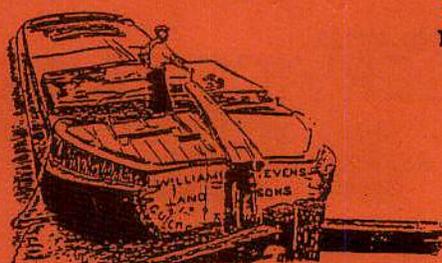
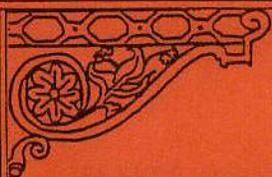


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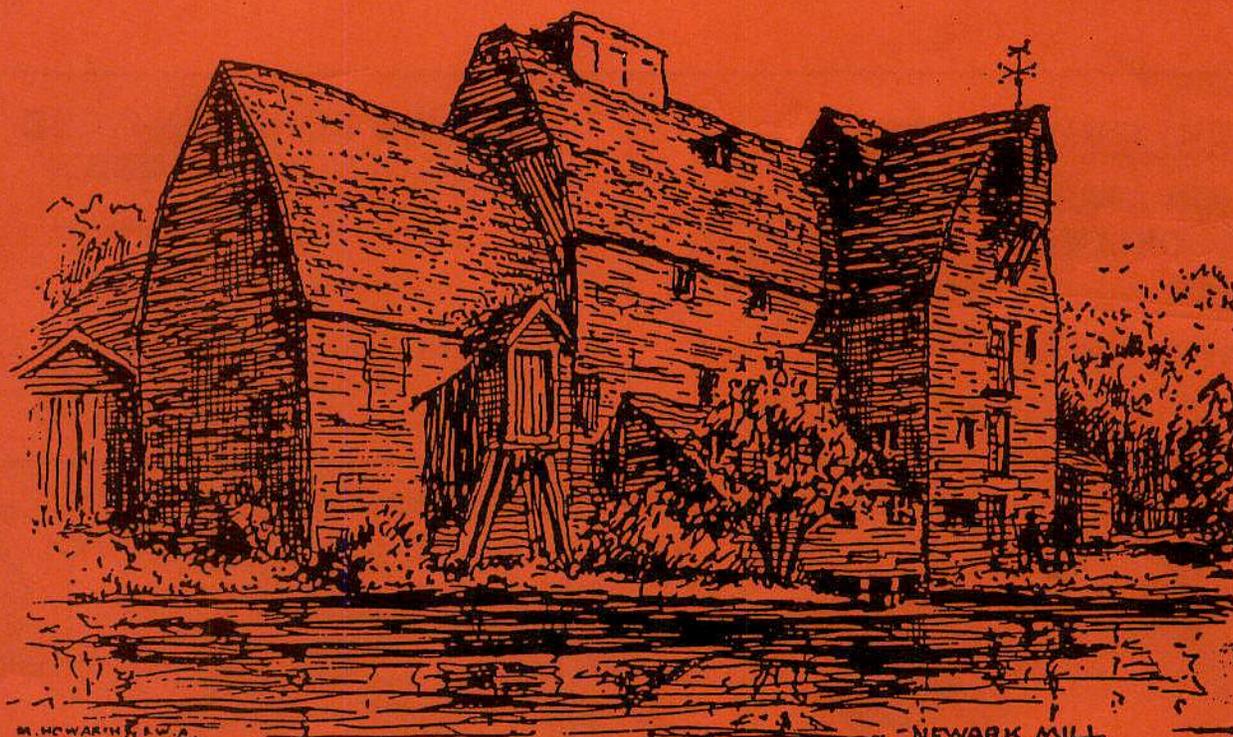
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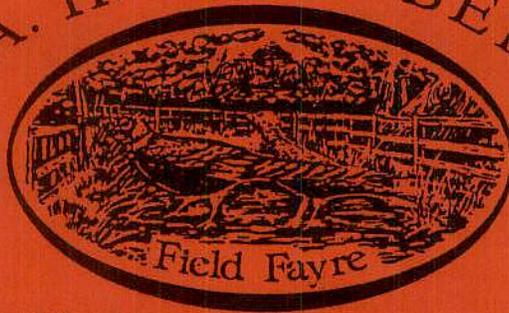
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Send & Ripley History Society

Established 1975 as Send History Society

Registered Charity No. 296324

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Cover Illustration: This shows the cover of the History Society's latest booklet on Newark Mill, finally printed at the end of May. Full details will be found on page 10 herein.

A RIPLEY CHILDHOOD IN THE 1950s

A Talk by Beverly Jackman (Nee Carswell)

Notes by Les Bowerman

The writer introduced Bev, as she is known, as having been born in Polesden Lane and having been a lifelong resident of both Ripley and Send. She has the unique distinction of having lived, at different times, in the so-called manor houses of both Ripley and Send. She founded, and was leader of, the Send Youth Club for 18 years. For the past 14 years she has been a member of the Community Service Forum of the Rotary Club of Send and Ripley.

Bev commenced, out of deference to the writer's interest in cycle history, with a recollection of "Issy", who rode a Wall's icecream tricycle with two wheels and a refrigerated box at the front and one wheel at the back. People recalled the prism-shaped water ices known as "Snofrutes", which he sold for 1d. Harker's big square van used to come round, driven by a man with flat greasy hair with a side parting. He used to sell everything including brushes, and he always gave a free gift.

Bev recalled "that when we started at Ripley School, Miss Marsh was the first teacher. She was very sweet and everybody loved her. She was known by the children as Marshmallow, as Fred Dixon, the former Headmaster, has recalled in his book. Fred, now in his mid 90s, used to take the last class and made scripture so interesting." Miss Goldsmith was the second teacher, and Bev recalled getting into trouble with her at one stage near the end of the Second World War for standing up and saying she could hear a "Doodle-bug" (the German V1 pilotless flying bomb). "The teacher insisted it was not, but shortly after had to agree that it was. The whole class ducked under their old-style school desks. It fell across the Green, on Dunsborough Farm, and the school windows were blown in and shattered on the desks. Mr Dixon was wrong in his book when he said this happened when the school was in the air raid shelters. There was a buzzer to the school from the police station, and when it sounded we had to proceed in single file down into the shelters. Mr Dixon was somewhat deaf, so, in order to avoid maths, a boy would sometimes pretend to him that the buzzer had gone. We no sooner came back from this hoax visit to the shelters than the buzzer really would sound, so we had to troop down again. At the request of the Rev Thomas, we had to go to the church once a week. We had to line up and bow to the altar. Mr Dixon stopped it in the end. We also used to walk to Send Church from St Bede's School, Send, when we went there as seniors. As a special treat, the teachers at Ripley would let me go and remove toads from the toilets - I liked doing it because it got me out of class, but on reflection it was probably because the teachers didn't like doing it. There was one cistern that flushed all the toilets and made it very wet underfoot.

"We used to have gardening classes behind the police station. The gardening shed was out of bounds to children, but I went there once to put a rake away, and a fork fell and went through my foot. This put me out of school for six weeks, which meant I missed the VE Day celebrations (Wartime Victory in Europe). They had celebrations outside the Anchor, and street parties.

"Mr Allenby, the chemist, would mix you up something to take away a toothache. He didn't look the part - he shuffled around and didn't even look as if he ought to be in the shop. After school I'd sometimes go along to Mrs Allenby, the chemists's wife. She sold sweets, toys and books in the living room next to the shop. One evening I got so carried away looking at the books that it was dark before I had realised it. I was frightened to go home in the dark by myself, and I was certain my parents would be looking for me. My first thought was that Eli Chandler, the road sweeper, might be able to help me. He was a lovely man. He sat me on his barrow and took me home.

"My father became chauffeur/gardener to Lady Bray of the Mill House next to Newark Mill. I remember that at the beginning of the war Miss Farr at the sweet shop had a Father Christmas, and if you put a penny in you could shake hands with him and take something out of the lucky dip. Jack Richardson's father had a sweet shop, and his wife and sister worked there. They were very straight-backed ladies with their hair done up in buns. I never saw them smile. You could buy icecreams there, but not every Sunday. You had to write your name down and wait your turn.

"There was Weller's bakery at the end of the village. Collins' bakery was in the middle - you could buy sticky buns in there. And Mr Tumman, the "Midnight Baker", had a little square van. There was a tale that he was once driving through at midnight when a wheel fell off. Not only did the bread fall out, but a rat jumped out. He sold groceries and bread in the shop opposite Grove Heath North, which was an electrical shop until recently, but is now a video hire shop. You couldn't buy biscuits then, but he had on the counter glass lids with pictures of biscuits on them. I did want one of those Lincoln creams, so that I could nibble off the knobbly bits.

"My grandparents had a smallholding in Polesden Lane where my grandfather grew brussel sprouts. You weren't allowed to grow flowers in your borders. One night a lot of incendiary bombs dropped. They lit up everywhere like fairy lights. To Grandad's annoyance, when he went out he found his brussels sprouts cooked on their stalks. One incendiary bomb had dropped in the new tarmac of the road outside our gate. It had bounced into our garden, but where it had hit the road was the imprint of all its numbers. It all but said "Love from Hitler". That could be seen for years. We were told not to pick up the anti-radar silver paper, but we did, and we would take it to school and swap it for other things, including pieces of shrapnel. If you went along to the tannery in Tannery Lane and stuck your head through the window, the man would give you liquorice wood and you could bring that back to swap.

"There used to be several tea rooms in Ripley for the cyclists, including Pinnocks. There was a Rio cafe at each end of the village, the snack bar and the paper shop, Miss Phillips' and the Jubilee, and the Triangle opposite the Three Frogs. Also Miss Gifford's Sunnyside Tea Rooms. There was the Cricketers, which you could go into, and there were the Lilliput Gardens right opposite Barretts. The gardens were beautiful with everything in miniature. It must have finished about 1950. There were bridges, steps, pools, a cottage - everything moved and worked.

"At one stage the drainpipe of our bath had broken. A Doodle-bug dropped by Norcons Pipes, and my father, who was a careful Scotsman, got on his bike, taking a pair of Stilsons, and came back with some pipes from the exploded Doodle-bug and repaired the bath with them. It was still in use like that until about 15 years ago. In Polesden Lane we had an air raid shelter like a Nissen hut underground. It was an Anderson shelter which you entered by going down steps. About four different families would go down there, plus anyone else that liked to drop in. We had the time of our lives down there. We had bunk beds. We had an anti-aircraft gun parked in our gateway. When it was fired at a plane, it blew our doors and windows in. There was panic when the Doodle-bugs went over. Once my mother thought one had stuck on our roof and would explode. When the engine shut off, you didn't know which way they would fall. We thought as children that it was fun, but we didn't realise people were being hurt. We watched planes coming down the beam of the searchlights. One German plane fell in Ockham. The pilot was brought into the police station at Ripley. There were lots of women there spitting at him, and as a little girl I thought how awful it was. I remember going up Pyrford Hill on bicycles with my mother and granny. Mother said "That's funny, you don't see tramps about now." We wondered if they were deserters, as they were trudging one behind the other, some distance apart. We later learned that they were German airmen who had baled out when their plane had crashed. There were prisoners of war at Homewood Farm. They were very good to me, making me wooden toys that they had carved. I think they had a good time here, being able to cycle about.

"I used to understand that if you put money in the bank you would get more out, so one day I decided I would put all my money in the bank. I therefore dug a hole in our bank beside the road in Polesden Lane and put my money in it. As far as I know, it is still there. I had saved it from the shilling a week I used to get for cleaning the brasses for Granny. Some of the brass was artillery shells which they used to collect.

"We had the Ripley Picture House on Tuesdays and Saturdays. It was in the corrugated iron church hall where Clifford James' new shop is now. There were two houses, one at six and one at eight o'clock. It always used to break down. And there was a 6d "hop" in the Scout hut at the back of the church hall. We have a reunion for it once a year now, and former customers come from miles around. When I went to work for the lady who ran the antique shop at Elm Tree House, she didn't think Beverly was a proper name for a maid, so she insisted on calling me by my second name of Joan. I sold the actor, Jack Hawkins, some chairs while I was there.

"One of my Pullen uncles had a butcher's shop along Send Road in the long shed where a veteran tractor or steam roller is often parked. My uncle Henny used to chop the meat on top of the old copper."

The speaker thanked Jennifer Morris, Doris Pullen and Ted Strange for helping her with details. The Society in turn is indebted to Bev for sharing with it recollections from her rich store of memories.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN GUILDFORD

An Illustrated talk by Mark Sturley MA

Notes by George Bleach

As the author of the recently published book "The Breweries and Public Houses of Guildford", the speaker could hardly have chosen a more surprising subject for his talk, but it became clear that an enormous amount of research had gone into his findings.

The excessive consumption of alcohol throughout the country in the 19th century was a major problem. It was produced by, and was the cause of, widespread poverty; drunkenness led to the disruption of family life, over-large families, proliferation of slum dwellings and other forms of distress. The annual consumption of beer per head of population - ie every man, woman and child - was 33 gallons in the early 1800s. Although there were periods when this figure declined, by 1935 it was still 31.2 gallons per head. The details for the consumption of spirits was equally frightening.

In the year 1850 the expenditure per head on drink was about a fifth of a working man's wages, and by the 1870s it was a sixth. The practice of paying men's wages out in pubs, common in those times, obviously contributed to the situation, and it was not surprising to find that in 1871, out of nearly 400,000 summary convictions in the courts, 131,000, nearly a third, were for being drunk and disorderly. This could perhaps be understood when set against the appalling working and living conditions of the "undeserving poor". The bottle and the pot offered the only solace in a life of grim hardship.

A reaction against the shocking social effects of excessive consumption of alcohol led to the development of temperance organisations in Britain in the 1920s. The first was, not surprisingly, in Glasgow, but before long societies were forming in the North of England and, for no apparent reason, the heart of teetotalism was in Preston. It was there that a small "Brotherhood" took the original pledge - "We agree to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality whether ale, porter, wine or spirits - except as medicine". The Guildford Society was formed in 1854, and by this time the Rachabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Total Abstinence Society of the Phoenix and many other organisations were in being around the country. The Band of Hope had the objective

of getting children into the movement, thus committing them to a lifetime of temperance. The United Kingdom Alliance, established in 1853, was an aggressive organisation which was a "terrible nuisance" to politicians. The involvement of all the churches was expected in condemning the "devil drink", and the non-conformists were the strongest in their support.

One of the strongest influences away from drink was the growing popularity and cheapness of tea, "the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate". When first introduced into the country in the 17th century, tea, at £10 per pound, was a luxury drink, but the removal of the East India Company's trading monopoly in 1833, and progressive reductions in the duty on tea, brought the price right down to one shilling and sevenpence in 1889. With the somewhat vested interest of Sir Thomas Lipton and his chain of shops, tea gradually became the national drink for all classes and beer became the "recreational drink".

In 1826 the Surrey magistrates set in motion the letting of beer house licences, which resulted in the proliferation of beer shops in Guildford - as many as 40 or 50. There were at this time six breweries in the town, as well as a number in surrounding villages, and Farnham and Godalming, despite the fact that Guildford was much smaller then - the 1801 census boasted only 2500 people in the three central parishes - and it was 1900 before the population rose to 9000.

In the early days of temperance in Guildford, one or two well-to-do tradesmen used the technique of buying up the licences of beer houses to stop them trading. A Mrs Broad donated the site of the Ward Street Hall to the temperance movement, and this became the centre for their activities in the town. A colourful son of the town was Capt Charles Dugdale-Campbell, born in 1813. He later joined the Bombay Division of the East India Company as a naval draughtsman and had a distinguished career in the Persian Gulf, surveying and helping to put down piracy. He was also involved in the Indian Mutiny and, after the abolition of the East India Company, he served in the Indian Navy and eventually retired to Guildford. As a lifetime abstainer, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the movement here and soon became its Vice-President. He was a lecturer on the scientific aspects of overindulgence in drink, including blood-curdling slides of what happens to the liver. He was very active in promoting the cause and became President of the Temperance Society and Vice-President of the Surrey Band of Hope. He was also a keen cyclist - which interested some of the audience!

Our speaker gave thumb-nail biographies of quite a number of ardent temperance enthusiasts in the Borough who were active through the last century and into the 1900s, so much so that it seems wonderful that six breweries found outlets for their products!

Mr Sturley showed a few slides of views of old Guildford and maps of the central area, to indicate where the town's breweries had once flourished. He amply demonstrated the extent and depth of his research into his subject and left his audience with a thirst - for his next visit!

PORTSMOUTH HALFPENNY COIN OR TOKEN
Found in a Ripley Garden in 1991

This coin was dug up earlier this year by Gerald Chandler in his garden, adjacent to the Talbot Hotel, in Ripley High Street (Portsmouth Road). It is copper and 1 1/8" (slightly under 3 cm) in diameter, and 1/16" (2 mm) thick. It is in fairly good condition, with the design on the obverse side clearly discernible and the text and date on the reverse face easily legible. The edge of the coin is slightly more worn and carries the following inscription: "PORTSMOUTH HALFPENNY PAYABLE ARES" (- Editor).

The following description of the coin, which was referred to Greenwich Maritime Museum, has been provided by Gerald, who, incidentally, has kindly promised to donate it to the Society.

The obverse side of the coin bears a picture of Neptune (?) holding a trident in his left hand and a laurel wreath poised in his right hand over the head of an Admiral of the Fleet. On the reverse side is an inscription that reads: "Sir John Jervis with fifteen sail pursued & defeated the Spanish Fleet of 27 sail of the line February 14th 1797".

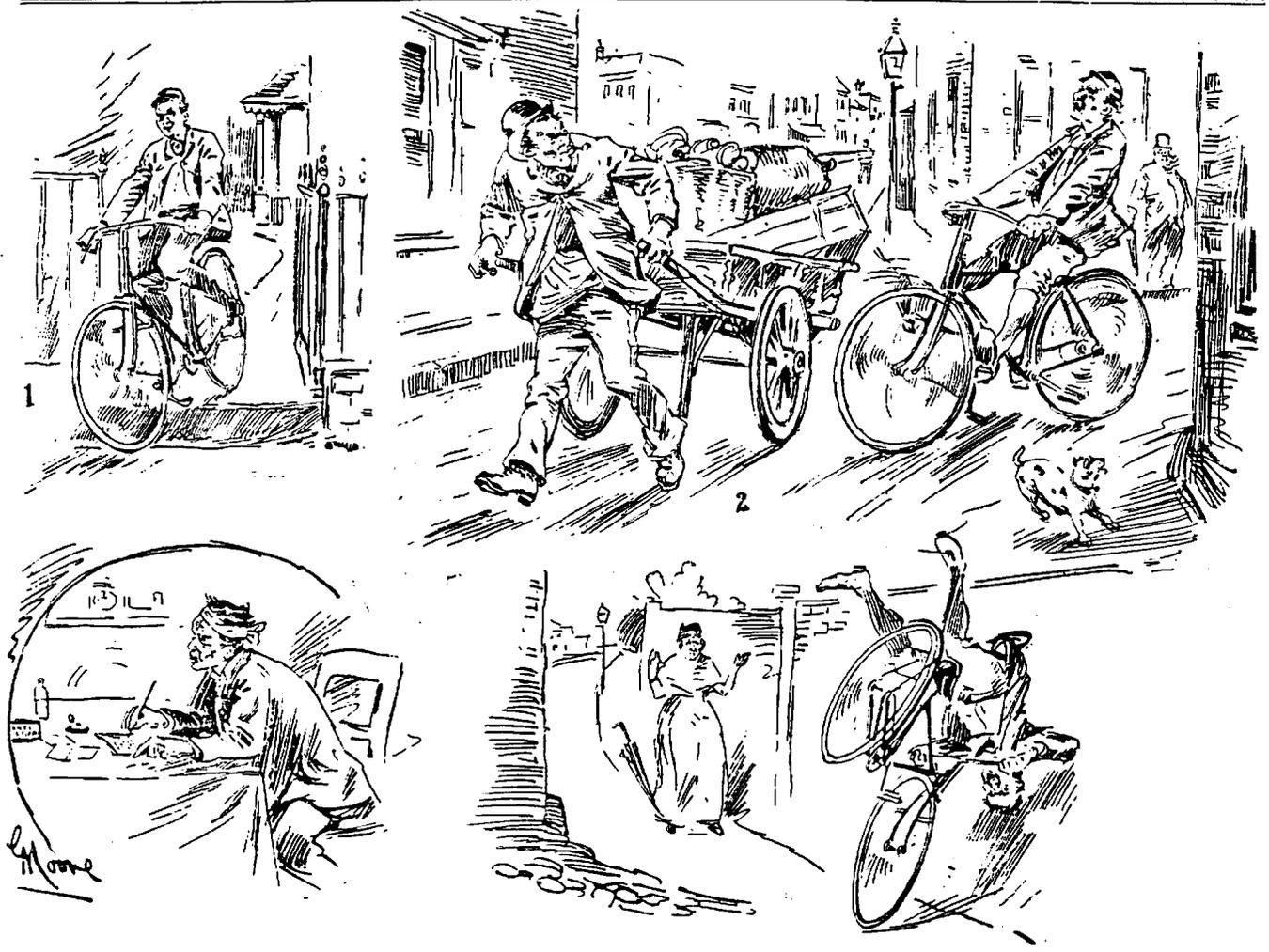
These tokens were given to sailors on board ship as payment to be spent ashore at Portsmouth in shops whose names appear around the edge of the coin. The coin itself is not a coin of the realm, but in effect a token.

The engagement mentioned is in fact the Battle of St Vincent, for which Sir John Jervis was made a Lord of the Realm. In honour of the part he played in the victory over the Spanish, he became Lord St Vincent.

The garden where the coin was found is adjacent to the Talbot Hotel, which, as we know, has very strong connections with the Royal Navy of Lord Nelson's time.

100 YEARS AGO - EXTRACTS FROM "CYCLING" FOR 13 JUNE 1891

Contributed by Les Bowerman



AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.

HOW THE UNFORTUNATE MAKER IS OFTEN VICTIMISED.

"I am simply disgusted with the machine you have built for me. The workmanship and material are a disgrace to any firm of makers. I was riding along quietly the other day—my pace not exceeding three miles an hour—when the neck snapped and I was severely injured. It is a scandalous thing to turn out such a crock. I have always treated the machine with the utmost care and have never before had an accident of any kind, so you will have to compensate me."

Figure I. shows how careful he was with the machine.

Figures II. and III. demonstrate clearly that he had never previously had an accident with it.

Ye Antiente Roade to Ryplie.

"Year by year the good old Ripley Road gets more cosmopolitan, more rowdy, and more seedy. Peace and quietness there is unknown, and every Sunday sees the same Cockney crowd - hot, dusty, thirsty and full of strange tales of cycular doings. If you want a quiet ride, where you can observe and admire the country, and feel yourself far from the toil and turmoil of London town, don't go on the Ripley road. But if on the other hand you are fond of noise and bluster, of listening to the brag of every amateur wheeling Munchausen; of sitting down to dine with five hundred perspiring enthusiasts in a room with accommodation for about eighty, and revel in a general hurry scurry and babble, - well, then, ye antiente roade to Ryplie is in order!"

It will be noted that the tone has changed considerably from that of the previous elegiac accounts of cycling on the "Ripley Road". Presumably the "room with accommodation for about eighty" was the one which was behind the "Anchor".

SEND SCOUT FETE, MAY 6 1991

Reported by Ken Bourne

The fete was very well attended, and although the weather was cloudy and cool, it did at least keep dry.

The Society was represented at this popular annual event, through the keen and competent organisation of its sub-committee, Terry and Rosalie Hewitt, Tony and Patricia Medlen, and Ken Bourne. The theme of the Society's display was "Food and Drink", pictorially represented by photographs from the Society's collection, plus some recent building views.

The Veteran Cycle Club Secretary, Les Bowerman, and many of their other members, put on a good mobile display of 19th and 20th century cycles and apparel, and their stationary exhibit complemented the History Society's display adjacent to it.

There was, of course, the vintage car display and the dog show, as well as many other side stalls, making an event well worth attending.

The photos the Society exhibited showed the changes that had occurred over the last 90 years or so in the use of buildings for retailing food, etc, in a "then and now" comparison. Up to quite recently, the impression of availability of essential goods from local small shops was one of a declining facility in favour of large towns and supermarkets. In the last five years or so this decline seems to have reversed, there now being many more, or at least as many, shops as were present in the 1950s, plus some new additions, such as interior decorators, kitchen equipment suppliers and fire surround retailers. Send currently has two newsagents, which double up as mini help yourself grocers and green-grocers, as well as a Post Office recently expanded into the same field. A full study of this trend would be interesting, and appropriate if done in this census year. Anyone wishing to volunteer please contact the writer on Guildford 211364, who is currently updating the photographic record of Send and Ripley villages.

LOCAL HISTORY TREASURE HUNT

Despite the small number of contestants who took part, the treasure hunt, organised by Bette (and John) Slatford, was most ingeniously devised and highly successful. Held on a pleasant May evening, it took the contestants from one end of Ripley village to the other via St Mary's Churchyard, teasing their wits and testing their powers of observation and deduction; requiring some reasonable, though not profound, knowledge of local history (copies of "A Walk About Ripley in Surrey" were provided). The clues were traditionally cryptic and intriguing to solve.

No one failed to reach the Anchor ("After all that foot sloggin', you deserve a noggin. We hope there's no rancour. Drop in at the Anchor"), where the scores were counted and the prizes awarded (first: Sheila Hookins; joint second: Trevor and Janet Tice and Eric Ferris/Tony and Patricia Medlen), and the winners (and organisers) toasted.

Thanks are due to Bette (and John) for a very enjoyable evening.

Bob Gale

THE DIBBLES, THE ANCHOR AND THE CHURCH WINDOW

By Les Bowerman

The Census returns tell us that George Dibble was born at Abinger in 1821. Harriet, who was later to become his wife, entered the world two years latter at Wotton. At the end of 1848 or the beginning of 1849, they became innkeepers at the Anchor, and a year later their first child, Harriet, was born. At least six more children followed, until George died in 1866, leaving his widow with some four of them still not earning. Life must have been very hard. The coach trade had gone even before the Dibbles came to Ripley, leaving a variety of sailors, ostlers, bricklayers, etc, and even an artist and his wife, to take up the rooms.

There would have been a certain amount of horse-drawn traffic on the road, and possibly the occasional heavy steam locomotive, but there were of course no motor vehicles and probably no bicycles had even been seen in these parts, since it was only five years since Pierre Michaux had first fitted pedals to a kick-along draisienne. Bicycles only began to appear in numbers on English roads during 1869.

Three different sources, one of them contemporary, attest to the fact that travellers were coming to Ripley by bicycle in 1873. By this time the high bicycle, later to be known as the Ordinary, was in vogue, and it would have looked like that pictured in front of the forge on page 29 of "Then & Now" - that one indeed may have been photographed because it was the first of its kind to be seen in Ripley.

Over the following years Ripley became more and more popular with cyclists as the bicycle became a normal mode of transport, as recorded many times previously in these pages. For instance, a bicycle tourist complained in "Bicycling News" in 1879 that all the hotels were full of Metropolitan riders. At that stage the Talbot, the Anchor and the Hautboy at Ockham were all equally popular, but gradually the Anchor became the runaway favourite. The reasons are not hard to find. Rural, spacious, friendly, unsmelly Ripley itself was a convenient ride from the congested Great Wen. The riders, the jet setters of the time, would find their kind there in great numbers. The low-ceilinged, many-gabled former almshouse appealed to the Metropolitan sense of what was old and quaint, but above all there was the warm and homely hospitality offered by Mrs Dibble and the charms of her comely unmarried daughters, Harriet and Annie, then (1880) aged 30 and 25 respectively. All accounts agree that the three of them were warmly welcoming and sweet-natured. Nowadays we might wonder why such delightful young ladies remained single, with all those well-off and healthy young men around. The answer is, of course, found in the pages of the Victorian diarist, A J Munby, who was so fond of Ripley. He himself was prepared to flout convention, and from a middle class background, married a servant girl, but such were the Grundyish inhibitions of the time that he carried it as a secret for 40 years until his death. It is thus unthinkable for the gentleman cyclists, with time for the leisure pursuit of bicycling, to form a personal and romantic association with young ladies engaged in innkeeping. One might have thought that the occasional professional cyclist in their midst, such as John Keen, the world champion and cycle manufacturer from Surbiton, may have gone acourting, but it did not happen. And, of course, there was no hint of impropriety - although their occupation was somewhat similar, the Dibble sisters were the antithesis of the blowsy barmaid type. A little later, portly brother, Alf, with his family geniality and willingness to trill a song at any opportunity, continued the Dibble tradition.



Miss Joan Dibble still has the clock and barometer presented to her grandmother, Mrs Dibble, "by a few members of the Temple B.C. as a slight recognition of kind attention received at the Anchor Inn, Ripley. Christmas, 1882." 1886 was a notable year with the formation of the Ripley Road Club in March and the Southern Counties Cyclists Camp in Shalford Park in the summer. Mrs Dibble put up a silver salver for competition by her patrons at the racing held in Woodbridge Road on that occasion, and it was won by Guildford CC member, Harold Crooke (of the brewery family). It was first known as the Anchor Shield, and later as the Dibble Shield. It was awarded to the winners of a variety of different events over the years, culminating with Leon Meredith winning it outright in a 6 hour race in 1903. Later his widow presented it to the National Cyclists Union in remembrance of her late husband. It remains the property of what is now the British Cyclists Federation and is prominently displayed at their new headquarters in

Kettering. In 1887 Mrs Dibble sadly died, aged 61.

With the church only two buildings away from the Anchor, it was not surprising that there were connections. After the death, in 1885, of H L Cortis, "The Long Wanderer", the first man to ride 20 miles in one hour (1882), his admirers who frequented the Anchor started a subscription list and erected the brass plaque and rose window in the East end of the South aisle in his memory in 1887. The vicar, the Rev Henry Hooper, became known as the "Cyclists' Vicar", on account of the Sunday afternoon services he gave for visiting wheelmen during the period 1886-9. He did not really approve of people spending Sunday cycling, as they had come to do by then, but he took the pragmatic view that if they were going to anyway, they might as well be encouraged into church with a special service. As recorded in these pages some years ago, a special presentation of a typewriter and desk was made to him by the cyclists in 1889. Word has it, although I have not yet found proof, that at two o'clock a bell sounded in the Anchor as the signal that the service was about to begin.

On 14 July 1895, Annie, the younger of the two sisters, died of a kidney complaint, aged only 40. On 3 August it was reported in "Cycling" that the Bath Road Club (the prestigious club whose members did most of their sociable riding on the Ripley Road), was starting a subscription for a memorial to "poor Annie who was always such a kind thoughtful and attentive friend to wheelmen at the Anchor". The following week it was reported that "Wheelmen have lost one of their greatest friends. The stranger was always received the same kind and unremitting attention that had been accorded to the many who through long years have regarded the little inn as their second home."

Subscriptions poured in, and on 20 May the following year a photograph of the proposed memorial window, designed by Messrs Percy Bacon Bros, appeared in "Cycling World Illustrated". A detailed sketch appeared in "Cycling" ten days later. The central figure is appropriately of St Ann.

Sadly, and before the window was installed, Harriet, aged 46, followed her sister on 20 October 1896. "Cycling" of 31 October recorded "We write with a sad heart indeed when we record the death of poor Harriet Dibble, the last of the well-known sisters who have administered so assiduously and so long to the wants of cyclists at the quaint little hostel (sic) at Ripley. The passing of poor Harriet seems to the writer like the breaking of the last link of a chain of associations happy beyond description. We recall, now that she has gone, every kindness, every smile of welcome, every courtesy she extended to us, and our regret at her demise is sharp and stinging." On 5 December "Cycling" noted that "The Vicar of Ripley suggests that a suitable date for the unveiling of the Dibble Memorial would be at an afternoon service on the first Sunday after Christmas. It has been decided to couple the names of Annie and Harriet on a suitable brass, to be placed under the window already completed."

On 9 January "Cycling" recorded that the unveiling had taken place on 27 December. "The window is a beautiful specimen of English stained glass, and, situated as it is between the Dibble family pew and the graves of those in memory of whom it is erected, it will serve as a lasting token of respect from many who have received so much kindness from the Dibble family." The total cost was £53.12.0. The reference to the graves is not strictly correct. Those of George and his wife, Harriet, are indeed outside the window, adjacent now to the covered walkway to the new church rooms. Those of the daughters, Annie and Harriet, are in fact farther away to the West, near the central lane in the graveyard extension, behind what is now Church Row (formerly the school).

The window and brass plaque remained untouched for 94 years, as cycling gave way, to a large extent, to motor traffic, and the bypass brought peace again to Ripley for a while, until the motorway opened. The History Society highlighted the window a few years ago with an original high bicycle as part of one of the church's annual flower festivals.

And then, just a few weeks ago, the Vicar, the Rev Christopher Elson, discovered to his horror, and to that of all who have heard of it, that thieves had, overnight, stolen complete the whole of the righthand section of the window as it is viewed from within the church. What can one say? It is hoped that it can be replaced with something identical, and the History Society and the Ripley Road Section of the Veteran-Cycle Club have provided photographs which should enable a fairly accurate copy to be made. It is possible that the theft or vandalism is covered by insurance, but if not, it is certain that both of the above-mentioned organisations would wish to be associated with any appeal which is made towards a replacement.

NEWARK MILL, RIPLEY, SURREY

At long last, after a considerable period of anticipation, the Society's new booklet on Newark Mill has been published.

The project, started over a year and a half ago, underwent a protracted period of gestation as fresh material was researched and incorporated. As a result, the booklet went through several drafts, each subject to the usual delays in the normal course of events, before it was eventually presented for computer setting. There followed a series of further drafts as the text and the many illustrations were "fine tuned" into the finished form and layout; it is only hoped that the end product justifies the "blood, toil, tears and sweat" expended on this project. The reader will be the judge.

As indicated in a previous Newsletter, the booklet, second in a series, is a brief and popular account of what was a very well-known Surrey landmark, Newark Mill, before it was destroyed by fire in December 1966. The booklet traces the history and development of milling down the ages and then turns to Newark Mill itself, which, in its original form, dated from Domesday (1086), and probably even earlier. The architecture of the later building, known to everybody who visited the area, is thought to have dated from the mid 17th century, about the time of the construction of the Wey Navigation. Hillier, whose book "Old Surrey Water-Mills" is quoted extensively in the new publication, stated prophetically ". . . Surveying the vast interior, every inch of timber, dusty and dry, it is not difficult to understand why so few buildings of its period and its construction have been preserved - sooner or later they must inevitably be destroyed by fire." He goes on: ". . . I know no other building so completely at one with its surroundings. Seen at the height of summer, it seems typical of the landscape and consorts perfectly with the slow river, the broad fields and the lazy cattle; the sun casting a Cuyp-like haze over all but the newer objects, but blazing on those with an intensity that makes the scene one of vivid colour Everything is quiet, everything moves so gently and dreamily, as though the meandering Wey set the pace."

The booklet should be available at all the Society's usual outlets, notably Ripley Post Office and Newsagent, Send Post Office, the RHS Book Shop at Wisley Gardens, and Smiths at Woking and Guildford, at a price of £2.95. It is also available at the same price direct from the Society - apply to Bob Gale, 44 Newark Lane, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6BZ and include 50p for p & p.

Editor

NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome the following new members:

Mrs J A Manlow, 8 Willow Drive, Ripley.

Mr & Mrs J Morris, 13 Birchwood Road, West Byfleet.

Mr Paul Langrish, 34 Fern Road, Aller Park, Newton Abbot, Devon.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

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

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

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

Friday, 20 September . . . A provisional booking has been made for dinner and an after dinner speaker (hopefully Mr Stephen Tudsbury Turner - an excellent speaker) at the Old Cartlodge Tearooms, Ranmore Common (between East Horsley and Dorking), for 7.30-10.45. The cost per head is estimated to be £11 for the meal (excluding wine) and speaker. A minimum number of 30 is required, so we are asking members (friends are also welcome) to indicate their interest **AS SOON AS POSSIBLE**. Please contact John Slatford (Guildford 222107).

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

NB. Please advise John Slatford if you wish to attend the above meetings on 20 June, 17 July, and 27 July, since places may be limited. Also please note that the entrance fees for these visits may attract a discount depending upon the numbers attending.

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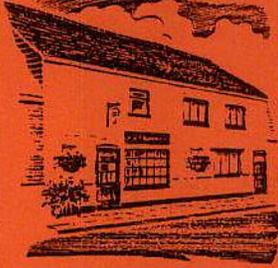
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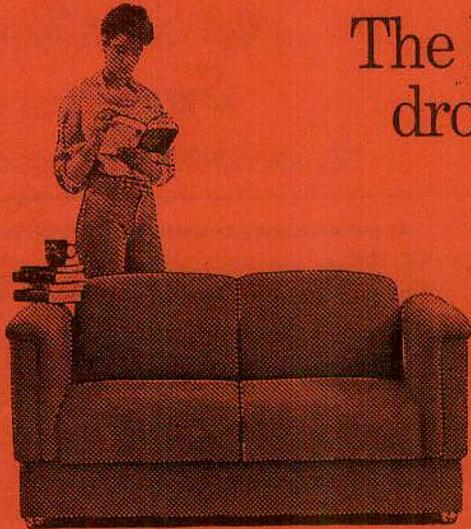
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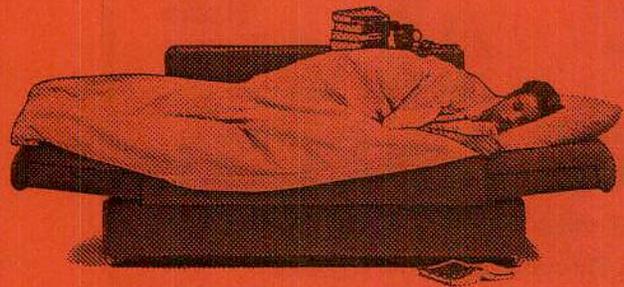
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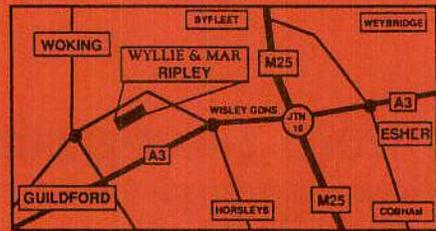
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