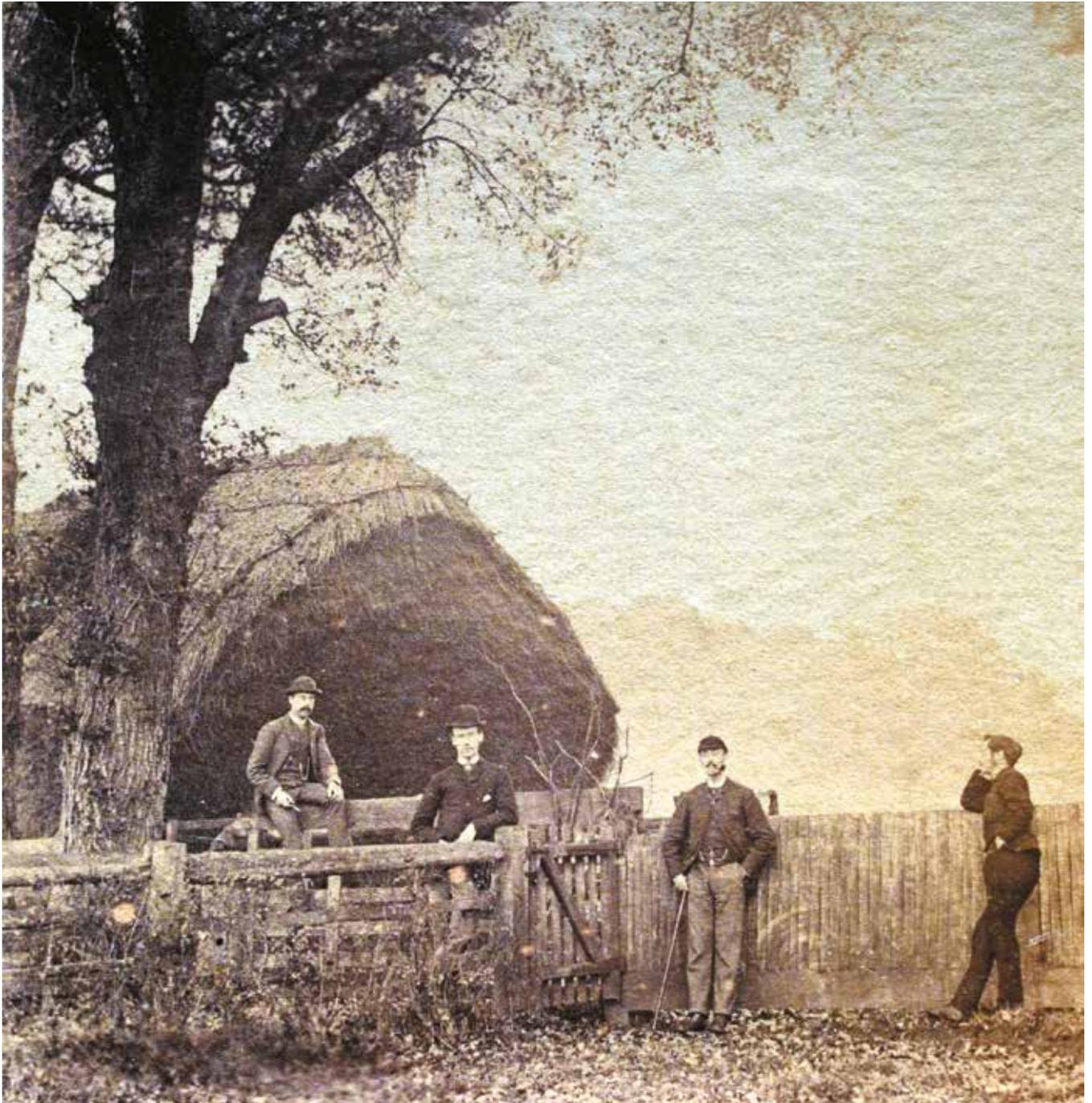


Send & Ripley History Society



**BEN TURNER
& SON**

Page

3

**40 YEARS
AGO**

Page

8

**CYCLING
SNIPPETS**

Page

16

**GHOSTS ALONG THE
WEY –PART 3**

Page

26

thomasfordandsons

beautiful kitchens and furniture for other rooms

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



"A comprehensive and highly professional tree service undertaken by dedicated personnel"

- Tree pruning
- Felling and stump grinding
- Hedge trimming
- Tree planting & aftercare
- Arboricultural Consultancy
- *Planning reports*
- *Tree Surveys*
- Oak Processionary Moth (OPM) Control

Please call us for a free quotation or advice on tree related issues.

Tel: 01483 210066

E-Mail: info@atstrees.co.uk



The Old Saddlery
Ripley GU23 6AN
01483 222212

24 hour Emergencies 07714 295844

8 Marshall Parade
Pyrford GU22 8SW
01932 800575

As a family owned and run group we love looking after the local pet community. We offer primary, specialist and 24-hour emergency and hospital care services.

Our services include free 2nd opinions, free health checks, affordable healthcare plans, free advice on choosing a pet and headstart for puppies and kittens - everything you need up to six months old including free, unlimited consultations, for just £139.

Please see our website for more details or pop in to meet our team. We'd love to see you!

www.welovevoo.com Facebook @voovetsripley @voovetspyrford
Instagram and Twitter @voovets

P. PESTLE & SONS LTD

ROOFING & BUILDING CONTRACTORS

A well established family run business with a wealth of experience and knowledge. Covering all roofing, building and hard landscape works.



Based in Guildford, Surrey

To get a FREE quote call:

07800 644028

info@pestleandsons.co.uk



Seymours

WE'RE NOT JUST YOUR ESTATE AGENT BUT ALSO YOUR NEIGHBOURS

Seymours Guildford is an independent local business, owned and run by the partners in the office. As local residents ourselves we're truly passionate about supporting our community and providing a highly personal service when it's your time to move.

Valuing In Your Area - Back Soon

We're just round the corner, so if you would like to understand the value of your home and current buyer demand, please call us to book a free market appraisal.



Ben Conquer
Director



Joe Leonard
Director

Ripley
01483 211644 sales@seymours-ripley.co.uk
seymours-estates.co.uk

BACK SOON

CONTACTS

Send & Ripley History Society
Established 1975 as
Send History Society
Registered Charity
No. 1174161

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: 07811 276386
E: cmb@aappl.com

Hon Secretary: Jenny Jackson
The Haven, Polesden Lane
Ripley GU23 6DX
T: 01483 222 980
E: jmj@jennyjackson.co.uk

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

Journal Editor:
Cameron Brown
T: 07811 276386
E: cmb@aappl.com

Art director and copy editor:
Ditz Brown

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

Web site management:
Chris Brown
Web site: www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk

Book sales: Angie Richardson
T: 07792 198363
E: srhistorysociety@gmail.com

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

Museum Archivist:
Phil Davie
T: 01483 223955
E: phil.davie@jpsd.plus.com

Journal Advertising:
Jez Haines
T: 07747 145946
E: srhistorysocietyadvertising@gmail.com

Cover image:
Crop of a photograph showing
H A Frank, Fred Venables, E
O Fountain and one unnamed
person in the garden of the
Talbot - November 1880.
Article on page 8.

CONTENTS | No. 298

Editorial <i>Cameron Brown</i>	2
Ben Turner & Son <i>Alan Cooper</i>	3
40 Years Ago <i>Cameron Brown</i>	8
Obituary – Anne Bowerman, 1934-2024 <i>Anita Fairbairn,</i> <i>Marc Bowerman</i>	12
Frank Brown <i>Clare McCann</i>	14
Obituary – John Bartlett, 1926-2024 <i>David Bartlett</i>	15
Cycling Snippets <i>Clare McCann</i>	16
Visit to High Clandon Estate Vineyard <i>Cameron Brown</i>	21
Where Is It? <i>Alan Cooper</i>	24
What Is It? <i>Alan Cooper</i>	25
Ghosts Along the Wey – A Rural Childhood in Send – Part III <i>Peter Grove</i>	26
Museum News and Forthcoming Events <i>Clare McCann</i>	30
SRHS Publications List	31



Seymours
Your Property Partner For Life

We are grateful to Seymours Estate Agents in Ripley for their generous contribution towards the production costs of the 2024 Journals

© Send & Ripley History Society and Contributors 2024

All rights reserved. No parts of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means or stored in any retrieval system of any nature without prior written permission except for permitted fair dealing under the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988 or in accordance with the terms of a licence issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency in respect of photocopying or/and reprographic reproduction. Applications for permission for other use of copyright material including permission to reproduce extracts in other published works should be made to the Editor. Full acknowledgement of author, publisher and source must be given.



sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk

EDITORIAL

CAMERON BROWN

I had forgotten how extreme the weather was in 2023. Last September I wrote 'June was the hottest on record and July the sixth wettest. August did not feel like summer at all whilst September brought a heatwave ... Britain baked in temperatures above 30°C for five consecutive days – a record for September.' However, in comparison, in this current year, according to the latest statistics from the Met Office, the UK has seen its coolest summer for nine years!

In September 2022, suffering from covid and feeling a little sorry for myself I wrote on the same subject: '... temperatures in the thirties, with Wisley once again registering the highest temperature in the country but we are conscious of how lucky we are to live in this rural setting, which sadly will not last much longer as work on the new junction of the M25/A3 starts soon and one of the first changes will be the massive new bridge to take vehicles to and from Wisley Lane via Elm Corner and the Ockham roundabout'. Two years on the bridge is running some nine months late.

I reported last month that the Wisley Action Group was raising funds for a last ditch attempt at a judicial review of the decision to approve the Wisley new town development with financial support from Pyrford parish council. That was of course incorrect – it's Ockham PC. Astonishingly it appears that Ripley PC has declined to give any further financial support, when Ripley will surely

be almost as badly affected as Ockham if this gigantic development goes ahead.

On a more positive note, in mid-August around sixty of us enjoyed another excellent barbeque in Desmond and Clare McCann's garden in Send. They both put in a great deal of time and effort to these (and many other) events and deserve our heartfelt gratitude. Thanks also to others who contributed, whether as barbeque cooks, providers of food, washers up and all who bought raffle tickets.

We had our first meeting in the new village hall recently and it seemed to work well, except that we somehow managed to lock out one late arrival who could not open the door nor attract our attention. We must try to get that sorted out for the next meeting.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at cmb@aappl.com by 15th October 2024.

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 20 MB in any one email

cmb@aappl.com



**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

BEN TURNER & SON

ALAN COOPER

When local entrepreneur Gordon

Stewart died on the 21st January 1952 his home, Send Manor and much of his locally-based estate was sold by auction on 30th June 1953 at the Lion Hotel, Guildford. Where once exotic birds wowed passers-by along Send Marsh Road a row of bungalows was constructed and the buildings where champion Great Danes were bred, safety-first films made and poultry raised on an industrial scale soon fell into disrepair and quickly disappeared for good. It was upon a parcel of land here, sold in 1954 by HO Harper, that Ben Turner & Son (Tractors) Ltd was formed. This is their story.

HENRY TURNER (1855-1931)

Henry Edward Turner, born in 1855 in Newhaven, Sussex, moved to Dorking in 1876 along with his cousin, Walter Stone and together they took on the Iron Foundry in West Street.

This had started life as a blacksmith's forge in the 1820s, run by the Bartlett family and over the next 30 years it developed into a brass and iron foundry producing tools, agricultural equipment, street furniture and decorative goods and employed 17 men.

Following the takeover, it became known as Stone & Turner and also had a retail outlet at 98, Dorking High Street, which was managed by Walter Stone.



Send Manor, Home to entrepreneur Gordon Stewart

Henry and wife Alice had six children, five boys and a girl, Ben being the youngest. As a governor of Dorking High School, Henry probably held great aspirations for his youngest son to become a scholar, especially as the first five children had not. Sadly, Ben took after his siblings and ended up being apprenticed at the family foundry. This involved office work, training in the blacksmith's shop, the foundry, the machine shop, the fitting shop and out in the field on repairs. Hours were brutal, 6am to 6pm plus overtime when necessary; the basic weekly wage was 2/6d.^[1]

BEN TURNER (1900-1973)

Autumn 1917 saw Ben follow his brothers into the maelstrom of WWI where he joined the Royal Flying Corps. The war had greatly depleted Stone & Turner's workforce and Henry's ill health, coupled with none of his elder sons being willing to take over, left him with no option but to sell the business. Henry Turner died on 30th May 1931 and was buried on 2nd June 1931 at St Martin's Church, Dorking.



The West Street foundry gates, about 1925



The foundry site in the 1970s



Ben Turner and wife Lottie

Once demobilised, the still teenaged Ben found himself out of work and throughout the 1920s and '30s took employment firstly as a sales representative in Birmingham, quickly followed by a similar role in Lewes, Sussex. This lasted three years and was followed by ten years of the same, only this time in Surrey. It was during this period that Ben met Lottie – Charlotte Booker – marrying her in 1926 and the following year their son Francis was born. Francis E Turner was, however, known to everyone as Jim! ^[2]

During 1933, the then proprietor of what was Stone & Turner and now operating as W L Bodman Ltd, died. Ben was given the opportunity to buy back the business and with much help from his mother, did so. ^[3]

The company was then built up and when WWII started found itself in great demand, operating 24 hours a day, employing 60 people, including 13 women. During the war years the foundry produced over 4000 machine tools, 1800 tons of iron castings and 300,000 screw bomb nose adaptors. ^[4]

During 1943 son Jim began his apprenticeship at the foundry and the business continued to prosper. Further premises were acquired in Ansell Road, Dorking and by 1950 Jim had taken over the management of the works.

Come 1954, further expansion was deemed necessary and Jim Turner discovered a site in Send Marsh owned by HO Harper (Tractors) Ltd of Guildford and operating a franchise specialising in Harry Ferguson products. The site and franchise were purchased and soon began trading as Ben Turner & Son (Tractors) Ltd. The Turners boasted that the reputation of their family-run business was built solidly on customer service and with this philosophy in mind immediately set about introducing service vans to conduct customer site visits. ^[5]

In 1956 Massey Harris and Ferguson merged to become Massey-Ferguson and immediately the Turners' tractor range expanded significantly. In the two years that followed, many changes took place. The dairy and sundry business in Dorking had become so specialised that a separate company named Farm Supplies (Dorking) Ltd was formed and the Ansell Road works in Dorking became a depot for the main machinery business in Send Marsh.



The 4500 sq ft pre-cast concrete building was erected in early 1957 next to the original wooden building first used by the Turners. The stores were enlarged in what had been the original workshop. The following year saw the acquisition of an adjacent acre and a half plot to be used initially for stocking machines for the Dorking business but in 1959 it would house another pre-cast concrete building of 9,000 sq ft on the other side of the original building. In 1960 another workshop of 2,700 sq ft for industrial service machinery was added followed by the acquisition of a further acre of adjoining land. Note the range of equipment available^[6]



Another view of the pre-cast concrete building with an impressive line-up of Massey Ferguson tractors along the entrance road



Caption: Directors and staff of Ben Turner & Son (Ltd) March 1955. Back row, l-r: E Hodge, Peter Stevens, DT Davis. Front row, l-r: Joe Andrews, Mrs J Turner, Jim Turner, Ben Turner, Diana Goddard, Ken Eve

It was 1958 and Ben was preparing to retire, but not until December 1963. He died at his Dorking home on 31st May, 1973.

JIM TURNER (1927-1998)

As with many businesses, expansion follows advances in technology and by 1959 Jim was acting as distributor for Massey Ferguson's new range of industrial equipment over the majority of southern England. At this time it was becoming popular to hire new equipment on a contract rental basis and in 1960, when 25% of new tractors provided by the Send Marsh depot were sold in this manner, Jim started Hiretrac Ltd. This was an ingenious

idea whereby the farmer would have a current machine, regularly serviced but with no capital outlay. In turn, Jim had a regular supply of good quality used tractors for the second-hand market and in addition was able to sell refurbished equipment overseas.^[7]

The business grew and grew and in 1967 went public as Ben Turner & Son (Holdings) Ltd. In 1969 they acquired Holloway, Hinson & Co and Walter A Woods – both Massey Ferguson distributors based in Sussex.^[8] Jim Turner decided to retire, and the business was taken over by John Wakeham, the company's former accountant who succeeded Ben as chairman and Jim as managing director. Both Turners remained as non-executive directors and maintained the family's majority shareholding. Following retirement, Jim spent much of his time globe-trotting whilst



Jim Turner

simultaneously looking for business opportunities. He met his second wife in Hawaii and together they made their home in the British Virgin Islands where he died on 2nd January 1998.

JOHN WAKEHAM

Under Wakeham's leadership 1970 saw the formation of Send Marsh Engineering, operating as a specialist engineering company and the incorporation of both Ben Turner & Son (Overseas) and Ben Turner & Son (Helicopters). The following year they acquired local business Power Diesels and in 1972 Lenfield Engineering.

THE FINAL DAYS

The last 20 years were confusing times indeed. The business was sold to holding company New Ship Group and reached its zenith under Simon Snow. He was managing director from 1981 to 1985 but was brought back in the 1990s from other areas within the holding company to attempt to save the by now ailing company. This was all in vain.

The agricultural division at Send Marsh had disappeared in the late 1980s and a combination of massive rent increases at its Maidstone premises and intense pressure to maintain its remaining franchises from Japanese multinational corporation Komatsu failed. New Ship Group mothballed the company in the hope market conditions would improve but to date this has not happened.



The adjacent British Poultry Development Demonstration Farm at feeding time

The various buildings at the Send Marsh site continued to be leased by a variety of incoming businesses until 1998 when much of the site was sold to Developer Alfred McAlpine Homes who built a small estate of 36 detached properties, named Danesfield in homage to Gordon Stewart. The 36 properties were numbered 1-37 – no number 13!



The Danes' exercise paddocks with the poultry farm building in the background

In March 1998, SRHS's then chairman, the late Les Bowerman who bought Send Manor in 1977 photographed the remains of the few surviving buildings along with

the author Robert Heal, whose book about the life and loves of Gorden Stewart was published in 2001. This was the final opportunity for photography as simultaneously the site was being levelled and ground works completed for the housing development now known as Danesfield.

It is hard to believe that the dilapidated bird loft once photographed in the early 1930s with Gracie Fields surrounded by six Great Danes should look so sorry for itself some 60+ years later. ^[9]

^[1] *Surrey NFU Journal* February 1965

^[2] *Surrey NFU Journal* March 1965

^[3] Dorking Museum & Heritage Centre

^[4] *A Dorking Foundry Scrapbook* by Julian Womersley

^[5] *The Southern Farmer* March 1955

^[6] *Surrey Advertiser and County Times* Saturday 16th November 1963

^[7] *The Central Southern Farmer* July 1973

^[8] *Financial Times* late 1969

^[9] *The Danes of Send Manor* by Robert Heal

Photos of the West Street foundry gates, about 1925 and the foundry site in the 1970s reproduced here with the permission of Dorking Museum & Heritage Centre to whom we extend our grateful thanks.

As a note of interest: Dorking Museum opened in 1976 in a building that had once been part of the foundry. To house its extensive archive collection, another ex-foundry building was leased, and the extended museum opened in 1983.

Ben Turner (Send) photos c/o Wendy Soden collection

Send Manor, bird loft, poultry feeding and exercise paddock photos c/o Les Bowerman collection

The British Poultry Development building photo c/o Audrey Smithers collection

For anyone interested in the in-depth history of the Dorking Foundry, an excellent book *A Dorking Foundry Scrapbook* by Julian Womersley is available to purchase from the Dorking Museum & Heritage Centre or on-line at <https://dorkingmuseum.org.uk>



The adjacent British Poultry Development Demonstration Farm



The dilapidated bird loft

Swimming	Snorkelling	Scuba Diving
----------	-------------	--------------



**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**

40 YEARS AGO

CAMERON BROWN

One of Ripley's buildings guaranteed to interest visitors joining our guided walks is the Talbot. This article, entitled *The Talbot Hotel, Ripley*, was written by the late Les Bowerman in Newsletter 54 of February 1984 and is one of many which can be found in our past newsletters and journals on our website.

The village of Ripley grew up around a small crossroads on the ancient road from Kingston to Guildford after the monastic building of the church in about 1160 and the founding of Newark Priory



Detail of a painting by John Hassel which shows a Talbot on the sign - dated 1823 (public domain)



Old painting of a Talbot (public domain)

just before 1200. The village thus catered principally for travellers and visitors to the Priory. One of the earliest inns was the Talbot, which was already well established by the time the name appears in the manorial court roll of 1580. Although the priory had been dissolved 41 years before that, it is probable that the original Talbot started during the monastic period. It is believed that it may be mentioned in a document of 1453 which the Society has not yet traced.

The hotel name is most likely heraldic in origin, coming from one of the 15th-16th century Earls of Shrewsbury, whose family name was Talbot and who were prominent in Tudor times.

A talbot is a liver-and-white spotted hunting dog taking its name from the family, which doubtless bred and popularised the breed. There are occasional references to the Talbot as 'The Dog', notably in a catalogue of licensed premises in Surrey in 1636 when the landlady was one Anne Stanton.

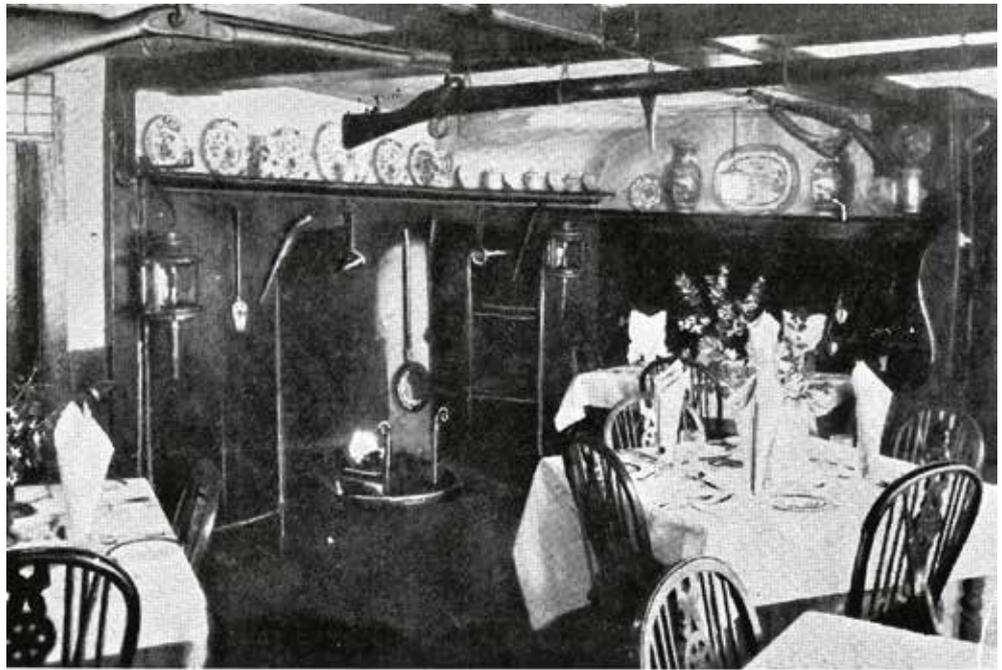
The Talbot is on the south side of Ripley High Street, towards the east or London end. It has an imposing Georgian brick façade with an off-centre coach arch. The earliest part of the present building was found to be on the west or Guildford side of the arch. This timber-framed build extends the whole depth of the hotel and consists of a 20' x 20' front section with a ridge parallel to the road and is represented by the main lounge at ground floor level (behind the first two sets of windows to the west or right of the arch), together with a very long contemporary crosswing behind it and basically the same width, but 60' deep. The roof is in oak (some of

it re-used) and has butted side purlins not-in-line, typical of the 17th century. It follows that there was an earlier building than the present one, probably on the same site.

The two sections of the early part of the hotel form a long rectangle stretching back from the road and may have simply covered the whole of the original plot. It is also possible that the front section may have originally extended further either way. The early parts are basically of two storeys, plus an attic between tie beam and collar. What appear at the front to be second floor windows are dormers with a ridge board, built out later and incorporated into the facade. Rainwater from the front is taken out by way of a lead-lined gully through the roof to the back.

What has been referred to above as the crosswing is interesting in that the builders gave it from the start attic windows on the long west side, not by adding expensive dormers, but by simply reducing the width of the building on that side, so that instead of the wallplates being at the ends of the tie beams, they come at the ends of the collars and take the place of the purlins, resulting in the eaves on that side being higher.

Originally this high west wall was tile-hung (the battens are still there as are the upper windows). Before the 25" Ordnance Survey Map of 1870/71 a ground floor extension was built on the west wall for the kitchens and roofed by the simple expedient of extending the roof from second floor eaves level right across to cover the extension with a cat slide. Doubtless the tiles which were previously hung on the wall were used to cover this cat slide. This method of roofing resulted in an enormous



Old Chimney Corner.

The Olde Talbot Hotel, Ripley, Surrey.



'The old chimney corner' on an old postcard and a painting by Cecil Aldin (SRHS / public domain)



Contemporary photograph of the bar in the oldest part of the Talbot (public domain)



The New Times coach that travelled from Piccadilly to Guildford in the 1860s

void above the kitchen and the loss of the first and second floor windows on the west side.

At or not long after the time of the main build, the front of the building was extended westwards beyond the main chimney. The second front lounge (behind the third to fifth sets of windows) represents this build.

The passing of a Turnpike Act in 1749 to finance repairs to the road from Kingston to Petersfield led to great improvements in the road surface, resulting in fast stage coach traffic and doubtless increased trade and prosperity. Prior to that, a day was required to travel from Guildford to London, as noted in the *County History* of Manning & Bray. Certainly by 1769 the Talbot was a post office (not in the modern sense)^[1] and staging post. The charge at the Talbot for a fresh pair of horses to take the traveller to Kingston and back was 13/6d in 1763. Faded lettering relating to this type of use can still be discerned at the corner of the hotel on the Guildford side. It must have been about this time that the range of buildings on the London side of the arch was added and the facade built. They are shown on an Onslow Estate Map of 1777,

but the present banqueting hall appears to be a rebuild subsequent to the 25" Ordnance Survey of 1870/71.

Gough's map of 1360 shows that this was then a (if not the) main road from London to Winchester and the West Country, but it was probably during Tudor times that it developed as the trunk road to Portsmouth as Henry VIII built up the Royal Navy and he doubtless travelled through; we know for a fact that Samuel Pepys passed this way, as his diary for 1688 records him hiring one guide at Cobham and another to take him over Hindhead.

Nelson likewise may have passed through Ripley, but no evidence has yet emerged to confirm the long-held belief

that he would meet Lady Hamilton in the Talbot. Other well-known or notorious characters are said to have stopped at the hotel but the Society prefers not to give credence to this in the absence of evidence. The census returns of 1851 and 1861 shows that the then landlord, George Metcalfe, combined his duties as an innkeeper with farming. In 1851 he had 300 acres but only one boarder, a lady fund-holder from Norfolk. In 1861 he was down to 250 acres but had 12 visitors; these included two East India merchants, Richard Cook-Coles & Frederic Hisbit-Lake, a ship broker, a foreign banker and four domestic servants.

The completion of the railway to Portsmouth in 1845 spelled the end of the coach trade. Indeed AJ Munby, the Victorian diarist, records that 'It was down from 27 coaches a day through Cobham at its peak in the 1830s to one carter per week from London to Ripley in the 1860s. Munby himself stayed at the Talbot in 1863 and described it as 'a fine old coaching inn of forty years ago, still vigorous and reputable, though the road is deserted'. G C Harper, in the 1895 edition of his book, *The Portsmouth Road*, wrote 'A few years ago ... the Talbot was closed and given over to solitude and mice'. Trade picked up with the development of the high bicycle in the 1870s and wheelmen came to Ripley in unbelievable numbers. The Talbot, the Anchor and the nearby Hautboy & Fiddle (as it then was) at Ockham all seemed equally popular at that time and one writer in 1879 recorded in *Bicycling News* that Ripley could not accommodate him in Whit week, being full of 'London men'.

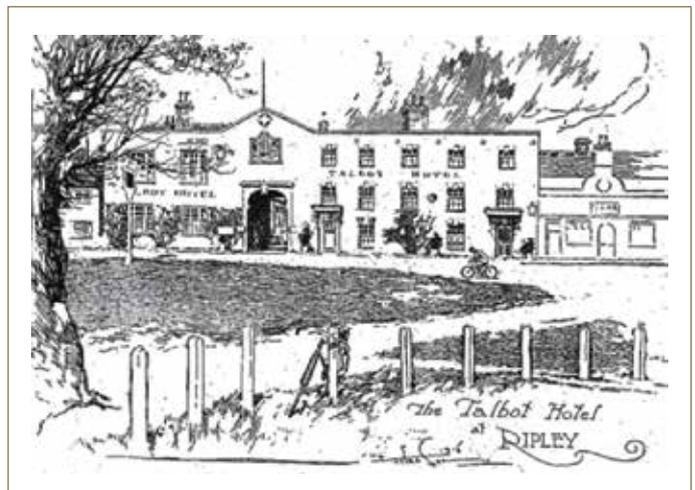
The Talbot was the country HQ of the Civil Service Cycling Club at one stage. Following the cyclists from about the turn of the century, motorists helped to maintain the business, although a *Return of Surrey Licensed Houses* for 1904, filed in County Record Office, records that the Talbot still had stabling for 25 horses, more than any other premises in the area, but only ten bedrooms. The Talbot has been a subject for artists, and among those who have depicted it are Cecil Aldin and Frank Patterson, the cycling artist.

^[1] Post office or, more usually post house: a house or inn where horses were kept and could be rented or changed. Postriders could also be hired to take travellers by carriage or coach and deliver mail and packages along the route

Unless otherwise stated all photographs c/o SRHS collection



The sign to the left of the arch is interesting as it states the following: Special Accomodation for Lady cyclists – Motors – Large Dining Rooms - Luncheons Hot or Cold Teas



Drawing of the Talbot Hotel by Frank Patterson (1871-1952)



Contemporary photograph of the Talbot

OBITUARY – ANNE BOWERMAN, 1934-2024

ANITA FAIRBAIRN, MARC BOWERMAN

Shirley Antoinette Reeve was born in the maternity hospital in Oriental Road, Woking, on 22nd September 1934, first child of Gwen and Fred Reeve, a housewife and a mechanical engineer. Calling herself Anne rather than her given name she preferred to play outside, climbing trees and getting in to scrapes - she was a self-proclaimed tomboy. On one occasion, when her sister was still quite small, she dangled her out of the bathroom window on a skipping rope and on another, when a bully tried to steal a handbag from her sister, Anne gave him swift justice, with the bully ending up on the ground and Anne sitting on top of him until the policeman arrived.

She attended what was possibly the last surviving Dame school ^[1] where she had to write on slate, perform drill and learn scripture. After passing the 11 plus exams, she attended Woking Grammar School for Girls, where she excelled. When she sat an IQ test, the teacher was astounded that this girl from a working-class background actually had a higher IQ than she (the teacher) did. She achieved three A-levels, including English and French, which fostered a life-long love of reading, an appreciation of the arts and a love of France.

As a teenager Anne developed a passion for cycling. In



the early 1950s, she joined the Charlotteville Cycling Club in Guildford. Anne had a navy blue fixed-wheel racing bike and she held the women's club record for 10, 50 and 100 miles. It was here that she met Les Bowerman, also a keen racing cyclist; they were married in 1956 and moved to a bungalow in Jacobs Well, where they had two children, Anita Joy, and Marc Leslie. They also fostered a little boy until he was reunited with his birth mother. After this they had two further children,



Juliet Patricia and – shortly after moving to Orchard Way, Send, Guy Frederick.

While working as a shorthand typist, Anne had attended evening school to learn cordon bleu cookery as well as cake decorating and after the birth of her fourth child trained to be a school teacher, teaching English and home economics. She took no nonsense from the students.

On one occasion a boy at the back of the classroom had been disrupting the lesson and Anne warned him, “You’d better not mess with me, I have a black belt in judo.” The lad walked up to the front, where he tried to threaten her. She had apparently been paying attention when she used to sit waiting in Guy’s judo classes, as she quickly used the *tai otoshi* manoeuvre to throw him over her foot on to the floor. The class fell silent and Mrs Bowerman’s reputation was established.

Anne was a keen Girl Guider and led the 1st Send St Mary’s Girl Guide unit, organising amongst other events, Guide and Scout camps, where she would cater for thirty or so campers over a wood fire in the open, using an axe to chop frozen chicken and boiling up huge

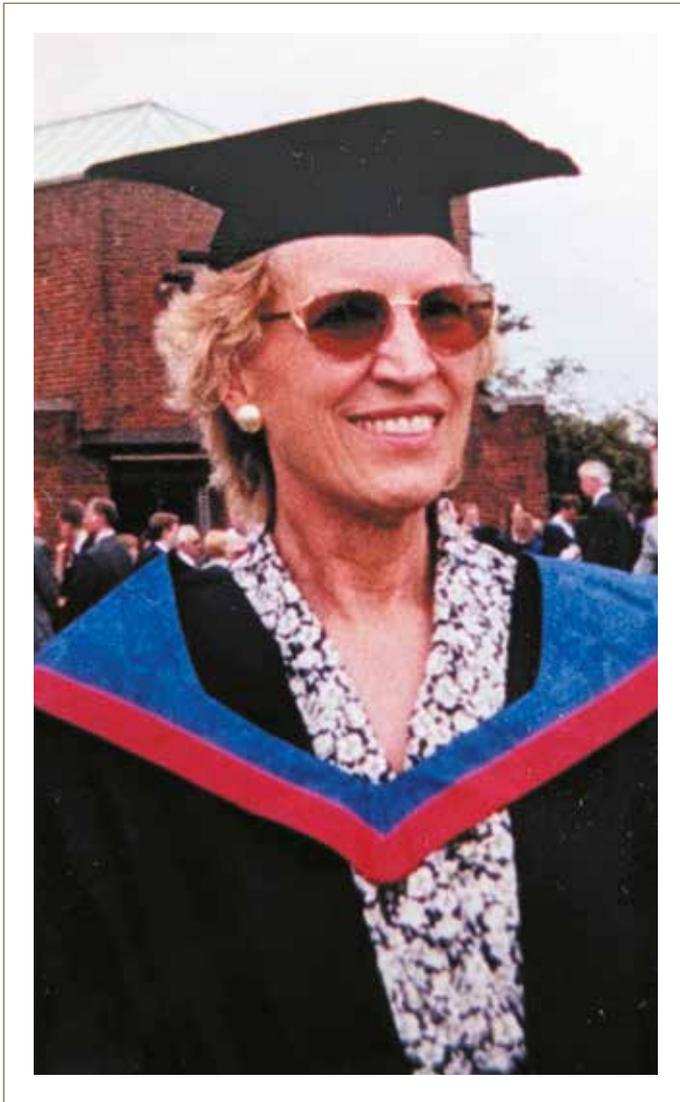
vats of hot chocolate in the evening.

She involved herself in a wide range of volunteering activities ranging from singing for the elderly and running the Woking branch of Arthritis Care to collecting money for the Ethiopian famine and sponsoring a Vietnamese orphan girl at the Ockenden Venture in Haselmere.

In 1975 Anne and Les became founder members of the Send & Ripley History Society, Les becoming chairman and

both continuing as active members for the rest of their lives. Their shared enthusiasm for history and for cycling developed in to a passion for veteran bicycles and they could often be seen together dressed in full Edwardian costume, displaying items from the collection with fellow members of the Veteran Cycle Club, with whom they attended numerous camps and conferences around the world.





In 1978 the family moved to their house in Send Marsh, where Anne continued to work full time as a secondary school teacher, teaching home economics in a number of different schools and later specialised in teaching dyslexic pupils.

From the 1990s she and Les would regularly travel to France, to spend time in the idyllic country house which they bought in rural Brittany and in retirement they would spend a week out of every month there. At the same time Anne's passion for education led her to complete a degree in history of art.

Into their eighties she and Les continued to enjoy going for regular cycle rides on their tandem.

Anne is survived by her sister Thelma, her four children, nine grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

^[1] Dame schools were small private schools run by women, usually in their own homes which enabled working-class girls, for a modest fee, to gain basic skills in the four Rs and some household tasks. They started in the 17th century and very few survived the introduction of the Education Acts of 1870 and later

FRANK BROWN

CLARE McCANN



For those of you who have not heard, we have to pass on the sad news of the death of Frank Brown, who has featured both in the journals and at the museum. I have had some lovely emails from his widow Jean who said "Life will never be the same again now that the sun has gone down." I had hoped to go to Bute to visit him but at least all who got involved with the exhibition, the film and the catalogue can be happy in the knowledge that we 'made an old man very happy'. Please note we still have catalogues for sale in the museum and if you have not already done so, please watch the film, 'Frank Brown, Journeyman Painter' either via You Tube or the link on our website.

OBITUARY – JOHN BARTLETT, 1926-2024

DAVID BARTLETT

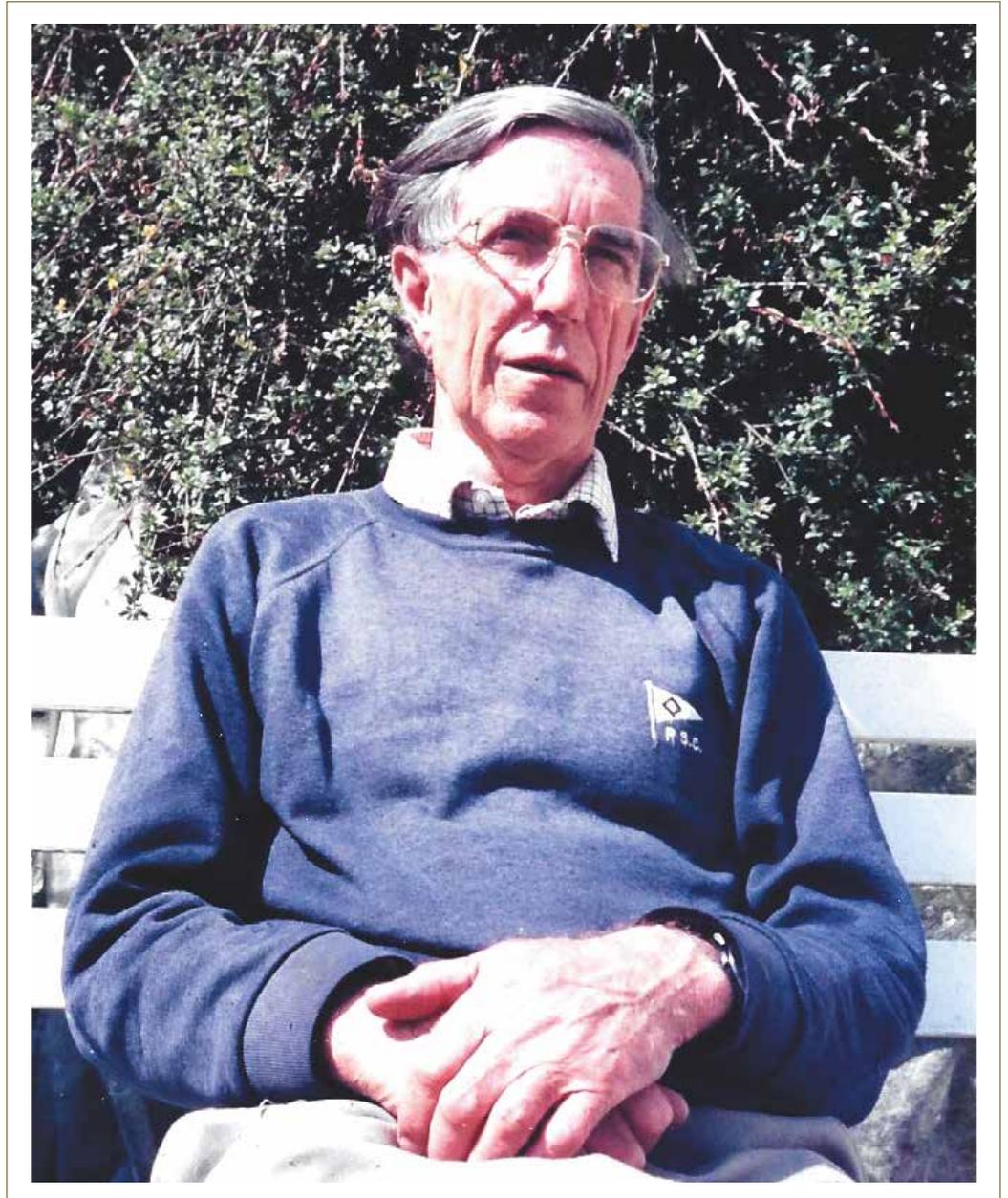
John who was a long-standing member of the society died on 25th July.

He was born on 23rd March 1926 in Chelsea. After their house was bombed the family moved temporarily to Elie, Fife, then to Wimbledon where many of their relations were. His collection of mementos includes a sample of burnt wallpaper that had drifted from the blitz in the East End!

John was called up late in the war and trained as a radar mechanic and plotter. Following the war he qualified as an architect at University College, London, where he was also an active dinghy racer. He subsequently worked in commercial architecture and eventually for London Transport where he was an architect involved with the Victoria Line, Heathrow extension, and Jubilee lines.

In 1954 he married Jane and they had a son, David. On retirement John and Jane moved to Little Ripley House, Ripley. They were already sailing at Papercourt, having winter sailed when Staines sailing club had to leave the Thames and he became more involved, eventually becoming Commodore.

Both were founder members of Good Neighbours, and quickly became involved in the History Society. John used his architectural and artistic skills to help with research



and plans of the historic buildings of Ripley and assisting Jane with the Society's publications of *Looking Back* and the original versions of *Pubs* and *Send and Ripley Walks*.

John was an active sketcher and painter and they would travel much of the country, combining bird watching and art work. Until last month John was entertaining his carers with tales of the past, the history of Ripley and analysing the Society's journal.

CYCLING SNIPPETS

CLARE McCANN

Our current exhibition on cycling has led to some interesting correspondence and new (to us) photographs and paintings.

VETERAN CYCLE CLUB

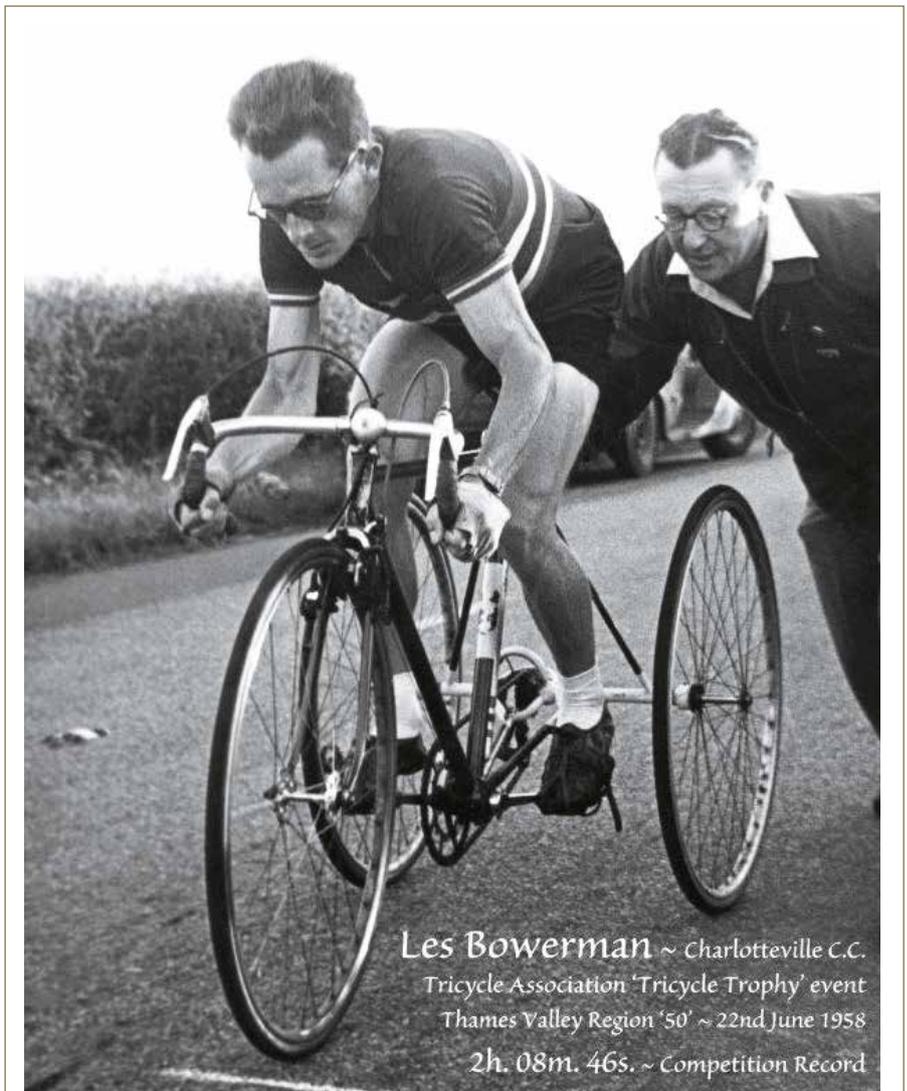
Whilst the exhibition was being put together we were given a photograph of a man on a racing tricycle by Helen Shelley of the Veteran Cycle Club (VCC). The photo did not include the text shown on the version we subsequently received and which is shown here. It is, of course, the late Les Bowerman setting out on what was to become a record-breaking ride.

BRIAN BENT

Brian Bent, now in his late eighties but also a member of the VCC and, along with Les, a former member of the Charlottville Cycle Club, gave us a copy of the obituary of Les from the *TA Gazette* from August 2020 which, over three pages, recounts many of Les's cycling achievements and describes in great technical detail the various bicycles and tricycles he rode. We have a copy in the museum, in case any of our readers is sufficiently knowledgeable to appreciate (or even understand) it.

The obituary describes the event at which this photo was taken and Les's triumph on that day in 1958:

'The Tricycle Trophy event was run by the Thames Valley Region ^[1]: the '50' on 22nd June on the Bath Road course. The morning was clear and fresh with a slightly rising S W breeze, all promising good times on the 'H35'.



Les Bowerman, winner of the Tricycle Trophy event in 1958

'Sticky' Johnson, Colchester Rovers C C, had ridden the course earlier in the year and finished with 2h 13m just missing George Clayton's 2h 12m 33s record. 'Sticky' started 4 minutes in front of Les, and indeed raced to a new competition record of 2h 11m 07s. About 11/2 minutes later Les freewheeled over the line, having unshipped his chain in a final sprint, to take the laurels, and record, with 2h 08m 46s, the first time a tricycle had been inside 2h 10m. His average speed was just slightly faster than the then 25 miles record average speed.'

The '40 Years Ago' feature in J296 was an article by

Les Bowerman about cycle racing on local roads and its demise following the building of the Ripley bypass (the current A3). He wrote:

‘On Saturday, 19th July 1879 the Belgrave Bicycle Club held a 10-mile handicap race from the 15th milestone at Ditton to the 25th beyond Ripley (ie at Burpham), starting at 6.30 pm. On 19th September the same year the Kensington Club held their 10-mile handicap from the Angel at Thames Ditton to the Anchor in Ripley, the first instance known to the writer of a ‘between the houses’ race.’

Mr Brent, it transpired, is not only a keen cyclist but also an accomplished painter and some of his work, not unsurprisingly, features Ripley. Coincidentally, it was these ‘between the houses’ races which had prompted him to paint the two pictures featured. Brian commented: “These sketches (hand-coloured prints 10x 17cm) were inspired by the cycling artist Frank Patterson ^[2], the idea was to do a modern version, which I did four years ago.”



Top: An early photograph of the Anchor in Ripley, taken in 1896

Bottom: Brian Brent’s hand-coloured sketch showing contemporary cyclists in the same location

Another of Brian’s paintings, though perhaps not of local interest, does demonstrate his love of cycling and his artistic skill. He writes: “I have a painting in the museum in March, Cambridgeshire, of the old March Wheelers. That’s me, dark red shirt towards the top. After my working life as a commercial artist, it was some time before I got sketching and painting; cycling restarted 30 years ago. I now live in Hampton Hill, a member of the Molesey Art Society and Ripley section of the VCC, though I have only had one ride with them (at 88 it’s not that easy on my 1950 Carlton). I’m also a member of the



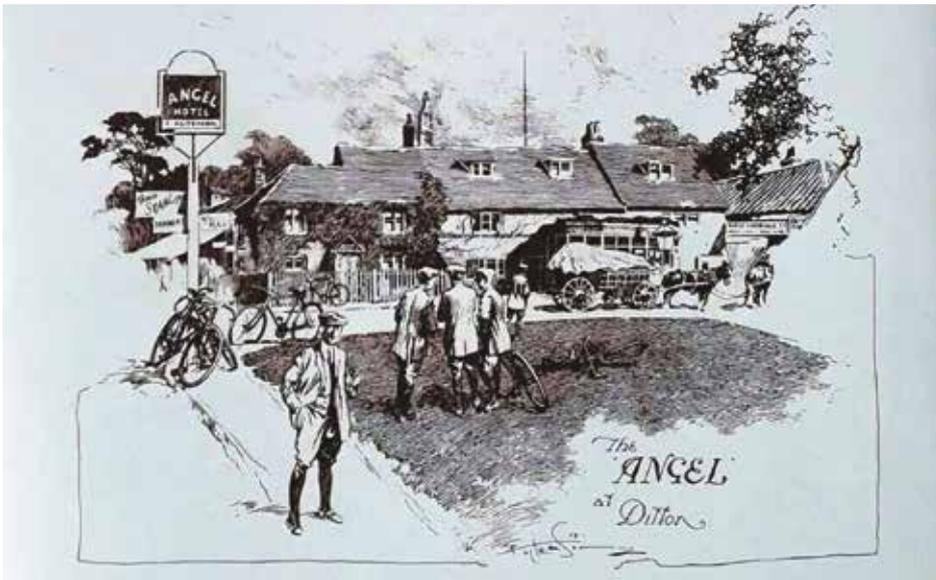
CTC SW London Cycle Club who often have groups visiting Ripley and Send for lunch stops.”

JOHN PURSER

That 40 Years Ago article in J296 mentioned above also elicited reminiscences from member John Purser:

‘The Ripley ‘G10’ as it was known in the ‘secret venue’ regime of time trials of the 1950s and 60s was not that fast a course. Slight upslope to start with from the lane beside the Hut at Wisley, out to Guildford, over towards Mayford, retrace (I think in those days we U-turned in the road) and then back to finish at the top of the slope and left into Redhill Road. It wasn’t a billiard table course by any means. I actually organised an event on it when I was about 14 - that was a Tricycle Association (London South Region) promotion.

The infrastructure was well established for running these events. As the 1960s became the ‘70s car ownership increased so much, making it just that bit more hazardous. Nowadays, the rigour of organising time trials includes risk assessments and a lot more and few are willing to take personal responsibility. That section of cycle sport has declined hugely. It’s the same for massed start racing - too much work and responsibility to organise. Meanwhile those in alpaca jackets and black tights, trying to look inconspicuous, have been replaced by groups going for a ride on Sunday



Top: An early photograph of the Angel at Thames Ditton Middle: Cyclists outside the Angel at Thames Ditton by Frank Patterson (public domain) Bottom: Brian Brent’s hand-coloured sketch of contemporary cyclists outside the Angel at Thames Ditton

– MAMILs⁽³⁾ as well as younger (and female) riders.

Send also has a place in cycling history. The inaugural run of the Tricycle Association started from Hyde Park and went along the Portsmouth Road to Ripley, where lunch for the 25 or so participants had been booked at the Anchor. Except when they got to the Anchor, they weren't expecting them!

Some quick application of local knowledge by one of the riders (good heavens, he may have had some change to make a phone call!) saw them ride over to the New Inn, beside the River Wey in Send, who provided the necessary fuel for the return journey.'

BICYCLING NEWS

The contribution on the following page was a copy of a page from *Bicycling News*, 19th January 1889, featuring this poem by 'Haggard Rider', courtesy the Herbert Art Gallery & Museum, Coventry.

^[1] Thames Valley Region of the Tricycle Association, which was apparently founded in Send in 1928

^[2] Frank Patterson (12th October 1871 – 17th July 1952)



Race Start by Brian Bent

was an English illustrator best remembered for his pen and ink drawings of cycling in the first half of the 20th century. His connection with *Cycling Weekly* magazine began in 1893 and continued until his death eventually serving under six editors. For this magazine and from 1925 for *The Gazette*, the Cyclists' Touring Club magazine, he produced over 26,000 drawings

^[3] MAMIL – middle aged man in lycra

Unless otherwise stated all photographs c/o SRHS collection

Query 6. In the event of your winning a championship would you care whether the prize was presented or not?

Says Hinchcliffe: "If I were only good enough to win a championship, beating good men, no matter what time it took, I should not care a continental whether I got the prize or not. The placing would be great enough honour for me."

Finally, Mr. Hinchcliffe, who is in touch with a wide circle of riders, says:

"In my opinion it is simply idiotic to start fooling with the championships in this way. Experiment in a few scratch races if you like, but a championship is far too important to be meddled with. It is simply to settle who is the best man in the country at a certain distance, and I take it the man first past the post is the winner, no matter what fair means he used to obtain that end. Of course, personally, I would like to do very fast time in a race, but when a man knows he is throwing away every chance of winning by making the pace, where does the fun come in?"

Finally we come to J. R. Hamilton, the first of our selection to give a dubious answer to question 1—Will a time limit cause the cracks to hurry?

Says Hamilton: "Perhaps a little"; but he shows that he misunderstood our query, which applied solely to first-class company, by his answer to query 5—In your experience has waiting or going all the way proved most successful? He says:

"Waiting usually, sometimes going; but never in first-class company."

Hamilton's replies to queries 2, 3, and 4 are No, No, and No, decidedly. To No. 6 his answer is that "if he was in good company he would not care about the prize, if withheld, and would value the honour of first place above the trophy."

"THE ANCHOR," RIPLEY, IN WINTER.

Adapted from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Haggard Rider.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be;
And half effaced by rain and shine
An "Anchor's" pictured on the sign.

Built in Conqueror William's day,
When men lived in a different way
With simpler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
In places fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
For there no noisy railway speeds
Its torch-race, scattering smoke and gleeds.
Across the road there you may see,
" Alf. Dibble—shave here—price two D."
Through the inn doors the breezes blow,
And Annie's fowls strut to and fro.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their glance of death,
And through the ancient elms o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.
But from the parlour of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The firelight, shedding over all
The splendour of its ruddy glow,
Filled the small parlour, snug and low.

TO CYCLISTS.—If you have any cups or medals that require engraving HAYES & SON have every facility for doing them on the premises insuring accuracy, safety, and punctuality.—Vicar Lane, Coventry.—(ADVT.)

The Walker Watch, 8s. 9d.

It gleamed on wainscot and on wall;
It touched with more than wonted grace
The cheerful Harriet's lovely face;
And painted with a livelier red
Sweet Annie's fair and comely head.
Before the blazing fire of wood
The tall and genial Alfred stood;
Around the fireside, at their ease,
There sat a group of friends entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down
To rest beneath its old oak trees.
The firelight on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced;
Some were mashers, and some were not,
Who never donned a "chimney-pot,"
But though of different clubs and speech
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
But why say more? I'll tell no creams,
Go and see for yourselves, you shams!

BICYCLING IN AND AROUND ROCHDALE.

Levi Earnshaw writes:—"Since the appearance of my last article, which was principally directed against the rear-driver type of machine, the admissions to hand by local and well-known bicyclists are simply marvellous as to their better adaptability and general all-round usefulness for the requirements of this, I may say, hilly and mountainous district. In fact, it is ample evidence when I have the *bonâ fides* for vouching for the fact that Mr. Joseph Gillott, tobacconist, Oldham Road, Mr. Wright Wilson, Vavasour Hotel, Vavasour Street, Mr. Wm. Greenwood, bicycle agent, Manchester Road, Mr. Radcliffe, and many others, all of Rochdale, have entirely all discarded their ordinaries and, so to say, permanently taken to and encouraged safety bicycling.

"Last season Mr. Gillott, according to his own testimony, only went out once or twice upon his ordinary, but now, since he sold it and has acquired a safety, he may almost any day be seen wending backwards and forwards to business upon it, and participating in the Rochdale Cycling Club's runs, of which body he has been chosen captain.

"Last season it was generally admitted that bicycling in this locality was considerably on the wane, and was evidently receiving its quietus; but, thanks to the new innovation, these ideas and calculations were doomed to receive an early nip in the bud. Anyone not an entire stranger to observation must readily see, and admit, that bicycling has indeed a very bright and upward tendency, and will undoubtedly in the near future take and have that permanent hold (let alone fascination, which it undeniably now possesses) upon public favour which all right good loving sportsmen and others deem it a genuine and desirable pleasure and pastime to acquire. Who that has a soul to aspire would still like to be confined to a limited radius to enable him to gratify his whim of what is called sport in the way of cricket, lawn-tennis, football, and other equally-pleasant games, when he could for a little, and I might say not much more expensive, outlay acquire one of these beautiful little creatures, whereon he could bosh while away the pleasant hour, visit the country's hedgerows, hear the birds warble their dulcet melody, and see the silvery brook meander its rugged course, with now and then a pretty scene of landscape thrown in? And this, together with many more manifold advantages, must render the cyclist's pleasure one continual round of enjoyment not otherwise obtainable—at all events, not within the circumscribed limit so seemingly enjoyed by the votaries of the ancient, but still called modern, games before alluded to.

"Things must indeed be having an upward tendency when I may be allowed to mention the fact, the real fact, that there has been seen in our midst a couple of lady tandemists, who, if surrounding circumstances be any criterion, must be under the care and watchful supervision of our renowned local bicycle agent's better half, as I noticed the latter escorting them on a nice bit of macadamised road along which they were fairly cantering over the ladies' mile. This latter episode speaks volumes in favour of the spread of the fever for bicycling, especially when I may almost safely say that they are the first couple of ladies seen in this part who have ventured to popularise the pastime. Right merrily did the trio of ladies spin the dust behind as their machines spun through the shimmering sunshine, and many a sorrowful glance and ejacula-

161, Queen Victoria Street.

VISIT TO HIGH CLANDON ESTATE VINEYARD

CAMERON BROWN

On a June Tuesday that threw just about every season at us, around twenty of our members paid an enjoyable visit to one of Surrey's burgeoning vineyards, the High Clandon Estate in East Clandon. It was founded in 2004 by Sibylla and Bruce Tindale who hosted our visit. Sibylla has completed courses in viticulture and oenology ^[1] at Plumpton College; Bruce is the vineyard expert with a Bachelor of Science (Hons) in viticulture and oenology. He was on the board of Wine GB 2018 – 2022 and chaired the organising committee for England's first-ever hosting of the International Cool Climate Wine Symposium in 2016.

They explained that the chalky limestone at High Clandon is the same geological stratum as that of the Champagne region and the ideal geology for sparkling wine made in the champagne style. This type of soil, found in Sussex, Kent and other parts of Southern England is suitable for growing the grapes used to produce sparkling wine as the high chalk content of the topsoil forces the vines to struggle, which enhances grape flavours. Most wine-growers will favour south-facing slopes but High Clandon's hills face South East which the Tindales believe helps to capture and concentrate sunlight to ripen the grapes optimally,



The High Clandon Estate vineyard

also protecting them from debilitating spring frosts. They explained that their viticulture interventions involve much hand-manicuring of the vines and grapes. They trim the growth of foliage to maximise exposure of the fruit to sunlight, resulting in full-flavoured, ripe grapes. They



are not interested in volume and focus solely on quality berries which are used to produce 'long-aged, elegant vintage sparkling wines'.

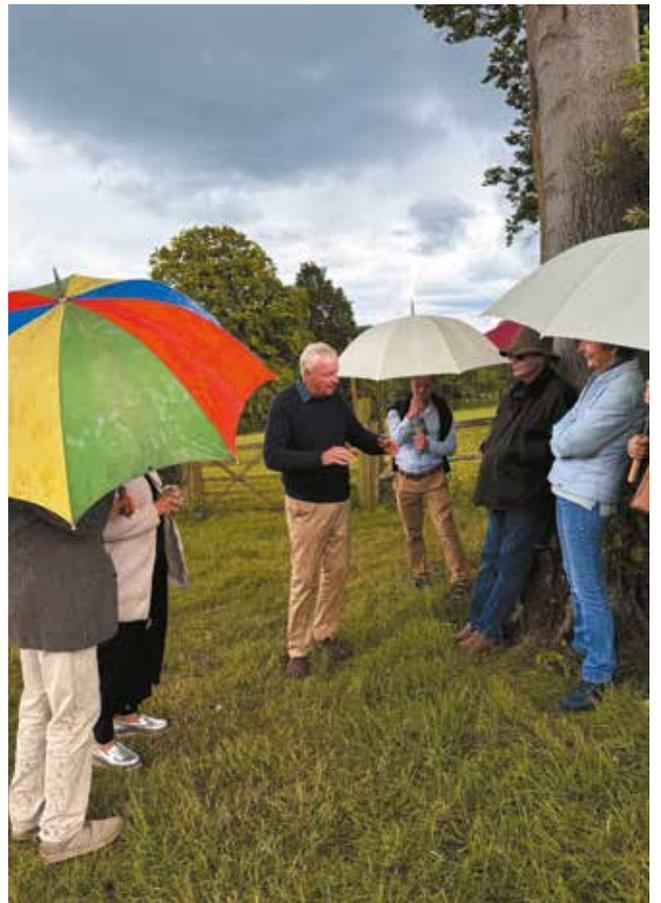
The wines are not made and bottled on-site but most of the sales are to local businesses or to visitors to the vineyards. We were of course treated to samples of the wine and (of course) a few bottles were bought.

As well as offering a high alcohol-content gin, the Estate encompasses two other ventures – its own honey from bees thriving on the English wildflower meadow abutting the vineyard and truffles from their secret *truffiere* – a truffle orchard planted in 2004 with oaks and hazels from which it harvests Burgundian truffles (*tuber uncinatum*). Autumn 2019 yielded England's biggest truffle weighing in at 604g.

It is thought there are now as many as 1,000 vineyards



Sibylla Tindale demonstrating the geology of High Clandon Estate and a bottle of The Gloriana Cuvée (2018) which we sampled



Bruce Tindale explaining how they nurture their vines



Our members enjoying a stroll through the glorious wildflower meadow(© Chris Finden-Browne)

across England, the bulk of them in the South East and wine-making here has a surprisingly long history. The Romans introduced it to the UK during a period with a relatively warm climate. Their vineyards reached as far north as Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire, with others in Buckinghamshire and Cambridgeshire and probably many other sites. The wines were most likely fruity and sweet, fermented with added honey and drunk young. Winemaking continued at least up to the time of the Normans, with over forty vineyards in England mentioned in the Domesday Book; much of it will have been communion wine.

England continued to produce wine until its production received its first major economic blow in 1860, when the Liberal government under Lord Palmerston, in support of free trade, drastically cut the tax on imported wines by 80%. English wine was suddenly out-competed by superior foreign products that could now be sold at a lower cost to the customer.

The twilight of the British winemaking tradition was brought to its end with the onset of WWI as the need for food crops took priority over wine production. For the first time in 2000 years, English wines were no longer being produced. It was restarted in the mid-1930s with

significant growth in the 1970s. The first new English wines were influenced by the sweet German styles like Liebfraumilch and hock that were popular in the 1970s. At the time the largest vineyard in England was Denbies Wine Estate in Surrey, which has 265 acres under vines. From a peak of over 400 vineyards in the late 1980s, by 2000 one third of these had given up, but plantings have since accelerated, helped by the growing success of English sparkling wines. In 2004 a panel judging European sparkling wines awarded most of the top ten positions to English wines – the remaining positions going to French Champagnes.

Climate change is surely also partly responsible for these developments, with temperatures in the South East said to be the same now as they were in Champagne in the 1970s and 1980s.

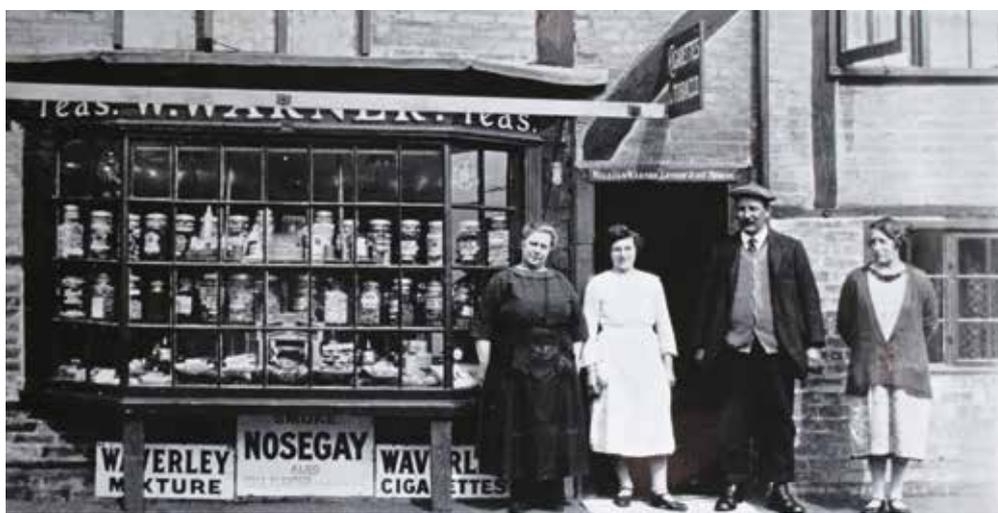
^[1] The word oenology, derived from the Greek oînos (wine) and lógos (science) refers to the science dedicated to the study and knowledge of wines including the cultivation of the vines, the production of the wine, its ageing, packaging, tasting, consumption and marketing

All photographs by Ditz unless otherwise stated

WHERE IS IT?

ALAN COOPER

A GROUP OF SCHOOLCHILDREN POSE FOR THE CAMERA IN FRONT OF A WOODEN BUILDING. WHAT WAS THE BUILDING USED FOR AND WHERE WAS IT LOCATED? CAN ANYBODY IDENTIFY ANY OF THE CHILDREN IN THE PICTURE?



WE ASKED IN JOURNAL 297 WHERE THIS BUSY SCENE OF A TEASHOP WAS TAKEN AND WHAT EXISTS THERE TODAY.

This photo was taken in Ripley High Street and today the building is home to Pinnock's coffee house.

Correctly identified by:

Pat Clack, Jackie Strange, Audrey Smithers, Janet Tice, Glenys Walters and Vernon Wood.

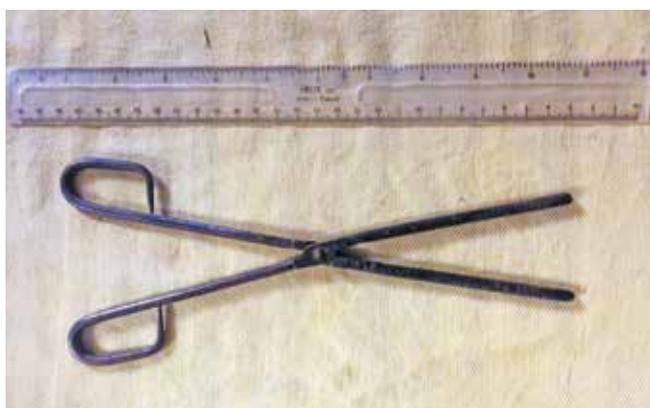
WHAT IS IT?

ALAN COOPER

OUR MEMBER JANET TICE SHOWED ME QUITE A SUBSTANTIOAL COLLECTION OF BRASS STENCILS – WHO WOULD HAVE USED THEM AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE?



WE ASKED IN JOURNAL 297 WHAT THIS MYSTERY OBJECT FROM THE COLLECTION OF OUR MEMBER JOHN PURSER IS AND WHAT ITS PURPOSE WAS.



This mystery object was a glove stretcher.

John Purser adds: 'As for the glove gadget, it was given to me by an ex-BBC costumier called Virginia (Gini), who was apparently in 'chuck-out' mood. She had also made a lot of the hats in the Jane Austen/Bronte era of BBC productions and has a link to Send and Ripley as the daughter of Hubert Hardy of the MHH engineering business which made threaded fasteners for wartime use in the old cafe building (long gone) beside John Edden's former garage at Burnt Common – now the Bentley dealership.'

Correctly identified by: Audrey Smithers and Peter Smithers.

GHOSTS ALONG THE WEY – A RURAL CHILDHOOD IN SEND – PART III

PETER GROVE

OFF TO SCHOOL

My first day at school was traumatic. For some reason it happened to be a couple of days after everybody else's first day. Had I been sick? I don't know... but anyway I did not want to go to school. Being just four, I wanted to stay with my big warm Mum and there was a whole room full of kids focused upon me as I arrived sobbing. Mum gently pushed and Miss Davis gently pulled me into that huge nursery/kindergarten room with great high windows. For years David Boyt would never fail to remind me of my whimpering behaviour that morning. I also remember Jennifer Hobbs telling me that she recalled the spectacle too, but with infinitely more sympathy and understanding!

But I settled in instantly and loved everything about this new experience. School was great and Miss Davis, the brusque little kindly-faced kindergarten teacher, was great too. What I most remember about that room were the big trees outside of the window and the lovely smell of the supply cupboard (wherever it was) with paper, pencils, erasers and, best of all, plasticine, that precursor to playdough. There was construction paper (also called sugar paper) and Lepage's (rubber-nipple squeeze-out) glue too. We made endless paper chains and snowflakes in that room and recited lots of nursery rhymes. Bright pictures, big letters and numbers adorned the walls. I also remember with much fondness that, at certain times in the week, Miss Davis would turn on a great, beige-coloured oak speaker that was somehow tuned into BBC's Listen and Dance programme for schools. The desks would all be cleared back and we would all get our shoes off and be ready for our instructions from the BBC. There would be galloping horse music, trees waving gently in the wind music, ponderous elephant music, thistledown music, falling leaves music, also marching soldiers' music and off we all whirled around the room, absolutely loving it. What an outlet for all that energy! No doubt the rougher male element in the group even at that young age had to be watched closely on such occasions for there are those, you know, who will make nonsense of anything. But I wasn't aware of it then. I was a prancing horse, a falling leaf, a marching soldier.

Nursery rhymes and stories were very big in this room as were all kinds of art projects. I don't remember any reading or maths beyond those big letters and numbers though I'm sure there was a lot of it. It was all fun.

"It does not matter what it looks like. If it keeps you warm, you'll keep it on" (my mother). One such article, you remember, was that oversized beret with a little wormy on top that I was convinced made me look sawney [silly] and the moment I was out of Mum's view that beret was off and in my pocket and only put back on my head in time for her picking me up at the end of school. Soon, however, it would be that I didn't want others to even see that Mum was still bringing me to school. As we came up through the fence-flanked footpath by Mrs Sanger's house and approached the wider school lane, I would stop and urge Mum to make her goodbyes right then and there and go back. She was good about it and would give me her quizzical, somewhat theatrical "oh, I'm sad" look, give me a big hug, then watch as I walked bravely and independently on.

HOLIDAYS

Working families with eleven or thirteen kids did not take summer holidays much and by the time Dad was born (second to youngest) there certainly weren't the funds for such things. He did, however, speak of one trip with his mum and dad – a day trip to Portsmouth and Southsea. They went by train he said, and told me that on this occasion he managed to fall into the boating lake on the promenade at Southsea with his best clothes and shoes on and that his father was quite upset. Dad showed me the very spot years later as he and I took the air on that same promenade. And what magnificent air it is, and what magnificent views: those white capped waves – spume whipping back from their crests – and what of those incredible round forts that once upon a time monitored all manner of shipping moving up and down the Solent.

Bristling with guns, they were dark and mysterious against the slopes of the Isle of Wight beyond.

Dad paid for much of the cost of our holidays with money realized from his recycling efforts. And every year we had a holiday even though every year Mum would say “Well, this is probably going to be the last year we shall be able to afford this.” Well, of course, no one listened to that kind of talk any more than you listened to her frequent threats that we would come home one day and find her ‘with her head in the gas oven’. Such things would just roll off her tongue without any impact at all and she knew it.

Our holidays were eagerly anticipated. It was an exciting time. And they were lovely. Lots of bustle and preparation preceded these events as Dad was in charge of the packing. Suitcases with their labels and red ribbons attached were his domain. They would be locked shut and strapped firmly with leather belts tightened and buckled. “Just in case!” he would say. And wasn’t this so typical of Dad who wore belt and braces! Finally, those cases stood there outside the back door heavy as concrete and ready to go. And where did we go? We only ever went to Bognor Regis or the Isle of Wight! Both were just wonderful but somehow there was always something extra special, extra magical about the island.

Unlike Bognor, the Island always involved a multi-legged trip: a bus or taxi trip to Woking and it always involved meeting a certain train, not just any old train to Portsmouth but a boat train to Portsmouth harbour itself, a train that would go right out onto a steamer pier that actually stood in the Solent. Guildford, Farncombe, Haslemere, Midhurst, Roland’s Castle, Havant, Portsmouth town hall with its ship and cupola and then, finally, Portsmouth harbour! In those last few minutes of the journey I would be pressed to the window, gazing down for that first glimpse of greeny-blue water swirling and sucking around those great weed-covered pilings. “Aren’t there fish, Dad? Dad, look. There’s a crab. I’ve seen a crab, Mum. Dad! Dad! Look at all those mussels. Dad, Mum, look!”

Slower and slower the train would go until with a gentle jerk it stopped. Immediately a voice would come over the tannoy and there would be the great commotion of everyone getting up, reaching down their things, all trying to keep out of each other’s way but all getting bumped and jostled. Windows would be dropped down; hands would grope for door handles. And there, all along the train, doors would be slamming, generators whining, and that tannoy barking for us all to hurry. We were out on the platform now.

“Come along, Peter. Hurry up. The boat’s waiting! Peter, stop dawdling!” But there was so much going on. So much to see. So much happening. So many smells of steel on steel, of pitch and tar and yes, there it was - salt and seaweed and that swirling water down there - and weren’t they seagulls, squealing and wheeling out there? We’re in a flood of people now, surging forward along the platform.

[Alan Cooper writes: The PS Shanklin was a passenger vessel built for the Southern Railway for use on the Portsmouth Harbour to Ryde Pier route. The ship was built by John I Thornycroft & Company of Southampton and launched in 1924. Luxuriously appointed with first and second-class passenger saloons, both were heated and



The Paddle Steamer Shanklin



Ryde Pier, Isle of Wight. Note the paddle steamer moored at the bottom of the image

ventilated by the inductor thermotank system. The main saloon was of light polished oak and the smoking saloon dark polished oak, below which was the dining saloon. This boasted upholstered seating, with the floor covered with Ruboleum tiling. ^[1] All fittings throughout were made of Roanoid instead of the usual brass or electro-plate. ^[2]

PS Shanklin operated the passenger service from Portsmouth Harbour to Ryde Pier with her first trip being on 3rd October 1924.

Her last trip was on 30th November 1950 before being put up for sale in Southampton. She was sold to Cosens & Co Ltd in 1951 and re-named Monarch, being operated by them for 10 years before being scrapped in 1961.]

“I see the funnel, Dad! I see the funnel!” Through iron folding caliper gates and down a concrete ramp we go.

“It’s the Shanklin! It’s the Shanklin!”

“Come on now. Move along please. Have your tickets ready.”

“Oh, what a beautiful ship! What a lady! It’s the Shanklin!”

A blast from her typhon [also spelled ‘tyfon’ – the steam whistle usually attached to the side of the funnel] ^[3] warns of imminent departure and we press forward.

“Come along, please. Move along, please. Have your tickets ready.” Another blast and there’s a burst of activity near the gang-planks. We glance nervously back. They won’t move them while we’re on them, will they? Now shouts to “hold on” as late-comers, a young couple with two small kids, come spilling down the ramp, bags, suitcases, buckets and spades. An urgent, long blast this time. Cordage flies and finally the gang-planks rattle back, one after another.

A perfect whirlwind of gulls now as lines slacken and the great ferry drifts barely perceptibly out, away from the dock. Those safely aboard, us included, line the ship’s rails, holding hats on and skirts down, not wanting to miss that magical moment of departure. Slowly, so slowly, those big side paddle wheels start to move. You can’t see much of them. They’re under those big painted cowlings but you hear them begin to churn, thrash and bite, powered by that throbbing mass way below decks, way below our feet, down in the bowels and you feel the shuddering. Were you near an open doorway you might catch that blast of hot oily air, up from where those great glistening connecting rods plunged and slid, driving us irresistibly forward and out, away from the land.

There would be some maneuvering now and momentarily a pall of black smoke would engulf us. But just as suddenly the smoke is gone, the breeze stiffens and we’re heading seaward! All is good and clean and fresh and SALT! Not even the smell of weed and barnacles any more, just salt...and soon we would be tasting it on our lips. Our chins are lifted, our eyes closed, and we fill our lungs with it.

“Mum! Can I go on the other side and look?”

“All right!” she says. “But be careful. No climbing on the railings.”

There were battleships, frigates, destroyers, submarine-chasers, three pods of submarines too, all with their gun muzzles covered in white or black wrap. There were radar scanners, a glimpse of Nelson’s flagship, massive squat sea walls. A low-slung fort to our right guarded the harbour mouth.

“Ah,” said Dad, who’d come to see if I was safe. “But look at those up there!” and he pointed to the faint blue-green of Portsdown, miles away to the north. “You wouldn’t get by those,” he said. And one by one pointed out the four great forts embedded long and low in the flank of the downs “Those guns up there controlled the whole Solent and harbour, indeed controlled the whole show!”

Two kids went by eating something – probably from Shanklin’s snack bar. “Mum,” I shouted running back to her. “Can we get a cheese and tomato sandwich please or a cheese roll?” She smiles right at me. “All right,” she says. “We can do that.” Of course we can, for we’re the Grove family and we’re on holiday and we know how to live!...

^[1] Manufactured by the Korkoid and Ruboleum Tile Co, Ruboleum was an anti-slip rubberised floor covering

^[2] Manufactured by Roanoid Ltd, Roanoid was a cheaper substitute for brass made of aluminium, lead and nylon and impervious to salt water

^[3] Manufactured by the Leslie Company, the Leslie-Typhon was a make of steam operated ship’s whistle used for navigation purposes

Photographs c/o Alan Cooper collection

TO BE CONTINUED



Ripley Osteopaths is a family Osteopathy clinic based in Ripley at Webb House on the Portsmouth Road between Ripley Village and Burnt Common. We treat all ages and conditions including arthritis, shoulder, knee and back problems, post and pre-operative treatment.

Don't put up with pain – give us a call today to see how we can help you!



£20 OFF A NEW PATIENT APPOINTMENT

We would like to offer members of the History Society £20 off a new patient appointment.

Please quote this ad when booking your appointment.

info@ripleyosteopaths.co.uk

www.ripleyosteopaths.co.uk

07586 702925

MUSEUM NEWS

CLARE McCANN

A big thank you to all who came to the cycling exhibition – it is such an important part of Ripley’s heritage and I am hoping to persuade Chris to make another film on the topic for the website.



Our new exhibition is entitled ‘He’s Behind You! Amateur Dramatics in Send and Ripley’. This looks at the history of amateur dramatics in the two villages and their plans for the next few months. We will have some costumes on show and hopefully more in Ripley Church. The exhibition has been a

collaborative effort with the Ripley panto group and SADS (Send Amateur Dramatic Society) both contributing. Please come along and add to the exhibition with photos and anecdotes. If you have children or grandchildren aged 5 -11 then please encourage them to come along to the museum and join a Surrey museums initiative – Wheels of Time. Like Harry Abbot, grandson of our members Iain and Lesley Abbot, they will receive a badge and a lanyard

from our museum and can then get more badges from all the participating Surrey museums and heritage venues and earn awards. Find out more and register at <https://surrey.wheelsofetime.uk/>

DATE FOR THE DIARY

Next February will be the 50th Anniversary of the Society and we are planning a dinner on the 21st at the new village hall in Ripley. We want it to be an evening to remember without costing an arm and a leg so that as many members as possible can come. The raffle at the BBQ has already gone a long way to paying for the hire of the hall and Helena Finden-Browne is convinced that, with a suitable team, we can manage the catering. If you would like to be involved, not necessarily cooking – flower arrangements, place names etc – then let Helena or me know. We will have a sign-up sheet in due course with menu choices.

Clare: 01483 728546 cricketshill@hotmail.com

Helena: helena_findenbrowne@compuserve.com



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of the month at the Ripley Village Hall. Doors open for all evening talks at 7.30pm for an 8.00 start. Tea/coffee and wine available. NB – payment by cash only.

DATES - 2024	EVENTS
Wednesday 9th October	Kathy Atherton talk: <i>Literary Mole Valley</i>
Wednesday 13th November	Talk by Nick Bale: <i>William Harvey – The Ladieswear Specialist</i>
Wednesday 11th December	Christmas Social. MEMBERS ONLY

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

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS



THE MUSEUM IS BEHIND VICTORY HOUSE
AND TO THE RIGHT OF THE NEW VILLAGE HALL

OPEN: SATURDAY MORNINGS 10.00 – 12.00

We can arrange to open at other times by appointment

Please contact Clare McCann on 01483 728546 or
cricketshill@hotmail.com for further information or if
you wish to help in the museum

HISTORY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Frank Brown, Ripley to Rothesay – Journeyman Painter		£5.00
History Colouring Book (price includes felt tips and a carrier bag)		£5.00
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		£1.00
Then and Now, A Victorian Walk Around Ripley	Reprinted 2004/07	£2.50
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	£2.50
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	£5.00
Two Surrey Village Schools – The story of Send and Ripley Village Schools		£10.00
The Parish Church of St Mary Magdalen Ripley, Surrey		£2.00
Memories of War		£5.00
Map of WW2 Bomb Sites in Send, Ripley and Pyrford		£2.50
Memories of War and Map of Bomb Sites		£6.50
Send and Ripley Walks (revised edition)		£7.50
Newark Priory: Ripley's Romantic Ruin		£5.00
Special Offer: Purchase Newark Priory and St Mary's Ripley		£5.50
Heroes All		£20.00

All the publications are available from the museum on Saturday mornings, from Pinnock's Coffee House, Ripley, or via the Society's website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk or email srhistorysociety@gmail.com



DISTILLERS
OF SURREY

Come and join us for drinks on the decking,
overlooking the beautiful Papercourt Lake
Check out our website for opening times,
menu, distillery tour dates and more!

POLEDEN LANE, RIPLEY, SURREY, GU23 6JX | 01483 222392

WWW.DISTILLERSOFSURREY.COM

THE
ANCHOR
RIPLEY

WEDNESDAY TO SATURDAY

LUNCH & DINNER

12:00-14:00 | 18:00-21:00

SET LUNCH MENU
3 COURSES £28



Www.ripleyanchor.co.uk | 01483 211 866 | Info@ripleyanchor.co.uk | @ripleyanchor

RIPLEY FARM SHOP

Fruit & Vegetables
Meat - Fish - Dairy - Eggs
and much more

Open 7 Days
a week

01483 225090

www.RIPLEYNURSERIES.co.uk

A. LUFF & SONS LTD
Est. 1895

Join us at the Ripley Farmers' Market

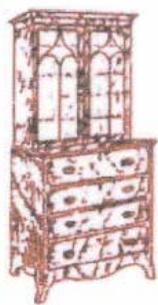


Ripley
Farmers'
Market

Every 2nd Saturday of the month throughout the year
9am-1pm on Ripley Village Green

*We feature a large variety of fresh local goods direct
from the grower or producer*

www.ripleyfarmersmarket.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.

C. F. Hall & Co. Ltd.

We are your local Euronics electrical retailer,
established for more than 60 years.



EURONICS

Sony, Panasonic, Bosch, Samsung, Miele, Roberts, Sebo,
Toshiba, Dyson, Pure, Zanussi, Blomberg & many more top brands

2 Station Approach | East Horsley | 01483 282945
www.cfhall.com

Alan Greenwood & Sons

Independent Family Funeral Directors



*We offer a Caring and Compassionate Service
24 hours a day 365 days a year
The latest Jaguar or Mercedes Funeral Vehicles
Golden Charter Pre-paid Funeral Plans
Home Visit Arrangements
We will not be beaten on price
Direct Cremation £950 T.B. C.D. APPLY*

*Please Visit Our Website for Full Details of Our Branches and Services
and also to View All Our Local Obituaries*

www.alangreenwoodfunerals.com



66 Send Road
Send
GU23 7EU

01483 210 222

send@alangreenwoodfunerals.com



Miss Bush Bridal Boutique

Luxury wedding dresses in Ripley since 1988. Visit our unique Victorian chapel on Ripley High Street.

www.missbush.co.uk

OPEN ALL DAY, EVERY DAY FOR GREAT FOOD



*Kid's
Play area
& Menu*



THE
JOVIAL SAILOR

Portsmouth Rd, Ripley, Surrey GU23 6EZ
www.baronspubs.com | 01483 224360 | jovialsailor@baronspubs.com

follow us or download the BaronsApp from your app store

Pinnock's
COFFEE HOUSE
A CUP ABOVE THE REST
MON-SAT: 9AM-4PM SUNDAY: 10AM-4PM
WWW.PINNOCKSCOFFEEHOUSE.COM 01483 222419