

Send & Ripley History Society



THE QUEEN'S
90TH BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATIONS

Page

3

WESTWARD HO!
NEWARK LANE,
RIPLEY

Page

4

EXTRACTS FROM
GERALD SANGER'S
DIARIES

Page

5

LIVING HISTORY -
PART 2
PAT CLACK

Page

10

thomasfordandsons

beautiful kitchens and
furniture for other rooms

high street, ripley, surrey, gu23 6af
t: 01483 211337



The Onslow Arms YOUR HOME FROM HOME

Only 3 minutes walk from West Clandon station; we are a smart community pub with a great range of beers and fresh food, where drinkers and eaters alike are looked after with the same friendly and professional service.

For more information contact us on 01483 222447
or email us on info@onslowarmsclandon.co.uk

The Onslow Arms, The Street, West Clandon GU4 7TE
www.onslowarmsclandon.co.uk

ATS
Tree care & Conservation

- Tree Pruning & Removal
- Stump Grinding
- Consultation & Surveys
- Hedge Trimming
- Domestic & Commercial
- Trees Supplied & Planted
- Local Authority Contractors
- £10m Liability Insurance
- Emergency Service

For A Free Quotation Please Call
Freephone 0800 216834
01483 210066

www.advancedtreeservices.co.uk
enquiries@advancedtreeservices.co.uk

Logos for TICA, VISA, MasterCard, American Express, and others.

OADES PLANT LTD

Traffic Management, Heras fencing & Plant hire specialists

Telephone: 01784 435555
Fax: 01784 438128

www.oadesplanthire.co.uk
www.herasfencinghire.co.uk
Info@oadesplanthire.co.uk

Crabtree Road, Thorpe
Ind Est, Egham, Surrey,
TW20 8RN

DI Plumbing and Heating Services

For all your plumbing and heating needs
Call David on 07736 525786

Or Email diplumbing@btinternet.com
www.diplumbingandheating.co.uk



Now Open

RIPLEY VETS

Independent Veterinary Practice
Offering Routine and Specialist Local Care
For your family pets

THE OLD SADDLERY (NEXT DOOR TO THE HALF MOON)
HIGH STREET, RIPLEY, GU23 6AN.

01483 222212



ALL FIRED UP

FIREPLACE & HEATING SPECIALIST

Visit our showroom to see the
wide range of fires and fireplaces
we have to offer.

01483 225800

Duncan House, High Street,
Ripley, GU23 6AY

www.fireplaces-surrey.com

- Classic to contemporary designs
- Gas fire and wood burning stoves
- Full range of accessories
- Full installation service for gas, electric and solid fuel
- Home surveys undertaken
- Service and reliability second to none

CONTACTS

Send & Ripley
History Society
Established 1975 as
Send History Society.
Registered Charity
No. 296324

President: John Slatford
St George's Farmhouse,
High Street, Ripley,
Woking GU23 6AF
T: 01483 222107
E: jmslatford@gmail.com

Chairman: Cameron Brown
Church Farm House,
Wisley GU23 6QL
T: 01932 341206
T: 07811 276386
E: cmb@aappl.com

Hon. Secretary: Dreda Todd
E: dredamarytodd@gmail.com

Treasurer and Membership
Secretary: Christina Sheard
Old Manor Cottage,
Send Marsh Green, Ripley,
Woking GU23 6JP.
T: 01483 224600
E: christina.sheard@
btinternet.com

Journal Editor: Cate Davey
T: 01483 773452.
E: editorsrhjournal@
gmail.com

Journal Distribution:
Christina Sheard
E: christina.sheard@
btinternet.com

Archaeology Specialist:
Andrew Jones
106 Georgelands, Ripley,
Woking GU23 6DQ.
T: 01483 479647
E: andrew738jones@bt.com

Web site management:
Chris Brown
Web site: www.sendandripley
historysociety.co.uk

Advertising: John Creasey
T: 01483 225126
E: creasey314@btinternet.com

Museum Curator:
Clare McCann
T: 01483 728546
E: cricketshill@hotmail.com

© Copyright Send & Ripley
History Society

Cover image:
Gloria and Stuart Shoemith
cutting the birthday cake in
Ripley © Clare McCann
See page 3

CONTENTS | No. 249

Editorial *Catherine Davey* 2

The Queen's 90th Birthday Celebrations *Clare McCann* 3

Westward Ho!, Newark Lane, Ripley *John Slatford*..... 4

Extracts from Gerald Sanger's Diaries
The Svenhonger Diaries *Edited by Clare McCann* 5

Living History - Part 2
Pat Clack 10

Museum News *Clare McCann* 20

Forthcoming Events 22

SRHS Publications List 23



We are grateful to Vision Engineering Ltd for their generous contribution towards the production costs of the 2016 Journals



www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk

EDITORIAL

CATHERINE DAVEY, EDITOR

What can I say? The referendum on whether we remain in or leave the European Union has been and gone; the country has spoken and we are now heading for Brexit. Many members of the Society will have lived through the seismic events of the Second World War, the Suez crisis, and experienced the underlying tensions of the Cold War and past financial crises but for baby boomers and later generations the impact of the vote takes us into new territory.

Unexpectedly we have found ourselves in a very new political era and it is going to be very interesting to see how many political parties there are in the UK in five years time and who our leaders are. One thing I'm hoping for is a return of the parliamentary orator. Last night we found the Oxford Union Debate on Europe from 1975 on YouTube. It's worth watching for the sheer prowess of the speakers who included Edward Heath, Peter Shore, Barbara Castle, and Jeremy Thorpe. They spoke passionately and intelligently covering wide-ranging issues without screen prompts or ranting and with a clear respect for their opponents' views, sadly lacking today.

Our main articles this month are second instalments – of Gerald Sanger's diaries and Pat Clack's memoir. As you read them you will find cross-references to wartime incidents.

I'd also like to record the sad demise of the Walton & Weybridge Local History Society which had been a leading society in West Surrey for 52 years. Les Bowerman reports that it sadly had to disband as they could find nobody willing to take on organisational roles. Like our society they were strong on research and publication and we exchanged magazines with them for a very long time. We keep all their Dial Post Newsletters we have received in our museum. Their remaining funds and assets have been shared among their three neighbouring local history societies. Let us hope that our society can remain vibrant and continue to attract new members able and willing to keep up the traditions of our society well into the future.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributions for Journal 250 to be published September 2016 should be sent to the editor by 15 August 2016.

Authors of illustrated articles should submit high resolution (300 DPI or higher) jpegs to the editor by email to ensure best reproduction in the journal.

editorsrhsjournal@gmail.com



Jo Downs

HANDMADE GLASS



BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED FUSED GLASS GIFTWARE, MIRRORS,
WALL ART AND STATEMENT INTERIOR PIECES.
COMMISSION WORK ALSO UNDERTAKEN.

HIGH STREET, RIPLEY - 01483 225742

WWW.JODOWNS.COM

THE QUEEN'S 90TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

CLARE MCCANN



Guests at the tea party for the Queen at Send Recreation Ground
© Adrian Grilli

The Queen's 90th birthday was marked in both Send and Ripley. A cream tea on the Rec in Send was provided by the Send Evangelical Church on Saturday 11th and Ripley held a village picnic on the Green on Sunday 12th. Despite grey clouds, gazebos sprang up all round the temporary arena, in front of the marquee that had hosted the Great Ripley Bake Off the preceding day. Ripley

schoolchildren played the National Anthem on trumpets and the children then sang a special 90th birthday song. The festive atmosphere continued throughout the afternoon with an excellent 'caller' and band encouraging young and not so young to participate in country dancing. The event concluded with the cutting of a magnificent cake, and the lighting of the newly installed Ripley beacon.



A.C.K Automotive Services

Portsmouth Road, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6EY.

Tel. 01483 225373



**Servicing all vehicle makes - Fully equipped workshop – Diagnostic equipment
Auto electrical servicing – Free air-conditioning check
Fast-fit exhaust: tyres and batteries.**

WESTWARD HO! NEWARK LANE, RIPLEY

JOHN SLATFORD

It has been saddening recently to witness the demolition of this house, which had been a feature of the entrance to Ripley from the north since the 1890s. It is even more saddening to think that this might not have happened had the house not been so badly neglected over many years by previous owners. It had become more or less derelict so that demolition was probably the only viable solution. It remains to be seen whether the new pair of houses to be built will be as attractive as Westward Ho! once was.



Above: B&W view from 1960s
Below: Colour view 1980
All © Author/SRHS Collection



Street view circa 1920 from a postcard © Author/SRHS Collection

The history of the house begins in 1893 when the former Ripley Poor House, together with the present day Decot and April Cottages and land (shown clearly on the 1843 Tithe map) stretching away from the centre of Ripley, was sold by Ripley Churchwardens to William Tedder for £455.

William Tedder came to Ripley around 1867 when he acquired the High Street grocery business now the One Stop Shop. The Tedder family were in Ripley for some 60 years and progressively became substantial property owners in and around the village.

Soon after the 1893 sale William Tedder embarked upon building the present day Honeysuckle and Fern Cottages and Westward Ho! (so named when built by virtue of the plaque built into the front wall). It is reasonably safe to assume that Westward Ho! remained in the Tedder ownership until the death in 1929 of Owen Hugh, the last Tedder in Ripley.

The only record of occupancy found is in the 1901 Census when the tenant was Anna Laaser, a school governess born in Germany but a naturalised British subject. She was there on her own but had sublet two rooms to Eldred Daws, a road mender born in Ripley, and his wife Ellen.

Little else can be said about this once attractive property unless readers can provide names of owners and occupiers within living memory.

EXTRACTS FROM GERALD SANGER'S DIARIES - THE SVENHONGER DIARIES

EDITED BY CLARE MCCANN

1940 The Battle for France ... and Britain

On the 21st January 1940 his entry began... *'My wife, whose qualities of leadership are universally recognised'...* However in the same entry he was obviously not best pleased that she thought he should sort out the frozen pipes.

In March of 1940 Gerald mentions the beginning of meat rationing and racketeering but he also has time once again to reflect on the spring flowers in Send and that *'War indeed seems very remote from Send and the pit which Clyde[his son] and I dug for an air raid shelter seems to mock our apprehensions.'*

The war news was bad but in May he finds time to mention Send's cricket. *'First game - a blood match against Merrow. It was a contest not so much between two sides as between two umpires. Send were batting and an LBW appeal was turned down by Mr Cakebread, the Send umpire. There then followed a tit for tat of dismissals or 'not out' calls between the umpires with the Merrow umpire remarking, "All square" at one point. Send were dismissed for 42 and lost the match.'*

Gerald also put 'the wind up' Bill Challen, who owned the local garage by suggesting that any German parachutist landing locally would target Bill as he had cars, petrol etc. Subsequently a stranger asked Bill's wife

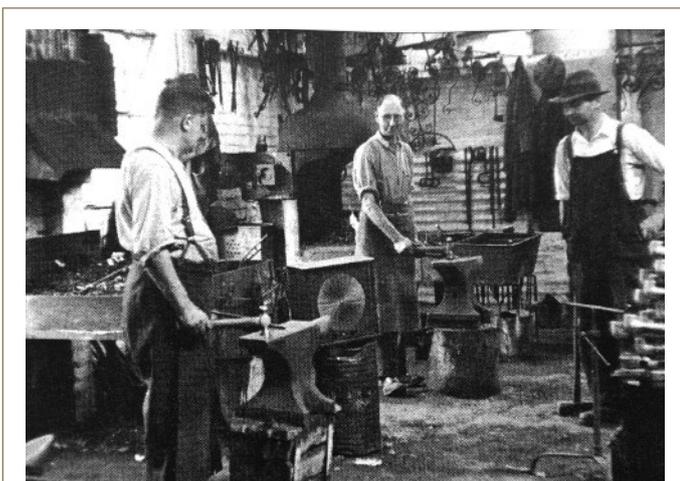


The Cottage inhabitants - Hope, Gerry, Marjorie and Grammy.
Above: Jimmy, Mella, Clyde - and John Wood

details about the area and Bill was convinced he was a spy. However the true seriousness of the situation was clear as Gerald also remarks, after Sunday service, that *'only in our hearts - not in the words of the ritual or the sermon - was the anxiety of the hour reflected.'*

On 25th May Gerald comments on the tired and exhausted troops at Woking station, returned from Calais. On Sunday 26th there was a Day of Intercession at churches across the land including Send. There followed the Dunkirk repatriation of the BEF (British Expeditionary Force). In early June Gerald went to sign on at Woking Police Station to join the 'Parashots' (they became the Home Guard). Arthur Sex from the Smithy had been nominated to take charge of Send's defences but the role of the force was unclear. It was decided to maintain an observation force on Send Hill and to have a parade of the 25 volunteers at the Sand Pit. Gerald's first turn on watch was on the gantry of the Surrey Sand and Gravel Co.'s pit, and the guardroom was their office. They had eight Ross rifles between the 25 men, and 40 rounds of ammunition.

Clyde comments that the Ross rifles were 50 years old. Apparently he and Col. Gamble tried to dig a slit trench on Send Hill, with a view of five roads, but they couldn't get past the oak tree roots!



Ron and Arthur Sex (centre and right) in their blacksmith's forge



Bill Challen

Bill Challen, one of Gerry's favourite people, apparently also wanted to be defended as he *'intended to build tanks in his garage. When I say "build tanks", he has got a bench in his lean-to where his mechanic, Fred, is going to turn out spanners for armoured fighting vehicles.'* Later in the summer Gerald mentions that Leo Broadwood is working for Bill Challen but has had to suspend work to repair a piece of machinery damaged by the mechanic, Fred. *"Somehow", says Bill regretfully, "I don't seem to get going." When he does, of course, it'll be a case of "Look out, Hitler!"*

There follows entries recounting church parades, drill, and loading and aiming practice. He speaks highly of Bill Dockerty who was fresh from school but did not do so well when they went to Bisley for shooting practice.

On the 4th July Gerald was called out at night by Arthur Sex to increase the guard as parachutists were expected. Nothing happened but bombs had been dropped within hearing. He also recalls night duty with Albert Smith who he describes as 'a hard man to control'. He was a retired and very independent sand pit owner – however their duty passed off without incident. A week later a German Dornier was seen clearly over the village but fortunately it had already dropped its bombs. Later it transpired it was targeting Brooklands. An invasion was anticipated at any time so nerves were on edge but this did not stop the church fete going ahead at Sendholme. The Sangers took

part in the tennis tournament but also found time to dig a pit and install a shelter in their garden.

Home Guard training continued, including a lecture at Osterley Park entitled 'Introduction to War' where the speaker impressed on them that they must carry weapons and ammunition at all times. *"If people laugh at you for carrying rifles, let them laugh."*

On the 23rd of August he mentions that the bombing was closer to Send. A bomb fell in Walton, searching for Vickers. However the war did not stop socialising and there was also a visit to the Wilkins at Sendhurst Grange, who he describes as the other patrons of the village, together with the Lancasters. Late in August Gerald was on holiday in Send and he says they had an adventure on the river, which he calls...

WEYSIDE ADVENTURE

"The River Wey has become a rediscovered joy. Some years ago when I last travelled its waterways, the limits of exploration were the canal up-stream as far as Sutton Place [then owned by The Duke of Sutherland] on which one had a guilty feeling of trespassin,) and "the old river" to some point short of Send Church, where narrowness, shallowness and reeds finally stopped you. The old river wound in a bewildering series of loops from the church to Triggs Lock, where it joined the canal, and then flowed on in a broad stream to Send Lock, hard by Grove's boathouse. Now - sometime in the last seven or eight years - the old river has been dredged and the bottlenecks of its loops have been cut to make a straight course from Triggs up to the church and again beyond the church from Send Grove up to Three Fords.

At Three Fords reside the family of Stokes, including a maiden of 14, and harbouring a cousin of 17 - Angela and Pat, to wit. These two young ladies were invited by my daughter to join her on an afternoon's trip up river. Clyde and I went along for company.

THE SADDLERS ARMS

Send Marsh Road, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6JQ

01483 224209

❖ Cosy, friendly atmosphere ❖

❖ Comfortable lounge ❖

❖ Fully stocked bar, offering a good selection of real ales, lagers, spirits and fine wines

❖ Tempting range of bar snacks ❖

❖ Excellent menu of home-cooked food ❖
lunchtimes and evenings

❖ Patrons car parking ❖



Farmer Oliver's dairy herd, Send Church at right

When we reached the boathouse, the boatman himself was out in a punt demonstrating how to paddle for the benefit of two girls. There then follows a dispute between father and son as to whether the rower or the cox is 'Captain – eventually settling on both being Captain.'

'We caught up a canoeful of indignant damsels by this time, Mella (his daughter) being the spokesman of their discontent. But it was a lovely day and there was still plenty of it left; so we progressed gradually towards Send Church picking out spots to bathe but stopping at none of them. Eventually we tied up underneath the Elms below the Church. Here Mella and Angela changed into bathing dresses; and Clyde and I followed suit, wondering if Mrs Oliver would suddenly arrive and upbraid us for trespassing. A mound of earth, however, screened us from Send Court Farm and we bathed without interruption in a stream, which was nowhere more than five feet deep.'

We were drying off when I observed a female figure waving desperately. "Mrs Oliver!" I thought. "She's been out after the cows and seen us." I considered that I ought to get some clothes on if I was to parlay with the irate lady. So Clyde and I moved away to the bushes – an action which was interpreted as cowardice by Mella and her friends.

At this point, however the female figure left the bridge from which she had been signalling and started running along the opposite bank towards us. I began to realise something was really wrong. It seemed as if something had happened to her friend. So on my naked feet, picking up thistle thorns with every step, I dashed to the scene of the disaster, thanking providence that the river was nowhere more than five feet deep.

As it happened, my task was to be helpful rather than heroic. Grove's pupils had propelled their punt successfully as far as Triggs and all was going swimmingly until they tried to land. Then one of them walked into the river. There she lay when I reached the scene –



**Free valuations Monday-Friday:
9.30am-5pm**

Ewbank's



Surrey's Premier Antique and Specialist Auctioneers

Valuations for sale, probate and insurance
Regular Antique, Collectables, Fine & Specialist Auctions

Specialists in Asian Art, Jewellery, Silver, Antique Furniture,
Clocks, Memorabilia, 20th Century, Contemporary & Fine
Art, Fine Wine, Toys & Collectables, Vintage Cars

01483 223 101

**www.ewbankauctions.co.uk
antiques@ewbankauctions.co.uk**

on her face, full of shock, but safely ashore and little the worse except that she was badly stung by nettles and her clothes were wet through. In lieu of artificial respiration, I thumped her soundly on the back at least twice and then turned her over to the girls' attention. I picked as many thorns out of my feet as possible and paddled the punt to our picnic ground.

Mella went to Send Court Farm and borrowed a skirt from Mrs Oliver and after some tea, I rowed a chastened pair back to Groves' boathouse. They came from Neasden; it was their first day in Send and the first time they had ever been on a river.

I did my best to build a drama out of the incident, but I regret I was hardly supported by my progeny. As I sit with my feet in hot water, trying to draw thorns out of my soles, I have had to fall back on appealing for sympathy. And there never is very much sympathy to be got out of Hope! There is a postscript that during the incident there was an air raid warning.

They also took a trip a few days later from Leroy's yard in Guildford towards Godalming and attracted some attention from the local police and Home Guard as they had both a map and a camera; but they were not actually interrogated. On 6th September there was an air raid warning during the Red Cross fete at Sendholme but the tennis tournament continued. The air attack on London continued all night.

The previous Wednesday German planes had been shot down over Send. Hope recounted, 'There were eleven of them flying along quite low, and suddenly three Spitfires came out of the clouds, picked out one bomber and sent it diving down to earth. Five were down according to accounts – all round the place, at Addlestone, Horsley, Clandon; and one parachutist had come down in Ockham and had been arrested by the Home Guard.'

It sounded a great day; but Leo [Broadwood], full of indignation, from the other side of the garden fence related the other side of the story. "These fellows had breezed in from nowhere and, unheralded, dive-bombed Vickers during the luncheon hour. Sixty to seventy people dead; several hundred injured... where were our observers and spotters?"

He reflects on the terrible destruction of London but then reverts to his personal situation 'So let me say of that existence how frequently I have congratulated myself during the past week that our lot is cast for the time being in Send. Having seen the tired eyes and heard the harrowing stories of my staff, I have felt truly favoured of Providence by our residence in this obscure village.'

Late September there is this entry: 'Fully in view, a bomber was banking slowly about 500 feet up in the Weybridge direction'. Gerald was in bed and by the time he found his rifle and ammunition the bomber had disappeared but it was in fact brought down over Clandon. 'My disappointed wife upbraided me for my slowness. "It would have been the thing of the war, if you had brought it down."'



Send Platoon lights up: 2/L¹ Arthur Sex, Sgt Percy Friend, Lt Cundall

The Home Guard post was relocated from the sand pit to the Broadwoods' house, Send Hill House. However Felicity Broadwood was not impressed by the noise of a sentry on her roof. Gerald complains, as he does throughout the diary, of the poor command structure in the Send Home Guard.

There was further activity at the end of the month when a petrol bomb and incendiaries fell on the Broadmead. The following night there was bombing over Send and the morning revealed a crater near the Church Hall as well as several incendiaries 'so Send has its honourable scars.'

Bombing continued; in early October there was a bomb at Gordon Stewart's chicken farm and a bomb demolished a house in Ripley (Rita Avery's presumably).

The New Inn Send Road Send

Riverside pub serving food
All day every day

5 real ales always available

Function room or private dining
Available

01483762736
thenewinnatsend@outlook.com

LIVING HISTORY - PART 2

PAT CLACK

EARLY DAYS IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

I started work at Tyler's off licence in Woking and attended evening classes in the Broadway with Miss Duggan. She was a fierce Scottish lady, known as Duggan the dragon, but she taught shorthand and touch-typing and I never forgot it. I also had help from my uncle Reg who was a reporter.

Tyler's became Victoria Wine Stores, but in those days it was at 4, Chertsey Road, opposite Barclays Bank (now Budgens). Mr. Finch, the manager, would stand at the door of the shop and watch me cross the road to do the banking. While at Tyler's I worked both in the shop and the office; I remember serving Dame Ethel Smyth, who was in the suffragette movement, and wrote and composed their marching song. She would come in with a huge dog, and wore a pork-pie hat and voluminous cape.

I became very friendly with Mr. Finch's daughter, Evelyn, who was to work there for 44 years. Mr. Finch also employed a young boy, Sid, as cellar-lad who, at 16, was very keen and enthusiastic; supplies were very limited on all spirits and good wines, and our quota for a year was 6 bottles of vintage port. Once, when Sid had finished clearing up in the cellar, he looked round for something else to do and reported to Mr. Finch that he had found six bottles which were very dirty, and he had dusted them thoroughly and stood them up. These were the vintage wines, which, to be of value, had to retain their original dirt and lay flat! Mr. Finch said he would stop the money from his wages, but I think he relented later. Sid went on to join the R.A.F. at 18, and I had itchy feet and wanted to go too.

One lunchtime in September, 1940, we saw a dog-fight taking place overhead;. Our Spitfires and other fighters went up to intercept the German bombers, and we heard a huge explosion; this turned out to be the bombing of the Vickers factory at Brooklands where over 80 people were killed and hundreds injured. It was given out on the news that there were no fatalities and very few casualties, but I had two uncles and an aunt working there at the time, and uncle Bert was doing first-aid; he came over soon afterwards and told us the truth. We were often kept in the dark as it was feared bad news would be bad for

morale, and there were a lot of posters about at the time such as 'Careless talk costs lives', 'Be like dad, keep mum', etc.

There were many airfields in Surrey, and pilots had been trained at some of these pre-war, including many from overseas, so of course the German boys who had been here could pinpoint these aerodromes quite easily. There had been no warning over the Vickers bombing. Shortly afterwards they tried to bomb the Hawkers factory, but this time a warning was given, and they were intercepted, so no harm was done.

I was very fond of my uncle Bert, and we would sometimes meet at lunchtime and go to the Woking British Restaurant, where, providing you were there early and didn't mind queuing, you could get a meal for about 1/-, which helped supplement rations. We got very used to queuing, as a lot of things such as butter, sugar, meat, eggs, and tea were on ration. Many more items were scarce, so when a delivery came in a queue would form and often you didn't know what you were queuing for; you just joined it and hoped for the best. Sometimes it would be onions, or oranges, which were almost unobtainable. We didn't see any bananas till the end of the war, and small children had no idea what they were.

One day dad came home from Woking, and said a number of pretty girls had been parading around the town, offering free chocolate bars. As chocolate was on ration, they were snapped up, particularly by workers in their lunch hour, but turned out to be the first supply of Ex-Lax, the laxative, and much time was spent by everyone running for the toilets!

One night in Woking a bomb exploded and the blast shattered all Tyler's windows, together with all the 'even side' of Chertsey Road. Mr Finch lived over the shop, and because they couldn't get anybody to replace the glass at night he and his wife sat up all night on the shop counter, guarding the wines and spirits. Normally, while bombing was on, they slept in the cellar, underneath the sliding shelves meant for special wines.

Once (in 1941 or '42) when spirits were so scarce that the allocation was half a bottle of whisky or gin to first-

comers, the queue had to be controlled by the police, as it stretched past the station, the Albion and down the High Street.

My heart always sank when I saw a uniformed person come in; I first had to say (if it was too early in the morning) that we only served alcohol between the hours of 10 and 2, then he would return at the proper time and I had to say that he had to bring back an empty bottle for every full one required; then we had to say that spirits were on strict allocation, and, finally, that we couldn't serve anyone in uniform!

After I had left, Evelyn recalls the troop (wounded soldiers) trains returning from Dunkirk stopping at Woking station, the Red Cross workers came across to Tyler's with large buckets of water, and Evelyn and her father poured orange squash into the buckets to be taken for them to drink.

While I was at Tyler's it was decided that all my remaining teeth would have to come out. Dr. Cargin come to the house to give me chloroform and I first had 15 teeth out and then went on subsequent dinner times from the shop to have the remaining ones removed. I then had to wait for nine months until my jaw was properly developed to take dentures. At the end of that time my gums were so hard I could eat apples, and found the new teeth quite a mouthful. But I had got used to them by the time I joined up, and remember one dental parade when I protested to the duty sergeant that it was unnecessary for me to attend, but she insisted. Having stood in the queue for about an hour, the dental officer told me off for wasting his time!

MONICA EDWARDS IN SEND

Just before and during the war, two doors from us, lived a family of nudists; the wife was Monica Edwards, a children's authoress. One day, my father came in to where my friend Margaret and I were doing typing and shorthand practice, and said "if you girls have occasion to go to the toilet, do not look out of the window." You can imagine what effect this had, and lo and behold, there they all were sun-bathing in the nude in the back garden. Our bathroom window was the only place where they

could be spotted. Bill Edwards would garden wearing only a cap and gumboots, but the children, aged about 9 and 11, would run in the street with nothing on - I cannot see that being allowed in these days. They were very poor then. They kept chickens and Shelley, the daughter, would come to my mother, and ask if she would buy a few eggs. The proceeds from sales would enable her to have a riding lesson! She adored horses.

Monica wrote her first book *Wish for a Pony* while in this house and quickly became a popular author and well off. The family famously moved to Punchbowl Farm at Thursley about which many books were subsequently written.

At one time Monica's sister, who lived with them for a while, was courted by Mr Winnett the local curate, that is until he called unexpectedly one day and discovered them naked, then the romance was off! He prepared me for confirmation, and also conducted my wedding. He became a Canon and his diocese was in Farnham. He also used to pay us visits for a piece of mum's fruit cake. He was curate to Rev. Legg, who joined up as an army chaplain. I'd liked Mr Winnett. He was a jolly, little roly-poly man.

THE WAAF

On March 8 1944, I left to join the WAAF (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) and my father never forgave me, as it was the day before his birthday, and I had never been away from home before (apart from a few days spent at Esher with 'Auntie Nippy'). I was not to return till the August, as there was a leave ban on. My Aunt Bessie was already in the WAAF too, as a cook at the officers mess at Odiham; she had been born there, but the family moved away when she was six weeks old, so my mother, 17 years her senior, went there and showed her the village and the house where she was born.

I wanted to go as a shorthand-typist but they were not required at that time, so I was trained as a wireless operative, and never regretted it, as it stood me in good stead for the remainder of my working life. I enjoyed my 3-1/2 years in the WAAF despite the war, the doodle-bugs, V2s, bombs, rationing, queuing, bad weather,

hardships such as breaking the ice to wash in in the cold weather, and the cold Nissan huts, with just one terrible stove in the centre, which had to be black-leaded. While the main body of the hut froze the people by the stove roasted.

I did my 'square-bashing' at Wilmslow near Manchester, and from there went to Blackpool for the first half of my W/Op course, thence to Compton Bassett to complete it. I was very proud when I won my 'sparks' at the end of the course; this was a badge showing a clenched fist with lightning emanating from it and it was sewn to our right arm. My mother was also very proud to sew it on for me!

While I was at Compton Bassett, my friend Molly and I would sometimes hitch a ride to Marlborough and get a good run, usually in a lorry, to Bath, where we visited our maiden aunts, Kate, Edie and Daisy. They lived at 15, Brunswick Street, and had a very long garden full of fruit trees. Molly and I would be fed, then told to go and pick and eat as much fruit as we wanted, and take some back to camp.

One day dad thought it would be a good plan to come and see us and the aunts, so he suggested it to uncle Reg who was not a great one for public transport as he owned his own car, but submitted to the idea of having a day excursion on the train from Woking to Bath. Molly and I duly arrived at Brunswick Street, and we waited and waited, but no dad or uncle Reg. Eventually we had lunch and then at about 3 p.m. they turned up. Uncle Reg was fuming and said he would never travel by train again; there had been long delays for troop personnel travelling, and their train was due to leave again at 5 pm so we all trooped back to the station and saw them off. Dad thought it was very funny, but not so Reg.

When I was at Blackpool there was a leave ban and we got fed up with this, so one weekend half of us decided to go home, and the other half would cover for us. We were all in private lodgings then - I was at 15, Hornby Road, and there were 15 of us billeted there; the overcrowding was terrible and for the whole three months we were there we ate shop Swiss roll and custard for pudding. The landladies must have made a packet out of us. Anyway, we put bolsters in the beds to represent bodies, and the inspection was usually brief, so we got away with it.

We then either hitched or used platform tickets, to get onto the station pretending we were seeing someone off! We took a chance on the inspector coming round, and catching us. I knew that if I came to Clandon station, there was never anybody there to look at tickets so I arrived very late at night and walked from there - about

4 miles - arriving home at about 2 am. On the way down from Burnt Common, I heard this strange noise (unlike any plane and making the hairs stand up on the back of my neck), and then the engine cut out. I had heard from mum and dad about these doodlebugs but had never heard one before. I think that one fell in Clandon, but later there was a young man killed on the Burnt Common road, and one lunchtime a family of four called Privett, at Burnt Common, were killed. Their son was cycling home for his lunch and found that his father, mother and two sisters were all dead. Mum and dad were horrified when I arrived home and threw pebbles at their bedroom window and realised that I had walked down at that time of night. In later years when my own daughter was 18 and her car was out of commission, she suggested she should hitch down from Manchester. I said she was on no account to do so. Her reply was "What did you do when you were 18?" But I feel the situation in my day was different; we usually hitched in 'packs' and got lifts in an RAF lorry, so that we were all together, and therefore not really in very much danger.



Myself, mother, our neighbour in Send, Peter Parvin and fellow W.A.A.F. Betty Barnhill. Betty frequently stayed with us when on leave as she came from Glasgow, where she worked as a butcher!

While I was at Blackpool mum decided she would come and visit. She travelled overnight on a train full of troops and I had permission to go to the station and meet her at about 5.30 am. It was a very windy day and I recall she wore a big straw hat with a bird attached, and that blew off while we were walking along the front. She said there was a buzz of excitement on the train, and that turned out to be D-day; it was June 6th, 1944.

My first official posting was to Portreath in Cornwall; on the course I had become very friendly with Morvyn

Lawrence, from Magor in South Wales, and we were asked at the end of it if we would like to be posted with anyone in particular. We, of course, asked to go together; and, typical of the wartime bureaucracy, I went to Cornwall and she went to Banff in Scotland; but we were to meet up later and are still firm friends.

In Cornwall, in the winter, it was bitterly cold and they had the first snow they had seen for years; small children there had never seen it before. Then it was to Biggin Hill, followed by Nutfield near Redhill, where we did duties in a caravan in the centre of a private drome which had pre-war belonged to an AVM (Air-Vice-Marshal). We were sitting ducks for any flying activity and once, after a weekend pass, I returned to the bungalow where we were billeted, in the dark, and crawled into bed, and the following morning awoke to find all the ceilings were caved in.

As mentioned in part one my father was a bookie based in Woking. As the Epsom Derby of 1946 approached, the first since 1939 as during the war the racecourse was used as the site for an anti-aircraft gun battery, we WAAF's were delighted to discover an Irish grey stallion running by the name of Airborne. Most of us decided to have a flutter and I collected all the bets and presented them to my father upon my return

home. He roared with laughter saying "call that a horse, it's a three legged donkey that has no chance." An estimated crowd of up to 500,000, including the king and queen watched the 50-1 rank outsider ridden by Tommy Lowrey overtake Gulfstream inside the final furlong to win by a length! My father was not at all impressed to put it mildly, but at least I didn't bankrupt him and I was very relieved to eventually get back to base, carrying quite a substantial amount of money about my person.



Bletchley 1947. l-r Johnny Pratt, Audrey Welsh, myself and Ron Law. Note: hut Y6 in the background

Established 1973 01483 224488



General Construction Services

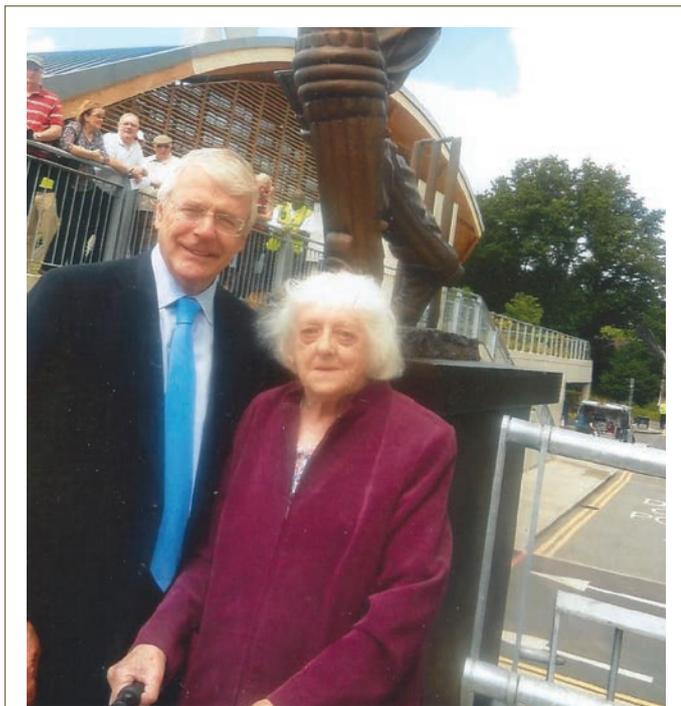
New Build Houses
Leisure Buildings
Summer Houses
Refurbishment
Extensions
Barn Conversions
Loft Conversions
Garden Buildings
Garages
Home Offices



Clayton House, 140-141, Send Road, Send, Woking, Surrey GU23 7HN

01483 224488

My next posting was to Bletchley where I went out with my first serious boyfriend, Ron Law from Cheriton near Folkestone. We worked in the now famous 'Hut Y6' where Alan Turing and his team of code breakers cracked 'enigma'. Although it was only a stone's throw from the huts to the big house, all our work was collected and delivered by motorcycle courier. Next we were seconded to London, first to Cable & Wireless, then to Bush House, and while there we were first billeted at St. John's Wood and then I got a 'living-out' pass and commuted, but it was shift work and rather tiring, particularly the 15-hour night duties, when I often fell asleep travelling home in the train. While at Bush House I met Jean Hole who only lived 3 miles from my home, and, until her death in 2007, we were still firm friends. When Jean and I were travelling to and from London we were often on the same train as the Bedser twins - Alec and Eric - the famous Surrey cricketers, and we could not tell them apart. We were quite relieved one day to see that one of them had been promoted to corporal, so thought we were alright now with distinguishing them, but soon after the other was made up to corporal too. This was followed in turn with sergeant and so we were none the wiser. I recently saw their statues unveiled by the Lightbox in Woking and met former Prime Minister John Major and talked to him about them.



Myself and John Major at the unveiling of the statues of the Bedser twins near the Lightbox in Woking

I can't remember doing anything very exciting on VE day; I was at Bletchley and I think we all just went for a drink. But on VJ day I was at Compton Bassett and truckloads of aircrew came in and dragged we WAAFs out of our huts and on to the drome, and we built and lit bonfires.

While waiting to join the WAAF I joined the WJAC (Women's Junior Air Corps), and learned marching and Morse, which was to prove a great help later; this was taught by John Charman, who became an RAF officer, and who lived in Send. We met at the newly-completed St Bede's School; this was to have been opened about 1939, but was kept available for meetings such as the WJAC, ATC, first aid and evening classes, and in case it should be needed as a hospital, and only opened as a school after the war.

Group-Captain Douglas Bader came to open the swimming pool at the school, and a display was put on for him, including some boys swimming in pyjamas, but one of them got into difficulties and had to be rescued. I think that would have been about 1946.

My dad, at this time, was in the home guard and he and I 'paraded' on the same night; it was quite a performance with us getting into uniform, particularly as my father was quite corpulent and found difficulty in lacing his army boots. He was made first aid corporal as some of the younger men refused to go on night activities. The younger men in the home guard were on essential war work (eg building Wellingtons at Vickers like Reg Giles). Those awaiting call-up or unfit for active service, and the remainder were 'old soldiers'. I have a photograph of the Send contingent taken outside the Drill Hall (now the Lancaster hall). Dad also used to man the door when they had dances in aid of war funds, and at that time we had Canadian soldiers stationed on the Broadmeads. Some of the local mums would ask dad to keep an eye on their daughters and make sure they didn't 'disappear' outside for too long with the soldiers. Some of the Canadians did, in fact, go home for demob after the war, and return and marry local girls. There were also two Italian prisoners of war who returned to marry local sisters, called Farnfield; they became respectively, Mrs. Mastromarco and Mrs. Stefania, and at least four Land Army girls stayed on and married local fellows : Albie and Reg Giles, Rose and Alf Sale, Doris and Ron Pullen, and another married Jim Styles.

George Baigent was a rather over-zealous air raid warden. Their activities included walking round the village to see if blackouts were in place, and I remember him calling one night and telling dad he had a light showing. We had a very efficient blackout so my dad couldn't understand it, and the warden then told him that if he bent down he could see a light showing underneath the front door! My dad's comment was that he didn't know the b*****s were coming on their hands and knees.



Dad in the Send home guard, May 1943

I recall a bomb falling on Send Hill, near the Home Guard post, and severely damaging several houses. Mrs. Sanger, who lived at Willingham Cottage, was among the first to arrive with the Women's Voluntary Service, with food, soup and blankets and clothing. She also delivered meals on wheels and worked constantly throughout the war. Her husband, Gerald Sanger, was Captain of Send Home Guard and president of Movietone News, and they had their golden wedding at Willingham Cottage, to which I was invited. Leslie Mitchell attended, and several other BBC notables. Another night, when dad was on duty and the bombing was rather heavy, I slept with Mum, and we heard this plane keep going round and round and appearing to get lower and lower, and we thought it sounded like an enemy plane. We later

learned that when it was passing overhead it was pilotless and crashed locally; the pilot escaped by parachute. The Home Guard, or LDV - Local Defence Volunteers - would walk round and round the village at night, but I don't know what they could have done if there had been any major trouble or an invasion, because the local contingent only possessed two guns and no ammunition!

EVACUEES

As the war progressed children were evacuated from London and the surrounding areas, and a school came here from Thornton Heath - Beulah Road School. Mum was not at first keen on taking in children, but eventually said that if Mrs Mobsby (next door) would take one child she would take two - there was no love lost between the two women! So we had two little sisters, Doreen and Christine Scholes; their brother was billeted at Kingfield and often cycled over to see them. I remember the system was that anyone willing to take evacuees would go to the Drill Hall, where the children were lined up on the stage and the prospective foster parents would choose! It was like a cattle auction, and terrible for the poor kids who had just left their homes and parents. The girls' parents were, respectively, in the RAF and the NAAFI, and visited frequently, the mother always boasting about how much extra rations she could get, but we never saw any of it, and Mum put on meals for them and always special teas for birthdays, when she had saved her sugar ration to make cakes. They also arrived with very few clothes and underclothes and stockings were torn and tattered, and our clothing ration coupons were made to stretch to buy them new things. We had Christine for 18 months until she won a scholarship and was moved to Bracknell, and Doreen for about three years. After the war we lost touch with them, until, about 1982, when Doreen suddenly appeared on my doorstep. She had been bombed twice after leaving here and lost our address, but was passing by and saw a signpost to Send, so had been first to the churchyard and found my mother and father's grave, then came back to the village and enquired about me; we are now in touch again, but unfortunately Christine died later of a kidney complaint. Doreen has seven children and now lives at Yeovil. My mother was always very sad that the girls had not been in touch, and Doreen's visit came too late for her, but I am glad I at least saw Christine before she died.

One night, as the children were preparing for bed, we heard a whoosh and realized something heavy had fallen. The children were terrified, and we left them with mum and dad and I went out to investigate. It was at that time the biggest land-mine to fall in Surrey, and dropped just behind our house onto two council houses. Miraculously no-one was killed and there were only a couple of injuries, although the two houses were occupied by large families. Later one of the children, Milly Green (now Patrick), developed meningitis and lost her hearing. They were re-housed on Send Road over a shop which is now a hairdresser's and I remember sawdust was put down on the road to deaden noise and keep it quiet for her. She still lives in the village. It was not until the following morning that we discovered that our front bedroom ceiling had been brought down and our lavatory pan split, flooding a room below, and destroying a three-piece suite and carpets. Dad got a 'war damage' payment for it, but it wasn't much and we had to wait years for it.

DEMOB, DORSET, CORNWALL AND MEETING ERIC CLACK

In August 1947 I returned to Bletchley for my demob and was very sorry to leave all the girls I had been such firm friends with. For many years I corresponded with Cynthia and attended her wedding at Thatchers in Horsley in 1946 and was godmother to her little girl, Sheila. Cynthia sadly died in 1982 of cancer, but I am still in touch with Sheila and her family. Morvyn emigrated to Australia and married an Aussie, Bill White, and I am also godmother to one of her girls.

I had just been de-mobbed when the call for help came from Aunt Bessie, also recently de-mobbed. Bessie had taken up the post of housekeeper at Crichel House in Dorset. Vacant for some time, it was due to open the following summer as a new public school for girls and to be called Cranborne Chase School. Here I helped out washing all the china, painting the bedsteads white, packing away all the paintings and any other chores that needed doing. My introduction to Crichel house was unusual to say the least. I was collected from the nearby station in a car driven by the young man going out with the under-cook helping Bessie. He was something of a roughneck and a really scary driver and he talked constantly during the five-mile journey to the school. Suddenly, without warning, he veered to the opposite side of the road, hit something, slammed the

car into reverse shouting "I think I got them" and shot backwards. He leapt from the car and quickly returned triumphantly holding up and throwing into the back, two dead pheasants - a present for Bessie!

I went to Portreath for part of my demob leave, as I was very happy there, and thought it would be nice to see it in the summer. I took Evelyn with me, and we found a very nice little cottage - Glenfeadon Cottage - with a Mrs Stevens and her two daughters, Adeline and Jenny, and had a lovely time there. There was a Polish chap also staying there and he attempted to teach us some Polish. All I managed to learn was Charna krova which meant 'black cow'. I met him subsequently a couple of times in London; he was called Richard Banel.

On one of our days we decided to go to Newquay, and out to the little drome at St Mawgan, where we discovered they were doing flying trips in a little light plane - a Fairchild Argus. This accommodated the pilot and three passengers, and this was my very first flight; it cost 10/6 each. On this flight we met a young man named Eric Clack, and the flight lasted about a quarter of an hour. When we reached terra firma again he offered us wine gums and asked us to join him for tea in Newquay, which we did. We then exchanged addresses; he hailed from Cuckfield in Sussex, and we returned to Portreath. We told Mrs Stevens of our adventures, whereupon she said that she predicted I would marry this young man and return to Cornwall for our honeymoon. We thought this hilarious, and forgot all about it.



My husband-to-be Eric, myself and the Fairchild Argus in which we first met - 17th August 1949

My husband-to-be Eric, myself and the Fairchild Argus in which we first met - 17th August 1949

It was some four months after that I received a letter from Eric, asking if I was ever in London. By this time I was working at the German section of the Foreign Office in Whitehall as a teleprinter operator (another skill I had acquired in the WAAF), and he was working at BOAC. I didn't reply for a while as I was on shifts and didn't have an evening available. When I did, he rang immediately and we arranged a meeting. We had a meal and were rather shy with each other; he saw me off at Waterloo, but said nothing about meeting further.

It was a few months before I heard again, and then he asked me to the cinema; we met, and arranged for the following week. This time he said he thought he should explain something; he had been demobbed early from the Royal Armoured Corps (Tank Corps) because he had contracted (through being a wireless operator in the confines of a tank, in Germany) tubercular meningitis, and had been flown home a year previously, when he was admitted to the Nuffield Radcliffe hospital in Oxford. He was in the care of Professor Cairns, an Australian, had a lumbar puncture every day for five months and went down to five stone. His mother had sat by his bedside for days on end, during which time her eldest son, Basil, had been killed at the age of 20 flying as a navigator on a Lancaster bomber of 61 Squadron. He lies in a cemetery at Escoublac-la-Baule, where commandos who perished on the raid on St Nazaire are also buried. Her youngest son, Alan, was also in the RAF and her husband was a petty officer in the navy, stationed at Crail in Fife.

Eric was a guinea-pig and the first person to be cured of TB meningitis with the aid of streptomycin. Another of his doctors was Dr Honor Smith, Sir Stafford Cripps' niece. He was eventually discharged and began to put on weight quite rapidly, until, when I met him, he was quite plump, but he still had to return to the Radcliffe every two months for a night's stay for another lumbar puncture and tests. This he had done between our meeting in Cornwall and our first meeting in London, and between our first and second meetings, and I think he wondered how I would react to all this.

I was, in fact, quite relieved by the explanation, as

I had begun to be more than interested in him, and thought he had just been lukewarm. Eric told a few good jokes about when he was in hospital: the soldiers wore a bright blue kind of uniform to show they were in the forces, and under medical care, when they went out on the town, and one day he and three pals decided to go and see a Laurel and Hardy film. This was apparently hilarious and they all fell about laughing, until one of the chaps said "I've lost my bloody eye!" He had a temporary false eye and it had dropped out with him laughing so much. So they all scrabbled about on the floor until they found it. He wiped it and replaced it and all was well until they got outside and looked at him, and he had put it back in upside down, which must have looked very odd. I used to tease Eric because I could do 20 words a minute in Morse, and he could only do 12, but he said I should try it in a tank while they were going over bumpy ground, and I suppose he had a point!

So our relationship developed, but then my father went into hospital for a prostate operation at Farnham. Although he came through the op successfully, I was on Woking station one night shortly thereafter, proposing to visit him and then continue to night duty, when a friend caught up with me and told me he had had a heart attack and died. The date sticks in my mind as Prince Charles was born on November 14th while Dad was in hospital, and he died on the 16th, aged 62. This left my mother devastated, and I bided my time before taking Eric home, but eventually did, and she seemed to like him, and things blossomed from then on. But we agreed she was in no fit state to be left, and when we decided to fix a wedding date, we were talked into staying on with her for the time being. This was to prove, possibly, a mistake, because we stayed for the whole of our married life!

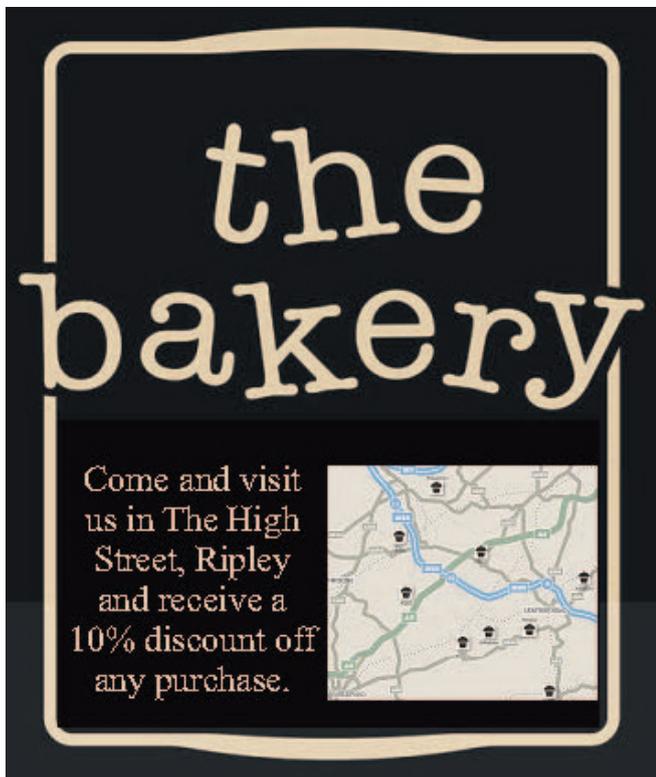
MARRIED LIFE

We were engaged on August 17th 1950 and married on August 11th 1951, at Send Church, and had a lovely wedding despite the fact that it rained continuously all day. There were over 150 guests and the reception was at St Bede's school, which was the new school only built just before the war.



Eric and mum outside May's stores, Send. April 1951

After my marriage I continue to work at the foreign office for a few more months, then got a job in the same line of work at BEA, where I still did shifts, and Eric and I used to write notes to each other when I was on night duty, as I left in the evenings before he got home, and he left in the mornings before I got home. I continued thus until the Christmas of 1953 when I left to await the arrival of Michael Eric on April 25th 1954, followed by Valerie Patricia on June 5th 1956. Michael was born in Woking Maternity Home, and Valerie was supposed to be, but unfortunately caught us unawares and arrived at 5 am in the bathroom of Saint Giles. This was a little



embarrassing as the ambulance was driven by a school-friend, Basil Lepper, who was greeted by the sight of me sitting on the bathroom stool, nursing Valerie, with the cord still attached!

Mum gave me a lot of help with rearing the children, and they also went to the local school, until 11-plus time, when Michael went to the Royal Grammar School and Valerie to the Girls' County School, both in Guildford. The bus left, as it still does, from outside our house, and they departed at 8 am every morning.

When the children started full time schooling I decided to take paid work again, starting by being the first lollipop lady for Send school. I was able to be at home for meals and holidays, and this was ideal. Later I got the job of school secretary at the primary school, and this lasted until I was incapacitated by a road accident. I was attempting to cross the corner near my house, where I normally stood with my lollipop, and was knocked down by a motorbike. I sustained a broken ankle in two places, a cracked elbow and all-over bruising. After a night in St Peter's I was transferred to Pymfryd, where I remained for three weeks.

After this I took employment at Clifford James shoe shop in Ripley, and eventually opted to stay at home and knit for various firms. I worked for a designer from Woking, Eve Sandford, and she put on fashion shows at Army & Navy in Guildford, and we got ourselves into print in the local papers. I knitted a poncho, which was worn by Honor Blackman on the front page of a new magazine called Knitting. I knitted for friends and family and had sales of work, and eventually took on with Rowan Wools from Holmfirth. These garments got into their magazines, and it was nice to see my own designs in print.

I also became involved with the Red Cross, first taking first aid and home nursing courses, then I helped with Medical Loan: I drove people to and from hospital, and so on. I organised Welfare Foods, and then, while Valerie took on the job of link patron (in charge of 7 to 11 year-olds) I became cadet officer for the 11 to 16 year-olds. After this I took over from Monica Axtell as centre organiser, which meant attending the over-sixties meetings at Horsley, West Clandon, Ripley and Send, and a lot of paper-work. I also used to deliver books for the SPCK bookshop in Guildford, to various schools in the area, plus the Cathedral bookshop, and for this I was just paid a mileage fee.

In 1971, while I was school secretary, the police came to the school to say that Eric had had a heart attack on his way to work. He was at that time, driving a car, and took it in turn with Des O'Connor, who also worked at BOAC, to drive to work. But that day Des was not in, and Eric had stopped to pick up a young lady from Kingfield, another BOAC employee; she had gone to get a paper, but Eric had already said he didn't feel well, and she said that she would ring me if he was no better when she came out of the shop. However, when she came out he was slumped over the wheel, and the ambulance took quite a while to get from St Peter's at Chertsey. It was February 5th, the day before my birthday and he didn't regain consciousness, dying on the 8th. He was 44, I was 45 and we had been married for 20 years.

It was a great help having my mother still living; she survived until 1979, when she managed to attend Valerie's wedding in a wheelchair, but died three months later. Michael was 16 and Valerie 14 at the time of Eric's death. They went on to do me great credit by obtaining degrees, Michael an MA in mathematics & economics at St Andrews and Valerie a BA in English at Manchester. I enjoyed visiting them both about twice a year at their universities, and had just begun to drive before Eric died

REFLECTION

When my mother died in 1979 I inherited the house so that, apart from my 3½ years in the WAAF, I have lived in this house from the age of three. I have had central heating put in, and a few other amenities, to

make it more comfortable, and have seen many changes in the village. I am constantly busy with my numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren who help keep me young. I belong to the Send and Ripley History Society and continue to contribute articles about Send in the old days on a regular basis.

Pinnock's
COFFEE HOUSE
A CUP ABOVE THE REST

SERVING
SPECIALITY COFFEES
LOOSE-LEAF TEAS
HOME-MADE CAKES HANDMADE CHOCOLATES
SALADS / SANDWICHES / WRAPS / DELI

RELAX IN OUR UPSTAIRS LIBRARY
BOOK CLUB & BOOK SWAP

OPENING HOURS
MON-SAT: 9AM-7PM
SUNDAY: 10AM-5PM

WWW.PINNOCKSCOFFEEHOUSE.COM
TEL: 01483 222419

☎ 01483 223429 ✉ info@ripleydental.co.uk

NEW PATIENT APPOINTMENT HALF PRICE

JUST £25 (INCLUDES XRAYS)

Quote offer code: RIPLEYHISTORY

01483 223 429

Treatments available

Implants – Veneers – Whitening - Dentures – Crowns - Orthodontics

BEFORE

AFTER

MUSEUM NEWS

CLARE MCCANN – CURATOR

We are entering the last few weeks of the Fire Brigade exhibition, FIRE! FIRE! So, please get along if you have yet to visit.

The Society is planning to republish the Pubs book (currently out of print) and in honour of this, the next exhibition will be about local pubs. Some members will remember we had an exhibition once before but as this was nearly 20 years ago we thought it would be good to revisit the topic. Incidentally am still looking for inspiration for future exhibitions.

I am not sure if the journal will be coming out before or after the Summer Event in Ripley but we are going to have a small exhibit at the Summer Event about Kenneth White and penicillin. We hope to raise some money towards the plaque we aim to unveil on the old pharmacy (details to follow).

Finally do not forget to make a date for your diary – Saturday November 12th – Researching your House Day at Ripley Village Hall. There will be more details on the website and in the next journal. It will be free to members but we will ask you to register your intention to attend.

EXCLUSIVE NEW RANGE

CELLAR WINES

Artisan Spirits, Boutique Wines, Delicatessen & Events

Boutique Wines & Spirits	Delicatessen & Fine Foods
Wine By The Glass & Cheeseboards	Private & Corporate Events At Your Venue Or Ours
Celebration Events	Tasting Events
Pop Up Restaurants	Craft Ales
Wedding & Event Wines	Specialist Cigars
Sommelier & Cellar Stocking Service	Free Glass & Decanter Loan Service
Wine Club	Gift Service
Wholesale & Trade	Local Delivery



Tuesday - Saturday 11 am - 8pm
The Old Cellar, High Street, Ripley, Surrey. GU23 6BB. UK
+44 (0)1483 610610
ripley@cellarwines.co.uk
www.cellarwines.co.uk



NEW RESEARCHERS AND AUTHORS REQUIRED

As editor I am grateful to those regular contributors who keep the pages of the journal filled with articles. However the majority are original members of the Society and we need to find a new generation of researchers and authors.

I am keen to hear from anyone who would like to start getting involved in researching the history of the two villages whether it be documentary evidence at the Surrey History Centre or maybe the history of your own house.

I will then organise a meeting so that we can discuss sources and how to get going.

Cate Davey – Editor
01483 773452

RIPLEY MUSEUM



FIRE!

FIRE!

**Send & Ripley
Fire Brigades**



FROM APRIL 23rd

TO

AUGUST 2016

EVERY SATURDAY

10—12.30

Next to Ripley Village Hall

GU23 6AF

www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM NEWS AND FORTHCOMING EVENTS

All evening talks are at 7.30pm on Tuesdays at Ripley Village Hall, unless otherwise stated.

DATES	EVENTS
20 September	100th Anniversary of the Battle of the Somme and the part played by the Queens Regiment - an illustrated talk by Ian Chatfield.
18 October	Artists, Antiquaries and Collectors: Illustrations of Surrey collected by Robert Barclay of Bury Hill, Dorking, c.1800 - Illustrated talk by Julian Pooley of SHC.
Saturday 12 November	Researching your House day. From 10 - 4. Speakers and assistance. Light lunch available.
13 December	The Christmas Social. Members only. In Ripley Village Hall.

Further details can be obtained from Margaret Field 01483 223387



Alan Greenwood & Sons

Independent Family Funeral Directors
www.alangreenwoodfunerals.com



Our commitment is to provide a personal and caring
24hr service in a dignified and professional manner

- A choice of the latest Jaguar or Mercedes Hearses and Limousines
- Horse drawn funerals
- Classic and Vintage Hearses
- Home visit arrangements
- Pre-paid funeral plans
- Memorials and Monumental Masonry
- Very competitive charges



66 Send Road, Send, Woking, Surrey, GU23 7EU.

34 Madrid Road, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 7NU.

Mimbridge Garden Estate, Station Road, Chobham, Surrey, GU24 8AR.

1 New Parade, Leatherhead Road, Great Bookham, Surrey, KT23 4RL.

Tel: 01483 210 222

Tel: 01483 449 554

Tel: 01276 858 363

Tel: 01372 454 777

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM



OPEN: SATURDAY MORNINGS 10.00–12.30
throughout the year (check bank holiday opening times)

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

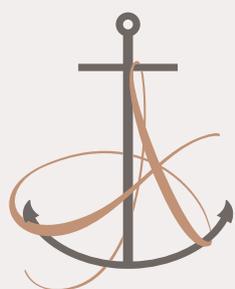
Other times for school groups and small parties by arrangement

Contact 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		£6.00
Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools		£10.00
The Parish Church of St Mary Magdalen Ripley, Surrey		£5.00
Memories of War		£8.00
Map of WW2 Bomb Sites in Send, Ripley and Pyrford		£2.50
Memories of War and Map of Bomb Sites		£10.00
Send and Ripley Walks		£5.00
Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin		£8.00
Special Offer: Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley		£10.00

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



THE
ANCHOR
RIPLEY

FREE HOUSE &
RESTAURANT

OPEN TUESDAY
TO SUNDAY

T 01483 211 866

E info@ripleyanchor.co.uk

www.ripleyanchor.co.uk

High Street, Ripley
Surrey GU23 6AE

Luxury Self-Catering and Bed & Breakfast



Extra special places to stay in the Village of Ripley

- Broadway Barn Grade II Listed 5-Star Gold Bed & Breakfast – Ensuite Bedrooms
- Broadway Cottage 4-Star – Bedroom, Bathroom, Sitting Room, Kitchen, Patio
- Broadway Villa 5-Star – 1-3 Ensuite Bedrooms, Sitting Room, Kitchen
- Rose Lane Grade II Listed Cottages 4-Star (*separately or as one cottage*)
 - No. 7 – 2 Double Bedrooms, Bathroom, Conservatory/Dining Room, Kitchen, Sitting Room, Garden
 - No. 9 – 1 Double and 1 Single Bedroom, Bathroom, Kitchen, Sitting Room, Dining Room, Garden



BROADWAY·BARN

www.broadwaybarn.com

01483 223200



nest
home & café

**A warm welcome awaits...
Beautiful gifts and home accessories
Exquisite breakfasts, lunches and teas
Please join us to shop, sip and feel inspired**

**Nest Home & Cafe, High Street, Ripley GU23 6AQ
(01483) 211111**

www.nest-home.com

one stop

Supporting our Community

One Stop is proud to support your local community.

one stop

POST OFFICE

Now with Post Office Local
Open all hours that the store is trading

Your nearest store is: 40 High Street
Ripley
Guildford
Surrey

Opening Hours: 7am – 11pm (Daily)

ab PUBLISHING

No job is too small

- ❖ editing ❖ graphic design ❖ typesetting/layout ❖
- ❖ proofreading ❖ indexing ❖ general typing ❖ 2D CAD drafting ❖
- ❖ website design and set-up ❖

- publicity material ● posters ● menus ● books ● theses ● reports ●
- personal and corporate stationery ●
- any many more*

Your job isn't mentioned?
Then call or e-mail to discuss your needs and we will help if we can

01483 224511 07973 167 530

info@abpublishing.com
www.abpublishing.com

Swimming Snorkelling Scuba Diving

 **Surrey Dive Centre**

PADI 5* IDC Centre
Retail Shop
Escorted Holidays
Equipment Servicing
Friendly Advice

*"We don't run courses....
We teach you to dive!"*

67 High Street Ripley Surrey GU23 6AN
01483 22 56 99
www.surreydivecentre.co.uk

*Local (Merrow) family firm
Roofers and building contractors*

Checkatrade.com
where reputation matters

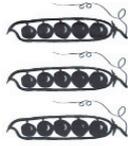
 **P Pestle & Sons**
01483 828134
p.pestle@ntlworld.com
*specialists in listed
and historic buildings*

 92 Send Road, Send
Nr. Woking, Surrey GU23 7EZ

John Boyce

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

Tel. 01483 222207/222125. Fax. 01483 222384
Mobile: 07831 335590



Visit Ripley Farmers' Market on the second Saturday of every month. Fresh local produce in a wonderful village atmosphere from 9am until 1pm on Ripley Village Green

The Jovial Sailor
Portsmouth Rd, Ripley GU23 6EZ
01483 224360
Jovial.Sailor.0443@punchtaverns.com



The original building dates to around 1770 and was frequented by sailors on their long weary walk to Portsmouth. A busy popular venue with hand-pump ales and food prepared on the premises.

*Darren and Sue
and their Team
would like to welcome
old friends and new*

Wills & Smerdon

W&S 1933

Sales | Lettings | Property Management

For a free valuation please call your local office

East Horsley | 01483 284 141

Ripley | 01483 224 343

www.willsandsmerdon.co.uk



SEYMOURS

Independent Estate Agents

For all of your property
related requirements
please contact:

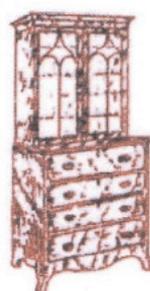
Ben Conquer
Associate Partner

Ripley Office
01483 211644

12 Local Offices:

Ripley, Cranleigh, Guildford, Burpham, Woking,
Godalming, Knaphill, Horsell, Worplesdon,
West Byfleet, Farnham & Addlestone

London, Mayfair Office: 0207 079 1554
www.seymours-estates.co.uk



J. HARTLEY ANTIQUES Ltd

Tel: 01483 224318

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

Mon-Fri 9-5.30 186 High Street, Ripley,
Sat 9.30-4 Surrey GU23 6BB.

Window - Conservatory - Solar Panel Cleaning
Sky Vac Gutter Vacuuming and Camera Surveys
Interior & Exterior Home Maintenance Services

Please Call For A Free Estimate

Ripley Care & Repair

Email: ripleycareandrepair@gmail.com or Call 07770 987177



RIPLEY FARM SHOP

Fruit & Vegetables

Meat - Fish - Dairy - Eggs

and much more

01483 225090

www.RIPLEYNURSERIES.co.uk

Open 7 Days
a week

A. LUFF & SONS LTD

Est. 1895