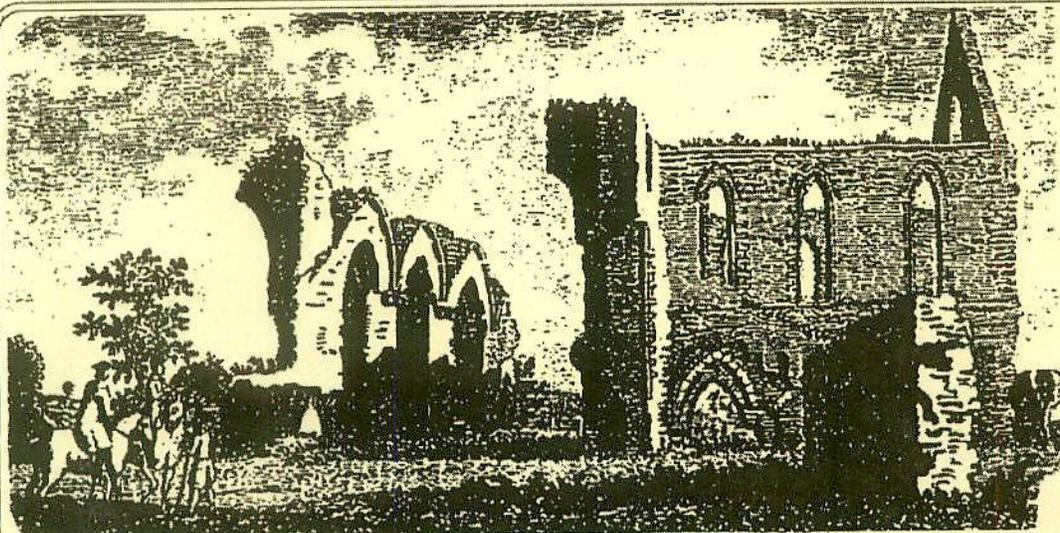


# Send & Ripley History Society

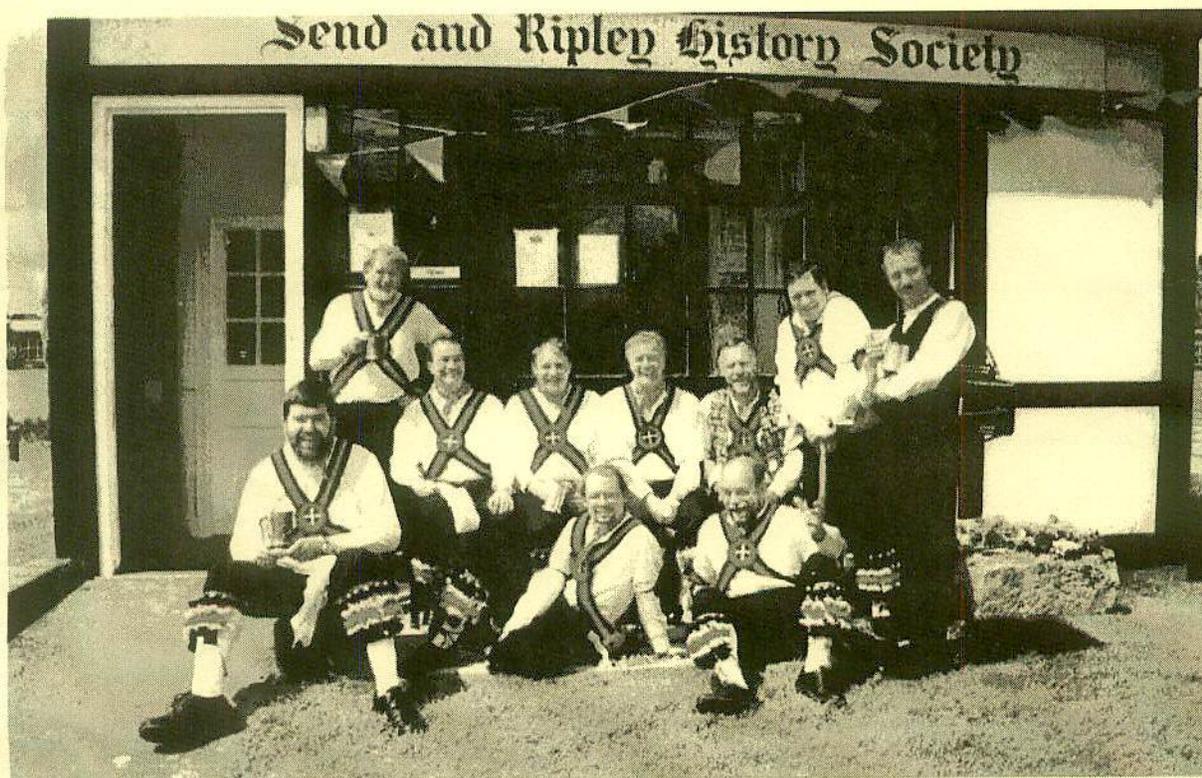
FOUNDED 1975 AS SEND HISTORY SOCIETY

Registered Charity No. 296324



NEWARK PRIORY

Journal Volume 5 No.165 July/Aug 2002



**T** LANDSCAPE TREE SERVICES  
**Gosden**

**LANDSCAPE CONSTRUCTION,  
 GROUNDWORK,  
 FENCING & TREE SERVICES**

Unit 102, The Mayford Centre,  
 Mayford Green, Mayford,  
 Woking, Surrey GU22 0PP  
 Tel/Fax: 01483 765102  
 Mobile: 07973 248975



*Anything but ordinary*

**TOWN & COUNTRY CARS**

High Street, Ripley  
 Sales -- Service -- Spares  
 Your Local MOT Station  
 (01483) 224000

Established 1966  
 Suzuki Cars Main Agent -- Surrey & Hants

**BLAZES  
 FIREPLACE CENTRES**

*The UK's Largest Living Flame Specialists*

**WE OFFER THE SOUTH'S LARGEST SELECTION OF  
 "HOLE IN THE WALL" FIREPLACES**  
 ALSO ON DISPLAY A SELECTION OF BEAUTIFUL FIRE SURROUNDS WITH  
 LIVING GAS FLAME FIRES. ALSO LARGE RANGE OF ELECTRIC FIRES  
**FREE SURVEYS**

**FULL INSTALLATION SERVICE  
 GUILDFORD (01483) 225800**

VISIT OUR LUXURY SHOWROOM & FIND OUT WHY PEOPLE GO TO BLAZES AT  
 DUNCAN HOUSE, HIGH STREET, RIPLEY, GUILDFORD GU23 6AY.

**OADES PLANT**

Telephone : 01784 43555/6  
 Fax: 01784 434351

TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT  
 MINI : EXCAVATOR

CRABTREE ROAD  
 THORPE  
 EGHAM, SURREY  
 TW20 8RW

**Smart Movers**

(GUILDFORD)

International household and office movers  
 Export packers - Shippers - Relocation consultants  
 Household and archive storage specialists  
 The Recommended Removal Company

**(01483) 223550**

37/43 Newark Lane, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6BS

**Alan Greenwood & Sons**

*Independent Funeral Directors*

**GINA MCKINLEY**  
 Manager/Funeral Director

*The Gentle Touch*

66 Send Road  
 Send, Woking  
 Surrey GU23 7EU

**24 Hour Service** Tel: 01483 210222  
 Mobile: 07768 741328

*Williams &  
 Wright Ltd* *The Jewellers*

**Antique & Modern Jewellery & Silver  
 Bought & Sold**

**VALUATIONS • REPAIRS • PEARL RESTRINGING**

High Street, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6AN. 01483 211112

**Peter Croucher TV,  
 Video, & Audio Repairs**

Tune-ins \* Work Guaranteed  
 Discount for OAPs \* Free Parking

Unit G1b, The Mayford Centre, Smarts Heath Road,  
 WOKING, 01483 772203

# Send & Ripley History Society

*Established 1975 as Send History Society*  
Registered Charity No 296324

**President: Mr. K H Bourne MSc**

**Chairman: Mr L G Bowerman**

The Manor House, Send Marsh Green, Ripley, Woking GU23 6JS Tel: 01483 224876  
Email: les@sendmanor.f9.co.uk

**Secretary: Mrs M Scrace BA**

10 Birnam Close, Ripley, Woking GU23 6JH Tel: 01483 224025  
Email: g.m.scrace@gre.ac.uk

**Treasurer: Mrs C Sheard**

Old Manor Cottage, Send Marsh Green, Ripley, Woking GU23 6JP Tel: 01483 224600

**Newsletter Editor: Mr K H Bourne MSc**

Brunel House, 30 Brunel Way, Frome, BA11 2XU Tel: 01373 455641  
Email: kenbourne@novoloco.fsnet.co.uk

**Journal Distribution: Mr N Carpenter**

Ufford, 106 Potters Lane, Send, Woking GU23 7AL Tel: 01483 714634  
Email: carpenter@uffordsend.fsnet.co.uk

Copyright Send & Ripley History Society 2002

---

**Journal Volume 5 No. 165**

**July/Aug 2002**

---

<b>Contents</b>	<b>Page Number</b>
Contents page	1
Editor's comment	2
Book Launch	2
Fire in Send Church	2
Alan Foster, obituary	2
The Baratarians	3
Visit to Chatley Heath	4
The Webb Family	5
Alex Wood Memoirs - part 4	8
George Hilderly	14
Recent Competitions	14
The Queens' Jubilee	14
Appeal for photographs	16
Forthcoming Events	17
History Society Publications	18

---

Front page; the Pilgrim Morris Men in front of S&RHS Museum, Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> May 2002, see page 14.

## Editor's Comment

Another journal, and thanks to the contributors, a full one! If this edition reaches you in time you may wish to be reminded of the society's visit to **Bath on Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> July**, see journal 164 p8 for the details, or contact Les Bowerman, 01283 224876.

One other event, nearer home; is the Book Launch on 20<sup>th</sup> September, see below. It is some time since the society has published a major work and this book by Sheila Brown and David Porter will add much to our knowledge, and be of great interest to past teachers, pupils, and everyone associated with the village schools of Send and Ripley.

The production of this journal is now, apart from printing, entirely by the editor, but thankfully, help when needed, is usually not too far away. If problems occur, and they frequently do, they are resolved and the events chalked up to experience; if only one could remember how they all came about!

## BOOK LAUNCH

**'Two Surrey Village Schools - The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools'**.

Members are cordially invited to attend a book launch on **Friday, 20<sup>th</sup> September 2002** to introduce this latest publication by our Society. This is the book about the two village schools of Send and Ripley and covers the years 1847 – 1972. **The authors are Sheila Brown and David Porter.**

The book launch will be held in **Ripley C of E Primary School in Georgelands** and the event will **start at 7.30 pm**. Send C of E Primary School will be well represented on the evening. It is particularly hoped that past pupils of both schools will be able to attend. There are many families, who, in both villages had relatives at the schools and there are in the book, over 5000 names of pupils who were at the schools in the years covered. Yours may be among them.

Sheila Brown

## Fire in Send Church (Appeal for photograph/s)

A fire occurred in the church of St Mary The Virgin Send just before Easter, in the NW corner of the nave, below the gallery. This was reported in The Surrey Advertiser on **20<sup>th</sup> April 1963** and included a photograph, a copy of which is shown right. Some of the stained glass has recently been discovered in the church, which appears to have come from the window and we are anxious to confirm that this is so. This is the best image we can find at the moment but it would be helpful if we could find a better one. Does anyone have **another photograph, or drawing that shows the gallery and particularly the NW window before the fire, or even a better photo taken at the time of the fire. Please have a good look in that album or drawer.** If you find one please contact me Ken Bourne, or Les Bowerman; for telephone numbers and addresses see index page.

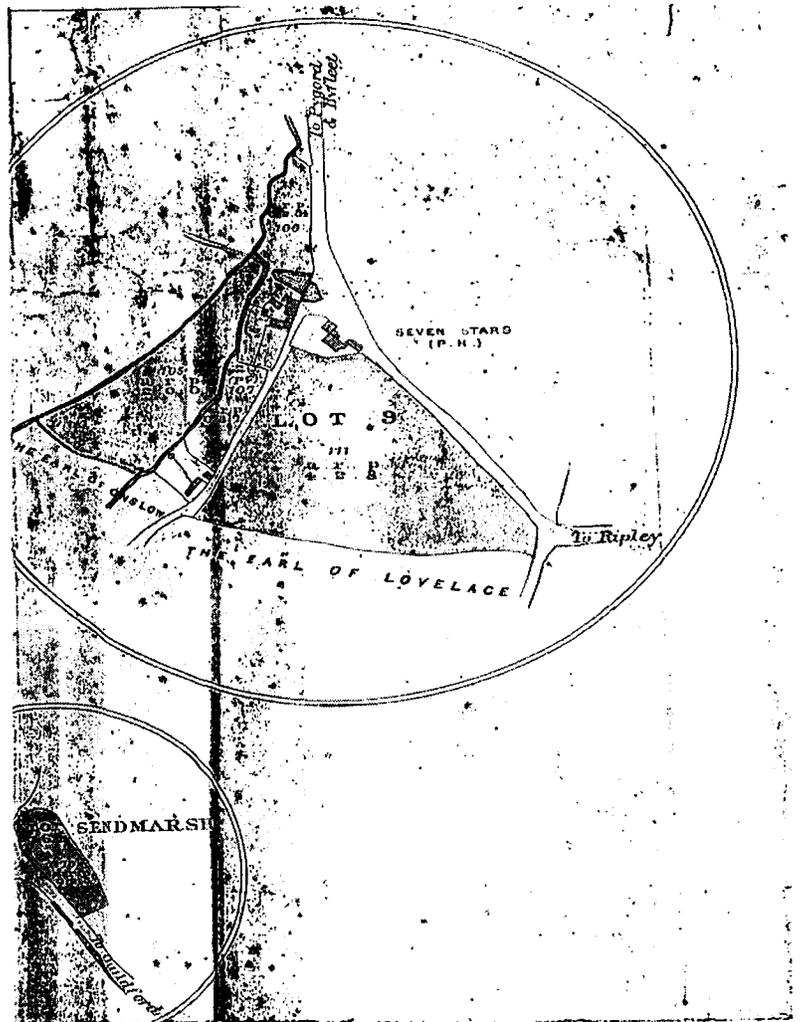


**Obituary** We were sorry to learn of the death of **Alan Foster**, of 17, Send Close, Send. Alan was a member of the society for many years, almost from its formation, and although he did not attend the meetings very often in recent years, he took a keen interest in its progress. Our condolences to his widow Margaret and family.

## The Baratarians

Mr. C Hardy a master printer, employing 10 men at the Acme press in Fulham, wanted somewhere healthier to bring up his daughter Doris, (Mrs Penny, m 1924), he bought from Mr Perrin, 4 acres of land behind the Seven Stars. Doris was then 4 years old. He acquired an old Pickford's, Pantechicon and placed it on Sunnymead field behind the pub. He fitted a stove with an iron stovepipe and fixed a standpipe for water. There was a double bed on the ledge above the driver's cab and for Doris a mattress on a frame with chicken wire. Mr Hardy commuted to London, and Doris went to Ryde House School until she was eleven. Then her father decided to move back to London coming back to Ripley for the weekends. By then they had built a timber and asbestos two bedroomed bungalow on Sunnymead. This they rented to the Fox family as a poultry farm, retaining an half acre strip of the land for themselves down Papercourt Lane with the pantechicon, a small chalet and a Gipsy caravan

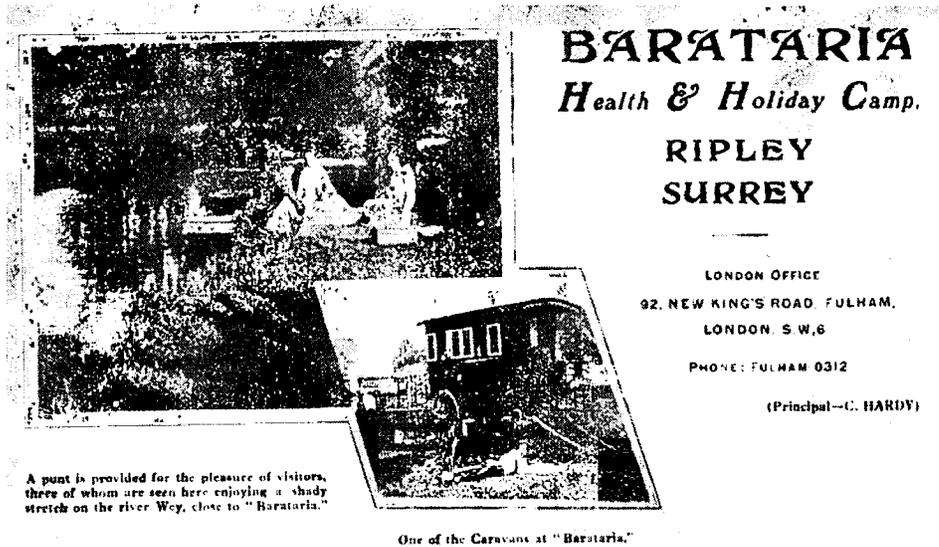
They bought Barataria on the other side of Papercourt Lane in 1933 for £600 (a great gamble for them and a heavy mortgage). Unfortunately, Mrs Penny cannot tell us from whom, as the deeds kept with their London lawyers, were burned in an air raid. She believed it had been named Barataria from Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Gondoliers', by musicians who lived there in the 1930s. The Tithe Apportionment of 1843 lists it as 'cottages and gardens, owner William Smith, occupied by Edward Eager.' Edward was the joint owner of Newark Mill, which was occupied by William Eager. They were also owner and occupier respectively, for the land behind the Seven Stars. Unfortunately, the 1861 census returns do not give owners but the address is Papercourt Lane, housing agricultural labourers. In 1871, it is still listed in the Send census; Samuel Offord, a groom, lived there. He is still there in 1881, though now called a farmer and the address given is Seven Stars Lane. In 1891, the cottages are called Newark Lane cottages with a highway labourer in one and a domestic worker in the other. By the turn of the century I have been told that the



cottages were known as Star Farm belonging to the Boughton Estate with a Mr Sones as tenant farmer. Mr Sones did not live there, however, he lived in a house in the Portsmouth Road. At the sale of the Boughton Estate in 1907, the smallholding of 8 acres occupied by Mr Sones was put up for auction, but the cottages were not put up for sale, so perhaps they had already been sold. Mrs Penny had been told, by her mother that, the Guinness family once owned the cottages, but it does seem strange that the land should have been separated from the buildings. We wait with eagerness the overdue publication of the 1901 Census. When the Hardys' bought Barataria, it consisted of two semi-detached cottages, rendered at the front but timbered at the rear, along with a covered shelter. In the center-part of the cottages was a large room called the 'Oak-room'? This was at a lower level and so sloping that tall people always stood at one end. The lounge of one cottage had the date 1610 carved on the fireplace

In 1934, Mr Hardy set up the 'BARATARIA, Health and Holiday Camp', and the mixture of gipsy caravans and chalets were let mainly at weekends. They kept a punt below Newark Mill and organized

table-tennis competitions. In 1939 his London lease was up, so they moved back to Ripley full time. They let the smaller cottage near the road and lived in the larger one, keeping the central 'Oak room' where they played table-tennis. The Heidelberg and other printing presses were housed in the covered shelter outside. They added a kitchen with a copper and partitioned off a section for a bathroom.



**BARATARIA**  
*Health & Holiday Camp.*  
**RIPLEY**  
**SURREY**

LONDON OFFICE  
 92, NEW KING'S ROAD, FULHAM,  
 LONDON, S.W.6  
 PHONE: FULHAM 0312  
 (Principal—C. HARDY)

A punt is provided for the pleasure of visitors, three of whom are seen here enjoying a shady stretch on the river Wey, close to "Barataria."

One of the Caravans at "Barataria."

There was little printing work during the war, though he did W B Green's tally sheets and books, and some work for the scouts and the cricket club. He also had a great deal to do with the Victory Hall (Village Hall). As there was so little work for him, he took a temporary job as lock-keeper at Papercourt lock and let their largecottage; moving his printing press, paper and guillotine into the small cottage. "Old Tom", who lived in Westfield, would walk over to the lock to see the barges through so that Mr Hardy could get some printing done. He also bred rabbits but gave this up when he became sickened by killing them.

Several of the regular visitors wanted to come permanently. A timber merchant from Lots Road, Chelsea who used the chalet wanted to make it residential. Because of the shortage of housing, other people came full time and Barateria became residential. Mr Hardy retired to Devon in 1956, and his daughter Doris took-over, although they had been rated since 1933 as a camping and caravanning site, Guildford Rural District Council's planning department said in 1957 that she had no planning permission, so she had to appeal.



The old Star Farm/Barataria was pulled down in 1961 and the present Barataria house built; the contractors to be paid costs, plus 10%. The final cost was £4,000. The land behind the Seven Stars was developed and is now Newark Close.

All the Baratarians are now residential, and there are twenty-nine mobile homes on the site.

**SRHS Visit to Chatley Heath, 21<sup>st</sup> May 2002**

**1814 - Napoleonic threat at an end!**

With a typical piece of British government planning, the threat from Napoleon was perceived to be at an end when he was sent to the island of Elba. The efficient shuttering communication system, which kept the Admiralty in touch with Portsmouth, Plymouth and Dover, was dismantled. So when Napoleon broke out of Elba and led a campaign, which culminated in the Battle of Waterloo, there was no communication system in operation.

All this we learnt from our charming and knowledgeable guide Paul Taylor, on a recent visit to Chatley Heath Semaphore Tower.

On the locking the stable door principle, the British parliament voted in funds after Waterloo, to put in place a state of the art semaphore communication system. It was intended to link the Admiralty to Portsmouth and Plymouth and other ports, but only the first link was fully completed. From 1822 until 1847 messages were passed from the Admiralty to the Naval Dockyard via 13 semaphore stations. The tower was manned by a Lieutenant, handyman, and a lookout who kept watch with a telescope, every five minutes during daylight hours. Once a preparatory signal was spotted from either Coopers Hill, Hinchley Wood, to the north or Pewley Hill, Guildford, to the south, they then readied themselves to relay the message. The mast operating mechanism, now restored, was used to spell out the message and information coming from the Admiralty took precedence over messages sent from Portsmouth. We were all impressed by the speed of communications, as it was recorded that in the 1830s, the time signal from Greenwich could be relayed to the fleet in 23 seconds and the confirmation back to London, in 22 seconds. This allowed chronometers to be set accurately before leaving port. The system did not operate for very long as the coming of the railways and developments in telegraphy, revolutionised communications. The Admiralty did a deal with the railway company and erected telegraph poles alongside the railway line. The last Lieutenant to man the tower stayed on after it was decommissioned and in fact it was lived in until the 1960's. Sadly it was reduced to a burnt out shell in 1984, but in 1989 it was restored and reopened to mark the centenary of Surrey County Council.

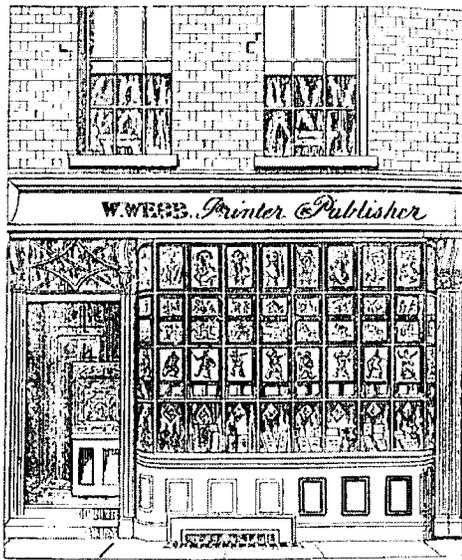
After climbing to the top of the tower we surveyed the surrounding country through telescopes. Although it was a rather grey and hazy day we were able to clearly see the London Eye on the horizon. When our party had descended, our guide led us through the woods to a hidden treasure. Under a canopy of trees was a mausoleum, described by a local walks book as like a miniature Taj Mahal, which was erected by Lord Samuelson, who lived at Hatchford Park. His father had been a Liberal minister in a Gladstone administration, having previously made money in trade in the north. His son decided to take on the trappings of aristocracy and bought Hatchford Park. He had the mausoleum constructed and the bodies of his father; mother and sister exhumed from their resting place in Torquay and moved to the Mausoleum. The bodies were in ornate and valuable caskets and in the early sixties a cyclist, curiously a resident of the Chatley Heath Tower, disturbed thieves removing the coffins. By the time he had alerted the police, they had gone but they were apprehended in Chertsey the next day. Amazingly, if our guide was not embellishing the story, the villains were only fined and six weeks later the bodies were stolen again and this time not recovered. I only cast a hint of doubt on the story as at one point he claimed the perpetrators were called Harold and Albert! All-in-all, an interesting and entertaining afternoon.

Clare McCann

*Chairman's comment: Some members will remember the Open Meeting, when a talk was given by Mr T W Holmes on Admiralty Relay Systems, subsequently reported in NL 38/7 and followed by a memorable visit to the tower. That was of course, while it was almost derelict and before the disastrous fire mentioned by Clare. Nobody who attended that visit in 1981 will forget the magical atmosphere, on emerging at the top to look down on the treetops, rising from the low-lying mist after a thunderstorm. A second visit took place in 1993 as reported in NL 112/2. Each visit has yielded more interesting information. Les.*

## **The Webb Family**

As a new member of the SRHS (I joined in December, after a visit to Bette & John Slatford) I am writing this letter to the Journal to tell members of my interest in Send & Ripley and the research I am doing into my history of the Webb family. I hope that I can persuade someone to help me in writing up that part of it that lies in Send & Ripley throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and which touches on at least six local families, namely, Cumber, Dartnell, Webb, Bolton, Jackman, and Meryett, not to mention the chemist, Thomas Garlike, and the Vicar of Ripley, the Rev. C R Tate (1851-1874) and the New Inn at Cartbridge. My great-grandfather, William George Webb, the doyen of the Victorian 'Toy Theatre' in London, on an equal with Pollock, was born in Ripley in 1821



WEBB'S SHOP AT 49 OLD STREET, ST. LUKE'S, REPRODUCED AS A SCENE IN "HARLEQUIN DAMN CRIME"

His mother, Mary Webb, was baptised Mary Cumber in St. Martha's-on-the-Hill, Chilworth, Surrey. After her husband, William Webb, died in London in 1820 she went to Ripley to her elder sister, Elizabeth, who was married to James Dartnell in Ripley in 1803. Mary Webb gave birth to a son (William George) to join her daughter, Eliza Caroline Webb, then, nearly 2 yrs old. Later, Mary married Henry Bolton, a Ripley chapman, and had one more child by him, James Bolton, who was born (1834); he married Louisa Marryett, daughter of a Ripley builder John Marryett, in (1867) and died (1898) in Ripley. The sister of William George Webb, Eliza Caroline, married George Jackman, a carpenter, son of George Jackman, the publican at the New Inn, Send, who died in Send in 1854. Unfortunately his carpenter son had a fatal accident at work in 1863, which required an inquest, leaving his widow with eight children. She died in Send in 1876 and is buried in Ripley church. William George Webb left Ripley in 1835 to take up a 7-year apprenticeship as an engraver to the Toy Theatre publisher, Archibald Park, in Shoreditch, London,

and thus became the only Toy Theatre artist to be apprenticed to the trade. In turn his son, Henry James, was apprenticed to his father, and continued the business in Old Street, Finsbury, E.C.1 after his father's death in 1890 and until his own death in 1933. The Toy Theatre, in Victorian times, was the nearest that the Victorians got, to our modern day television. Artists such as my great-grandfather would go to a performance of a play at a London theatre and draw the scenes, actors and costumes; get hold of a copy of the playbook; take it all back home and design a miniature stage production, based on that shown at the theatre. Parents and children could then re-enact the performance on the kitchen table at home, using a



"THE FOREST OF BONDY" WAS WEBB'S FIRST PUBLICATION

model theatre lit by candles or whatever. He would then engrave all this on copper plates and print off the scenes, backdrops, side wings, and characters (often recognisable as the actors themselves). He would print a shortened version of the plot and dialogue in a little playbook and print off a 'stage front' - (the 'Webb fronts' are still in use today), with instructions on how to put it all together and produce a play. These he would sell in his Old Street shop. Parents and children would go in and buy either 'A Penny Plain or Two-pence Coloured' and Hey-Presto! you had a home performance, your own Victorian 'video cassette', that you

could put on as often as you liked, but with the added joy that you could play all the parts, hero, heroine, or villain, and move the characters on and off the stage, on thin metal rods on which they were mounted. The scenery which, if plain, could be coloured, and stuck on cardboard; this too could be changed, by sliding the cardboard scenes and wings on rods along slits in the stage floor, or by lowering them down from above. So you could be producer, director, stage manager, scene painter, stagehand, wardrobe mistress, lighting technician, musician, and actors, all at the same time. No wonder it was popular, both with the middle classes and those working class artisans who could afford it, and had the time and space, in their crowded lives. Many famous authors such as, R L Stevenson, Charles Dickens, G K Chesterton and Winston Churchill, all visited the Webb, Old Street shop, and paid tribute to the inspiration of their childhood. Even the weekend in June, when I was writing, George Spaight, the doyen of modern day Toy Theatre enthusiasts, was performing Webb's

'The Miller and his Men' on a Webb stage in a Toy Theatre Festival, at Sutton, Surrey. To 'gild the lily', William George's uncle James, a gunsmith by trade, developed a method of making tinsel attachments that could be stuck on clothing and various accoutrements, such as scabbards and belts. Some of the tinselled portraits of famous actors of the time, shown in striking dramatic poses from their plays, are not only very arresting in themselves but very beautiful works of art. William George Webb practised his trade in Ripley after the end of his apprenticeship in 1842 and there are theatrical portraits with "W G Webb, printed at Ripley" along the bottom, but by 1845 he had married and set up business in London.

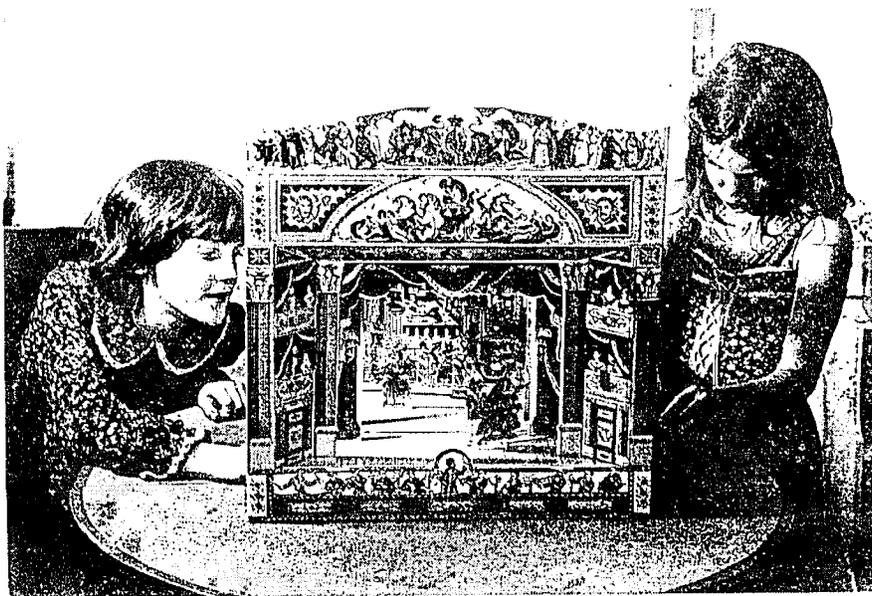
He continued to visit his family in Ripley and Send, and this is where Thomas Garlike, the chemist, who lived next door to Mary Webb (Bolton), comes in, for he was an amateur artist, and William George Webb made steel engravings of at least two of his local pictures, one of the Industrial School at Ockham and another of the Ripley Church and National School, which is reproduced in "Then and Now" on p.61. This latter picture was obtained from a letter heading of the Send & Ripley Vicar, Charles Richard Tate, so may well have been commissioned by him. The original steel engraving plates are believed to be in the theatre collection at Princeton, New Jersey. There is also a business card printed by W G Webb for his stepbrother or step-uncle, James Bolton, - Cooper in General. These are the bare bones of a story that, as they are laid out above, may be of little interest to anyone except Send & Ripley historians. I would like to put some flesh on them to make them more generally interesting and to fill out the early years of my family history of the Webbs of the Toy Theatre. I want to try to convey what childhood meant for 'W G' in Ripley up to the age of 14. Since there are several Ripley and Send names, someone may feel, as I do, that it may make the basis for an interesting account of 19<sup>th</sup> Century life in Ripley. What say you? Come and join me ...

Laurie Webb, 16, South Eastern Road, Ramsgate, Kent CT11 9TR. Tel 01843 591402.

### Postscript;

**Benjamin Pollock**, who was a rival to W G Webb, had his toy theatre shop not far away from Old Street in Hoxton, the next district to Finsbury. Benjamin Pollock took over the shop at 73 Hoxton Street from the famous printer and publisher, Redington, his father-in-law, after he died in 1877. Webb had already served a seven-year apprenticeship to the trade and had begun publishing himself, some 35 years before. Pollock died four years after W G Webb in 1937, but whereas Webb's shop closed in 1932, Pollock's continues to this day, but elsewhere from Hoxton.

**Webb Stage Fronts**, can be obtained via Peter Baldwin (Derek Wilton of Coronation Street) at the Benjamin Pollock's Toyshop in The Market (central Piazza), at Covent Garden, (0207 636 3452), or viewed as stages, at the Pollock Toy Museum, 1, Scala St. W1 (0207 636 3452), just behind, Goodge St. tube station.



## Alex Wood Memoirs Part 4 - Shot down and POW

On 23<sup>rd</sup> September we were briefed for a maximum effort raid with about 600 aircraft on the town of Mannheim. It was a difficult night as there was considerable opposition from fighters and flak particularly over the target, but we managed to avoid serious damage.

On 27<sup>th</sup> September another attack on Hanover took place and as my aircraft was undergoing a major inspection and engine change I was allocated EE954 "J". The operation was completed without incident and this time the Pathfinders found the correct target.

On 3<sup>rd</sup> October 1943 we were briefed for a raid on Kassel with a bomb load, mainly incendiary bombs and one 1,000 lb bomb and ran into some difficulties. The rear gunner found that one of his guns was tending to jam when he tested them over the North Sea but I decided to continue. The flak over Texel was exceptionally heavy and we were hit twice but not seriously.

There was ten-tenths cloud cover above the aircraft and the navigator needed some check on his position approximately over the Dutch/German border. The only check we could get was on the wind velocity so the wireless operator dropped two incendiary bombs through the flare chute and the rear gunner sighted his guns onto them to obtain a drift. At that precise moment we were attacked by a twin engined fighter from beneath the tail and the aircraft was seriously damaged. Both starboard engines were set on fire; the batteries or some other vital part of the electrical system was hit, the engineer was killed and the photoflash in one of the flare chutes was hit and exploded in the aircraft, blowing a hole in the floor of the aircraft about 8 feet across and severely wounding Ron Arrowsmith. Bill Highland, the rear gunner, had reported during the attack and before the electrical installation was put out of action, that the attacker was a Junkers 88 and he thought he had hit it. Because the electrical system was inoperative we could not jettison the bombs, some of which had been set on fire and it was therefore necessary to abandon the aircraft. I signaled on the emergency system to the gunners to bail out and ordered the three surviving members of the crew in the "greenhouse" (the navigator, bomb aimer and wireless operator) to bail out. To reach the escape hatch in the bomb aimer's position in the nose of the aircraft, it was necessary for the crew to go down three steps between the two pilots' seats and controls and I continued to fly the aircraft while the other three went down.

When I judged they should have left I followed, having put the automatic pilot in command of the aircraft set to climb slightly. That was a mistake because when I reached the escape hatch I could not open it for the G force with the aircraft climbing. I struggled to lift the hatch, which could not be jettisoned and could see myself being trapped when the machine crashed. Eventually it stalled, however, and the hatch flew open. I dived out headfirst with my right hand holding the release ring but I was facing the tail of the aircraft and should have gone out feet first. I struck my back heavily on the side of the hatch and the parachute was ripped out of its hooks and struck me on the jaw, breaking a tooth, as it went past and opened. As I passed beneath the 'plane, I could see the incendiary bombs burning in the bomb bay and sparks trailing behind the aircraft.

I landed in a ploughed field and sprained my left ankle and left knee so that I could not walk. The farmer who owned the field was obviously outside having heard the gunfire and he faced me with a shotgun in his hand. I was taken into the farmhouse to await the arrival of the Luftwaffe and the farmer's daughter dressed a bullet wound I had in my head. I was taken to a nearby aerodrome and confined in a hut away from the main buildings near an aircraft dispersal point under guard by two armed men.

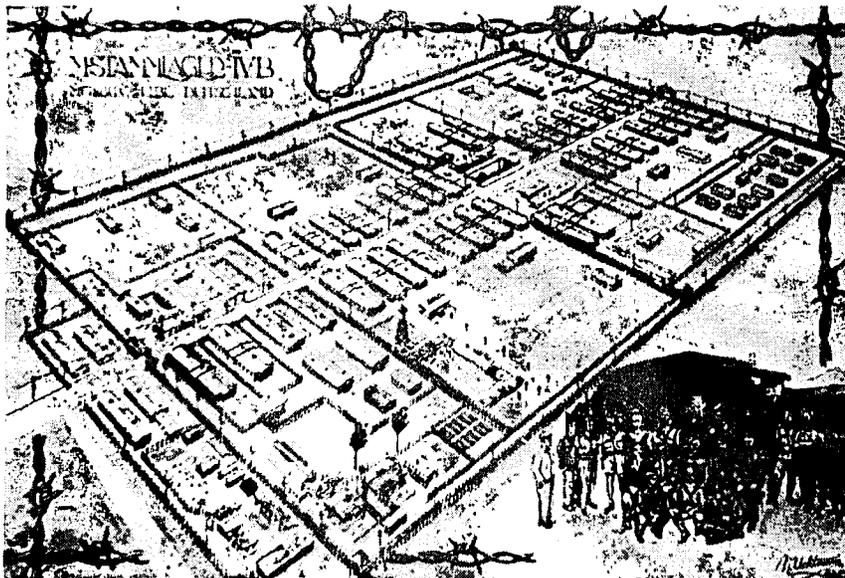
The next day I was taken by ambulance to a military hospital at Lingen where I remained for a week in the same room as Ron Arrowsmith and Gordon Wright. Ron was the most severely wounded of the three of us, having been close to the flarechute when the photoflash exploded, and he had sustained damage to the tendons of his left knee. He was subsequently repatriated and neither Gordon nor I saw him again until after the war because we were taken from Lingen to Frankfurt-am-Maine and to Dulag Luft for interrogation. During the train, journey that was made at night under a full moon, we went through the centre of the Rhur Valley and the damage in the Rhur towns was appalling. As a complete contrast the line ran along the east bank of the Rhine to Mainz and it was beautiful with the moonlight on the forests and the water.

Perhaps I ought to set down my feelings on realizing that I was alone in enemy territory having been captured immediately after landing with no home, no friends, no rights and among people who had every reason to feel hate against the RAF. At first the Luftwaffe treated me very well. They fed and watered me and provided some blankets in the hut and whilst in hospital at Lingen I was treated moderately well. The orderlies were all 'Slav' prisoners of war from Yugoslavia and I was able to converse with some of them in French. The German doctors of course would speak only their own language so I had no idea what they were saying. Gordon Wright, the bomb aimer, who was suffering very severe shock, took it all very hard and did not seem able to adapt in any way. Ron Arrowsmith, the wireless operator, tended, like myself, to be somewhat fatalistic and made the best of a bad job.

It was, when Gordon and I arrived at Dulag Luft that it was really brought home to me that I was entirely at the mercy of my captors. I think all prisoners were treated alike and my experience was; that I was confined in solitary in a cell with a bed of boards and one blanket. The cell measured about 6' x 4' with a small barred window at one end. There was an electric heater, which was alternately switched on full power so that the cell overheated and then turned off for hours so that one almost froze.

A German Officer, who spoke perfect English, visited me and who presented me with a form to fill in that required far more information than I was prepared to give. He tried to bribe me to complete the form by offering me cigarettes if I did so, and threatening days of the same suffering if I did not. Having refused to complete the form other than giving the permitted information, I was left for several days but provided with small amounts of food.

I was then taken and interviewed by a Hauptman, who also spoke good English and gave me a potted history of my career in the RAF together with the gratuitous information; that when I bombed Hamburg I must have killed his family because they died during the raids on that city. Strangely enough he did not seem to know how we had been shot down and I can only assume that, as I had already suspected, the gunners shot down the fighter after it had mortally damaged the Stirling. He threatened that I could be shot as a spy if I did not give information about the Squadron, and, when I refused, he went on to tell me all about it, including the operations I had taken part in. Much of it was probably guesswork based on information gleaned perhaps from other aircrew, or, from an agent near Mildenhall, but it was certainly



impressive. I was eventually transferred to another compound with other aircrew, who had undergone interrogation, and remained there for about a week. We were then, transferred by train to a prisoner of war camp. The trains consisted of the infamous French Railways' four-wheeled vans, with the legend on the side "Quarant hommes-huit chevaux". About 60 of us were crammed into each van with no toilet facilities and no sleeping facilities. We had to use a partly-opened door for the calls of nature, and sleeping was almost, impossible. We were given

small quantities of food, twice each day and had no idea where we were being taken; for three days we traveled, slowly, on a stop/start basis, but never stopping in a station, so that in the main we did not know where we were. There were armed guards in each van, which were changed regularly. Eventually we arrived at a siding and de-trained to be marched about one mile to Stalag IVB.

We learned that this was at Muhlberg-on-Elbe about 90 miles due south of Berlin in Westphalia. There were thousands of prisoners in the camp consisting of about 25,000 Russians, 15,000 British, mainly army NCOs but also some other-ranks, and including 1500 RAF aircrew. There were also about 5000 prisoners of other nationalities comprising Dutch, Italian, Serb, French, Belgian and others.

To someone used to civilized living the conditions in the camp were appalling. We were quartered in large huts holding 220 each, sleeping in 3-tier wooden bunks with slats and very thin paliasses. The huts were filthy, being built of timber and floored with bricks on earth with no mortar. The beds were infested with bed bugs and the only heating was by two stoves, one at each end, fired by solid fuel which, was strictly rationed, and insufficient, to maintain a comfortable temperature in cold weather.

The unheated latrines were in a separate building in the compound, about 20 metres from the huts and could only be used in daylight because we were locked into the huts after dark. There was one latrine at the end of the hut for night use and it can be imagined what this was like with 220 prisoners, many of whom, were suffering from stomach problems, having to use it. The washing facilities were primitive, in the extreme. The huts were in pairs end-to-end, with a brick built washing area between them. The only water was cold; there were no baths and only large stone sinks in which to wash oneself and one's clothes. The floors were concrete and the whole area was extremely cold in winter.

The daily ration of food consisted of a small allowance of black bread (actually a dark brown in colour), about 200/300 grams per day, 15 grams of margarine, occasionally 30 grams of turnip jam and half a litre of "skilly" which consisted of a weak vegetable soup with very small amounts of meat added. Once a week that was changed for three quarters of a litre of pea soup and on one other day three quarters of a litre of millet boiled in water.

We were kept reasonably healthy by the food sent via Switzerland by the British Red Cross Society in individual food parcels and, although theoretically there were sufficient Red Cross parcels sent through the International Red Cross in Geneva to provide one parcel per prisoner per week this never materialized. Most of the time we had parcels, but the allowance was usually one between three, to one between seven. I very quickly learned that one did not try self-catering and that the best plan was to form groups of between three and seven POW's, so that the rations could be collected together and shared out in a more satisfactory manner than by individual catering; seven proved the ideal number.

I had gone to this camp with Gordon Wright and Jack Curtis, our navigator, and first joined with them, but I found them both, apparently unable, to adapt to the conditions and moved to another group. I was with a number of groups during the time I was in the camp and all of them were successful. Some were large and some were small, but the methods of catering were similar in each and worked extremely well.

We saved part of our cigarette ration,(50 cigarettes with each Red Cross parcel), to purchase civilian bread from the Germans, and later, when we had sufficient evidence, to blackmail some of them; we used cigarettes to buy radio valves and other items to enable communication to be maintained with the BBC transmissions. By this means we received the British news bulletins as well as those put out by the Germans and we then had to make our up minds where the truth lay. I cultivated a civilian post office worker, who used to supply me with civilian bread for cigarettes, and later, I persuaded him to obtain wireless valves for me. The British part of the camp was quite well organized and we managed to obtain a hut for a theatre.

We organized 'traveling-players' that performed in a different hut each evening and I joined one of these as a female impersonator as we toured the huts with a music hall type of show. We also had touring 'radio' shows, in which I also took part, which were plays presented from behind curtains, to simulate the wireless.

Around Christmas 1944 we formed a Bridge school in my hut and played anything up to 8 to 12 hours a day; there were 20 of us, and we reached quite a high standard, thoroughly enjoying it. The International Red Cross, who also supplied items, such as, footballs, cricket bats and equipment, books, etc supplied packs of playing cards. There was a football league every winter, each hut providing a team with the name of one of the well-known British league clubs. The matches were played in the sports compound and aroused a lot of interest among the other nationals as well as the British.

Stalag IVB, was a permanent camp for British army NCOs and RAF aircrews, and a transit camp for other British army ranks. The latter would be brought to the camp equipped with the necessary minimum clothing and then drafted out in small working parties of up to six, to factories, etc, in the vicinity. The, RAF, conceived the idea of exchanging identities with men in the working parties and then escaping from the less secure accommodation in the factories. Many of us did this but most were only out for two or three days and then were recaptured.

On return to the camp the procedure was invariably the same; an interview with the German Camp Commandant who sentenced the returned prisoner to 21 days solitary confinement in 'the cooler', after a lecture on the dangers of escaping. The cooler was invariably full with a waiting list and the prisoner was therefore returned to his hut to await his turn to serve his sentence. One or two of the prisoners were found to have escaped again when their turn to serve their sentence arrived. The sentence was usually carried out but probably curtailed, and one's friends ensured that tit-bits of food were supplied through the window after lights out.

A favourite activity was to reinforce the fuel ration by stealing from the fuel store after dark. My hut had a team of six, of which I was one, who went out most nights, through the wire into the next compound and into the fuel store, and by using a key fabricated by a RAF prisoner, who was a locksmith, open the padlock and re-lock it. I do not think the Germans ever discovered how the stocks of coal were dwindling because there was never any evidence of forcible entry. To get from one compound to another we waited until the rotating searchlight passed and then ran across to the shadow of the next hut to await the searchlight passing again. On return we followed the searchlight round. Unfortunately, one of our numbers mistimed his run and was discovered between a hut and the coal store and was shot. That was the only casualty, but it reminded the rest of us that the danger was very real. Another party from the hut would pay similar visits nightly to the vegetable store in the opposite direction and steal raw potatoes. All potatoes supplied by the Germans were cooked as they would not keep that way and could not be used for escape rations. All the prisoners in our hut had the benefit of these activities, not only those who actually took part.

One of the problems we encountered was irregular, spot-searches without warning by the Germans. Fortunately, many of the guards were not, incorruptible, and we were always warned in advance that a search would take place and what the Germans would be looking for. These searches invariably occurred at 6 am when everyone was turned out of the hut. They were directed towards finding fuel in excess of the ration, raw potatoes and radios. Fortunately for us, 'the German', has a very logical mind. Perhaps, also, the guards had a certain amount of sympathy for the prisoners, because, if we received notice; the evening before a search was to be carried out the next morning, for coal, we would hide all the excess coal, in the flues from the stoves, and litter the beds with boxes of raw potatoes, which the Germans ignored. If the search was for raw potatoes, then there was coal piled at the end of the hut and the boxes of potatoes were in the flues!

I recall, one particular occasion, when the Germans turned the whole of the RAF compound out of its huts at 6 am, and searched the huts for wireless sets, which were not permitted. They had all been removed the evening before to the army huts, but one wag in the next hut to mine took some bricks off the floor, dug a deep hole, buried a dried milk tin with a wire attached to it, which he hung over a beam in the roof, then replaced the bricks. The Germans saw it, dug a hole, found the tin and in the tin was a note 'Ever been had'? The unteroffizier, in charge of the huts, was besides himself, and almost went berserk walking around in front of the prisoners on parade, waving his automatic and threatening to shoot everybody.

I should explain here that the two stoves in each hut were linked to a central chimney by almost horizontal flues, each about 6 metres long built of brick, with the inside about 300mm wide by 200mm high and covered by tiles. We lifted the tiles, filled the flue and replaced the tiles having extinguished the fire in the stove. I never discovered whether the German guards knew that the tiles had been loosened and were removable, or if we actually fooled them. The situation became progressively worse as the end of the war approached and in the late winter and early spring of 1945 the rations were reduced, and there was little fuel, even to steal. Eventually on 22<sup>nd</sup> April the German Camp Commandant summoned to his office all those RAF aircrew known by him to have been commissioned whilst prisoners, which included me. He told us that the Russians were near and that the German guards were leaving the camp that evening. They left immediately after dark and at 7 am, next morning there was a rousing cheer as three Russian Cossacks rode through the camp on horseback, armed to the teeth, with automatic pistols and cutlasses. They released the Russian prisoners and indicated that the British and other nationalities were to remain where they were. Later that day some Russian officers visited the camp and advised us to remain in the camp where we would be safe, but that they could not feed us as their front line troops lived off the land, and therefore we were free to go out in parties and forage for our own food.

We organized ourselves into parties and managed to get sufficient food to keep us going; by raiding warehouses in Muhlberg, containing sugar and grain, and killing chickens and cattle from the local farms, which had been left by their owners. I learned then how to pole axe a bullock, kill a pig and kill a chicken.

After some 10 days the Russians marched us all from the camp to former German army barracks at Risa, about 10 kilometres, south of Muhlberg on the Elbe. Here we were provided with small amounts of food but had to forage in the surrounding countryside for the rest, and were virtually maintained as prisoners by the Russians. The Americans heard of the large number of prisoners in these barracks and sent a convoy of 60 lorries to take us back. The Russians refused to let a single prisoner enter the lorries and sent them back empty.

The following morning I and another prisoner went out as usual and continued walking west. Once out of the area we found the Russians were quite helpful and on the second day we reached a former railway bridge over the River Moulder. The Russians had just closed the bridge at 12.15 pm and after a number of attempts I found a common language with a Russian officer in French. He was so overjoyed that he had found someone he could talk to in that language that he provided us with a first class meal. After we had finished, he offered to talk to his American opposite number and they opened the bridge for us.

The Americans provided transport to Halle from whence we were flown by Dakota the next day to Rheims where we arrived in the early evening. We were allocated to a large tent with others and early the next morning the others rose and went to breakfast. They told us that they were due to fly out that day. We then learned, that we would have to register and it might be a week or more before we would be flown home.

After breakfast, we heard some aircraft arriving on the aerodrome and walked out to see a number of Lancaster's landing. I recognised the squadron letters, GI, as belonging to 622 Squadron, which was formed at Mildenhall from XV Squadron, whilst I was on the latter squadron.

I then approached one of the pilots, told him I was from XV Squadron and asked if he could fit us in. He and one of his fellow pilots agreed to fly us home, unofficially. I therefore flew back to England that day in his Lancaster standing up behind the pilot's seat. We landed at Dunsfold in Surrey on 16<sup>th</sup> May 1945 but I was not allowed home and we were conveyed to Cosford by train where I was provided with clothing, medically examined, interrogated by an intelligence officer and then sent home, with ration cards etc, for three months' leave to recover.

Alex Wood

**Addendum:**



The much-enlarged photo on the previous page is part of the photograph shown on page 10 of the preceding journal, 164. It shows Alex Wood's flight crew between the arrows, from the left: Sgt R Blanced - Mid-Upper Gunner, F/Sgt A V Wood - Pilot, F/Sgt J S Curtis - Navigator, F/Sgt W Highland - Rear Gunner, Sgt L Graham - Flight Engineer, Sgt G G Wright -Air Bomber, Sgt J R Arrowsmith - Wireless Operator.

## Erratum

A number of errors crept into earlier parts of this article, in journals 163 and 164, which have been drawn to the editor's attention by SRHS member, Alan Baker, who was in the RAF and who has recently finished editing the autobiography of retired Squadron Leader, John Crampton.

Journal 163, Part 2, p14, omit the duplicated last sentence, 'There is a surviving...' as this is correctly part of the penultimate paragraph on p15.

Journal 164, Part 3, p9, the Airspeed Oxford was also used for 'navigator training', in addition to pilot, air-gunner training and passenger carrying referred to by Alex Wood.

Ditto, Part 3, p9, the stalling speed was 110 mph, not 11mph (*authors original text was correct, editor*)

Ditto, Part 3, p10, Ruhr incorrectly spelt as Rhur.

Ditto, Part 3, p11, last paragraph, the mines mentioned were to be laid 'upstream' not 'inland'

Ditto, Part 3, p11, last paragraph, omit, *estuary of the Gironde off Bordeaux in Western France* and add another page, which inexplicably was omitted when the journal was printed, (*Sincere apologies to the author and our readers, editor*). The missing page is as follows:

'Opposition to the bomber force was first encountered when crossing the enemy coast, frequently the Dutch coast over the island of Texel. The Germans had installed a large number of 88mm anti-aircraft guns on the island, which were radar-controlled without searchlights, and they always put up a concentrated barrage of fire across the path of the bombers. Although there was no tracer ammunition, with this heavy flak it was possible, on a dark night, to see the shells rising, as they glowed a dull red with the heat generated by friction.

Once across the coastal belt, night fighter aircraft were the main opposition and the Messerschmidt 110 or 210 and Junkers 88 radar equipped machines was a constant threat. The Stirling bomber pilots were briefed, to fly at 13,000 to 14,000 feet across Germany and Lancasters and Halifaxes were at 18,000 to 22,000 feet.

The Stirling force was usually the third of five waves over the target and when approaching it, the sight was awe-inspiring. On a clear night there were hundreds of pinpoints of white light where incendiary-bombs were burning, interspersed with many flickering red fires overlaid with drifting smoke. There were frequent flashes of yellow as high-explosive bombs detonated and target-indicators, both on the ground and falling as cascades of points of light coloured red, green, blue or yellow. A Pathfinder Force throughout the forty or so minutes of the raid dropped the target-indicators. There were also hundreds of searchlights, narrow beams of white light, 30 or 40 of them often being concentrated on one point, at which an unfortunate bomber was the target of dozens of anti-aircraft guns. An aircraft caught in a cone of searchlights over a target seldom survived.

There were large numbers of searchlights playing on to the underside of the clouds and volumes of flak but W/C Stephens decided that he was not prepared to bomb through cloud and went down to 6,000 ft. over the target, flying through smoke on the bombing run. Inevitably we were coned by searchlights, fortunately after completing the bombing run, and were hit by flak, one piece badly holing No.7 tank in the starboard wing adjacent to the right hand window of the flight deck and smashing the perspex window about 1 ft. from my head. The pilot promptly put the nose down and we flew out at no more than 1,000 ft. over the hills leaving the searchlights behind. There were no more incidents and none of the crew was wounded. It was a frightening experience and a foretaste of what night bombing was all about.

Two days later I was allocated Stirling III, BF470, lettered LS-G, and following a night flying test we flew over the Wash and the gunners carried out air-to-air firing at a drogue over the sea. We had as a passenger in the aircraft, a lieutenant from an anti-aircraft unit, as observer. During the next three days we flew the aircraft on night flying tests and gunnery practice aiming and shooting at floating targets and practice bombing on the nearby bombing range.

On the 15th August we took off in LS-G for our first operation over enemy territory as a complete crew, the previous operation being confined to the North Sea. It was a mine laying operation in the estuary of the Gironde, off Bordeaux, in Western France. We flew over France at 7000ft ...'

## George Hilderly BEM

It was the occasion of the society's centenary and opening of the student hostels at Wisley Gardens. The following year George Hilderly was awarded the British Empire Medal in the 1955 Queen's Birthday Honours. At that time Mr F P Knight, Director said 'Mr Hilderley began work as a boy in 1895 and had been with the Society since 1900. He was one of the oldest members of their staff. He was the foreman of the National Fruit Trials, which was of the utmost importance to horticulture. In his service Mr Hilderley had shown conscientiousness and craftsmanship of the highest order. We have valued his services and his example given. It was a great pleasure to see him fittingly honoured by Her Majesty In 1909 when he and **Flo Worsfold**\* married the society presented them with a marble slate clock and later their son Charles Henry was born in a cottage where the laboratory now stands. Over the years many people came to Wisley to ask George Hilderley for his advice, radio gardening celebrities and at one time even Prime Minister Lloyd George. There must be numerous RHS students, who owe their careers to George Hilderley's training. He died in 1961 and was buried in Wisley Churchyard; three years later his wife joined him there



Janet Hilderly

*\*See 'Our Worsfold Story' journal 164/2, editor.*

## Recent competitions

We would like to commend all those who took part in our recent competitions;

The dinosaur exhibition, which was kindly loaned to us by the Surrey History Centre, proved to be popular with children and many had a go at the quiz. The winner was **George Collett**, who was only six but clearly has the makings of a future Palaeontologist. The Jubilee design-a-mug competition was rather disappointingly supported, given that all the children at Ripley First, Send First and St Bede's had entry forms. However the entries we received were of a high standard and the winner in the 4-6 age group was **Peter Hill**, in the 7-9 group, **Hannah Burton** and in the 10 and over group, **Thomas Hill**.

The winners will be making their designs into real mugs at the Ceramic Cafe in Ripley. We would like to thank the cafe for sponsoring the competition and we hope to have the mugs on display at the museum soon. Finally we would like to mention **Lucy Coe**, who interviewed her grandparents about their Coronation memories. We enjoyed her grandmother's memories of Boogying the night away, even if her boyfriend did not kiss her!

Clare McCann.

## The Queens' Jubilee

Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen upon the death of her father George VI on 6<sup>th</sup> February 1952. Her coronation was the following year at Westminster Abbey on 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1953. Thus 2002 is the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Queens accession, to the throne of the United Kingdom.

An extra day was added to the public summer holiday in June to focus the festivities over a long weekend from Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> to Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> although celebrations began before and continued after these dates. Cities, towns and villages, in fact the whole country put on a special event to mark the occasion; flags and bunting decorated buildings, and cars and other vehicles had flags attached, even some people, especially children painted their faces with union jacks. One feature of the celebrations common to such important milestones in our history is the street or village hall party. Some of us no doubt will remember the celebrations of VE (Victory over Europe) and VJ (Victory over Japan) days in 1945 when the rejoicing, in every village (*or so it appeared to me, ed.*), included not only street parties, but bonfires, and dancing in the streets. The bonfires now are still in evidence but are fewer and perhaps larger, built to represent a greater area and are no doubt safer.

The photograph right shows an outdoor party for adults and children in Ripley in 1952 probably on the village green. Is the ladder in the background the beginnings of a bonfire and is that Ken Methold on the left?



The photograph below, was also taken in 1952 and shows the children from Ripley School enjoying a party in a street in Georgelands. The man with his back to the camera is most probably Fred Dixon, Headmaster (1936-1961).





Ripley began their celebrations a week early, on Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> May. It was a typical early summers day, rain with periods of sunshine! So the Village Hall as a venue for lunch was very appropriate. This was organised by the Ripley Guides and Brownies Supporters Committee to commemorate The Queen's Jubilee and to raise funds for a Guide Hut. Various hot and cold meals were to be had from 12 noon for £2.50 per person, and very good the food was too, enjoyed by all including our chairman Les Bowerman and his wife Anne, pictured left. The buffet lunch included wine, soft drinks, tea or coffee and was accompanied by traditional entertainment in the form of a display of dancing by the

Pilgrim Morris Men. The cost of this talented group was shared between, the Send & Ripley History Society and the above committee.

Later in the afternoon the group posed for a photograph outside the museum (*see front page*), bringing into use the recently restored, wrought iron seat, reported upon in the previous issue of the journal. Within the museum, a new exhibition, which opened that day, had been set up to display past jubilee, coronation and other Royal memorabilia, comprising photographs and artefacts provided by members and local residents, from both the villages of Send and Ripley. The exhibition also included two videos, one, a newsreel summary of other main events in 1952, and the other, a personal cine-film, transferred to video, of Ripley's, 1952 celebrations. It is intended that the exhibition shall run until the end of August, and anyone who wishes to add items of their own on loan, are invited to contact Clare McCann on 01483 728546, or bring them along to the museum any Saturday morning. A big thank you to every everyone involved with the exhibition, and to John Hyde for providing the local video, Ken Bourne for the news video, and Clare for the loan of the TV monitor, and not least, for master-minding and setting up the exhibits.

#### **Appeal for Photographs of the Jubilee Celebrations**

As the celebrations are being held throughout the year it would be interesting to see any photographs of other events held in Ripley, and particularly in Send as we have nothing for Send up to now. Please contact the editor or bring your pictures to the museum and if there is a story attached so much the better.

Ken Bourne.

## **Forthcoming Events**

**Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> July – All day outing to Bath – 8am prompt departure**, from The Manor House, Send Marsh. A visit arranged by Ken Bourne to the Roman Baths and a tour by a local guide of this beautiful Georgian City with glimpses of its medieval past.

**Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> September – 8pm Send Church Rooms**  
‘Secrets of a Victorian Boudoir’. A talk by Marion May with a display of Victorian underwear!

**Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> October – 8pm Ripley Village Hall**  
The History of ‘Squire’s Garden Centres’. An illustrated talk by Charles Squire.

**Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> November – Symposium - all day starting at 10am at Chertsey Hall**  
The Surrey Local History Symposium, this year takes the theme of ‘**Surrey in the 1950’s**’.

**Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> November – 8pm Send Church Rooms**  
‘The Ritual Use of Plants, in Old Houses’. A talk by Chris Howkins

**Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> December – Ripley Village Hall**  
Christmas Social.

For further details of the above events, unless stated otherwise, contact Anne Bowerman; Programme Organiser, tel. 01483 224876.

---

**Journal Contributions:** Closing date for the next edition is **Friday 9<sup>th</sup> August 2002**.

## SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM

OPEN: Saturday morning 10.0-12.30  
April-September

Also open on 3rd Sunday of each month,  
to coincide with Ripley Antiques Fair in  
the Village Hall

Other times for school groups and small parties  
By arrangement

Contact Les Bowerman on 01483-224876 if  
you require further information or wish to  
help in the museum



### HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

'Ripley & Send Then and Now; The Changing Scene of Surrey Village Life'	£10.00 Reprinted 1998
'Guide to The Parish Church of St Mary The Virgin, Send'	£1.25
'Then and Now, A Victorian Walk Around Ripley'	Reference copy
'The Straight Furrow', by Fred Dixon	£1.50
'Ripley and Send – Looking Back'	£4.95
'A Walk About Ripley Village in Surrey'	£2.00
'Newark Mill Ripley, Surrey	£2.95
'The Hamlet of Grove Heath Ripley, Surrey'	£4.00
'Ripley and Send – An Historical Pub Crawl in Words and Pictures'	£6.00

The reference copy is available at the museum. The others are available from the Museum on Saturday mornings, or from Ripley Post Office. The reprinted copy of 'Ripley & Send Then and Now' can also be obtained from Send Post Office.

## ACK AUTO SERVICES formerly METHOLDS

PORTSMOUTH ROAD,  
SURREY, GU23 6EY  
TEL 01483 225373  
FAX 01483 211494

VEHICLE SERVICING – MOT TESTING



FREE LOAN CARS – COLLECTION &  
DELIVERY SERVICE

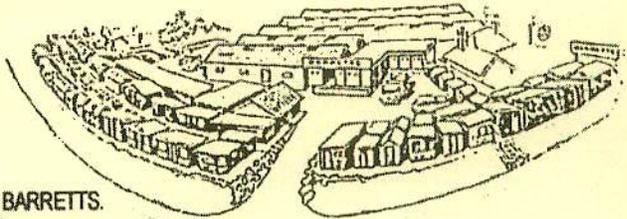


## Barretts Garden Buildings Ltd.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD  
RIPLEY,  
SURREY GU23 6EW

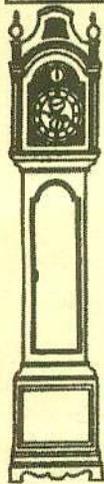


(01483)  
224186



Buildings are made here at Ripley, ERECTED & GUARANTEED by BARRETT'S.  
We show about 50 varied buildings of all types. Showground always open.

## Keith Blake-Roberts M.A.P.H.



EXPERT CLOCK  
REPAIRS &  
RESTORATION

*Member of the Association  
of Professional Horologists*

**(01483) 771123**



- New and used car sales
- Service and repairs
- Parts sales
- Accident repair centre
- Commercial vehicles

# Colbornes

### RIPLEY

Portsmouth Road,  
Ripley, Surrey.

**(01483) 224361**

### WOKING

74 / 76 Maybury Road,  
Woking, Surrey.

**(01483) 722415**

## *Carriages*

AIR & SEA PORTS, LONDON & EVENTS

For a Prompt & Reliable Service

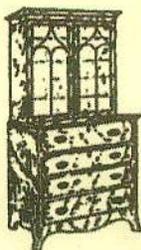
Tel: 01483-224004

Fully licensed and insured vehicles and drivers

24 hour service by appointment

Clive Middleton

12 Kevan Drive, Send, Surrey GU23 7BU



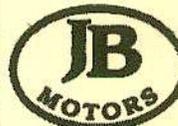
## J. HARTLEY ANTIQUES Ltd

Tel: 01483 224318

*Specialising in  
Edwardian, Queen Anne,  
Georgian & Regency Furniture.  
Trade and Export*

Mon-Fri 9-5.30  
Sat 9.30-4

186 High Street, Ripley,  
Surrey GU23 6BB.



## Send Service Station

Send Road, Send  
Nr. Woking, Surrey GU23 7E2

For all your Car needs.  
New & Second-Hand Cars, Repairs, Servicing.

Tel: Guildford (01438) 222207  
Workshop: (01438) 222125  
Mobile: (0831) 335590

# GOODRICK-MEECH

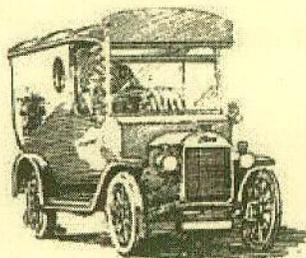
Chartered Surveyors & Valuers  
Auctioneers & Estate Agents

WILLIAM HEATH, F.R.I.C.S.

High Street, Ripley  
Surrey GU23 6AQ

TEL: GUILDFORD (01483) 224343

## RIPLEY POST OFFICE



STATIONERS  
"BRITAINS FARM"

HIGH STREET  
RIPLEY  
WOKING GU23 6AA  
TEL: 01483 224688

ALL MOBILE PHONE CARDS AVAILABLE

## BARBERS OF RIPLEY

HIGH STREET, RIPLEY  
TEL: 01483 222998

Modern and Traditional Hairdressing

OPEN

MONDAY - FRIDAY 8.30am to 5.30pm  
SATURDAY 8.30am to 4.00pm

NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY



## SEYMOURS

ESTATE AGENTS

188 HIGH STREET, RIPLEY, SURREY GU23 6BD.  
TELEPHONE: 01483 211644 FAX: 01483 211356

- Property in Ripley & Villages
- Letting & Management Office
- Open 7 Days a Week
- Also in Guildford, West Byfleet and Park Lane, Mayfair Office



The Complete Property Service

# REUPHOLSTERY

Sofas and chairs  
renovated and  
recovered in our  
own workshops.



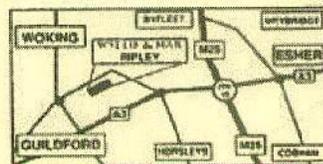
Large fabric  
selection  
available.  
Free quotes.

HIGH STREET, RIPLEY, SURREY

WYLLIE & MAR

TEL: GUILDFORD (01483) 224455

(W.B. GREEN LIMITED)



FREE PARKING