

No. 270
January 2020

Send & Ripley History Society



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GATES

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Cover image:

Kathleen Isabel Evans
photographed in 1902 in
Rose Lane, Ripley, with the
High Street just visible in the
background (see article on
Ripley Rifle Club, p6)

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EDITORIAL

CAMERON BROWN

Happy New Year! New years bring Annual General Meetings along with them and ours is on Tuesday, February 18th. Please come along. After the formalities we will be having an informal 'show and tell' for which we need at least a few members to bring along something of local historical interest and, ideally, be able to tell us a little bit about it. We are always interested in seeing old photographs or artefacts you may have around the house or garden and perhaps no longer even notice! If you have something you can bring please let Helena Finden Browne or Clare McCann know so that we can co-ordinate the evening (contact details on p1).

As ever I appeal to anyone who feels they could join the committee. We do need to get the next generation involved otherwise there will, one day, be no more History Society, which would be a pity. Talk to Clare or me, or indeed anyone on the committee if you'd like to know more about what is involved. It really need not take up a lot of time.

After several years handling our advertising John Creasey has handed the reins over to Chris Mealing. On behalf of all of us I should like to thank John for the contribution his energy and persistence has made to the finances of the society. The revenues generated by the ads more or less pay for the production of our six journals per year. Thanks also to Chris Mealing for taking on this important job.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at cmb@aappl.com by 15th February 2020.

Authors of illustrated articles should submit high resolution (300 DPI or higher) jpgs to the editor by email to ensure best reproduction in the journal, but no more than 10MB in any one email

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REPLACING PYRFORD LOCK GATES

CAMERON BROWN



One of the National Trust barges used to transport the building materials to the site

In November/December 2019 the upper set of lock gates at Pyrford Lock on the Wey Navigation was replaced. Work commenced in mid-November with the construction of a solid wooden dam across the navigation a few feet upstream of the gates. The bypass channel (see next paragraph) allowed water to keep flowing around the lock itself rather than over the dam, so that the contractors were able, as the next step, to pump out any remaining water within the lock. This done, the old and very worn gates were removed and new ones, built off-site were delivered by barge and installed. The job was completed within about three weeks.

Pyrford Lock sits between Wisley and Pyrford. It was built during the few years leading to the Navigation's opening in 1653 and is just five miles from the Thames. It controls a 'rise' – or change in the water-level – of 4' 9" (1.45 m). When originally built it did not have a bypass



The dam is installed upstream of the gates

channel, a structure which allows water to continue to run downstream alongside the lock when the upper gates are closed. These were usually constructed to permit a continuous flow of water for mills located downstream. After the National Trust took over the Navigation from Guildford to the Thames in 1964 (adding the stretch to Godalming in 1968) they constructed the channel we see today. Before that the only way to keep the water flowing was to leave the 'paddles' (the sections within the gates which are winched up to allow the water to flow through) partly opened at all times.

The gates themselves, made of oak (or sometimes elm), follow a design created by Leonardo da Vinci in the late 15th century.

When each pair of gates is closed they meet not in a straight line but at an angle like a chevron pointing upstream and only a slightly higher water-level outside the lock is necessary to squeeze the closed gates securely together. This helps to reduce leakage between them and

prevents their being opened until the water has risen to the same level on both sides. If the chamber is not full, the top gate is secure; and if the water-level within the lock has not fallen to the same level as the downstream stretch, the bottom gate is secure. This prevents the lock from being accidentally opened at both ends.

All photos © Cameron Brown



Water is pumped from the lock into the bypass channel



The new upstream gates



Even new lock gates never seem to be completely watertight

FORTY YEARS AGO

CAMERON BROWN

Looking through the 1979 Newsletters I was pleased to find a brief article by Jim Oliver in Newsletter 29 of Nov/December 1979, also (more or less) on the subject of lock gates. In case some of our readers are unaware, Worsfold Gates (not a lock, as there is no change in levels between the gates) is off Potters Lane in Send. As recently as 1977 the National Trust erected a new workshop there. This became their main works location for the navigation and jobs undertaken there included making lock gates, but today this particular work is contracted out.

THE OLD WORKSHOP AT WORSFOLD GATES

The workshop at Worsfold Gates is timber-framed, with a cladding of tarred weatherboard, and lit in the traditional manner with long wooden mullions closely spaced from eaves to sill, and glazed with overlapping panes resembling transparent tile hanging. The total appearance of the building, sited beside the Navigation and the towpath, is attractive in every way.

The method of timber construction of this building and the type of roof are of the late 17th century, and it is reasonable to suppose this building to be the original shop used for the construction of lock gates from the time of the opening of the Navigation in 1653. The dimensions of the building provide an area of working floor adequate for the construction of a lock gate while lying on its side, with sufficient working space to move round freely, and a substantial carpenter's or wright's bench with vices and tool racks along one side. The open hearth is probably contemporary, and apart from providing a degree of comfort for work it kept the large black cauldron of pitch warm and in a liquid state. The pitch was used in sealing and caulking the joints in the timber gates to render them waterproof.

Until recently, persons privileged to step inside this shop saw English carpentry practised on English oak with a sureness and skill that can have changed little in three centuries.



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RIPLEY RIFLE CLUB

ALAN COOPER

Around the beginning of the 20th century Ripley, like many other places in the United Kingdom, boasted a rifle club. Born from the need to protect against the threat of invasion from France, the National Rifle Association was founded in 1859 and based on Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common (not to be confused with the well-known organisation of the same name in the USA which was inaugurated in 1871). The Ripley club was affiliated to both this and the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs – founded in 1901.¹ The History Society has an example of the ‘Bell Medal’. These were awarded to all clubs affiliated to the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs and were then used as competition prizes. Often found named around the rim, this example is unnamed and was kindly donated by Nell Lewis.



Top: Obverse of the Bell Medal
Bottom: Reverse of the Bell Medal

The outbreak of the second Boer war in 1899 and the embarrassing inability of the British army to put down what was little more than a collection of rebellious farmers prompted concern that they would be hard pressed to defend the population against an invasion. The call went out for British civilians to learn to shoot to defend their country should the need ever arise.

In a rural community such as Ripley, populated in the main by agricultural workers of limited means, a gun was an essential tool to provide extra food for the table. Those familiar with a shotgun would soon become accustomed to firing a rifle. To quote: “If it flew, ran or swam it would generally be found in every cottage’s larder”.²

HISTORY OF THE CLUB

Charles Frederick Moore Cleverly (1853-1921)³ moved to Ripley around 1901-1905 and is acknowledged as being the founder of the rifle club, building an indoor range on the boundary of his property, Dunsborough House, adjacent to the village pond⁴ and declaring himself President.



Mr. C. F. M. Cleverly.

Charles Frederick Moore Cleverly

Upon the outbreak of WWI, he instigated a voluntary defence corps – which morphed into the Volunteer Training Corps the following year, with himself as Honorary Commandant. Just when the rifle range was constructed is unknown but memories recorded during the formative years of Send and Ripley History Society suggest that it was shortly after the end of the second Boer war (1902). John George (aka Jack) Smithers' father William had seen extensive service as a regular soldier on the northwest frontier of India and in South Africa, participating in the relief of Ladysmith during the aforementioned conflict. With this unquestionable military experience William became the 'caretaker' of the range and would take the club's six rifles home to clean and store. Both Jack and his older brother, William junior, were allowed to help with this – probably explaining their lifelong interest in shooting.⁵

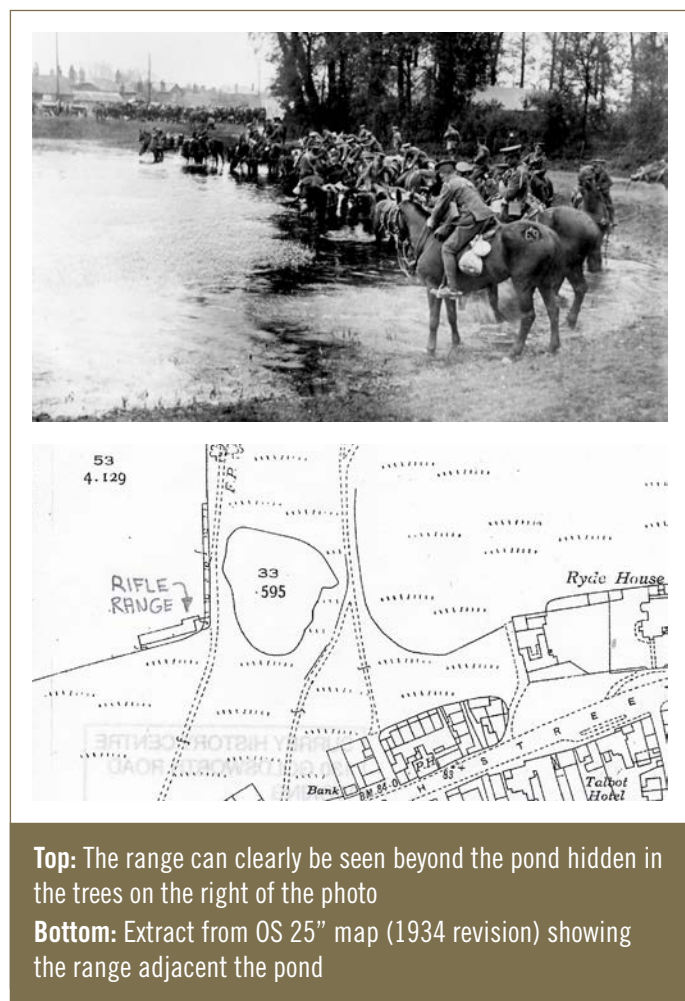
William was followed by Frank Pinnock as caretaker and later Honorary Match Secretary around 1923. Frank was a well-known local photographer who almost certainly created the image of the outdoor range dated 1925. Other

senior members of the club at this time included William Blaxland, treasurer, village school headmaster Sydney V Green, secretary, and James Douglas Jack, team captain. Major Summers, the estate manager for the Cleverlys, was also involved.

This indoor range was used predominantly during the winter months, with an outdoor range (situated off Rose Lane adjacent to 'Dalwood' in Bachelor's Lane) being used during the summer. Creature comforts were evident in the indoor range with coconut matting to lay on and the targets moved up and down on wheels by a target winder. This was operated by Jack Smithers who also gathered up the spent bullet cases. The outdoor range had none of these luxuries, with the shooters simply lying at the edge of the road and firing into butts on the edge of the wood.⁵

(Note: Bachelor's Lane is just a footpath today and would have been nothing more than a cart-track to/from 'Dalwood' and Bachelor's farm in the years leading up to WWII)

Rifle clubs were plentiful in this area, competing both internally and against one-another. The contest for the prestigious Onslow Challenge Shield was popular with many local clubs. Ripley won in 1913 but the competition was then suspended for the duration of the war.



¹ The Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs. The term 'miniature' refers to the use of small-bore calibre rifles such as .22 as opposed to .303. Ripley was a .22 club

² *A Sussex Life – The Memories of Gilbert Sargent – Countryman*

³ Charles Frederick Moore Cleverly designed both the church and British Legion war memorials. His family played an important role in WWI with both sons, Captain Osmond Somers Cleverly and his brother Captain Geoffrey Charles Cleverly serving in the 1/5th Battalion Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment in India and Mesopotamia. Daughters Joan and Phillis were VAD (Voluntary Aid Detachment) nurses who both gave of their services locally. Further information regarding the Cleverly family and the role it played in the village can be found in SRHS publications *Ripley & Send - Then & Now* and *Ripley & Send - Looking Back*. Much more will become available in the eagerly-awaited and soon to be published *Heroes All: Send and Ripley at Home and Abroad during World War One*

⁴ Now dried up as a result of the installation of mains drainage to the village in 1933 and home to the annual bonfire held on the last Saturday of October each year

⁵ Local Memories recorded mainly in the 1970s and 1980s



The outdoor range in Bachelor's Lane and club members about 1925

Upon his death in 1921, Cleverly's wife Mary Isabella took over the presidentship of the rifle club and in 1923 an attempt was made to revive the competition – with unknown results. Mary died in 1936 and soon after Dunsborough House was sold. The next owner, Sir Oliver Simmonds moved to Ripley from Esher in 1937/8 but was clearly unimpressed with the corrugated iron eyesore on the corner of his newly-acquired property and demolished the range, of which no remains are visible today. It is not known exactly when the club ceased to exist but spoons are known with hallmarks dating to the late 1930s and since there are no known records post WWII it seems fair to assume that the outbreak of the war saw its demise.

Recently-acquired log books of Ripley scout troop dating from the 1930s⁶ record that there was a third 'private' range, at the home of club member Herbert George Miles. Born in Hampshire in 1877, Herbert was a police officer serving in Kingsclare, Hampshire, who moved to Ripley upon retirement and lived at 'Hommend', Boughton Hall Avenue, where he constructed his own personal range in May 1935.

His neighbour-but-one was William Blaxland, who lived at 'Uplands', having moved from Wentworth Cottages in 1935 upon his retirement as headmaster of Ripley school. He was an active member and long-standing treasurer of the club. Herbert allowed scouts training for their marksman's badge to use his range and provided personal tuition to many. The scouts also engaged in competitions, notably the six-a-side Duke of Connaught's Shield, held at the open-air range.

Post-WWII, the scouts are known to have shot into butts on the land between the rear of the scout hut and the new telephone exchange. Ripley Court school also had facilities for rifle practice.



The rifle club championship winners board

Accounts of the Voluntary Defence Corps, Volunteer Training Corps and the rifle club and its activities were frequently reported in local newspapers and many of these may be found in the eagerly-awaited – and soon to be published SRHS book *Heroes all: Send and Ripley at Home and Abroad during World War One*.

Somewhat confusingly the club was known through its short existence variously as: 'Ripley Rifle Club', 'Ripley and Ockham Rifle Club' and 'Ripley and District Rifle Club'. The reason for this remains unknown.

The championship winners board in the museum was kindly donated by the Reverend Christopher Elson, vicar of St Mary Magdalen, Ripley, and indicates the last winner being in 1927 which, incidentally, coincides with the death of club stalwart Alfred Dibble. This refers to the 'Ripley Rifle Club', as does an entertainment programme for a show put on by the scouts and others associated with them for the benefit of the club.

A wonderfully fawning letter from the club secretary Sydney V Green is held by Surrey History Centre, in which he requests an interview with the Earl of Onslow with a view to returning the Onslow Challenge Shield. This letter refers (headed paper) to the 'Ripley & District Rifle Club' and is dated 20th June 1923.

The History Society is in possession of a Record Certificate issued by the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs.⁶ This was awarded to Stuart Paice of the Ripley & District Rifle

RIPLEY AND DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB.

Affiliated to the S.M.R.C. and N.R.A.

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Hon. Match Secretary:
F. M. PINNOCK,
Faircot,
High Street, Ripley,
Surrey.

The Rt Hon.
The Earl of Onslow.
Clendon Park.

My Lord,

Our President has in her care the "Onslow" Challenge Shield which was won by our Club in 1913, and should normally have been held for the period of one year only; owing however to the war the competition lapsed and the shield remained with us.

The contest was previously open to all local Rifle Clubs, and one or two of them have written to us with a view to reviving the Competition, suggesting that we as the present holders should approach your Lordship on the matter.

We would therefore esteem it a favour if you could grant an interview (preferably some evening) to two of our Officials who would, if you desire,

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Hon. Treasurer:
W. BLAXLAND,
Wentworth,
Ripley, Surrey.

Hon. Match Secretary:
F. M. PINNOCK,
Faircot,
High Street, Ripley,
Surrey.

(continuation)

return the Trophy to you on that occasion.

If not convenient to you to grant an interview, would you very kindly advise us how to act.

To the best of our recollection the previous arrangements were in the hands of Mr Tunnell, the then Secretary of the Merrow Rifle Club; we are not certain however if this Club is still in existence.

On behalf of my Committee,

I have the Honour to be,

Your obedient servant

Sydney V. Green

Hon Sec,
Ripley Rifle
Club.

Letter to the Earl of Onslow



The record certificate awarded to Stuart Paice



The match card scored at 100/100



l-r: Stu Paice and Pete Shoesmith at a scout camp in 1934 (give or take)

Club for achieving a perfect score of 100 points in a club match on March 10th 1934. It goes on to state that this was completed at a distance of 25 yards, using a Vickers rifle with Remington Kleanbore ammunition. This is accompanied by the match card.⁶

⁶ Kindly donated by SRHS member Vernon Wood



Left: Front of spoon
Right: Rear of spoon



The epergne shooting trophy, won outright by William Peters

Spoons were often given as shooting prizes, and are frequently found bearing a generic design adopted by many clubs, being the logo of the National Rifle Association on the front and with the club or association named on the reverse. The local spoon competition was held monthly and all known spoons are named 'Ripley & Ockham Rifle Club'.

Another competition had a silver-plated epergne as the trophy. Alice Charman recalled how her father William Peters narrowly beat Mr Allwork despite having only

one eye. It is understood that William Peters won the epergne outright for three consecutive wins. The date for this achievement is unknown.⁵

One of the last known members of the rifle club was Charles Victor Shoesmith aka Pete, born 1919. Conscripted into the Royal Engineers shortly after the outbreak of WWII he transferred into, firstly, the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and then the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers. His son-in-law and SRHS member Michael Giles recalls: "Pete had been a member of the Ripley Rifle Club from the age of about 14. Previous to that he had learned to shoot during his time in Ripley scouts – in which he rose to the position of troop leader. This stood him in good stead during his initial training but almost led to his transfer into the infantry as a sniper. He told the story that on his initial rifle-shooting from the prone position on the army ranges an NCO ordered him to change his leg positions. An officer said "Leave that man alone. He's the only one regularly hitting the bull". That officer suggested that Pete should consider transferring to the infantry, but he stayed with the REME."⁷

Scout log books record him as scoring 46/50 whilst qualifying for his Shooting Proficiency Badge – a terrific score by any standards!

THE SPOON-WINNER WITH FAMOUS CONNECTIONS

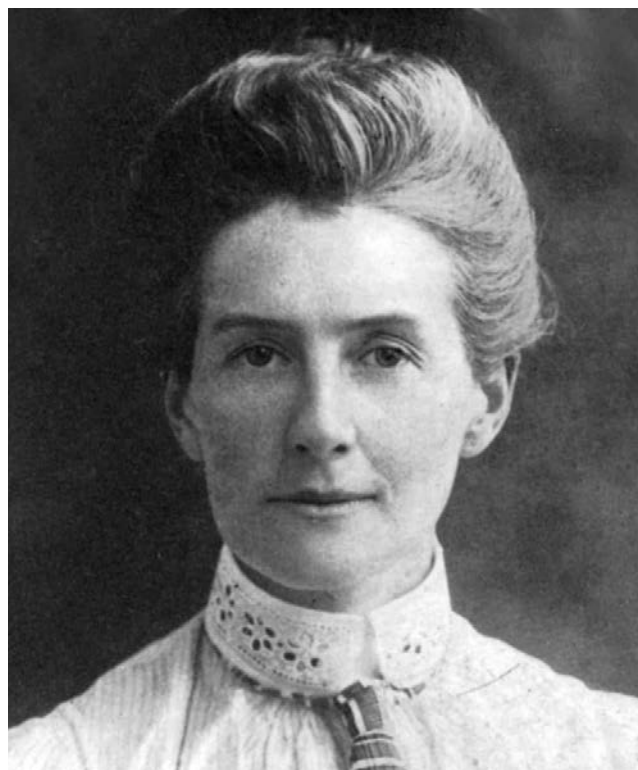
Send & Ripley History Society was recently contacted by the current owner of a Ripley & Ockham Rifle Club spoon, requesting information regarding the club and its roots.

The spoon in question was awarded to William Frederick Strutt-Cavell (1867-1946) who, although not a Ripley resident, is known to have participated in competitions. He possibly found himself in the village due to his love of cycling and the courtship of his wife-to-be, Isabel. Kathleen Isabel Evans (1879-1969) was born in Putney but her mother died shortly after giving birth resulting in Isabel's upbringing in Ripley by her grandfather Henry Turner, who lived in Rose Lane. At age 12 she was working in the village school as an 'infant monitor'.

Strutt-Cavell was a sportsman of great note, with a keen interest in cycling, shooting and cricket, for which he is primarily remembered. He worked as a commission agent⁸ and later as a sports writer for the *Richmond Twickenham Times*. (Isabel's father Robert George Evans was also a commission agent and this was possibly how she was introduced to William). He played cricket with WG Grace and was responsible, after the zenith of Grace's career, for organising charity matches involving him. His cousin was the equally famous nurse Edith Cavell.



William Frederick Strutt-Cavell



Nurse Edith Cavell, William's Cousin

WG Grace needs no introduction, but to summarize: Dr William Gilbert Grace (1848-1915) was the greatest cricket-player of his generation, playing first-class cricket for a record-equalling 44 seasons, from 1865-1908. He was captain of England, Gloucestershire and the MCC along with several other clubs, including the United South of England Eleven and the Gentlemen.



WG Grace (centre with beard) and William Strutt-Cavell to his left (third from right, centre row). The photo was taken on the occasion of a charity match played on Twickenham Green between William Strutt-Cavell's XI vs XI of Twickenham on 19th September 1905, which raised £80 for the funds of St John's Hospital

Again, needing no introduction was William's cousin, Edith Cavell (1865-1915). Edith was a British nurse who, during WWI saved the lives of in excess of 200 soldiers by aiding their escape from German-occupied Belgium. For this act of humanity, she was accused of treason, found guilty by court martial and shot by a German firing squad. The execution received worldwide condemnation, extensive media coverage and ensured that her name lives on to this day for her selfless heroism.

Photos of prize spoon, William Frederick Strutt-Cavell, Kathleen Isobel Evans and W.G. Grace group c/o Jenny Bowman collection

Photo of Edith Cavell c/o public domain

Photo of 'Stu' Paice and 'Pete' Shoesmith c/o John Hutson collection

Record certificate, match card, Bell medal, championship board, photo of Charles Frederick Moore Cleverly, indoor range and outdoor range c/o SRHS archives

Scout programme c/o Vernon Wood collection

Photos of epergne, letter and map c/o Alan Cooper collection

⁷ See also the obituary of Charles Victor Shoesmith in SRHS Journal

⁸ Commission agent was a term used to describe a bookmaker, but one held in higher esteem than those encountered at racetracks and other sporting events – see also SRHS Journal 258, Jan/Feb 2018

SEND INSTITUTE

CLARE McCANN, JANET & TREVOR TICE

2019 marked the 100th anniversary of the donation of the Lancaster Hall to the people of Send by Mr Lancaster but in fact its history goes back more than 100 years. The current building was endowed by Arthur Henry Lancaster, built by Charles Tice and opened in 1911. Initially it was called the Send Institute and later the Drill Hall. The Institute started in 1885 in Uncle Tom's Cabin public house (formerly at 204-206 Send Road) and later moved to 85-86 Send Road and was part of a national movement to promote further education.



The site of the original Institute at 204-206 Send Road



A postcard from around 1911 showing the hall soon after its construction (donated by John Slatford)



Arthur Lancaster of Sendholme with his wife

Most will be familiar with the name Arthur Lancaster but for those who are not, he was a retired paint merchant, who bought Sendholme in about 1895. The house stayed in the family until 1976 when his daughter Eveline died aged 100. He clearly saw it as his duty to act as a local benefactor as he not only endowed a drill hall but he persuaded the local cricket team to relocate to the cricket ground on his estate. According to Marjorie Sex, who gave a talk to the society in 1975, Mr Lancaster was very wealthy with an extensive staff. She said that he was patron of the living at the church and would note (unfavourably) if any of his staff failed to attend church. He was also very involved with the school – attending once a quarter to go through the registers and hear the children say their catechism.

According to Marjorie he endowed the Drill Hall (Institute) in 1910. It was equipped with climbing bars and ropes and there was a rifle range between the house and the hall. The range had a floor of sand and planks were put over the sand to walk on. Upstairs was the Institute where men attended classes. This replaced the earlier Institute on the first floor of two cottages at 85 and 86 Send Road. The upper floor of the new hall had a billiard table and was used for chess, dominoes, bridge and cribbage but apparently the hall had no kitchen or lavatories. Later there was a weekly library in the hall until a travelling library arrived after WWII.



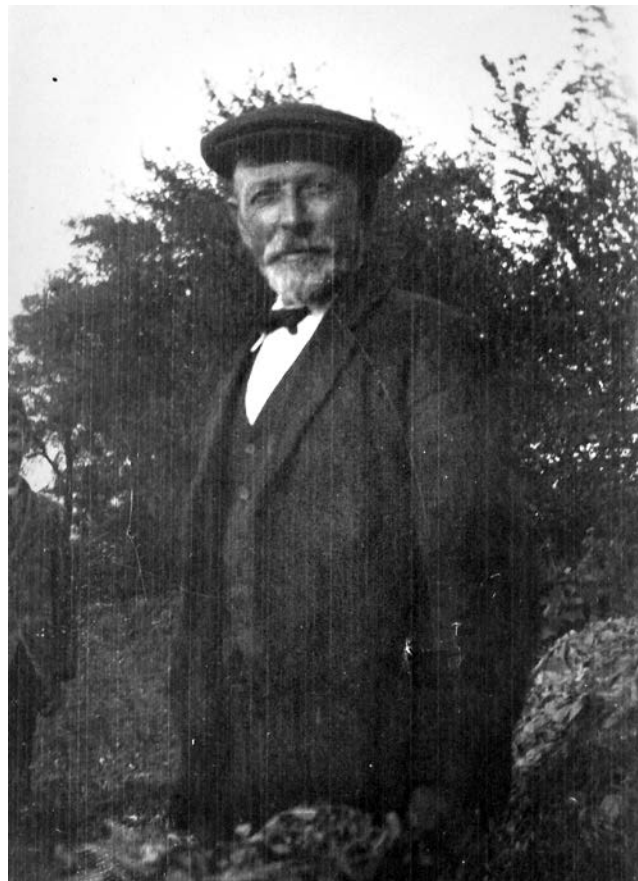
85 and 86 Send Rd, where the Institute was based before 1910

The opening of the Institute was reported in the *Send Parish Magazine* in February 1911:

‘The new Institute is situated in Send Road and has been built by Mr C Tice at a cost of approximately £1200. It has been donated to the village thanks to the generosity of Mr A H Lancaster, and was formally opened on 2nd January. The hall has a frontage of 60 feet, standing back some distance from the road in a neat garden. Shrubs were donated and planted by Mr W J Spooner. The Institute room measures 24ft x 15ft and contains a three quarter size billiard table.

The caretaker, Mr W Tice, has his residence on the other side of a passageway, comprising of two bedrooms, a sitting room, kitchen, scullery, etc. There is a lift from the kitchen to the upper floor. The Drill Hall and Rifle Range are attached and are managed by Mr Lancaster himself. The Institute is managed by a committee of which C Tice is the Treasurer.’

Charles Tice’s house and workshop were at Carlton, Mays Corner. These premises were demolished in 2011



Charles Tice, the builder of Send Institute



The caretaker William Tice and his wife outside the hall

to make way for what is now Tice Court. He also built several houses in Send, including the ones on either side of the Lancaster Hall, and Kimberly Cottages, opposite the Recreation Ground. Tice's wages books show that he used a lot of local labour. Familiar names appear including Baigent, Broomfield, Tice and Jelly.

The Vicar wrote in response about Mr Lancaster's gift and stated 'we must have a stone let into the building recording the fact'.

There seems to have been something of a competition between two worthy locals as to who could be the more generous towards the local community. Prior to the building

of the Institute one Maling Grant of Sendhurst Grange had put up a village building near Burnt Common but it seems that Mr Lancaster trumped this by building the much larger Send Institute. Mr Lancaster also persuaded the cricket club to move from Maling Grant's land up to Sendholme.

Miss Palmer, a teacher at Send school, wrote in 1983 in an as yet unpublished collection of local memories, about the school operettas performed in the Drill Hall, each of which took a whole term to produce. She remembered: 'At first the damp, cold earth floor of the rifle range (now the central corridor of the Lancaster Hall) was the boys' dressing room

(this was also the men's dressing room at dances etc) until Colonel Thorpe improved the whole interior and made several smaller rooms.' In the 1920s she took over the infants' Sunday School which was held in the Drill Hall. Miss Palmer remembered crawling into the space under the stage where the children's small chairs were kept.

During WWII two evacuee schools arrived, from Croydon and Putney. Children and staff were housed in the village; Croydon used the church room as their school and Putney used the Drill Hall. Also in WWII the WRVS, with Mrs Sanger in charge, had their base at the Drill Hall.

David Porter related that in 1951 Dr Wallace held his surgery in the front room of his (David's) home at 59 Send Barns Lane. It was held there until about 1964 when it moved to the Drill Hall before moving to the surgery next to the church room.

The Lancaster Hall has continued to provide a centre for the village for groups such as Send Amateur Dramatic Society, Little Owl Playgroup, exercise classes and many more – and long may it continue.

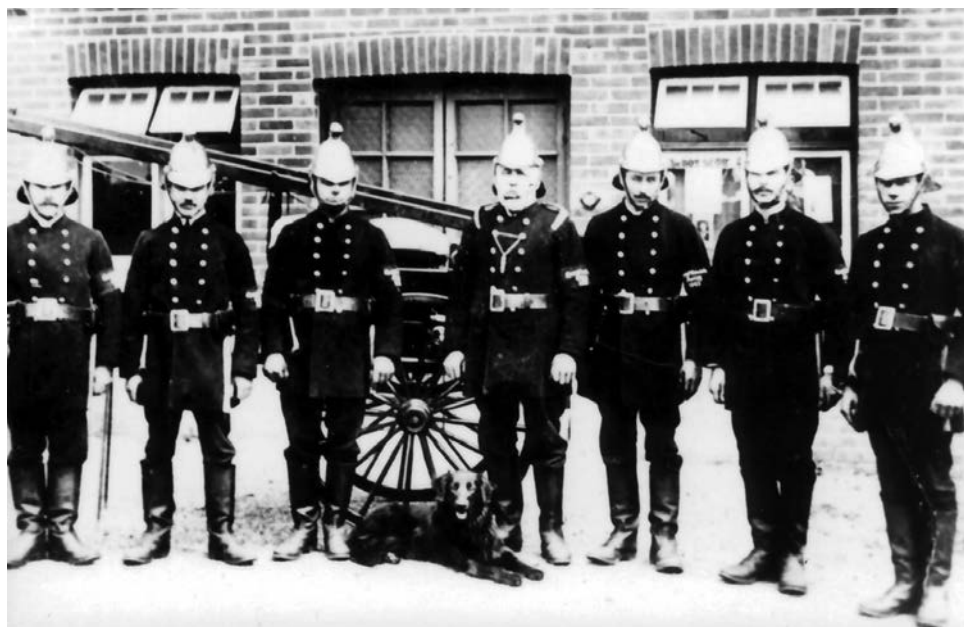


Photo of fire brigade in 1914. L to r: Joe Baigent, Reuben Sale, Sam Brown, W Grove (chief officer), Frank Grove, Monty Burrows and Law Mobsby. Responsibility for Send fire services was transferred to Guildford Corporation in 1934

The Institute served multiple purposes and became a focus for the village. Send Ward Fire Service was formed following a parish meeting held on 26th June 1913. The photograph was taken in 1914, possibly after 6th October when it was decided to move the fire station from Mr Tice's field (at May's Corner) to a building next to the Drill Hall.

In 1919 Mr Lancaster gave the hall as his Peace Present to the village, writing a letter stating that he was 'gratified at the extreme usefulness that the Drill Hall and Rifle Range have proved to the village since I erected them in 1910. I am now desirous to vest these buildings in three Trustees so that the inhabitants of Send may have continued use of the same....' He also gave £400 in War Loan, the interest from which, he hoped, would help to cover the cost of upkeep and rates.

SEND AND RIPLEY 100 YEARS AGO JANUARY – FEBRUARY 1920

PHIL DAVIE

The annual Send United Boxing Day football match, of married vs single members, was won by the single men by four goals to one, possibly because two or three of the married men were 'rather out of form'.

The Girls Friendly Society started its 1920 programme with a New Year's Eve ball held at Gibbons Café, Ripley. Later in the month came a social with songs, plays, refreshments, dancing and round games whilst February brought both a whist drive with a musical programme and a fancy dress dance.

A treat was provided for 100 scholars of the Ripley church Sunday schools. Tea was served in the Church Rooms and afterwards there were games and competitions at the schools.

A concert was held in Send Drill Hall for the benefit of the widow of Mr AE Walls, a long-time member of the Send choir. It comprised songs and violin solos by Send residents followed by the Wisley Horticultural Garden's staff jazz band.

But not all was good news. A disastrous fire in Ripley at the premises of Frank Duffett, cycle agent of Ripley High Street claimed the lives of two small children aged three years, and 21 months. Mr Duffett was asleep in his flat above his shop when woken by shouts. He managed to get his invalid wife and eldest daughter out their bedroom window and into the hands of people below. Heat and rubber fumes from the shop below prevented him reaching his youngest daughter and forced him to jump from the bedroom window. Ripley Fire Brigade played a hose into the bedroom before raising a ladder. Miss Dibble, of the Anchor hotel opposite, attempted to rescue the baby but was stopped by Mr Duffett and others, due to the great danger in the room. Unfortunately the eldest daughter also died later the same morning. The Fire Brigade successfully prevented the fire spreading to neighbouring premises, which were old and full of woodwork. Mr Duffett lost practically everything. The vicars of Ripley and of Send opened public subscriptions to help Mr Duffett, raising £286 10s 5d.

On a happier note Captain Osmund Cleverly of Dunsborough House, Ripley married Miss Helene Simpson of Brunswick Place, Regents Park,

London. It was a pretty ceremony held at Trinity Church, Marylebone, London. A reception for the many present was held at the bride's home. Among gifts for the couple was a purse from the Ripley troop of boy scouts. Captain Cleverly was later to become Principal Private Secretary to prime ministers Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain.

Unionist (Conservative) Association meetings were held in both Ripley and in Send. At the latter the president, Mr AH Lancaster, expressed a wish that party politics should die out. The country was at a time of such trouble and stress that whatever little petty differences existed should be sunk and whatever politics people happened to profess should be on the side of law and order [strangely similar to 2020!].

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A TALE OF FRATRICIDE AT THE ANCHOR, RIPLEY

HAMPTON HAMILTON

The following tale of fratricide at the Anchor inn is a transcript from *The Famous Inns of Surrey*, a series of articles for *The Surrey Magazine*, written by Hampton Hamilton (FH le Queux). An original copy of this chapter was recently donated to the society by committee-member Andy Jones. It is clearly from the 19th century but so far we have been unable to date it more accurately.

Space will not allow of a lengthy introduction to this series of dramatic stories dealing with some famous Surrey inns, but it will suffice to say that each house the traditions and records of which I have obtained permission to relate, although I cannot in every instance vouch for the truth of these oral statements which from age to age have been handed down, still stands with open doors to welcome the weary traveller. Doubtless few people as they pass one of these ancient historical houses and witness its sign swinging leisurely to and fro in the breeze and creaking under its own weight on its rusty hinges, hesitate for a moment to wonder whether or no the name thereon portrayed has any hidden meaning.

The subject of this story decidedly has for, according to the tradition which is universally believed by the villagers to the present day, the first landlord of the house, many centuries ago, lost his wife while she was undertaking a sea voyage for the benefit of her health, by the ship losing her anchor. The vessel was supposed to have drifted into mid-ocean in the Bay of Biscay and foundered in a storm with all on board.

The night the sad news reached the husband at the lonely wayside inn, he, in a state of distraction, roughly chalked the picture of an anchor on a tarred board which he placed in the small bar parlour, in order that the memorial of his wife's death might be continually before his eyes. From then to the present day the Inn has retained the name of the Anchor Hotel, although thousands have since probably passed the house on their

way from London to Portsmouth without even giving a moment's consideration as to the origin of the anchor so familiar to passers by. It was in the year 1726 that the facts I am here about to relate occurred. The house was then in the occupation of two brothers and a sister, surnamed Watts. George and Geoffrey were both young, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, with apparently about two years between them, while Lydia, their sister, was their junior by some five or seven years.

The old inn in those days stood almost alone. There was no main street in the village then with its broad fronted shops and made-up pavements as it is now familiar to us, but a few farmhouses and cottages standing at great distance from each other then comprised the village of Ripley. George and Geoffrey Watts were seldom at home during the day, driving off Londonwards almost every morning, fashionably attired, and not returning until late at night, or at least not till after sundown, but living, as it were, alone, they could pass in and out the inn as they pleased, without their affairs being talked over by inquisitive neighbours, or their every action watched by curious eyes.

Lydia remained at home to attend to the business, with always a cheering smile for the coach drivers as they drew up their horses by the three giant oak trees that in those days stood before the entrance, and in winter she invariably kept a huge fire roaring in the old fashioned grate of the cosy little bar parlour, with its thick black and gold painted beams running across the low ceiling, in order that they might quaff their spiced ale in comfort during the few minutes their horses rested before proceeding on their unenviable cross country journey. No one would have credited, as they watched Lydia's open smiling countenance, as she, humming merrily to herself, hurried to and fro carrying tankards of the agreeable smelling steaming liquor to her patrons, while they in their turn chaffed her jovially about the happy careless life she led hidden in the quiet heart of Surrey, that in her breast she held a secret which not even death or torment would cause her to reveal. But such was the case, for her two brothers were coiners, and in an ingeniously constructed apartment hollowed out some distance below the ground, and reached by a long flight of rough wooden stairs, they worked together long after

midnight at their lawless employment, disposing of its results on their journeys to London. I say ingeniously constructed, and so it was. The room or cave was as near as possible four yards square, and fitted with a heavy wooden table and two chairs in addition to the necessary implements used in the manufacture of base coin. A firepail stood in the centre, giving forth its sickening sulphurous fumes, while at the entrance a thick iron door was skilfully erected, but instead of it opening in the usual manner, it rose and fell, working upon rollers connected with a spring. One of the most curious facts regarding this strange door was, that although it required a key to wind the spring before it would open, yet by touching the spring in the wall either inside or out it would descend. This, of course, made the contents of the room doubly secure, as no one could enter without the key, and then only when knowing exactly how to use it.

No ray of sunbeam ever reached this curious dungeon, the flickering light of a tallow candle sufficing to serve the required purpose; indeed, when once the other side of this iron door, the men could work unheard, unseen, and uninterrupted, at their nefarious business. Both men were tall, dark and passably good looking, as alike in build and features as two brothers could possibly be, yet they

lacked that frankness and liberality that made their sister so popular with the frequenters of the inn, and her free and open manner which doubtless helped to allay any suspicion that otherwise might probably have existed.

As time rolled on Geoffrey, the younger of the brothers, fell a victim to the pretty form and features of Edith Dominic, a young flaxen-haired maiden of some twenty summers, whose father possessed many acres of agricultural land a short distance out of Ripley, on the road to Esher. Old Dominic was reputedly wealthy, and for some time held out against his daughter's choice, but finally, one evening, during a chat over the flowing punch-bowl, he gave his consent to the attachment, knowing nothing detrimental to the character of the young fellow who sought his daughter's hand. From that time the old gentleman was a frequent visitor to the inn, where he would sit in the quaint old parlour for sometimes hours together, and converse with Lydia in the absence of her brothers, occasionally endeavouring to obtain from her the cause of their frequent long journeys, which he was well aware they undertook, as their drives to London took them past the ancient habitation of the Dominics. But to all such questions the girl turned, as it were, a deaf ear, either changing the subject of conversation in her own



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affable yet peculiar manner, or tending as an explanation that they had other important business which required their personal attention, this last excuse always going a long way towards favorably impressing the old man regarding the young fellow to whom he was soon to give in marriage his only child.

But to turn again to George and Geoffrey. They now no longer led the same peaceful, happy existence as in the days past and gone, no more could they agree for long together; a difference rose between them, a feeling that even brothers cannot overrule. Alas! the truth was plain. George in his heart adored Edith, and envied his brother her affections; although he never once admitted the truth to Geoffrey, the latter was not long in ascertaining the cause of his brother's suddenly altered manner. George was moody and despondent, abhorring company, preferring to be alone, so much so that even on occasions when Edith called to meet his brother, the sound of her voice was the signal for him to leave the apartment and proceed to the underground cavern, where, shut out from the world by a sheet of iron, he could drown his sad thoughts alone in his tankard of ale, and work with dogged perseverance at the illegal manufacture of base and worthless coin, heedless of the peals of merry laughter which rang through the small house above, the muffled sound of which occasionally grated upon his ears in that damp underground den.

Lydia noticed her brother's changed manner, and often remonstrated with him, mentioning the fact that Edith invariably questioned her regarding his disappearance, whereupon she had to give illness or business as the cause, excuses that could not reasonably be expected to be always accepted as the absolute truth. But George took no heed of his sister's entreaties, nor on such occasions did he deign to answer her; in his heart the fire of hatred and malice was quickly kindling, ready to burst forth in a passionate ignition at any moment. At length the climax came.

'Twas a cold, cheerless February afternoon, snow descended heavily over the surrounding country, quickly enveloping the fields and trees in its cloak of glorious white; the road was deserted, not a traveller or coach had halted at the inn during the whole morning. George rose from his chair by the large open fireplace, lifted the key of the dungeon from its accustomed hook over the mantelpiece, and walked towards the window, before which he halted, carelessly watching the snow drifting in blinding clouds before the boisterous north wind. Presently, however, with an expression of dissatisfaction, he turned again towards the door and departed. Geoffrey and his sister glanced at each other as his footsteps died

away on the stairs leading to the cave below, but neither spoke, although in the eyes of each was perceivable a sadness beyond expression. A few minutes later Geoffrey arose and followed him.

Hours passed, during which time each worked away mechanically moulding the counterfeits in large quantities and with great accuracy, but not a word passed between them, until at length Geoffrey broke the long spell of silence. "Say, George, what's been the matter with you of late? You're jolly glum, and no mistake." George made no reply, but turned suddenly around and cast a murderous look into his brother's face. "What's that for?" asked Geoffrey sternly. "Why do you bear any malice against me? Have I wronged you in any way? If so, speak up, and let me know. This life is unbearable. I---"

"Stop! say no more!" thundered George savagely, drawing himself up to his full height, his lips white with passion and twitching nervously. "Why do you taunt me thus?" he asked. "Are you not possessed of the heart, the love, the affection of the girl I adore, the girl without which my life is not worth living? Can you, in the face of this, wonder at my manner towards you?"

Geoffrey's face grew livid with anger as he listened to his brother's words.

"Pshaw!" he sneered sarcastically. "May I not love without your permission? Are you my keeper, that I must obtain your sanction before I love, before I marry? If you were jealous of me, why did you not act like a man and stand up and tell me, not as a mean, despicable cur, hiding yourself as you have done lately? You are not worthy the name of a man to treat a brother thus."

George staggered back, his brow knit in fixed determination, and gazed incredulously into the speaker's face. A second later he rushed forward, and seizing a pan of molten lead from the firepail, dashed the contents into his brother's face.

Geoffrey's screams were piteous to hear, as he fell to the floor writhing in his agony, but in an instant the sound of a revolver shot rang through the building, telling its own sad tale.

Geoffrey Watts lay upon the dungeon floor inert-helpless, dead.

At that moment the tread of feet upon the creaking staircase outside caused George to listen attentively. He imagined it was his sister, but was not desirous of meeting her at that moment. However, he quickly inserted the large key into the lock, and gradually the iron door ascended, when, to his intense dismay, Edith Dominic, who had entered the house quietly and unseen, stood before him.

“My God!” he ejaculated, raising his fist in a threatening manner. “Go back, go back. What is your business here?”

“I heard a shot,” she answered quickly, “and was curious to know what it could mean. I found the door leading to this staircase and ventured down, but--- ah!” She raised her hand across her eyes as she caught sight of the lifeless body of her lover on the cold earthen floor. “What is the meaning of this?” she cried. “See, he is dead! He is dead!”

The man murmured something, what she could not tell; but drawing his revolver again he pointed it towards her.

In an instant, with all a woman’s presence of mind, she rushed towards him, and finally, after a terrible struggle, wrenched from his hand the revolver and a key, the key to the secret dungeon. Once in possession of these, although she knew not even now the lawless business these men had carried on, nor the duty the key performed, she hurried again outside the cavern, then turned and faced the murderer. As she did so, her brain whirled, her limbs lost their power, her senses slowly departed, and, reaching out her hand against the wall to steady herself ere she fell fainting to the floor, she unknowingly touched the spring of the iron door, causing it to descend rapidly, thus imprisoning the murderer in his victim’s tomb.

For fully an hour Edith lay in a swoon upon the cold damp floor, and when at length her senses returned, and

the one awful event of her life flashed again through her fevered brain, she staggered to her feet, quickly retraced her steps up the creaking staircase and through the inn till she reached the entrance, when, bidding one last long “farewell” to the girl who was too busy attending to the several wants of her customers to notice her pale face and perturbed manner, she hastened out across the trackless snow, bound for home, but still firmly grasping in her right hand the key to her lover’s grave.

’Twas long past midnight ere the distracted cries of her unhappy brother brought Lydia to the entrance of the cave, but even then she was utterly unable to render any assistance, the weight of iron being far too great for her womanly strength to remove.

When, however, the door was forced open early on the following morning, a piteous sight met her gaze. There in a corner by Geoffrey’s dead body sat George in a huddled heap, his reason gone. The sight of his brother’s death, for which he was alone responsible, together with this awful imprisonment, had preyed too heavily upon his mind. In his hand he flourished his brother’s revolver, which he had apparently extracted from a pocket in the dead man’s clothes, and, as Lydia approached him, he sprang to his feet with a terrific yell, placed the cold steel barrel to his temple, and an instant later his lifeless body fell heavily to the ground, stretched side by side with his brother’s corpse.

Eagle-eyed committee member Alan Cooper pointed out that the tale is set in 1726 with two deaths being caused by revolver shots, a weapon which was only invented in 1814. Alan also suggested that the spring-loaded iron door sounds more Hatton Gardens than Surrey inn and that men working below ground in a small room heated by an open fire would be more likely to die of asphyxiation than gunshots.



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LILLIPUT GARDEN REVISITED

JOHN SLATFORD

In J129 July/August 1996 I wrote about the history of Lilliput garden and its fame as a Ripley visitor attraction before and after the last war. There were further notes about the garden in J194 May/June 2007 by David Porter and in J241 March/April 2015 by John Bartlett. For those new to the area, it was located in the garden of the house on Portsmouth Road opposite the present day Shed Factory. It is still called Lilliput.

The miniature garden was established in 1938 by Mr Russell Bonner after he bought the house. It had to be closed down during the war but reopened soon afterwards. Thereafter, it became quite famous and attracted over 60,000 visitors in the following 11 years. So far as we know, there was no particular pattern to the various models in the garden. There was the original Guildford Odeon cinema and the Guildhall, a pagoda (possibly from Kew Gardens), a fairground, a model railway and Ripley church, etc etc. No-one has been able to tell us why, but in 1956 Mr Bonner sold his property and moved away and that was the end of the Lilliput Garden. David Porter thought that Mr Bonner was seriously ill and possibly he died soon after selling his property.

A recent visitor to Ripley museum was Diana Dudgeon from Brinsley in Nottinghamshire. She had discovered some old photos of herself, probably as an eight-year-old.

It brought back memories of visiting Ripley and Lilliput and her visit to Ripley now was to try to find its location. I was quickly able to point her in the right direction. She then showed us a sheet with the above-mentioned photos. What was particularly interesting and of value was, despite being black and white, they are of quite good quality compared to the illustrations that we had originally. Reproduction quality has certainly changed in recent years.

My thanks are due to Diana for subsequently sending her photos individually and agreeing to them being used and reproduced here. Also featured is a cutting found on the internet showing Mr Bonner in his garden.



Model church of a model village

In the back garden of his home at Ripley, Surrey, Mr. Russell Bonner has built a miniature village, known to many thousands of visitors. Among the buildings is this model of Ripley Church, perfect in every detail—even to the sound of organ music from inside.



Note from Ditz:

The Lilliput Garden was also the subject of Alan Cooper's 'Where is it?' on page 16 of J267 September 2018 with the answer in the subsequent journal 263 on page seven.

WHERE IS IT?

ALAN COOPER



This photo from the collection of Trevor Tice was taken in Ripley. Can the eagle-eyed amongst you work out where it was taken?

Do any members reading this have similar photos they would like to 'torment' others with in this regular feature? If so, please contact me (01483 223710) and I will happily pay you a visit and photograph said images for inclusion in forthcoming journals. Your help is needed as I don't have an endless supply of material like this!!!

Three members got the answer to Where is it? J269: Pat Clack, Audrey Smithers and Chris Brown.



Answer: Burnt Common crossroads, now a roundabout, viewed coming from Send Village direction; Waitrose would be on the left of the view today

THE TRAGIC STORY OF ERNST BOECKLEN (1904 – 1943)

ALAN COOPER



Ockham Park House, home to the 1st Canadian Field Survey Company, Royal Canadian Engineers during WWII

There are three Commonwealth War Graves Commission headstones in Ockham (All Saints) churchyard. Two of these, Phillip Hook and Albert Brown, have been covered in previous articles.¹ The third, unusually, is to a Canadian soldier whose name does not appear on the war memorial. This is his story.

Ernst Boecklen was born in Magdeburg, Germany, in 1904 and was a surveyor by trade. Alarmed by the rise of fascism and its impending consequences, he emigrated and became a naturalised Canadian living in Fallowfield, Ontario, changing his name to Ernest along the way.

When WWII began, he enlisted in the Canadian army at Ottawa, Ontario, on 18th December 1939 and served with the 1st Canadian Field Survey Company, Royal Canadian Engineers. His unit was posted to England and was based at Ockham Park House (destroyed by fire in 1948) where he held the rank of Lance Sergeant in the Air Survey Section under the command of Captain Lyle Trorey. He arrived in Ockham around October 1941 and was noted as being happy in his work but on 27th October 1942 he was transferred to another unit, the 2nd Canadian General Pioneer Company at

Jasper Camp, Witley – the Aliens Battalion – ‘where his activities could be watched more closely.’²

Distraught at his transfer, Ernst (now Ernest) paid many visits to his old pals at Ockham and on each occasion complained about his transfer and made repeated requests to be returned to where he felt his talents would contribute more to the war effort. Captain Trorey was so alarmed at the apparent state of his mental health that, after consultation with Captain Smith, he alerted the medical officer and is on record as suggesting that a potential suicide was imminent if his request for transfer back to Ockham was ignored.

On 3rd January 1943, Ernest visited Ockham for what would be his last time. After speaking to several of his friends he left, as they assumed, to catch the 21.30 bus from Ripley. However, one of them, Lance Corporal Robinson, saw him on the morning of 4th January at around 7.30 looking ‘as if he had been out all night’. Sergeant Dadson returned from two days leave on the evening of 3rd January to discover his revolver and three rounds of ammunition were missing.

With the weight of the world on his shoulders, Ernest Boecklen had made his way to the memorial chapel, approximately 200 yards from the main house, and with the pistol taken from Sergeant Dadson had shot himself in the head. Captain Hull reported hearing a shot fired around 22.00 on 4th January and PC197 Herbert Parrott of Surrey Constabulary, stationed at Ripley, was alerted the next morning at 9.30 upon discovery of the body.

A letter was found, written by Ernest to Captain Trorey, requesting that he be buried at Ockham and that his pay book be sent somehow to his sisters in Leipzig, Germany ‘if they are still living. I have some doubts about that – what with concentration camps and RAF raids.’³

After the statutory 75 years, the coroner’s report became available early in 2018, close scrutiny of which reveals that all those interviewed by PC Parrott thought Ernest was depressed and acting strangely. Lance Sergeant Edwin Stanley Turner is on record as saying that Ernest ‘gave me a new jar of shaving cream and was unusually generous with his cigarettes that night’ (cigarettes were universal currency amongst servicemen).

The verdict: suicide whilst the balance of his mind was disturbed. Many readers of this article (myself included initially) might be wondering how a suicide came to be buried in consecrated ground. Many thanks to Reverend Christopher Elson, vicar of St Mary Magdalen, Ripley, for his explanation: 'Suicides were often buried outside a consecrated churchyard or on the north side of the church, without the benefit of the *Common Book of Prayer* burial service. To get around this in the past the coroner would simply return a verdict of 'suicide whilst the balance of their mind was disturbed'. Current church law says that a specially adapted funeral service must be used in the case of anyone who has killed themselves, who was 'of sound mind'.

No account of this tragedy appeared in any of the local papers of the period. Were they gagged from reporting on this by the military? Almost certainly, as Doctor Joseph Goebbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda, would certainly have used news of a suicide to very good effect. Why did the military appear not to trust Ernest? With the D-Day invasion preparations in hand and Ockham's proximity to several aircraft-manufacturing facilities it was in all probability a blanket decision regarding all foreign nationals, with no exceptions, which came from the very top of the command chain.

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission headstones of Phillip Hook and Albert Brown were erected soon after the war but the grave of Ernest was marked by a simple wooden cross until 1978. Communications with the Commission soon provided an explanation for this. Their response being as follows: 'Thank you for contacting us on 18/08/2018 regarding Corporal Ernest Boecklen 25789. I can advise that after Corporal Boecklen's death in 1943, his family chose to have a permanent private memorial erected at his burial place. This was common during both World Wars; many families chose to commemorate their relatives with a private memorial instead of a Commission headstone. However, when the name of the casualty is no longer legible on the private memorial, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission will then erect a Commission headstone. This is the standard procedure with all private memorials, as soon as an individual's name cannot be read and does not commemorate the casualty in perpetuity,

action is taken to rectify this. In this case, a Commission headstone was erected in 1978.'

Conspiracy theories abound for just about every high-profile death these days and some might suggest that this case was indeed murder rather than suicide. PC Parrott noted that upon seeing the body in the memorial chapel, he 'saw entry and exit wounds to the head, but could not find the bullet or see any mark on the floor or walls where it might have struck after exiting the skull. The bullet was later found by the Company Sergeant Major whilst cleaning out the chapel and handed to me'. Was he shot elsewhere and moved to the chapel? What is also apparent is that most of the soldiers saw Ernest for the last time on the evening of 3rd January except for the aforementioned Lance Corporal Robinson, who saw him on the morning of 4th January.



The grave of Cpl 25789 Ernest Boecklen – Royal Canadian Engineers

There is then a period of some 14½ hours until the shot was heard. Where was Ernest during this time and why did no-one see him during this period? The post-mortem states the stomach contents were approximately five hours old at time of death. Where and with whom did he consume his last meal of vegetable stew?

PC Parrott also stated that three letters written by Ernest were to be made available to the coroner, but to be returned to Captain Trorey. Only two were presented to the coroner George Wills Taylor, who sat without jury at the courthouse, Woking, on 8th January 1943, and these remain excluded from the coroner's report available today.

Finally, if Ernest was such a security risk that he needed to be relocated to Jasper Camp, Witley, why didn't anyone there report his absence? Had one of his colleagues lost a brother or friend and been tipped over the edge by this? I suppose we will never know. Local residents recalled the Canadians as being ill-disciplined, rowdy and capable of anything after a few drinks. Indeed, one evening, the church

clock face was used for target practice.⁴ Rumours at the time were rife in the village. You, the reader, can draw your own conclusions in this respect.

All references to and information concerning other Canadian soldiers mentioned by name in this article are taken from the coroner's report.

Photo of grave c/o Alan Cooper collection

Photo of Ockham Park House c/o Tim Hewlett collection

Many thanks to Katie Palmer of the CWGC for her assistance with headstone information

¹ SRHS J248, J251 and J261

² *Coroner's Officer's Report Concerning Death*

³ Ernest's sister, G Jolles (née Boecklen) of Leipzig was responsible for the erection of a private memorial, so it would appear that his family (or part of it) survived the war

⁴ This damage has only been repaired in recent years

MUSEUM: NEW ACQUISITIONS

CLARE McCANN

An interesting cufflink was found recently by Darivsz Stalski, a metal detectorist, in Vicarage Lane, Send, and donated to the society.

In 1787 Josiah Wedgwood designed a seal for the anti-slavery campaign. The image (shown below) depicts an African man kneeling in supplication under the slogan 'Am I not a man and a brother?'.



The cufflink donated recently by Darivsz Stalski

The African slave is presented as passive rather than rebellious, and is therefore non-threatening. This appealed to those opinion-formers with a paternalistic attitude towards slaves. The pose also evokes prayer and resonates with those who felt that slavery went against Christian values. Finally, the logo's slogan appealed to all those who felt a basic solidarity with their fellow human beings.

The image was adopted as the abolition movement's logo and used to brand publications, chinaware, snuffboxes, cufflinks, bracelets, medallions and banners. The logo became both a political statement and helped to popularise opposition to slavery. [Excerpts from *Tools of the Abolitionists*, by Mike Kaye, taken from the BBC website]



Wedgwood's seal design

LETTERS

MEMBER AUDREY SMITHERS WRITES:

Regarding the request from Sarah Kurkowski in J269 for information concerning her grandparents Jan and Margaret Kurkowski:

I worked for insurance brokers Stewart Smith at Lutidine House, Newark Lane, Ripley between April 1960 and its closure in June 1976. At its peak there were 140 people employed there. Lutidine House, which was once a girls-school, continued to be used as commercial premises until its conversion into luxury flats and apartments in 2015. [See article in J260]



Lutidine House

Margaret Kurkowski was the Scottish housekeeper who, with her team of ladies, kept everything spick and span whilst her husband Jan maintained the building and kept the boiler ticking over. They were working there when the offices closed in June 1976 and I have very fond memories of them both.

MEMBER PAT CLACK ALSO REMEMBERED HIM:

The Polish chap is an interesting one – we called him Mr Sova – no doubt couldn't pronounce his Polish name – very good-looking and well-spoken – I used to talk to him about the Poles helping us to win the war! I believe he married an Irish girl whose family lived in Send Marsh Road and I think their surname was Moore. I noted when passing by the old Roman Catholic church recently, that some building work has been happening and they have now put up a name-plate, and it is very similar to the two childrens'

names (Kelvin and Maissa) joined together. Don't try to slow down there to look – it's a dangerous corner – but you could check while on foot!

OCKHAM RESIDENT DIANA ALDRIDGE WRITES:

I was recently given a number of back copies of your journals by a friend and was intrigued to see a photograph on the cover of J257 purporting to show John Ireland dressed as Santa Claus, getting out of Charles Hughesdon's helicopter to distribute presents at Ripley school. The year was 1974. I need to correct this as the Santa in this photograph was definitely my late husband, Michael Aldridge.

We lived at the time in the Ockham cottage which has been occupied by my family since the early 1900s, when my grandfather was the butler to the Countess Lovelace. In the 1970s my husband, who was a local tradesman, was friendly with Mr Hughesdon's helicopter pilot Geoff and they would meet occasionally for a drink at the Black Swan. In 1974 Beryl Mansell, headmistress of Ripley school from 1973-1986 had asked whether Michael could be Father Christmas for the school's celebrations. Michael said he would be delighted and then had the idea of asking Geoff whether Mr Hughesdon might let him bring Santa to the school in his helicopter. Mr Hughesdon agreed and Michael was duly collected from the cricket field in Ockham and flown to the school and is in the photograph on the cover of your journal. He did this for the following three or four years.

Although I was in no doubt whatsoever that I recognised Michael in this photo I did phone Beryl Mansell who was able to confirm that my recollection was correct. I understand that the photo was sent to you by Peggy Ireland, whose late husband John had been the farm manager for Mr Hughesdon at this time. I can only imagine that he must have been Father Christmas for some other local celebrations in the 1970s.

[Editor's note: Since receiving this I have spoken to one of Peggy Ireland's daughters who says she was too young herself at the time to remember and accepts that her mother could have been mistaken about the time and place when her father was Santa. I wonder whether any of our members recall these flying visits?]

MUSEUM NEWS AND FORTHCOMING EVENTS

CLARE McCANN

SEND AND RIPLEY HISTORY SOCIETY NEW EXHIBITION

SIR ANTHONY BROWNE

THE MAN WHO WAS GIVEN

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Our new exhibition is a complete contrast to Life Below Stairs. We have moved to the world of Tudor privilege. The exhibition shines a spotlight on Sir Anthony Browne, Henry VIII's Master of the King's Horse who, in 1544, received a ridiculously generous gift ... he was given Send and Ripley! Well, a big chunk of it.

Doors open for all evening talks at 7.30pm for an 8pm start at the Ripley Village Hall. Tea/coffee available.

DATES	EVENTS
Tuesday 18th February	AGM (members only) followed by refreshments and 'local memories'
Tuesday 10th March	Moiria McQuaide talk: <i>Burpham – A Gateway to Guildford</i>
Tuesday 21st April	June Davey talk: <i>West Horsley Place, the House and its History</i>
May or June TBC	Outing to West Horsley Place
July TBC	Members' BBQ
Tuesday 15th September	Pat Morris talk: <i>Walter Potter and his Curious World of Victorian Taxidermy</i>
Tuesday 20th October	Kenneth Bare talk: <i>60 Years of the Surrey Hills</i>
Tuesday 17th November	Cherrill Sands talk: <i>The Creation and Restoration of Painshill Gardens</i>
Tuesday 15th December	Christmas Social (members only)

Further details can be obtained from Helena Finden-Browne.
helena_findenbrowne@compuserve.com

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS



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Other times for school groups and small parties by arrangement

Contact Clare McCann on 01483 728546 if you require further information or wish to help in the museum

HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Ripley & Send Then and Now; The Changing Scene of Surrey Village Life	Reprinted 1998/2006	£10.00
Guide to The Parish Church of St Mary The Virgin, Send		£1.25
Then and Now, A Victorian Walk Around Ripley	Reprinted 2004/07	£4.00
The Straight Furrow, by Fred Dixon		£1.50
Ripley and Send – Looking Back	Reprinted 2007	£9.00
A Walk About Ripley Village in Surrey	Reprinted 2005	£2.00
Newark Mill Ripley, Surrey	Reprinted 2012	£4.00
The Hamlet of Grove Heath Ripley, Surrey	Reprinted 2005	£4.00
Ripley and Send – An Historical Pub Crawl in Words and Pictures	New Edition 2017	£8.00
Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools		£10.00
The Parish Church of St Mary Magdalen Ripley, Surrey		£5.00
Memories of War		£8.00
Map of WW2 Bomb Sites in Send, Ripley and Pyrford		£2.50
Memories of War and Map of Bomb Sites		£10.00
Send and Ripley Walks (revised edition)		£7.50
Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin		£8.00
Special Offer: Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley		£10.00

All the publications are available from the Museum on Saturday mornings, from Pinnocks Coffee House, Ripley, or via the Society's website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk



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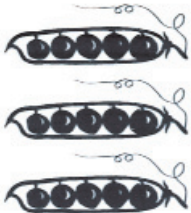
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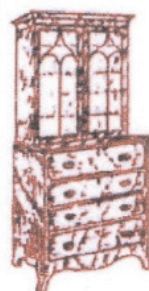
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