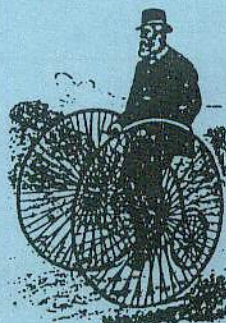
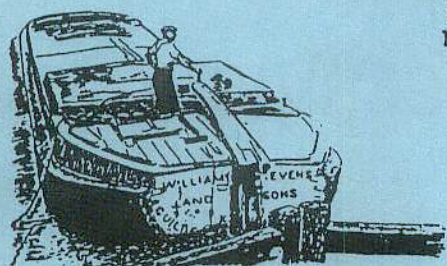
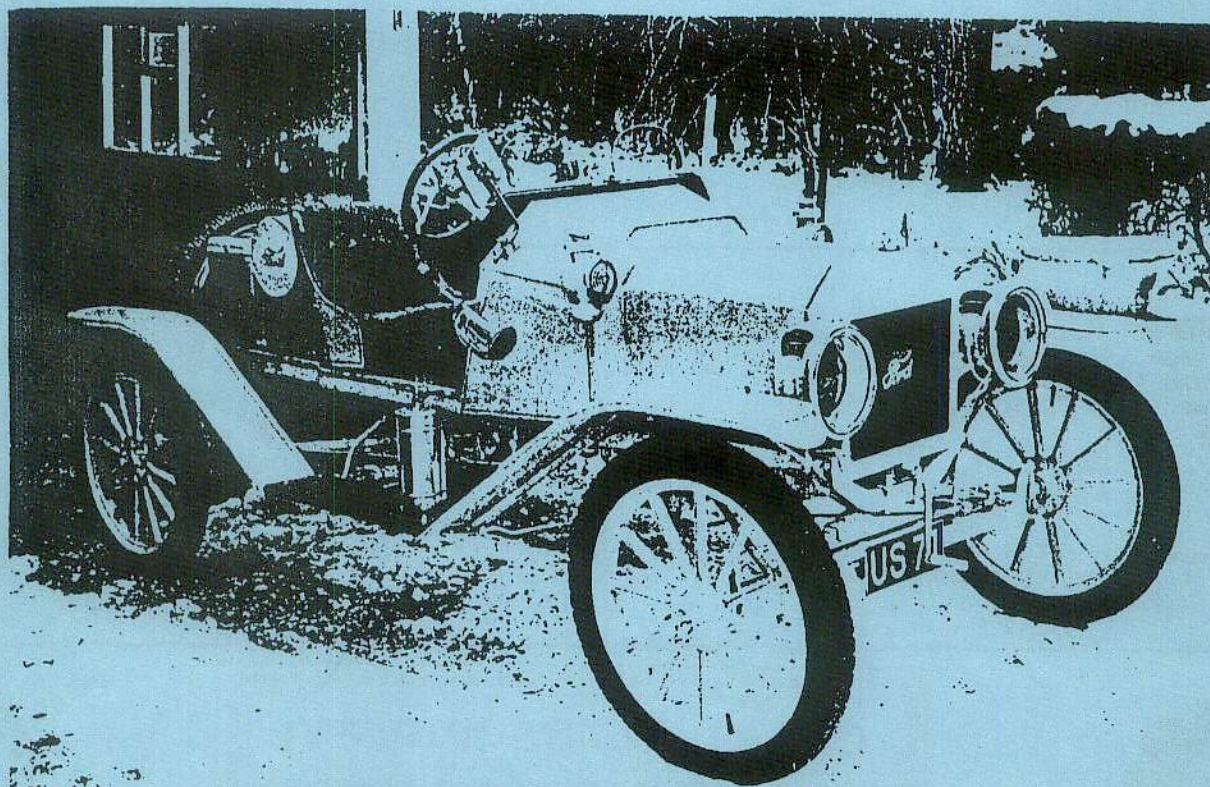


Send & Ripley History Society



Newsletter No. 79

March/April 1988



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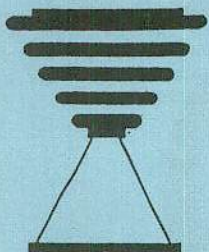
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Cover Illustration: 1915 Ford Model "T" Two Seater Speedster, illustration taken from Sotheby's catalogue for their auction of "Important Early and Classic Motor Vehicles, Bicycles and Automobilia", held on 9 December 1985.

A GARAGE IN RIPLEY

BY Basil Howard

After the First World War had finished and peace had been restored, my father, C M Howard, seriously considered starting a garage, realising that, with the end of hostilities and war-time restrictions, there was likely to be an upsurge of motoring.

My father, who had received early training as an engineer, was a Boer War veteran, having served in South Africa in the Imperial Yeomanry, and fought in the battle of Spion Kop and other engagements. During the early years of the present century, he had become a keen motorist, up to the outbreak of World War 1 and, after serving as a commissioned officer, he was invalided out of the army as unfit for overseas service, as a result of injuries originally received during the Boer War. He then became an assistant manager of an aeroplane factory, building DK9 bombers while hostilities lasted.

Together with his friend, Thomas Davidson, a chemical engineer, who was interested and prepared to put up some capital, and a man called Noel who had served his time as a skilled mechanic, they set out to reconnoitre the most promising areas for starting a garage, and to look for suitable premises. Having failed to find what he was looking for on the Bath Road, my father turned his attention to the Portsmouth Road, and at Ripley the Cedar House (now Tudor House), in the High Street, was on the market, but was not suitable for conversion to a garage.

My mother, however, fell in love with the old house and determined to buy it. They turned it into a Tea House, which she ran successfully for many years.

Fortune then smiled upon my father. The former Ripley branch of the Surrey Trading Company, which was situated immediately opposite the Cedar House, came onto the market, and my father realised that this would easily convert into a garage, so he acquired it. The building formed a corner site beside the junction of Newark Lane and the High Street, and stood back from the latter, leaving a wide forecourt (the site is now occupied by Town & Country Cars - Ed).

The conversion was duly accomplished with the cellar forming an ideal pit for working underneath cars. A portion of the wooden floor of the upper storey was cut out and reinforced to form a platform on blocks and tackle, in order to hoist up car bodies, after removal from the chassis, to the upper floor, which became a paint shop, before the days of unit construction and paint spraying.

Lighting, provided by a Tangye oil engine and a 50 volt DC dynamo, was direct for as long as the engine was running, there being no storage accumulators. The engine was operated by Hector Lacy, who, after it was shut down on certain evenings, used to drain off hot water from the engine's cooling tank into buckets, to carry home for his bath.

During the conversion, the oil engine and dynamo were removed from the outbuilding in the yard and installed inside the former store room together with a centre lathe and drilling machine, all powered by the engine. A workbench was set up there, and provision made, by installation of a set of Tudor accumulators, for lighting when the engine was not running. The engine had a metal bulb screwed to the cylinder, and to start it, it was necessary to heat up this bulb with a blow lamp until it was red hot, then turn the fly wheels by hand. The speed of the engine was controlled by an erratic device which spasmodically opened the inlet valve, causing the engine to miss frequently. To stop the engine, one originally just turned off the fuel. Once it was moved to its new home and served a new master, Hector Lacy was unlucky for his bath water from that source.

The garage eventually opened in 1920 or 1921, under the name of "Howard, Davidson, and Noel, Motor Engineers", and as petrol pumps were something for the future in those days, petrol was served from two-gallon cans via half-gallon and one-gallon measures and a large funnel. The petrol tanks of cars in those days were often under the bonnet, or under the driver's seat, and it was doubly important that no one smoked during filling up. The two-gallon cans, which were delivered by Shell, Pratts or National Benzol, were stored in a brick building down in the yard, with a locked steel door.

A narrow office was built at the side of the main garage space, to house the till and the telephone, etc, and two Dennis taxis were obtained, one an 18 hp landaulet and the other a 15 hp open tourer, both mainly for trips from Ripley to East Horsley railway station. A Model T Ford van was also bought for contract hire to the local International Stores, and later on a 40 hp Maudeslay limousine was acquired for hire work.

My father sold a new Overland tourer to the local GP, Dr Pierce, and bought his old 1912 Vulcan in part exchange. My father then removed the rear seats from the Vulcan, and built a flat platform on it instead, so that it could be used as a breakdown vehicle. The garage foreman, who occupied the house at the rear of the garage, acquired the rear seats for use as a settee for his front room! The old Vulcan, on which I eventually practised driving when no-one was looking, had a continually clattering main bearing, which never got any worse, but it had a clamp-on Stepney rim and tyre which was attached to whichever of its fixed wheels had a puncture. When this was put on a front wheel, the car was very difficult to steer.

Someone who became a regular customer owned a 16 hp Minerva with a sleeve-valve engine and a shooting brake body, in which he used to drive to Scotland for grouse shooting, but eventually he wanted something faster. My father, therefore, sold him a Sunbeam chassis onto which he fitted the body from the Minerva. My father then made him a part exchange on the Minerva chassis, which he converted to a second breakdown vehicle, as he had plenty of work for two. The Minerva was a lovely old car to drive and would pull hard at low revs, with its heavy fly wheel. Each of its four gears had a distinctive musical sound, and to change gear one had to judge the revs just right in order to avoid a crunch. It was ideal for pulling cars out of ditches!

In those days the garage used to do complete overhauls and repaint of customers' cars. Off would come the body and be hauled up overhead to the paint shop for a rub-down with cuttle fish, then primed and given seven coats of paint plus three of varnish, with a result equal to anything in the Royal Stables. Engine, transmission, suspension, in fact everything was overhauled 100% before the car was returned to the customer.

Noel eventually left and started his own garage in Exeter. He was replaced by Harry Frohock, who originally came from the Iris Car Company and was a superb motor engineer. If a car had knocked out a big-end bearing - a common occurrence in those days - Harry would often work all night to get the customer back on the road again. That was before the days of spare big-end bearing shells, so, after dropping the sump and withdrawing the con rod and piston, molten white metal had to be poured in and then scraped by hand to fit the crankshaft journal perfectly before reassembling.



Harry would never leave a job until, in his opinion, it was 100% right, and then he considered that he had earned himself a drink, so he was reputed to have worn a track across the road to the Anchor. When his three-year-old son was asked "Where's Daddy?" the others had taught him to say "Pub."

My father was the hard-working Boss, chief engineer, manager, salesman, carpenter, etc, all combined. Tom Davidson was a sleeping partner with a financial interest in the firm; Harry Frohock was foreman and miracle worker; Stan Templeton was mechanic who was always smothered in black oil and grease; Sid Barrett was the motor cycle specialist; Burt Nersey was general dogsbody; Mr Bonner was the painter; and Ruby Kyle was typist and secretary. They were a happy bunch and got on well together.

In these days of power tools, tyre handling equipment and electronic tuners, it is hard to realise the way we had to do things when in country garages with no mains electricity available. With high-pressure beaded-edge tyres, with inner tubes, punctures were a gut-binding job with tyre levers, solution and patches, then pumping up with a hand or foot pump.

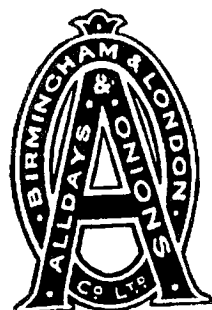
Sometimes in the middle of a rush job there would be an urgent taxi job to do, or the local AA scout would dash in on his bicycle with a summons to a breakdown, or accident, up the road, and it was a question of which garage got there first. Often the garage that treated the AA scout best got the job! I remember those AA men - in particular Mr Curtiss, whose usual remark was "Stand on me, old man", and Mr Stone, who later joined the police force.

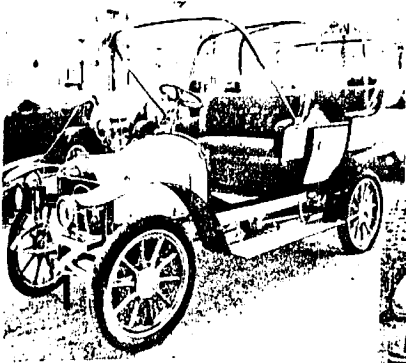
My early memories of the garage were mostly gathered during my school holidays when I used to get in everyone's way, and later on I was a thorough nuisance taking my motor bikes to bits, but they were very tolerant and taught me a lot of mechanical knowledge. Harry Frohock was always a good friend. I remember when the present Queen Mother married the Duke of York (later to become King George VI), Harry drove me to Great Bookham to wave to them as they drove from the station to Polesden Lacy, where they spent their honeymoon. A wonderful memory from all those years ago!

We had many friends and lots of visitors. Jimmy Richards, AC Cars' Chief Tester, often called in to see us when he had a new car on test from Thames Ditton, and we had many other interesting visitors. C A Vandervell, of CAV, often called in at the Cedar Tea House for coffee or a meal, and Tony Vandervell, who later built the Vanwall Special, often used to be with him. Then there were the Brooklands motor cycle racers, members of the Surbiton Motor Cycle Club, who used to come to the Cedar Tea House on Sunday afternoons and leave their bikes at the garage while they had tea. These included Freddy Longman (AJS), Jack Emerson (Douglas), Claude Temple (OEC), Hopkins (Harley Davidson) and others.

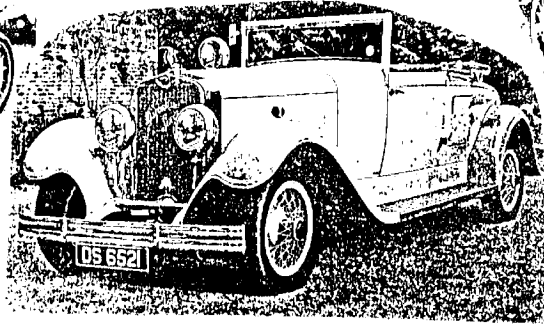
I forget the names of two more regulars at the Cedar Tea House, but I remember their lovely motor cars well enough, as they always left them in our garage while they had a meal across the road. Could I ever forget them - a beautiful 30/98 Vauxhall and an equally lovely 3 litre Bentley, both with polished aluminium bodies, and that wonderful burble of their exhausts when they started up.

During school holidays, I always asked my father to let me ride with him when he took out customers' cars on test, after service or over-haul. In this way I had runs in a large number of makes of cars

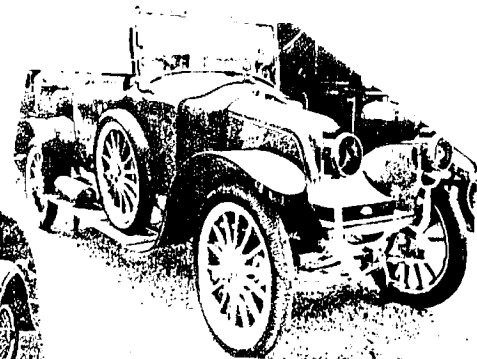




Delage Double-Phaeton 1907
(4 cyl., 90 x 100 mm, 15 hp de
Dion).



1927 Hispano-Suiza H6B 37.2hp Two Seater Roadster



Renault EU Double Phaeton
1914 (4 cyl., 80 x 140 mm,
2812 cc.).

whose names are barely remembered today. There was the Stutz which belonged to the Hon Keppel of Guildford, Lord Northesk's aluminium-bodied AC and many, many more. I wonder what became of all those makes of cars which were a common sight in those days, many of which called for petrol or came to us for service or repair: Angus Sanderson, Charron Laycock, Delage, Darracq, Delaunay-Belleville, Hispano-Suiza, Lancia, Mathis, Salmson, Straker-Squire and those big Renaults with radiators to the rear of their engines, bonnets like cheese covers and great high coackwork, also Daimlers with sleeve slap, leaving a smoke screen behind, Model T Fords (Tin Lizzies) rattling along - and many more.

At weekends there were hundreds of motor cycles with sidecars, whose riders had their caps the wrong way round and were begoggled, and had what appeared to be their entire families packed into sidecars and on pillion seats. I can see it all now in my mind's eye.

My father was an agent for Jowett Cars, the funny little hand-built cars with "the little engine with the big pull", as indeed they were. He sold many, both locally and further afield. When a batch was due for collection from Jowett works, we used to take our own and borrowed trade plates, and catch the night train from St Pancras to Bradford, and have breakfast in the Jowett works canteen: great thick bacon rashers, sizzling hot, and eggs, while our good friends, Gascoyne, the Sales Manager, and Ted Tordoff, the head foreman, sorted out the batch of cars allocated to us, and off we would go, driving in convoy, all the way back to Ripley, down the Great North Road.

My father's Jowett agency brought us a lot of work, apart from sales, servicing the many Jowetts we sold, and when a Jowett Owners' Club was formed, they used to rendezvous regularly at the Cedar Tea House, and always looked in at the garage.

One of the high spots of the year was the Motor Show at Olympia. I used to go with my father to the Jowett stand and talk to interested-looking likely customers, arranging demonstration runs for them or, if they were genuinely convinced, booking their orders. After the show, we used to repair to the coffee stall at the corner of Addison Road, a favourite spot for motor salesmen after the Show closed each evening.

There was the time when Mizen Brothers' Wolesley lorry drove into the garage for some work to be carried out on it. I remember my father rushing down into the pit to shore up the floor joists with a balk of timber, lest worse befall!

Looking back, I remember that in those days one hardly ever saw a tractor. They came later, but then farmers ploughed with beautiful pairs of Suffolk Punch or Shire horses.

There were charabancs, like lorries with rows of seats, with a separate door to each row and folding canvas hoods. These were the forerunners of the coaches of today. Motor buses had longitudinal seats and the drivers sat out in the open without any weather protection. There were a large number of steam lorries, as well as petrol-driven ones, and practically all of them had solid rubber tyres. Sometimes a lump of rubber would break off these tyres, resulting in the vehicle going thump, thump, thump and making all the windows rattle as it went along.

In due course, petrol pumps became available, so two hand-operated ones were installed, one by Shell on the left front of the garage, and the other by National Benzol on the right. Petrol sales then increased considerably!

The garage was always full up with work, as the traffic along the Portsmouth Road increased over the years with the inevitable breakdowns, accidents and stops to fill up with petrol. Now today's vintage car enthusiast would have liked to witness the daily panorama of the cars of those days passing through Ripley, ranging from the curious cyclecars, such as AV monocars, Carden monocars, two-cylinder friction-drive GWKs, Trojans, GNs, etc, right up to the lordly Rolls Royce Silver Ghosts, chauffeur-driven with the "quality" in the back.

What wonderful times those were in the glorious 1920s, when petrol was one shilling and twopence halfpenny a gallon, and a reasonable new car cost between £200 and £300, and some small ones sold at around £100. Secondhand cars could be bought for £20-50 and beer was 2d a pint; even a bottle of whisky cost only 8/6d. When we felt like a spin down to the seaside at a weekend, bed and breakfast cost 5/- practically anywhere.

My own graduation from motor bikes to cars happened when I was given a two-cylinder air-cooled Rover 8, which my father took in part exchange for a new Jowett. Later on I had a 1922 GN, and I always arrived with black oily hands from mending broken chains en route. I loved the little sports Amilcar that I owned later, followed by an Aero Morgan three-wheeler, which was great fun to drive.

In those days many car manufacturers produced chassis which were sent to coachbuilders to be fitted with bodies of the customers' choice. The larger makers built cars with standard coachwork, it is true, but they were built as chassis before going on to the body shop. Unitary construction of chassis and body was still in the future.

The garage regularly received tickets for Brooklands BARC and BMCRC meetings, so I seldom missed a race meeting, both car and motor cycle. What wonderful races they were, with Count Zborowski's "Chitty-Bang-Bang", Eldridges' big Fiat "Mephistopheles" and Parry Thomas's big Leyland Special which clung to the top of the banking, and those wonderful top racing drivers, Sir Henry Segrave, Sir Malcolm Campbell, L G Hornstead, Wartshorne Cooper, Freddy Dixon, Prince Bira of Siam, K Lee Guinness and the rest of the "Greats". Then there were the motor cycle aces, such as Bert Le Vack, the Longmans, Claude Temple, etc, at BMCRC meetings. Wonderful races with the thunder of exhausts and the smell of Castrol "R".

Captain N C Macklin regularly drove his veteran Stanley steam car to Ripley in the mornings for coffee at the Cedar Tea House, accompanied by his wife and Violet Cordery, his sister-in-law, who was an up-and-coming woman racing driver. He used to demonstrate the springy motion of the Stanley to us, and later he brought his Doble steam car. I remember the Doble, after standing outside the Cedar Tea House for some time, suddenly making a roaring noise, so Macklin (later to become Sir Noel Macklin) said that he had better drive it away from the village before it blew up! I heard later that it did just that in London, in Park Lane, causing alarm and despondency, and investigation by the police. That put an end to Macklin's experiments with steam cars. Instead he built the Invicta petrol-driven car with the flexibility of steam, and because of my father's interest in his steam cars, he gave

me a job at his Fairmile works at the outset of the Invicta project - but that is another story, as they say.

The garage did pretty well throughout the 1920s and into the 30s until my father felt that it was time for him to retire. So he sold the business to a man called Tanner who had previously had a garage at Pulborough. Tanner stayed for only a short while, after which the garage passed to Carling Motors, under the management of a man called Fueling from Streatham. They started a project to convert 14 hp Vauxhall chassis into sports cars by fitting them with a different radiator and Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels with knock-on hub caps and aluminium sports tourer bodies by E D Abbotts of Wrecclesham. In the event they only turned out one, after which the firm got into difficulties and folded up. I have no accurate information as to what happened after that, because I left the district and moved up North to work, but on my return to the South I noticed that the garage was still going strong under a new name, and indeed I am happy to see it still is today (a car sales room and repair shop, no longer selling petrol - Ed).

Now having passed the ripe old age of four score years and one, I have happy memories of the garage in the glorious 1920s when the World and I were young, and am glad that I lived then to see those lovely old cars, all of which had personalities of their own, before the age of mass-produced "tin" motor cars of today.

The modern car is much easier to drive, but has become a necessary chattel for our convenience and daily use, whereas back in the 1920s we had pride of ownership of our cars even though, for the most part, they were more difficult to handle and to drive, and required considerable skill to control on corners and wet surfaces, but we had open roads, not cluttered with the traffic jams we have to tolerate today. It is doubtful whether an average modern motorist would be able to handle most of the cars of the 1920s with their crash gearboxes without synchromesh, their old-fashioned braking systems, their high centres of gravity and narrow high-pressure tyres so prone to skidding. We old-timers learned our driving in a hard school, which is why older motorists are less accident prone than many of the moderns who are always in too much of a hurry and drive too fast, without allowing enough stopping distance from the vehicles in front.

Finally, on the lighter side, I remember when I was young being stopped by the village policeman for exceeding the then 20 mph speed limit. He later apologised to me, saying he had to stop me because the sergeant had seen me doing it. After I had paid my fine in Woking Police Court, the sergeant said "Sorry I had to report you; I had to because the constable had stopped you!"

Thanks are due to Mr Alan Baker, a Society member, for his assistance in the preparation of this article for publication. It is also a pleasure to acknowledge the following as sources of material for the illustrations:

"The Boys' Book of Veteran Cars", written by Ernest F Carter and published by Burke Publishing Co Ltd (1959). Sotheby's catalogue for the auction "Important Early and Classic Motor Vehicles, Bicycles and Automobilia", held on 9 December 1985. A documentation of The Schlumpf Automobile Collection, by Wolfgang Drehsen, Werner Haas and Hans-Jurgen Schneider, edited by Halwart Schrader and published by Verlag Schrader & Partner GmbH. - Editor

FAMILY ROOTS

by Pauline Marshall

with an introduction by the Editor

Most of us have, at some time, toyed with the idea of tracing our ancestry, promising ourselves we would undertake such a project when eventually we had time. One of the Society's members, Pauline Marshall, has, over many years, as opportunity arose rather than by purposeful design, researched her family history. Although Pauline's family history has only tenuous connections with the locality, I make no apology for including a shortened version of her account in the Newsletter (to be serialised in three parts), since it inherently encompasses such a wide spectrum of interest. Anyone who embarks on this kind of research into his, or her, family roots is bound to come up with some interesting stories and, moreover, will soon realise that he or she is only one of typically half a million descendants. So, bearing in mind that it has been necessary to drastically truncate the original text for presentation in the Newsletter, we can now follow this intriguing personal account of a journey into the past:

My father was an MD and my mother a nursing sister. My mother's father was a lawyer, and I have not so far pursued that line beyond a great grandfather who was a sea captain. Some of them were Scots and I rather fear that in following that line I would end up in Border warfare with myself, that is with my father's Northumbrian antecedents, so for the purpose of this essay I am sticking to my paternal ancestry.

My paternal grandmother belonged to a large merchant family very like the Forsytes: We even had an uncle who used to complain "Nobody ever tells me anything", probably because he wasn't listening when they did. It was a family custom to have an annual dinner party around Christmas time in the house of a bachelor great uncle and two maiden great aunts at 90 Chatham Street, Liverpool, now preserved as a museum of Victoriana. This was known as "The Chatty Party", to which everyone, down to the last great niece or nephew, was invited. After a gargantuan Christmas dinner at an enormously long table, we repaired to the drawing room, where the gentlemen eventually joined the ladies and children, and we young ones were presented with little packets containing half a crown: I believe the amount got larger relative to the recipient's age. Amateur theatricals were then presented by the guests, and one aim of the young folk was to make Aunt Eva laugh so much that her false teeth fell out, which was not difficult to accomplish. Smoking in the drawing room was not encouraged by the great aunts, and an uncle was once surprised in the library lying down with his head in the empty grate, smoking up the chimney.

My grandfather lived in Ironbridge, Shropshire, in a house which I vaguely remember as dark and dismal (to match its owner), with a garden which sloped steeply down to the likewise dark and dismal gorge and in sight of the famous Iron Bridge. Perhaps my grandmother was as depressed at Ironbridge as I was; at all events they were separated after the birth of four children, my father being the eldest, and she went to live in Coniston in the Lake District, which is now in Cumbria. There had been "family" there since my great great grandmother's time a hundred years ago. Her house, "Lanehead", together with the boats called "Swallow" and "Jamrack", were later lent rent-free to W G Collingwood, the Lake District historian, writer and painter. In the 1920s Collingwood befriended a young man called Arthur Ransome, who sailed the boats with Collingwood's son, Robin. My father and Arthur Ransome had been at Rugby together and Ransome based his "Swallows and Amazon" stories on the kind of adventures (sailing and otherwise), and background, of ourselves and his own generation. There is ample evidence that my late elder sister and I, who in the 1930s were a couple of tomboys running around in shorts and "messing about in boats", suggested "the Amazons", though the actual adventures were Ransome's own invention. Members of my family once occupied six different houses in the area, but all I can claim now

is six feet of earth in Coniston churchyard where my mother is buried a few yards away from John Ruskin. I hold the Faculty to this grave, so will eventually join her there. The maiden name of my great great grandmother, who lived at Lanehead in the latter half of the 19th century, was Ellen Greg, youngest daughter of Samuel Greg and Hannah Lightbody. Samuel Greg (1758-1834) was a successful entrepreneur who founded a



Quarry Bank Mill: the Clock Tower and (in the centre of the picture) the 'New Mill'.

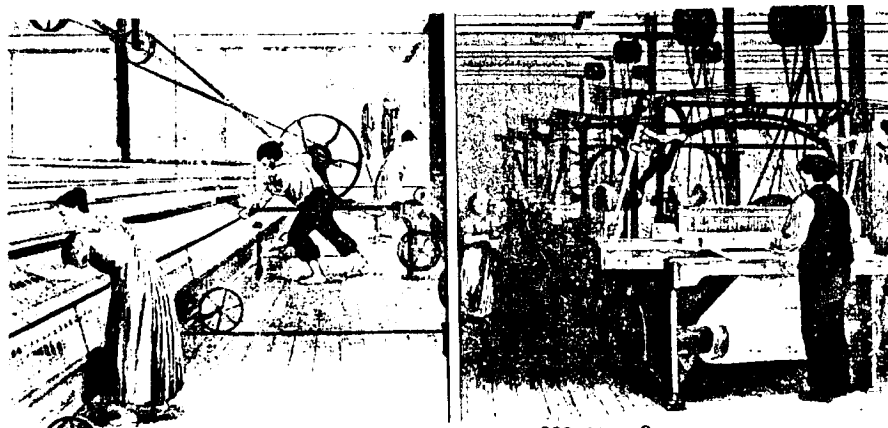


textile empire in 1784 which lasted the Greg family for five generations: this saw the building and development of Quarry Bank Mill at Styal, Cheshire, and its enlargement into a village, built for the mill workers, complete with a school, chapels, an inn, etc. The Gregs were benevolent employers, this complex is now a living museum which won the Museum of the Year Award in 1984. Mrs Elizabeth Fletcher, "a diarist and confidante of such men as Owen, Wilberforce and Wordsworth", wrote of her visit to the Gregs at Quarry Bank House: "We stayed with them, and admired the cultivation of mind, and refinement of manners which Mrs Greg preserved in the midst of money-making and (a) somewhat unpolished community of merchants and manufacturers." Hannah seems to have had ideas, advanced for her time, that her daughters, as well as her sons, should be educated and prepared for a wider life than simply that of marriage: one daughter, at the age of 17, relates in her diary how she "attended lectures in Manchester on electricity and its properties". "However, like any young lady of 'quality' at the time, she was also an accomplished dancer and musician, playing the piano and the Jew's harp." (Quarry Bank Mill Trust, Styal). The cotton wealth was presumably dispersed among the many Greg descendants: none of it, I might add, reached me! They had twelve children.

The Gregs' youngest daughter, Ellen, of Lanehead, Coniston (1807-94), married André Melly (1802-51), a Swiss merchant who had come from Geneva to Liverpool and, missing the lake, made a second home in the English Lake District. According to an uncle of mine who researched this, "the suggestion of this marriage did not meet with approval which is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that the Gregs were an important Cheshire family, whereas André Melly was an unknown foreigner." Nevertheless the unknown André, whose portrait shows him looking remarkably like Franz Schubert, with a halo of curly, black hair and round spectacles, brings in a most interesting line.

In 1851 André and his two sons were the first European tourists to visit Abu Simbel in Egypt. At that time the great statues of Rameses II were up to their necks in sand, and my great grandfather, standing on the lip of one of the statues, could just reach the eyebrow. I read about this in a book called "The White Nile" when I was, by coincidence, on the last party of tourists to visit Abu Simbel in situ, before the statues were moved for the opening of the Aswan High Dam. We in the 1950s, a hundred years later, had a comfortable trip up the Nile, following its curves as we breezed through the hot air by hydrofoil. Poor André was less fortunate: their party did not follow the curving Nile, but cut across the desert to shorten the distance. The heat was fatal to André and he died in the desert, in 1851, aged only 49.

André's ancestors can be traced back to 1640 "Matthieu Collomb dit Mesli ou Melly". I do not know why he and his son, David (1667), chose to drop the name Collomb and adopt the fairly ordinary Swiss name of Mesli or Melly. It may have been something to do with becoming burgers, or townsmen, of Geneva: this was achieved for a price: Geneva archives record the words: "devenu bourgeois pour 40 écus, un seillot et un mousquet." It is easy enough to understand the 40 "crowns", and the "musket", but what the "seillot" could be remains a matter for conjecture. The family thought it might be a kind of bucket (from the French "seille"), but it was also suggested that there had been rope-makers in the district for generations, and the word could be Swiss German for a measured length of rope. Anyway, before "Matthieu, et David, son fils", we have in 1605 "Jean Collon ou Collomb ou Melly", in 1575 "Jehan Coulomb dict Melly", and in 1530 Pierre Coulomb, who arrived in Geneva as a pedlar from Genoa: he was recorded as a "rubanier", a ribbon-merchant. Here a maddening uncertainty occurs because I cannot name his father, but he, Pierre, was reputed to be the grandson of Cristobal Colon (as he was called in Spanish), otherwise Cristoforo Colombo, citizen of Genoa, born in 1441. In the citadel of Calvi, Corsica, there is a plaque on a ruin claiming that Columbus was born there. A French friend remarked cynically "Colomb était né partout", but it is possible because Corsica was under Genoese domination at the time, and, according to Corsican sources, Columbus, when applying to Queen Isabella of Spain for sponsorship of his voyage of discovery to the West, disclaimed his Corsican birth because the Calvais had at some time massacred a Spanish garrison. Anyway, wherever he was born, the Swiss branch of my family have a coat of arms showing a helmet with alleged dove's wings (for "colombe" - dove) over a shield which has, in one quarter, a ship said to be the Santa Maria sailing towards



Mule spinning and weaving, about 1840. See page 9



the westering sun. The motto attached to this is "Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée" (a good name is worth more than a golden belt).

My great grandfather and Ellen's second son, André, who was the Liberal MP for Stoke-on-Trent, married one Sarah Bright, which introduces the main line which I am pursuing. Before her there were three generations of quite humble people called Jones. Sarah Bright's mother wrote a letter in 1864 telling a lot about the Jones family. "My grandfather (Thomas Jones 1740-1799) married Ann Lloyd or 'Ann of the Mountain', a farmer's daughter. He was a fine old Welshman ... He had never more than £300 a year and managed to save out of it £1000 to give to each of his eight children when he died. He was a Captain in the Militia but served in the Regulars. His old coats were cut to make my boys' jackets and my father used to say that they made Uncle Charles, being the youngest, wear the red jackets and he did not like going to church in them. My grandfather used to make his own candles too so was thrifty altogether. Notwithstanding he was famous for the good ale he brewed and used to keep open house My Uncle Longueville (the Captain's eldest son) not long after he married, was challenged by a man (such things were not uncommon in those days) and he would have to fight him. The Captain heard this story and was much distracted. He went to see his daughter-in-law who came out to meet him with her first baby in her arms in happy ignorance of the trouble in store for her. The old man

could not bear to think of it as he looked on the proud, happy mother, and left the house determined to sacrifice himself for his son - his wife was dead - all his children were grown up - he was growing old - his life was of little further use, he thought, and so he went out to meet his son's enemy and was shot by him from behind a hedge. He was shot in the face and died the next day (in 1799) after spending all the time and strength he had in writing to his children. They are beautiful letters, I believe and reverently kept by Tom Longueville. 'At last,' he says, 'the blood chokes me, I can write no more,' and so he died The man who killed him afterwards went mad. I remember once riding with my father - we were passing an asylum - and he said 'The man who shot my father is there'. I do not remember my father mentioning this sad story any other time."

In the same letter we learn that the gallant Captain's mother was a Miss Maria Longueville, heiress daughter of Sir Thomas Longueville, 4th Baronet, but disinherited by the squire for her runaway marriage to a certain Tom Jones, who was steward of her father's estate. By chance (or **was** it?) Henry Fielding published his story of "Tom Jones" in 1749, the very year that our Tom Jones died. You can make of that what you will: the two stories do seem to have a lot in common.

Maria Longueville's granddaughter, Maria Digby, was great granddaughter of Sir Everard Digby, who was one of the Gunpowder Plotters. His role was to have been to organise the rising in the Midlands. He and his colleagues fled after the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, but were eventually rounded up and executed in 1605. I am glad, at least, that the Gunpowder Plot was not attempted a few years earlier, because my ancestor, Everard's son, Kenelm, was just two years old when his father was executed, without whom we would not have had life. I think these ancestors deserve a little bit of family tree here, because two most interesting lines (roots) come in at this point, the Stanleys and the Percys:

Thomas Percy, 7th & 1st Earl of Northumberland KG (b 1528, succeeded 1557, beheaded 1572)	=	Lady Anne Somerset
Sir Everard Digby d 1605 (Gunpowder Plot execution)		Lady Lucy Percy = Sir Edward Stanley KB of Tong Castle, Salop d 1632
Sir Kenelm Digby of Gothurst, Oxon (1603-65)	=	Venetia Stanley (1600-33)
		Sir Edward Longueville of Wolverton
		John Digby = Margaret Longueville

The next episode follows the Stanley and Percy lines into the Plantagenet period.

THE TICKNERS OF SEND AND HORSELL (1570-1765)

Part 1 - The 16th Century

by Vincent Tickner

The first record indicating John Tickner's association with Send that has so far been located was in the Send and Ripley Manorial Court Rolls, where he was described as "John Ticknor by Sende", and his election as "pinfolder" (person responsible for the impounding of stray animals) for the area was noted. He was still the pinfolder in 1571. He was recorded in the Manorial Court Rolls for most years through to 1590, he made a will on November 22 1596, that was proved on March 24 1597, in which he was recorded as "Johannis Tickner of Sende in Surrey", a "labourer". In his will, he left his "cottage and land" in Grove Heath (on the Ockham side of Send parish)

to his wife, Alise Tickner, and his farm to his son, John Tickner, and bequests to two daughters: Fraunces "the eldest" and Ellen "the youngest". Fraunces was probably the Francis Tickner who married John Butt in Ockham on 28 June 1609, and "The widdowe BUTT" buried in Send on May 21 1668. These three children were probably born in Send between 1570 and 1596, with John, the son, probably born before 1580, and Fraunces before 1590. It is not known if John and Alise had any other children, nor is the exact location of the cottage with garden known, nor the extent of the farm at that time. William Stanton and Charles Steven were named as executors of John Tickner's will in 1596. It would appear that his widow, Alise, died not long after him, as the 1601 Manorial Court Roll for Send and Ripley states:

"They also presented that Alice Ticknor, wife of John Ticknor, who held freely from the lord a cottage with garden, has died since the last court, whence to the lord as relief 4d. Therefore the bailiff was ordered to distrain, etc."

It is unclear where John Ticknor came from, as most of the Ticknors in the 16th century were located in parishes South of the North Downs. He may have been related to the only other Tickner family in the area, that of the wheelwright, Alexander Tyckner, who was living a mile or so away in Ockham. Alexander seems to have been of a similar generation, and also had children at about the same time. John Ticknor was probably born before 1557 in one of the parishes South of the North Downs, but why he came to Send, how he came to acquire his freehold cottage with garden in Grove Heath we do not know. Being elected as "pinfolder" in 1570 suggests that he was considered a reasonably responsible and established citizen at that date. Possibilities for his origins were explored in an article in "Root and Branch", Winter 1987, Vol.14, No.3 pp 92-5.

From this John Ticknor were descended the vast majority of Tickners living in the parishes of Horsell, Chobham and Woking, in Surrey, in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, and his descendants retained property in Send until 1765, while others moved back to Send and Ripley in the 19th century. The "Ticknor" spelling of the surname, which was more prevalent in the 16th century, gradually became standardised in the "Tickner" form in the 17th century.

(To be continued)

Sources

Transcription by V J Tickner of sections of the Will of "Johannis Tickner" of Send, made on November 22, 1596, and lodged with the Archdeaconry Court of Surrey, presently held in the Greater London Record Office.

Transcriptions of the Send & Ripley Manorial Court Rolls, made for Send & Ripley History Society.

"Lost in the Johns", by Vincent Tickner, in "Root and Branch" Winter 1987 Vol.14, No.3, West Surrey Family History Society, pp 92-5.

"An Introduction to the Tickner Families in North-West Surrey up to the Twentieth Century", by Vincent Tickner, Gamco Publications, Family History Series No.1, Brighton, December 1986.

Transcriptions of the Parish Registers of Send and Ripley (Box 64, Folder 23 SR/REG/45975) in the Society of Genealogists Library for 1653 to 1680.

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH MANORIAL SYSTEM"

a Review by Desmond FitzPatrick of John Molyneux-Child's Book

The continuity of many institutions in English life is one of those features which we hardly notice until we observe the breaks in continuity elsewhere: foreign and civil war, foreign conquest, revolution and the break-up of institutions that goes with it often mean that a great gulf is set at some point in a nation's history. England, on the other hand, has suffered terrible setbacks, but never total ruin: since 1066 there has never been a clean break.

All this struck me forcibly, as it must have struck others, in reading John Molyneux-Child's "The Evolution of the English Manorial System", in which he traces the continuity of this ancient system of administration from Saxon origins through the great new beginning - the Norman Conquest.

The details of this book are its most interesting feature. Most of us have heard about the Feudal System and Manors, but it is interesting to read the explanations in this book on such matters as the operation of "copyhold" tenure of land. The name itself is a reminder of the Manorial System, since the document of title was a copy of the Manorial Court Record relating to the passing of the land to the tenant. The rolls or records of a Court were thus the basis of documentary title to land and their survival was important. For this reason, many of these records have come down to us and they provide momentary glimpses, short and simple annals, of people otherwise unknown, nowhere else remembered, like "William Grigge (who) takes of the Lord, land called Redelands, Fursy Croft and Stancroft ..." He was to pay 6s 8d per year for his land and on entry was to pay "six hens, price 18d". Thus, the Court Roll of 6 November 1424, which also details fines and "ameracements", of 2d against various tenants who had allowed beasts to trespass on the Lord's pasture.

John Molyneux-Child describes the comprehensive, though necessarily simple, organisation of the Mediaeval Manor - the use of land, early rotation of crops where there was a season of barley, a season of wheat and a season of fallow in turn; the scattered character of land holdings; fishing rights; water rights and, following from these, the right to construct and operate water mills. These were generally owned by the Lord of the Manor and, since a mill often held monopoly rights for a district, could become an important source of profit. The right could be gifted like land. Thus, Thomas and Alice de Papperworth (ie Papworth or Papercourt) granted a water mill to Newark Priory: the successor of this mill used to be an impressive feature on the Wey Navigation, near the Priory ruins, but was tragically destroyed by fire about 20 years ago.

One piece of "local government" work which was the responsibility of each Manor was the construction and maintenance of highways running through it. It is a fact that highway maintenance was one of the basic obligations attaching to the holding of land and that obligations for so many days' roadwork a year were written into tenants' agreements. The practice continued, without very impressive results as far as roads were concerned, until the end of the 17th century when the Justices of the Quorum (ie the County Magistrates) assumed responsibility for the highways and kept it until County Councils were created at the end of the 19th century.

Just as highway powers passed to the Magistrates, so other powers passed elsewhere. As John Molyneux-Child points out, from the late 1400s the parish rather than the Manor became the centre of local administration. A century later, the powers of the parishes again greatly increased when the parish became the unit for the administration of the Elizabethan Poor Law and so remained until 1834. However, the recording of land titles remained the concern of Manorial Courts until the late 19th century. The Courts Baron of Dedswell and Papercourt met, respectively, in 1883 and in 1923 and never again until 1986. The last copyhold of tenants of the Manor of Dedswell, he points out, sold out to the Lord of the Manor in the early 1880's.

The importance of the convening of these Courts in 1986 was that they **did** convene. While their authority has disappeared, the power of the Lord of the Manors to convene the Courts, along with his power to appoint Manorial officials, certainly remains.

Of course, no other power of substance survives. On page 138, there is a quotation "... the effluxion of time runneth not against the customs and ancient rights of the Lord of this Manor and of the Courts". This is a misquotation of a passage in the Memorial "touching the convening of the Courts Baron ..." which was drawn up and subscribed by the Stewards of the two Manors of Dedswell and Papercourt at the time of the convening of the Manorial Courts in 1986. The Memorial states, in fact, that "... the effluxion of time runneth not against the customs of these Manors and their Courts". No ancient rights are claimed: only the continuance of customs, traditions and usages, rather as the House of Commons gives a first reading at the opening of each Session to the Bill for the Prevention of Clandestine Outlawries!

And the maintenance of these traditional usages is not without importance, representing one strand in that immemorial continuity which is, for better, for worse, a characteristic part of our national life.

(Further comments on John's book appear in the Secretary's Report - Ed.)

BEATING THE BOUNDS

An Historical note by John Molyneux-Child

On 8 May 1988, Rogation Sunday, the parish of Send will be "beating the bounds" for probably the first time this century. The following notes give some background history on this ceremony.

Actually we don't have nowadays to "beat the bounds", "perambulate the boundaries" or "circulate the parish, blessing the crops at Rogation", and probably nobody in Send can remember the last time the village did this. The bounds to be beaten on 8 May will, regrettably, be the modern 1984 Send boundaries and the arrangements are being made by the manorial officers of the Lordship of Dedswell and Papworth. The genesis of this practice is lost in the mists of time and, not surprisingly, there are several theories. Many of our Christian customs have their origins in heathen practices, and one suggestion is that the custom was in imitation of the heathen feast of Terminalia and dedicated to the pagan god Terminus, the guardian of fields, landmarks and boundaries, and the keeper of friendship and peace among men. It has also been suggested that the ultimate Christian form may well have been born in the pagan practice of beating the ground in the spring to hasten the reawakening of the earth, the custom having not one but several sources and being modified to suit local conditions during its evolution.

But whatever its origins, it is fairly certain that the custom did not reach England until the middle of the eighth century when, in 748, the Canons of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered that Rogationtide ceremonies should be observed.

By this time the custom had reached a relatively settled state, the broad aims, to quote a 17th century source, including, "first a **Blessing** of God for the fruits of the field; second, **Justice** in the preservation of bounds; third, '**Charitie**' in loving, walking and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; fourth, '**Mercie**', in relieving the poor by liberal distribution of Largesse, which at that time ought to be used." All four are important Christian principles today.

In an age when there were few maps and much land was unenclosed, it was important that the exact boundary of the manor and parish should be known and preserved.

Regular beatings discouraged encroachment or brought them to light and reduced the number, and violence, of disputes with neighbouring manors.

However, more often than not the beatings were more concerned with the maintenance of existing boundary marks, such as ditches, trees and other natural landmarks. Indeed, trees were often planted as easily identifiable boundary landmarks. In Send over a third of the present parish boundaries are represented by the river - but even the Wey has been shifted. Although new channels have been cut over the last few centuries, the boundary follows the earlier course.

All Send organisations have been cordially invited to join with St Mary's Church congregation in this Rogation Sunday event. For details telephone Guildford 225435.

Comment by Les Bowerman The "Beating the Bounds" planned for Rogation Sunday is not, of course, a History Society activity, but members may find the above notes of some interest. We are not aware of any evidence of the practice actually being carried out in earlier times in either Send or Ripley. W E Tate, in "The Parish Chest", indicates that surviving records are rare, but perambulation is still lawful and parish officers have the right to enter private property to carry it out. Who is a parish officer for these purposes may be a matter of some doubt.

110 YEARS AGO - EXTRACTS FROM "BICYCLING NEWS"

Submitted by Les Bowerman

19 April 1878

"The advocates of the drainage scheme for the village of Ripley will, after perusing the following account of the healthfulness of this village, no doubt think of turning their scheme adrift for a time. It was announced from the pulpit by the Rev. H. Hooper, that during the long period of seven months only one person out of a population of about 1,000 had died, and that death, said he, was attributable to no disease, but being a painfully sudden one. The last person interred in the parish had reached the ripe age of 90. These facts speak volumes for its healthfulness during the most trying period of the year. Might not then the advocates turn their eyes to a spot more fruitful with disease, sooner than disturb the hygienic properties of this pretty little village?"

4 October 1878

"Ripley has five street oil lamps now. The lighting committee determined not to go in for gas, as they intend using the electric light."

EXCAVATIONS AT THE ROMANO-BRITISH SITE IN WANBOROUGH

An Illustrated Talk by Dr David Bird

There were about 40 people present at Ripley Village Hall on Tuesday, January 19, to hear an absorbing talk, illustrated by slides, by Dr David Bird, County Archaeological Officer, on the excavations at the Romano-British site at Wanborough. A large quantity of Romano-British occupation material (1st-4th century) from this site were found in the 1960s by a workman, who took them to the Museum. Subsequent investigation led to the discovery of further Roman material and the remains of a possible building. Unfortunately, after some coins were unearthed, word got about, and treasure hunters descended with metal detectors. Photographs shown of the damage they did to a previously untouched site were appalling, and it must have been heart-breaking for those who subsequently undertook the rescue dig in 1986. The attraction

for the hunters was the hoard of Iron Age and Roman Republican coins, most of which were silver, with a few of gold. As a result of the treasure hunters' illegal activities, which continued even during the time of the excavation work (and there is nothing to prevent it continuing today), the coins became widely scattered ("unstratified") over the site. Over a thousand of these coins were eventually recovered, but it is estimated that many more must have vanished into the black market in this country and abroad.

Other objects found were tiles, beads, brooches, pottery sherds, and what are thought to be the handles of sacred staffs, the site, it is believed, having originally been that of a small wooden temple, probably used for worship by the local people. Another interesting find was of priestly regalia, notably a head-dress made of chain strands.

No reason can be given as to why so many coins were buried here, apparently for safety, but a possible theory was the disturbance and unrest at the time of Boadicea; whatever it was, we shall probably never know with any degree of certainty.

Audrey Sykes

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Membership

We are pleased to welcome the following new members:

Mr B Cobley, 14 Newark Lane, Ripley (rejoined).

Messrs J & J Hartley, 186 High Street, Ripley (rejoined).

Meaningful membership figures cannot be given at this time of year now that subscriptions are due for renewal (as agreed at the AGM, at the same level as last year). Members are urged to pay their £3 for couples and £2 for individuals to the Treasurer or Secretary without delay, making use of the renewal form accompanying this Newsletter.

Marjorie Sex

Mary Milner writes:

The death of Marjorie Sex, aged 84, is a sad loss to Send. She was born and bred in the village, as was her late husband, Ron. Both were regular attenders at St Mary's Church and were members of the Parochial Church Council. Ron had also been Churchwarden for many years. A past Enrolling Member of the Mothers' Union and, latterly, a member of the Diocesan Mothers' Union, Marjorie had also been Secretary for 25 years of the Send Over 60's Club, of which she was founder member. Other local positions which she had held included being a past member of the Governing Body of Send Detention Centre, a member of Woking Social Services Committee, and a Board member of a Diocesan Hostel in Woking. She had also been a valued member of Send Parish Council, and a Vice-President of Send Women's Institute.

An enthusiastic member of Send & Ripley History Society, she will be remembered with delight by many local organisations for her talks on life in Send dating back to her childhood. Last, but not least, she was the Church Secretary to the Missions to Seamen, for which the family asked for donations instead of flowers at the funeral.

The death of Marjorie Sex marks another major break with the past of Send. Mary Milner has written separately about Marjorie's numerous positions held in the parish over very many years, but these notes concern chiefly her connections with local history and with the History Society.

It was claimed that the Strudwick family, of which Marjorie was one, had local connections going back to an ancestor who is said to have been employed as a mason in the building of Sutton Place (1523). That has never been proved, but it is a fact that the family have been in Send since her grandfather, David Strudwick, came here from (Old?) Woking between 1871 and 1881. The Strudwick family home was White Hatch, Potters Lane, although Marjorie herself never lived there.

It was while attending Send School, prior to the First World War, that she met Ron, son of C H Sex, the village blacksmith of Send Road, who was later to become her husband. Ron became a partner in his father's firm, and was famous for his skill both as a craftsman in wrought iron and as a welder. He retired in the 1960s and the forge closed. From Send School Marjorie won a scholarship to the Guildford County School for Girls. She went on to qualify as a teacher and returned to Send School in that capacity for a while. After their marriage, Marjorie and Ron lived for some 50 years at St. Anne's, Send Hill (less a short period during the Second World War).

Before the History Society was formed, this writer had the pleasure of hearing one of Marjorie's talks, and that was one of the main factors which spurred him into making moves to found the Society. Marjorie was one of those who attended the inaugural meeting at Heath Farm in January 1975, and became not only a founder member, but also one of the original Committee (all who attended that meeting having been made Committee since no one would volunteer). She continued as a Committee member until 1979.

Marjorie nursed Ron through his terminal illness although not in the best of health herself, but never regained her previous vigour. Some 18 months ago, she moved to a rest home at Woking, but did not settle there, so moved on to Horsham to be near her remaining son and some of her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

In all Marjorie must have given the talk which she was amused to call "70 Years of Sex in Send" at least a couple of dozen times, and she recorded different aspects of her reminiscences in these pages on a number of occasions over the years, being one of the last to be able to recall life in Send prior to 1914. Although the break has been gradual due to her leaving Send, we shall nevertheless miss her greatly, but look back with great pleasure and gratitude to her for sharing her memories with us.

Les Bowerman

The Annual General Meeting

The AGM, held on 23 February at the Red Cross Centre, Sandy Lane, Send, was attended by 47 members. The Chair was taken by John Slatford in the absence of Ken Bourne, who was unavoidably missing the AGM for the first time in 13 years. Making the **Chairman's Report**, John observed that 1987 had been a busy and successful year for the Society. The principal achievements had been a) Bob Gale's innovation of the "New Look" Newsletter, with its higher quality of reproduction, its coloured illustrated cover and its advertisements, which made it almost self-financing, and b) the publication of "Looking Back", master-minded by Jane Bartlett, with support from her husband, John, and Mavis Lake. The book is about to break even. Registration as a charity had been a major step forward, as had the institution of the Society's library, albeit that it is only a small beginning.

In her **Treasurer's Report**, Patricia Medlen first paid tribute to our Auditor, Peter Spindler, for preparing the accounts. Subscription income was a little lower than the previous year, but the proceeds from raffles were higher. Sales of publications continued to contribute steadily to the funds. In two months from publication, nearly £3000 of the £4000 cost had been recovered. Expenditure on hiring accommodation and paying speakers had increased, although the working groups

had spent less. A secondhand projector and microfiche reader had been bought during the year. Overall, it had been a successful year financially, with a healthy surplus of income over expenditure.

Your **Secretary reported** that the final membership figure for the year was 304, compared with 307, 307 and 310 for the immediately preceding years. Six ordinary Committee meetings had been held, plus a special meeting to consider and authorise publication of "Looking Back". With stable membership and the same Chairman and Secretary since the foundation 13 years earlier, and with a regular annual programme of meetings and visits, and with a book a year being published, he wondered whether there was a danger of complacency. New ideas and new blood on the Committee could only be for the good of the Society.

The Officers and Committee were re-elected with the exception of Gloria Henson, who leaves the Committee after many years.

Officers are: Chairman - Ken Bourne

Vice-Chairman - John Slatford

Treasurer - Patricia Medlen

Secretary - Les Bowerman

Committee - Anne Bowerman, Eric Ferris, Bob Gale, Beryl Gomme,

Mavis Lake, Valerie Lewis, Tony Medlen, Bette Slatford, Kate Smith, Audrey Sykes and Iris Watts.

"The Evolution of the English Manorial System"

John Molyneux-Child's recently published book of the above title is available through the Society. The recommended retail price is £15, but a discount can be arranged for members. Anyone interested in buying a copy should, subject to the final paragraph of these notes, apply to me.

This well-written and well-produced book gives much insight into the understanding and working of the manorial system. It is of particular help to anyone seeking to interpret the Send entry in the Domesday Survey and the local manorial rolls. Although a book of general interest to students of the manorial system, it contains much that will appeal to those whose interests are purely in the local history of Send.

This is not intended as a detailed critical analysis of the book, but anyone buying it should make the correction of the name Ruald de Calva, the first benefactor of Send, to de Calna, as first pointed out by Capt Pearce in his report of his 1928 excavation of Newark Priory in Surrey Archaeological Collections 40. Purchasers should also note that the Baronets named Sir Francis Drake referred to on page 118 are not descendants of Admiral Sir Francis, whose name is in the news this year with the 400th anniversary of the Spanish Armada and who died childless, but of his brother, Thomas.

One matter which requires clarification is the claim on the dust jacket that the author "inherited" the Lordship of the manors of Dedswell and Papworth. It is understood he has never made any secret of the fact that the titles were conveyed to him by transaction from the Earl of Onslow, although this is not specifically stated in the book. As he notes in some detail in the book, manorial lordships frequently change hands in this way, sometimes for large sums of money. The main satisfaction of owning such a title is, as the author says, the feeling of having acquired a slice of history - not to mention the possibility of its being a good investment.

Although the book is a serious one which will add to the general public understanding of the system it deals with, it is observed that in a schedule giving details of manorial officials appointed by the author, the word "hangman" appears. I am prepared

to stick my neck out, as it were, and say that (as pointed out in an earlier Newsletter), historically there was not, and could not be, a manorial officer of this description. One should not fall into the trap of assuming that such a local official was ever actually appointed. This would appear to be a piece of fanciful modern whimsy. If I am wrong I do not expect to be in any position to recant!

Les Bowerman

PIPE ORGAN APPEAL

The pipe organ in St Mary's Church, Ripley, which has been in continuous service since 1904 and is considered to have outstanding tone quality, is in urgent need of repair. It is estimated that the cost of restoration will amount to £5500. An appeal has been launched by Peter Cliff, organist and choirmaster of St Mary's, to whom donations, made payable to the "Ripley Organ Restoration Fund", should be sent, at Rose Cottage, 16 Newark Lane, Ripley GU23 6BZ.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, 16 April ... Surrey Archaeological Society's Excavations Committee Annual Symposium and Exhibition, at the Dorking Halls, Dorking (doors open at 10 am for 10.30). The programme will include presentations on excavations at Shepperton, Staines and Kingston, as well as on archaeological aerial photography in Surrey. Admission will be £2 at the door or £1.50 (including postage) in advance, from Mrs S Janaway, at Castle Arch, Guildford GU1 3SX (cheques should be payable to Surrey Archaeological Society).

Tuesday, 19 April ... Open meeting at the Red Cross Centre, Sandy Lane, Send, commencing at 8 pm, when Stephen Tudsbury-Turner will give an illustrated talk on Lord Howard of Effingham and the Spanish Armada.

Monday, 2 May ... Send Scout Fete at the Recreation Ground. The Society will have an exhibition stand.

Sunday, 8 May ... "Beating the Bounds" - see notices on rear cover.

Wednesday, 11 May ... Evening visit to Stoke D'Abernon. Meet at 7.30 at Stoke D'Abernon Church.

Wednesday, 8 June ... Evening visit to Chertsey. Meet at Send Marsh Green at 7 pm, or at the museum at 7.30. Parking in front of the museum, or in Colonel's Lane opposite. Tour the site of the Abbey and visit the museum, where refreshments will be served.

Sunday, 19 June ... All day visit to Small Hythe and Tenterden, in Kent. Visit Ellen Terry's house in Small Hythe and the Cinque Port of Tenterden. Meet at 9 am at Send Marsh Green, or in Small Hythe (details in next Newsletter).

Sunday, 10 July ... Proposed all day visit, details of which have yet to be finalised.

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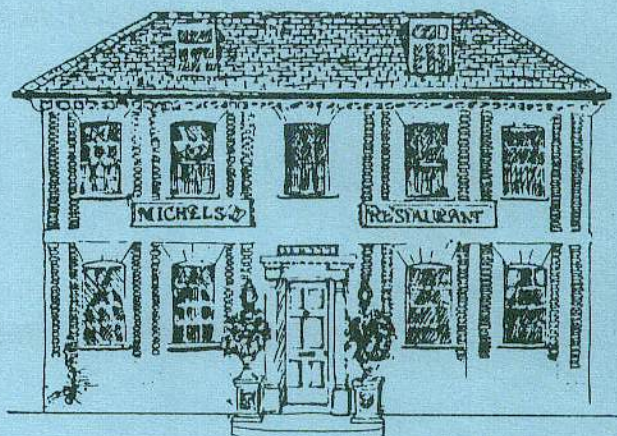
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NOTICES

Open Meeting Stephen Tudsbery-Turner will talk to the Society on Lord Howard of Effingham and the 400th anniversary of the Spanish Armada, at the Red Cross Centre, Sandy Lane, Send, at 8 pm, on Tuesday, 19 April.

Summer Visit The Society's first visit of the year is an evening visit to Stoke D'Abernon. Meet at Stoke D'Abernon Church at 7.30 pm.

Beating the Bounds It is proposed to re-enact the ancient custom of "beating the bounds", ie processing round the parish boundaries, in Send, on Rogation Sunday, 8 May 1988 (see page 14 of this Newsletter). This event is being organised by John Molyneux-Child, who would welcome the participation of as many as possible. It will start at St Mary's Church immediately after morning service (light refreshments will be available). Send Scouts will provide a barbecue lunch in Croxteth Hall Woods en route.

"Victorian and Edwardian Surrey" Mr Simon Tuite, Senior Editor of B T Batsford Ltd (4 Fitzhardinge Street, London W1H 0AH), has advised that this excellent photographic publication (material from which was used in the last Newsletter) is still in print and available at a special price of £5.95 (excluding postage and packing), by direct order from the company (telephone 01 486 8484).