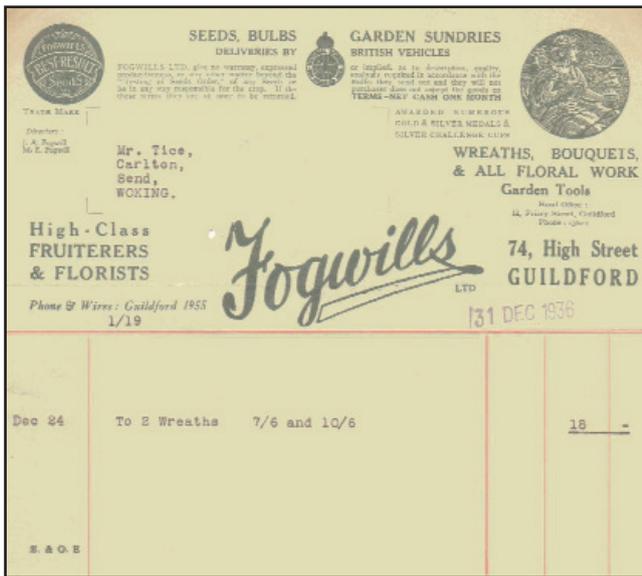
important flower shows; at one point they claimed to have won over seventy-five medals and trophies. The catalogues also describe the range of sterilised seed composts produced at their Seed trial grounds to formulae "recommended by the John Innes Horticultural Institute". At one time



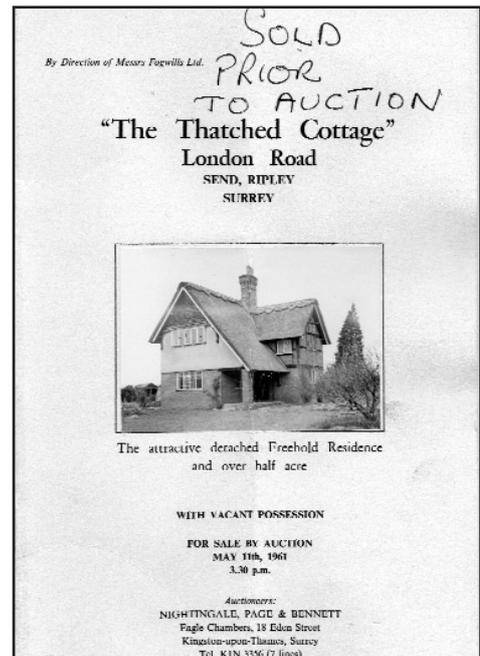
One of Fogwill's prize winning displays



Front cover of Fogwill's seed catalogue



Fogwills 1936 invoice to Charles Tice



1961 auction notice for the "Thatched Lodge"

in the late 1930s, Fogwills had a florists shop at 64 High Street in Guildford: they are on record for supplying wreaths to Charles Tice, the Send undertaker. Later on there was another business in Woodbridge Road dealing with lawn mowers and the company were also coal and fuel merchants.

Fogwills eventually sold the Thatched Cottage and the trial grounds in 1961 to T A Miller Ltd. for £12,750 and it would seem that the company was beginning to decline at that time. After the takeover, the Fogwill seed trial grounds were sub-let to the Clark & Spears business, who built the much larger greenhouses, which will be well-remembered. Ted and Rita purchased the Thatched Cottage in 1983.

There is an interesting connection between Joseph Alexander Fogwill and the owner of Secretts of Send market gardens, Archibald William Secrett. Joseph Fogwill was married in 1929 in Reading to Marguerita Eunice Milward. He died in 1947 and his widow continued as chairman of the Fogwills company. On 3rd August 1951, her son Geoffrey Milward Fogwill was married to Myrtle Secrett, the daughter of Archibald, at North Street Congregational Church in Guildford.

Less than two months later on 29th September, Marguerita Eunice Fogwill was married to Archibald William Secrett at the Old Baptist Chapel in Castle Street, Guildford. She continued as chairman of Fogwills Ltd but named as M E Secrett.

Fogwills Ltd shut down the business in May 1966. The *Surrey Advertiser* had for several weeks been reporting rumours that this was about to happen and finally Geoffrey Fogwill, who was the managing director, had to confirm their decision. The company had been dependent upon their substantial mail order business, which was experiencing severe competition and was diminishing. Market conditions were changing with the growth of “sale-or-return” business by the large seed firms and Fogwills had found that they just could not compete. Another factor was the impending redevelopment of Friary Street, which would have resulted in the company having to find new premises. So it would seem that the family decided that it would be easier to just walk away, a sad end to a company that had been a leader in its field. At that time it was one of the few remaining family businesses left in Guildford.

My thanks are due to Ted and Rita Goldup for telling me about the beginnings of their house which has led to my research into the Fogwills company.

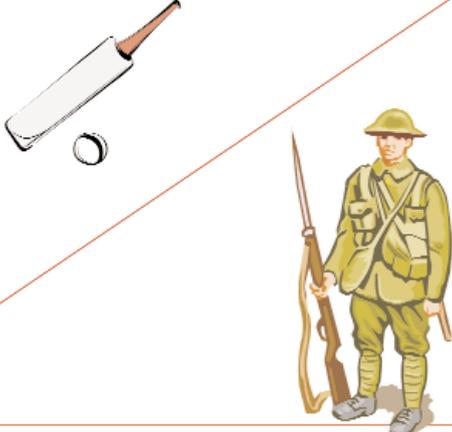
CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Les Bowerman

Museum Displays. Straight after the memorable Christmas display came another one on “Newark Priory - Ripley’s Romantic Ruin”. Now, from April to June we have, appropriately for 2014, “The Last Summer - 1914”, which in turn will be followed for July to September with “Lest We Forget”. For all of these we thank, primarily, our Vice-Chairman, Clare McCann.

Book Launch. 11th April was a noteworthy occasion when, in the Society’s 40th year, our long-awaited book on Newark Priory was officially launched at Ripley Village Hall. After Guildford Castle, Newark Priory is the most important medieval feature in the area and this book by Jeanette Hicks, Dr Judie English, Clare McCann and John Slatford does it full justice. Among the seventy people present to honour the occasion in addition to the authors were our member Marilyn Scott, Director of the Woking Lightbox and our official mentor, and Dr Mary Alexander, former Collections Officer at Guildford Museum and author of the authoritative history of Guildford Castle. The new book had been the brainchild of our late President, Ken Bourne, who did much of the early work, and guests of honour all the way from Bath were Ken’s widow, Phyllis, and daughter, Jackie, who for the past seventeen years has been the organiser of the Jane Austen Festival at Bath. Our current President, John Slatford, proposed the launch of this important book and Marilyn Scott responded. We were pleased to welcome a number of Surrey Archaeological Society members, prominent local personalities and not least, Roger Hayman, who worked with Knaphill Print so effectively over printing of the book. Thanks go to all those who organised and set up the evening, provided and served refreshments, and donated raffle prizes.

Amplification at Meetings. Unfortunately, some members have had difficulty hearing recent speakers at our indoor meetings. As a result, the Committee is considering investing in some form of amplification. It is hoped that this will be in place in time for the resumption of evening meetings in September. In the meantime, apologies to all who have been inconvenienced in this way.

<p>THE LAST SUMMER 1914 RIPLEY MUSEUM 10 – 12.30 EVERY SATURDAY MORNING <i>April to June</i></p>	
	<p>LEST WE FORGET RIPLEY MUSEUM 10 – 12.30 EVERY SATURDAY MORNING <i>July to September</i></p> <p>Directions for museum: Next to Ripley Village Hall.</p>

THE STORY OF THE PEOPLE’S CATHEDRAL
Catherine Davey

Between 1952 and 1961 200,000 brick-givers made the construction of Guildford Cathedral possible. Can you help us bring these stories to life?

Guildford Cathedral has successfully secured initial support from the Heritage Lottery Fund (HLF) for repairs to the Cathedral fabric and development of its project: "Securing Guildford Cathedral’s future: treasures, memories and stories revealed".

The Cathedral is now looking for people to take part in an oral history project to capture the memories of the brick-givers and others involved in the Cathedral story.

I have already passed on the recollections of myself and my sister - we would have been 7 and 5 at the time- being taken to the cathedral in a family party including our Grandmother Mabel Giles,parents Reg and Albie Giles and aunt Rene Whiting where we all signed bricks at 2/6. I met an 85 year old man at a party in Bristol in mid April 2014 who on finding out that I came from a village "near Guildford" commented "my name is on a brick in Guildford Cathedral" and told me his story. Another friend from Guildford now in her early 60’s commented "we were too poor to do it".

Ivan Toghill recalls that construction work started before the war and that the foundations were covered over during the war. This ties in with Les Bowerman’s recollection that " as a child of 3 or 4 in 1936 (I think) being taken by my parents to the the foundation stone ceremony. Memory suggests that the foundations were in place in what appeared to be shallow trenches, that it was a wet evening (I could be wrong on that) and that there were St Bernard dogs with collecting boxes strapped to their backs".

There are two ways you can get involved in the project:

1) As a volunteer

You can help in a number of different ways: recording interviews, writing summaries, selecting and editing audio or helping us to promote the project at public events, on social media and through your networks.

You will receive training, learn different skills, meet new people and be part of an exciting project that will record and present the story of the 'People's Cathedral' through new exhibitions and interpretation for visitors.

Or

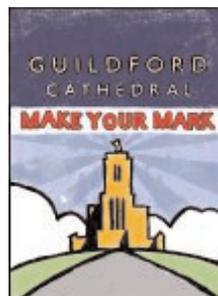
2) Tell us your story

Were you or someone you know a brick-giver who bought a brick to help build the Cathedral? Do you know anyone who was involved in the building of the Cathedral? Would you be willing to tell us your story?

We are looking for people willing to have their memories recorded by our volunteer interviewers. The recordings will help tell the story of the Cathedral to future visitors and be preserved in the Cathedral archives.

For more information please contact:

Helen Ellis, HLF Project Manager at Helen@guildford-cathedral.org; 01483 547888
or Padmini Broomfield, Oral History Consultant at padm2000-guildford@yahoo.com



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CREATIVES 2014

Cate Davey

Creatives 2014 was held on 1 March 2014 at Send Church Rooms. There were over thirty adult exhibitors, three young people's groups and eight individuals under 21. Congratulations to Linda Parker-Picken who organised the event. Visitors were most impressed with the very high standard of the work that was on show. Linda commented that she "felt very proud of all the talent in the village. Pity the *Surrey Ad* didn't feature us in the end!"

Readers can view the web gallery of exhibits from the event at:

http://www.sendvillage.org/Creatives_2014.html

THE LAST SUMMER - 1914

Jan and Phil Davie

Romantic novels and TV series, such as *Downton Abbey*, have given us an image of the period just before the First War as one of peace and harmony, a time for picnic parties in the warm summer months, where people knew their place, everyone was well fed, and the sun always shone.

But this picture was far from the truth. The political landscape was changing; there was growing support for the Labour Party and serious industrial unrest in many industries as working people attempted to improve their way of life. Both the miners and building workers were involved in acrimonious disputes that lasted many months. There was even a cricket ball maker's strike that threatened serious disruption to the cricket season!

The government was concerned about civil unrest. In Ireland there were strikes and riots as Unionists and Republicans struggled over the continuance of the Union with the rest of the UK versus independence for Ireland. The Suffragette movement was also active. There were violent and non-violent protests, and some Suffragette women were force-fed in jail. The Ripley vicar of the time commented on "a company of mad women (suffragettes) who are going about wantonly setting fire to many places of ancient and public interest..."

We think of Ripley as a peaceful rural community but even here there were signs that residents were unhappy with their conditions, as demonstrated by the following article in the *Surrey Advertiser*, which we thought might be of interest to members.

Surrey Advertiser. 22 June 1914

RIPLEY MR SHIPTON AND HOUSING Attack on Landowners

Presiding at an open-air Radical meeting held opposite the White Hart Hotel on Thursday evening, Mr. E. W. Shipton said a good many of the cottages in Ripley were not fit to live in. If they looked back, they would see that invariably they had sent men to represent them on the District Council who owned cottage property, and so long as the working man returned representatives who were interested in cottage property, so long would there be a large amount of apathy with regard to the housing question. Referring to the representative for East Horsley - the Earl of Lovelace - Mr. Shipton said they were not going to get his Lordship to become enthusiastic about the housing question. He had not a word to say against the representative for Ockham - the Rev. W. H. Ady - but there again, the parish was owned "lock, stock and barrel" by Mary Countess of Lovelace. West Horsley was represented by a gentleman who was agent to another big landowner. He (Mr. Shipton) was glad to see that there were some members of the Parish Council who were determined that the District Council should not go to sleep over the housing question. He went further, and guaranteed, if land were available in Ripley at a reasonable rate, and fifty cottages built, they would all be let within six weeks. Time after time Lady Lovelace had been asked to sell, but would not. If it had not been for the "iron grip of the Lovelace family," Ripley would be twice as large as it was today. Speaking of the "absolute tyranny" of landowners, Mr. Shipton said he had lived for a few years at Ockham, and while there he said one could hardly breathe without asking permission.

An address dealing with the land proposals of the Government was given by Mr. R. J. Dyson Deverell, of the National Land and Home League, whose speech met with a mixed reception.

Newark Priory Ripley's Romantic Ruin

On Friday 11th April the Society was finally able to celebrate the publication of the new book on Newark Priory. As some of you will know, this book was the dream of our late President, Ken Bourne, who started work on it many years ago and had done a lot of preliminary work on the Augustinian order. Later he agreed that the book should be a collaboration with Jeanette Hicks, a fellow member and archaeologist with a keen interest in the site.



In the centre are Jackie and Phyllis Bourne, Ken's widow, holding the new publication, flanked by the authors: Clare McCann and John Slatford on the left, and Jeanette Hicks and Judie English, from Surrey Archaeological Society, on the right.

Following his death the project stalled but in the last year or so a small team have pulled together different strands to create what is an eminently readable book but one with a serious scholarly core. Jeanette Hicks and Judie English of the Surrey Archaeological Society have provided that scholarly core while John has not only shaped Ken's original research on the Augustinians but provided a chapter on the fascinating finds of John Buckingham, a metal detectorist, who had access close to the site in the seventies. Clare's main contribution has been providing some insight into life at a priory and also in looking at the enduring charm of the ruin itself, which has inspired a romantic poem by Thomas Love Peacock and paintings by numerous artists including Turner.

The launch at Ripley Village Hall was attended by over seventy people including Ken Bourne's widow Phyllis who had made the journey from Somerset. She and her daughter Jackie were special guests, as the book was dedicated to Ken. Marilyn Scott, Director of the Woking Lightbox, was on hand to congratulate the Society and to pay tribute to Ken Bourne's inspiration.

The book is now on sale, price £8, through the Society's website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk and from the museum.

GROWING UP IN SEND 1950-1960

Malcolm Isted

Part 2 - Life outside the classroom: Send in the 1950s

The Second World War had only ended five years before I came to Send and while my parents had been able to move into a new house many people weren't so lucky. The housing shortage was chronic and thousands of families were forced to live in temporary accommodation of various kinds. Two such families, one was Mrs Smith and her two sons, lived in nissen huts just up from Cartbridge. Peter Smith showed me inside the converted Nissen hut where he lived and I remember thinking it would be fun to live in such an open-plan house with its curved roof. To ease the housing shortage councils were building estates in the local villages: Georgelands in Ripley, Meadowlands in West Clandon and Sandfields in Send. The lower part of Sandfields was completed shortly after I came to Send and not only provided the Smith family with a new home but also boys to play with: Peter Smith, David and Michael O'Neill, Jimmy Sines, Patrick Young, Mervyn and Trevor Poulter, and others whose names I forget.

Send in the 1950's was almost self-sufficient in shops. At one end of the village opposite the New Inn was Gladdings Stores, in my memory the shop that sold deliciously sweet cream doughnuts. No doubt it sold groceries as well¹. For a while I recall a men's hairdresser operated from a bungalow set in a large unkempt garden next to the Drill Hall². Where Wharf Lane joined the main road was a Co-op. The main area of shops was across Sandy lane from the recreation ground³: on the corner behind large round concrete bollards, ideal for sitting on, was Dash's Ironmongers. Nails could be bought from buckets lined up on the floor and taken home in paper bags. A greengrocer and butcher occupied two smaller premises. The smallest and most congested of all the shops was 'Peggy's'. Peggy and her mother were tiny figures behind a short counter made even smaller by piles of goods for which there was no other possible space. The stock could best be described as miscellaneous, toys and wool were just two of the things I remember but there were many more items on shelves and in high piles surrounding and crowding in on the two diminutive figures behind the counter. There was just enough space left for two or three customers at any one time. Opposite was and still is the Post Office.

The shop I went to for essential supplies: sweets or in hot weather ice cream and sometimes on errands for my Mum was Mays stores. It's now a private house by the bus stop near Mays Corner. I remember impatiently standing at the end of a queue as the shopkeeper or his mother got groceries off the shelves, totted the amount up on a piece of paper and put them in the customer's wicker shopping basket. This ritual went on with each housewife in the row in front of me. Some to my irritation would delay the transaction by asking his advice about brands or discussing their reasons for buying certain biscuits - because "My hubby likes them". Eventually I would be able to buy my blackjacks (4 chews for a penny), or sherbet dips or sweet cigarettes. Yes, sweet cigarettes! Tubes of white candy with a red tip in a replica cigarette box.

Living next door to May's Stores were a family who provided an entertaining fly on the wall tableau for anyone passing on dark winter nights. With their room lights on and curtains undrawn we could watch them: Granny, Mum, Dad and two children sitting down for their evening meal. There was a particularly good view for those on the top deck of the bus that stopped outside their house. Whenever I see a 1950's room in a museum or on television I am back outside that house and its genteel occupants with their chunky wooden sideboard and mirror on the wall.

Completing the shopping opportunities Send residents had in the 1950's was the off-licence on Mays Corner; long footpaths leading down to a small shop stocked with at the time what were exotic types of alcohol. Wine was something we never had at home until its popularity

in the 1960s and then we only drank it out of glasses miniscule compared to today. Rather it was the less than exotically named Brown Ale or Light Ale we kept at home. Visitors in any case would normally have a cup of tea not a glass of wine. In the 1960's I would buy a bottle of the only wine I'd heard of, Sauternes, at what was then Tyler's off licence.

Later on we even had a shoe shop and chemist in the village. Broomfields the shoe repair shop was, according to my father, initially funded by a charity established to help disabled people earn a living. The large Broomfields sign painted on a side wall confidently envisaged a long-term future that was not to be. Together with the chemist that stood next door it has now been demolished and replaced with flats. Another feature long since demolished was the village smithy owned by the Sex family. In the 1950's the great carthorses used in the fields of Secretts' market garden business could be seen standing quietly outside the smithy door. Through the open door the fierce glow of the forge lit up the gloomy interior. The anvil clanged as the smiths hammered the horseshoes into shape and then the hiss and steam as the shoes were fitted. After shoeing the horses would be led back to their yellow weather boarded stables on the road to Send Marsh.

Occasionally working horses could still be seen: the rag and bone man with his horse and cart; the milkman's horse pulling the milk float. The rag and bone man that came to Send always had goldfish in a bowl, the water slopping about as the cart moved. I suppose that was to encourage children to badger their parents for rags - I never saw anyone bring out any bones. It certainly worked with me but I could never produce enough rags to get a goldfish; I wonder if anyone did as he never ran out of them! I saw horses pulling milk floats and eating out of their nosebags when we went to see my mother's relations in Walton-on-Thames. In Send we had electric milk floats and I think milk was even delivered on Christmas Day; I clearly remember my Dad giving a milkman a glass of whisky at Christmas and remarking, as he unsteadily made his way back down the path, that it probably wasn't the first one he'd had that day.

More was delivered to the door than milk. Groceries, Bread and meat could all be delivered; Conisbee Butchers van from Ripley was often seen around locally. Like many people we had deliveries of coal in the autumn and winter that we used to heat our homes. My suspicious mother sent me to the garden to count the bags, as the men, black as crows, walked up the path to tip their heavy bags (about 50kg!) over their shoulder into the coal bunker. I suspect I might have made my counting rather too obvious. We ordered the coal from Charringtons who had a small office in Woking. From time to time salesmen would turn up lugging suitcases full of brushes and cleaning materials up to the door. Cheapjacks my mother called them. Once an Indian "cheapjack" opened his sales pitch by presenting my mother with a lucky charm; when she didn't buy anything he snatched it back and stalked off down the path. Insurance even came to the door; Hilary Walker's Dad was "the man from the Pru" who collected and paid out money for the Prudential Assurance Company. There were many what you might call amateur sales people; women who ran club books enabling people to buy goods on credit. My mother who had a horror of being in debt only bought goods from clubs when she had made enough payments to cover the cost; sort of operating the system in reverse. One person that came to the door often brought with him fear and anxiety. When the door was opened to a telegram boy in his Post Office uniform the reaction, unless good news was expected, was one of alarm. Telegrams were expensive for the less wealthy and the need to send an urgent message was often prompted by bad news; good news could wait for a letter. As more people got telephones so the need for telegrams declined and the telegram boy on his red motorcycle was less seen on the street.

For us children though all this had limited interest; we had more important things to do in other places. One of the popular places was the wood along Send Hill. It was a place with many possibilities for the imaginative or adventurous child to exploit and enjoy. Where adults saw land pockmarked with dips and hollows scooped out years ago by villagers looking for sand we saw

ridges that could be defended by cowboys against marauding Indians. There we fought battles of the Wild West based on Hollywood rather than historical accuracy. Imitating a popular Walt Disney film, Rob Roy and his MacGregor clansmen also challenged the English army in Send woods. In these games we learned about fair play and resolved disputes about cheating and unsporting attempts to gain victory. Those that "didn't take their shots" or weren't playing by the agreed rules could find themselves barred from the game. A higher ridge in the middle of the woods was ideal for playing 'Tin Can Tommy', a slightly more robust game of hide and seek. The more adventurous of us climbed up trees and then sometimes fell out of them, breaking their arms in the process. An arm in plaster with your friends' signatures on it became almost to signify a rite of passage. A slope with a natural hump at the bottom might have been just that to an adult; to us it was where we could furiously pedal down it on our bike, lift the front wheel when we hit the hump and fly through the air. Until that is our front wheel buckled or the forks bent out of shape.

Our games and adventures in these woods ended long ago but some evidence of what we did can still be seen. Beyond the ridge where we played 'Tin Can Tommy' the faint outline of a circular track is still visible. The track was made in the early 1950's by members of Send's cycle speedway team, Send Mustangs, practising for their races and us younger children trying to emulate them.

Cycle Speedway was very popular at that time both locally and nationally; tracks were built, leagues were organised and events attracted large crowds. Send Mustangs rode in the South-West Surrey League and on a website recording the history of the sport, the following riders for Send are listed: B Barnes, B Jackaman, B Lucas, K Lucas, R Lucas, B Sapsford, E Spittles and B Street. Teams had Patrons: Send Mustangs had the Sports Editor of the Daily Mirror; Old Woking Jets had the comedian Arthur English. Other local teams I remember were Brookwood Bulldogs and Chobham Rockets. Send's track was almost opposite the Drill Hall, now an estate of bungalows. For a few years in the 1950's it had been an exciting place to be; young men tore round the small track on stripped down bikes without brakes. Cycle Speedway in Send and elsewhere had gone by the mid-1950's; National Service had taken most of the riders and local teams were no longer viable.

We did see those young men when they came home on leave, some with exciting stories to tell us. Charlie Wyatt's brother came back from fighting the communist guerrillas in Malaya with a hair raising account of throwing a grenade only to see it hit a tree and bounce back towards him. We were mightily impressed. 'Bunner' Smith walking through the village in his RAF uniform cut a dashing figure. Some of these servicemen home on leave joined in our Sunday morning football match in the 'rec'; we played with as many on each side as turned up. A few of us sometimes played cricket with a tennis ball in the road of Lower Sandfields Estate. If Peter Smith was involved it soon became boring as we could never get him out and spent our time scampering after the balls he casually hit all over the estate. Another pastime on Lower Sandfields during early winter evenings was to watch television through the window of a house several steps down from the pavement.

Before the mid-1950s few of us had televisions at home, if we wanted to see action on a big screen we went to one of the three cinemas in Woking: the Odeon, Gaumont and the rather more glamorous Ritz. There were special showings of adventure films and comedies for children on Saturday mornings. With the films changing midweek and two movies each session it was possible to see six different films each week. You could be admitted to the cinema at any time and on occasions I would watch the end of the 13' movie before I saw its beginning. It was after all the 'A' movie I had come to see. If the film was in the category where a child needed to be accompanied by an adult the strategy was to wait outside the cinema for an adult to take you in! Most of the time you were refused, sometimes the cashier would spot the ruse and send you back

out again, ticking off the adult but occasionally you made it all the way in. Inside you went your own way and never saw your benefactor again.

For a while Ripley had a 'cinema'. An enterprising individual hired a hall and showed a film once a week to a not always well-disciplined group of children sitting on benches and chairs. Some older boys only went to sit next to their girlfriends.

Going to the 'pictures' was an occasional treat. Most of us boys spent a lot of time wandering around looking for something to do and in those unenlightened days what we found to do wasn't always something I recall with pride. We scumped apples, a bucolic euphemism for stealing and even more reprehensible a group of us stuffed our jumpers with unripe apples that were so bitter we threw them away. We sought out birds' nests and took the eggs for our collections. Although we only took one and tried to keep the location secret, if other people found out the nest was soon emptied. Sand Martins nested in burrows dug out of the sandy banks of a disused sand pit behind St' Bede's School, fortunately often beyond our reach. Just past this disused sand pit was a field where Mr Smith grew crops; for several years he grew cornflowers that were picked by local women and sent to market. One day several of us were walking through the cornflowers, not I think with any intention of stealing them although that was not Mr Smith's view. He came out from hiding in his shed and shouted angrily at us. That was enough to make us run but to encourage us more he fired his shotgun into the cornflowers beside us. We heard the shot as it whistled through the plants. Timmy Wyatt who must only have been about six dropped to his knees saying "Please don't shoot me mister". He didn't.

Water often attracts young boys and Send had a river, ponds and a stream to provide opportunities for us to amuse ourselves. In the shallow stream alongside the road to Send Marsh we floated sticks, caught tadpoles and watched small fish dart amongst the stones. When we were old enough we hired canoes and paddled down the Wey towards Triggs Lock. At one point a narrow creek branched off the river, we imagined ourselves daring explorers as we paddled between the overhanging vegetation. Once I saw a snake swimming across the river its head up like a periscope and its body waving gracefully in the water; we nearly capsized the canoe trying to hit it with our paddles. I think it must have been about 1960 when after a particularly cold spell the ponds froze over. For a few days Send residents, old and young walked, skated or slid over the ice; not quite Breughel perhaps but it was a very un-Surrey like scene. We did go swimming in the Wey at Papercourt and some more daring than me jumped off the bridge there into the river.

When I joined the ATC one of the perks was that we could use the senior officer's garden to go swimming in the river and use his diving board. He had a large house on land where a canal section and the river Wey met near the New Inn. I don't remember his ATC rank but his surname was May⁴; we safely out of earshot, called him Massa.

In those days before electronic amusement we did a lot of wandering around, often quite a way from home. We sometimes walked up to a wood near Burnt Common we called Primrose Wood where I remember first seeing the swollen heads and weeping eyes of the many rabbits quietly dying from myxomatosis. On several Sunday mornings we walked to East Clandon, on to West Clandon and back home. Then East Clandon was a traditional village and a mainly working class community. Most of the cottages were owned by the squire who lived in his country mansion, Hatchlands. There were working farms; the one that belonged to the Estate, Home Farm, would later be a location for the 1970's children's series, Catweazle. The primary school was yet to close and several of its ex-pupils were at St Bede's with me. A small shop and post office still served the village. The Queens's Head was very much a local's pub, wooden benches lined the walls of the bar and beer was served from barrels on the counter. Village children could buy soft drinks from a hatch and drink them in the garden. I went back for a visit in the 1980's: the cottages had been sold off by the Estate; Home farm was no longer a working farm, its buildings empty;

the school and shop had long since closed; the Queen's Head now had a Poachers Bar and a Gamekeepers Bar with no barrels in sight. It was still a beautiful village but not the one I knew.

As far as I remember all these wanderings to East Clandon and elsewhere were done without telling parents or without watches to warn us when to go home for meals.

1 Editor - it did! Flour and sugar was weighed into twists of paper and paper bags. Ham and bacon was sliced on the bone.

2 Editor - Nurse Moore the district nurse lived in the bungalow next to the Drill Hall in the 1950's- can anyone shed any light on this comment?

3 Editor - i.e. the parade opposite the Post Office.

4 Editor - Michael May of Ashburton House.

EASTER SUNDAY AT NEWARK PRIORY

Cameron Brown



© Ditz

The various churches of Ripley, Pyrford, Wisley, Byfleet and West Byfleet once again held their inter-denominational Easter Sunday service at six a.m. amongst the ruins of Newark Priory. On a chilly but thankfully dry morning around 150 people gathered to attend the service and sing hymns accompanied by an enthusiastic trio of musicians. A service has been held here on the banks of The Wey each year since about 1989 but the tradition dates back some 300 years.

It is thought that the holding of an outdoor service at dawn to celebrate the resurrection of Christ was started in the early 18th Century in protestant eastern Germany (Saxony) and was quickly spread around the Christian world by missionaries. The original idea would doubtless have had much to do with sunrise at the culmination of the service being a symbol of the resurrection whereas gathering around a bonfire almost certainly points to a pagan tradition to celebrate the end of winter and the beginning of spring. Afterwards the ashes from the fire would



© Ditz

have helped to fertilise the ground. The lighting of “holy fire” is part of the traditional celebration of Holy Saturday, the evening before Easter Sunday, though this is usually represented by a large white candle. On a relatively late Easter, like this year, timing the service in the original way would have meant arriving perhaps as early as five am so those attending in 2014 had to conclude their worship with the bonfire rather than a perfectly-timed sunrise.



© Ditz

The word *Easter* is thought to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon name for the goddess of the dawn, *Eostre*, and in the misty ruins of the ancient priory it was not hard to imagine similar celebrations being held for the ancient goddess many centuries ago.

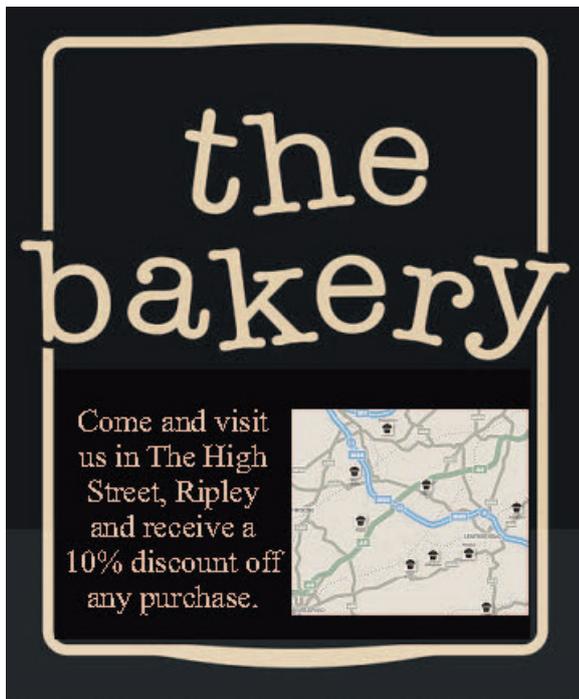
See Clare McCann’s report on the launch of our splendid new book on the history of Newark Priory.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Cate Davey

On 18 March Jean Turner and Cate Davey went back to school and joined the Otters and Squirrel classes at Send First School for a history lesson with a difference. We were there to talk to the pupils about our experience as children growing up eighty and sixty years ago. I took my 62-year-old Teddy bear with me. We took it in turns to speak to each class and then answered questions from the children. We talked about what the old Victorian school in School Lane (now a house) was like when we were there. The children asked me lots of questions about the house (did I have an outside toilet - no) I lived in; how we played, and what toys we had. They were shocked to discover that when I was at primary school we only had one black-and-white television and one channel! And no mobile phone, computer, Xbox or tablet. I think they were slightly envious to learn that I and my friends were able to explore the local countryside and that by the time I was 9, we were allowed out on the river/navigation in boats without any adult supervision!

It was a most enjoyable visit and if we are asked to do it again I encourage others to volunteer to share their stories. Let me know if you went to school in Send or Ripley in the 1960s or earlier and whether you would be prepared to spend about 75 minutes chatting to the children about your childhood.



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FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The opening times of our museum are on the next page. The current exhibition until the end of June is *'The Last Summer, 1914'* and this will be followed immediately by *'Lest we Forget'* on the theme of the first World War.

The Summer Programme

Thurs. 5 June All-day outing to Bignor Roman Villa and the Elizabethan Parham House, nr Pulborough. This day has had to be re-planned due to damage by winter floods. Final details will be notified to all who have booked with me before 22nd May.

Friday 4 July Two-hour narrow-boat trip on the horse-drawn 'Iona' with the Godalming Packetboat Company. We board the boat at 2 o'clock at Godalming Wharf. Cost will be £14 per person and £3.50 each for a cream tea. Bookings with me, please, before 20th June.

Friday 25 July Barbecue for members and spouses/partners to be held at Crickets Hill House, Potters Lane, starting at 6.30pm. Bookings on enclosed flier.

No meeting in August

The Autumn Programme

Tues. 16 Sept An illustrated talk by Judie English on 'Iron Age Hill Forts in Surrey' to be held in Ripley Village Hall starting at 8pm.

Please ring me, Anne Bowerman, on 01483 224876, if you have any queries about the programme.

Journal Contributions: Closing date for the next issue is **Thursday 19 June 2014.**

Will authors of illustrated articles please submit **original photographic prints** if at all possible to ensure reasonably good reproduction in the Journal.

<p>The Jovial Sailor Portsmouth Rd, Ripley GU23 6EZ 01483 224360 Jovial.Sailor.0443@punchtaverns.com</p>  <p>The original building dates to around 1770 and was frequented by sailors on their long weary walk to Portsmouth. A busy popular venue with hand-pump ales and food prepared on the premises.</p>	<p>Now under new management</p> <hr/> <p><i>Adam and his Team would like to welcome old friends and new</i></p>
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Contact Les Bowerman on 01483-224876
if you require further information or wish
to help in the museum.

HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

‘Ripley & Send Then and Now; The Changing Scene of Surrey Village Life’ (Reprinted 1998 and 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&7) £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’	£6.00
‘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’	£5.00
‘Newark Priory: Ripley’s Romantic Ruin’	£8.00
Special Offer - Purchase ‘Newark Priory’ and ‘St Mary’s Ripley’	£10.00

All the publications are available from the Museum on Saturday mornings, or from Ripley Post Office. The reprinted copy of ‘Ripley & Send Then & Now’, ‘Two Surrey Village Schools’ and ‘Memories of War’ can also be obtained from Send Post Office. All publications are available via the Society’s website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk



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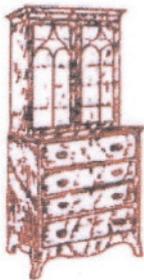
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