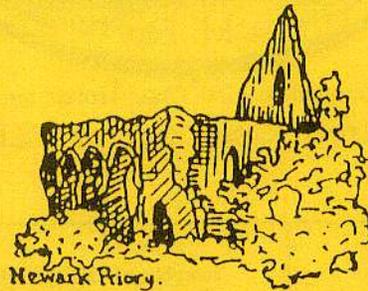
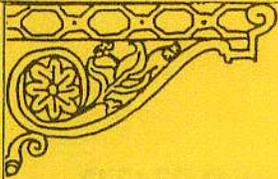
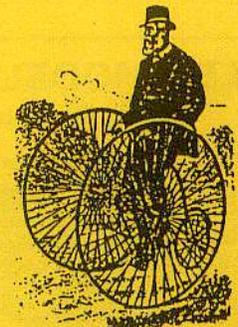
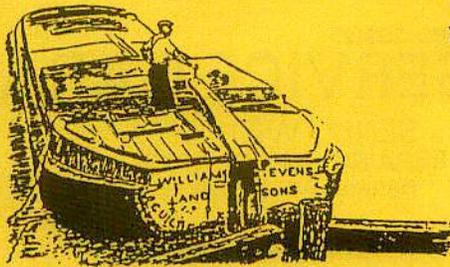


# Send & Ripley History Society



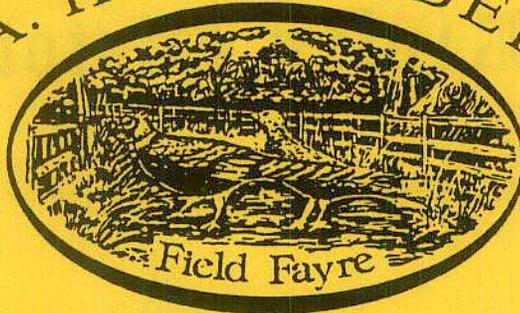
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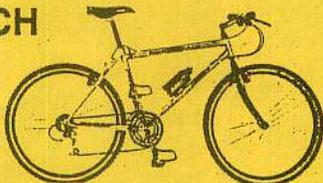
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# Send & Ripley History Society

Established 1975 as Send History Society

Registered Charity No 296324

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Typed by Mrs Chris Parker.

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Newsletter No 100

September/October 1991

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**Cover Illustration:** This shows the reproduction of a drawing by C J Staniland entitled "The Clubs at Dinner", at the Anchor, Ripley (see Les Bowerman's article, "The Cyclists' Sunday Dinner at Ripley").

## SEND HISTORY SOCIETY

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Newsletter No. 1.

February/March, 1975.

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### THE BIRTH OF THE SOCIETY.

Tuesday, 20th January, 1975, was a historic day for the village of Send. It saw the birth of a new organisation - the Send History Society - which is now we hope a lively infant, who will add something to the social and intellectual life of the village. For a Society which will be devoted largely to researching and recording everything of interest which has happened in Send, it would be wrong not to record for the benefit of future historians the sequence of events which gave rise to the formation of the Society.

During the past few years Mrs. Marjorie Sex has talked to various organisations in the village as widely varied as the Women's Institute and the Cub Scouts on the subject of what it was like in Send 60 years ago. One such organisation which was fascinated by the talk was the Scout Troop, and afterwards Mrs. Sex mentioned to the writer of this article that some years earlier Mr. Jim Oliver of Sendcourt Farm has spoken to her of the possibility of starting a local history society. Unfortunately, nothing transpired at the time, but it seemed to this writer (a member of the Mayford History Society) who had discussed local history with many other Send residents and in particular had spoken often with Mr. Pat Thurlin about trying to start such a society that the idea was a good one and that there is plenty of interest for such a project.

At a Committee meeting of the St. Bede's School Association on 14th November last, the idea of a local history evening to be included in the programme for the year was readily accepted, and scheduled for 6th March, this year.

At the end of the year there was an exchange of correspondence in the "Surrey Advertiser" on the subject of planning applications to extend further the sand quarries in the village, and in the edition of 3rd/4th January this writer had a letter published suggesting that a history society be formed as a matter of urgency so that if there should be anything of historic or archaeological interest in the area concerned it could be investigated and recorded before it was removed should the planning application be successful. An encouraging response was received from some 47 people, and at a meeting of the St. Bede's School Association Committee on 16th January, the idea was enthusiastically taken up by Mr. Hall the headmaster, teacher Mr. Michael Hurdle, and Mr. Ken Bourne the Chairman of the Association as well as by other parent Committee members. The Committee asked the incipient society to arrange the programme for their history evening on 6th March and agreed that the evening could be used to publicise the history society.

Mr. Bourne kindly offered his house as the venue for a meeting of all those interested to discuss the formation of the society, and this duly took place on the 20th January. A report of the meeting appears under Secretary's Report.

The Editor.

## 100 ISSUES OF THE NEWSLETTER

### A Look Back by Les Bowerman

Well, this is it! The big treble figures! We have now produced 100 Newsletters.

Issue No 1 appeared 16 years ago, a few days after the founding of the Society in January 1975 (see the reproduction of the front page of Newsletter No 1 on page 2 of this issue). I had previously edited the monthly newsletter of the Charlotteville Cycling Club (founded at Guildford in 1903) for some nine and a half years, commencing in 1954, converting it to a magazine in 1955. I had also edited the "1st Send Times", the name of which was soon changed to "Sendout", the newsletter of the 1st Send (St Mary's) Scout Group. This was monthly when I took it over from one of the Scouts, Anthony Neville, in November 1969, and it changed to bi-monthly in July 1973. My last issue was June/July 1975.

With that experience I knew that the new Send History Society, as it then was, which I had just founded, with much assistance from Ken Bourne, Jim Oliver, Marjorie Sex and Pat Thurbin, had to have a newsletter. (Chris and Geoff Parker, and John and Bette Slatford, in addition to Ken, have also been very involved from the start.) I therefore rashly volunteered to edit "initially" a bi-monthly publication "to keep members in touch with each other and to bring them, we hope, interesting articles and information on what research is being done, and what activities have taken place and what are projected", as I wrote in issue 1. This was in addition to taking on the post of Secretary.

When I had taken on the CCC Newsletter back in 1954, the first thing I had done was to buy an ancient twin vertical stack (if that's the right way of describing it) Oliver typewriter for 10s and taught myself to touch type. I had subsequently typed that publication and the Send Scouts' one on stencils and run them off myself on rotary duplicators. It was accordingly back into the old routine for issue 1 of the SHS Newsletter. In that issue I wrote that a volunteer to type stencils would be much appreciated. Chris Parker nobly responded to that appeal and, mostly from Geoff's dictation, has typed every one of the subsequent 99 issues, running to an average of about 12 A4 sides.

For the first nine or ten years, copying was done on a probably 1940s Gestetner crinkly-black-enamelled "Educational Model" duplicator, which had been picked up at a Guides jumble sale for about 50p. The drum was inked by a couple of rollers, on to which the black goo had to be squeezed by hand from a tube. After we had used it for some years, it was discovered that the rollers should have been covered with a furry material, but this had long since worn off. On trying to buy new rollers, or have the worn-out ones replaced, I was told that it couldn't work with the old ones, but in fact it did! About 1984 the Society bought a second-hand Gestetner electric duplicator through the good offices of Tony Medlen at the University of Surrey. This speeded things up and did away with the physical effort of turning the handle. I still have the "educational model", which is now perhaps a suitable object to display in the museum, if we eventually have one. The machinery clanks and whirs in a most satisfactory manner.

In 1986 Bob Gale took pity on me and offered to take on the post of Editor. Having by then done the job for 11 years and produced 66 issues, I needed no persuasion. We jointly edited issue 67, and Bob has now produced the last 33. He didn't take as readily to the duplicator as I had, and in any event photocopiers had come on apace since 1975, so commencing with issue 73 in March 1987, he found it more economical in time, effort and finance to rustle up some local advertisers and, with the income from that, pay to have the publication photocopied. The result is altogether more professional, being produced by Saluki Silver, also one of our advertisers, and they have served us very well.

I used to aim to publish by the end of the first week of the publication month. Bob aims for a week later. Neither of us has ever missed an issue, and we have never, so far as I recall, been more than a few days late. Bi-monthly still seems to be the right interval, and the Newsletter still serves exactly those purposes which were envisaged in 1975.

To celebrate the Society's tenth anniversary, a facsimile of issue 1 was produced and distributed - as already noted, the front page has been reproduced in this issue. A number of us have had issues 1-36 and issues 37-72 bound into volumes, and rather fine books they make too. Two sets of volumes have been bound for the Society itself. One is for the Editor's use and the other is for use in the Society's library.

A glance through the back numbers reminds us of some of the most memorable contributions: Sheila Brown's four-part history of elementary education in Send and Ripley in issues 10-13; the four-part history of the Scout movement in Send, commencing at issue 14; the late Jim French's five-part series on "Send Past and Present" in issues 19-23; an account of a 1773 Send Church seating plan and a document about inoculation against smallpox in Send and Ripley in 1777, by Jim Oliver; a six-part occasional series about mineral extraction in the area, commencing at issue 28 and spread over a period of about ten years; a three-part series on the Court Rolls of the Manor of Send & Ripley, by John Slatford, commencing at issue 35; a three-part series of recollections of Send, shortly after the turn of the century, by Marjorie Sex, commencing at issue 49; personal recollections of the late Ewart Grove on the Wey Navigation, from notes made by Janet Tice, in issue 55; reminiscences of social life in Ripley at the turn of the century, recorded by Jane Bartlett, in issue 59; various reminiscences of Ripley by Basil Howard, commencing at issue 60; a report by Audrey Sykes in issue 86 of Ray Davies' talk on the Cordial Elixir of Dr Richard Stoughton of Send. There have been a number of notable articles by Peggy Aldridge on Ockham Park and members of the Lovelace family; reports too numerous to mention by various members of the Buildings Group, but above all by John Slatford on the old houses of Send and Ripley; individual histories of houses and people of Send and Ripley, compiled from documents by Bette Slatford, who has made sense of the jigsaw of disjointed facts in the Court Rolls; similar architectural and documentary histories of Ripley buildings, such as the former White Horse, Cobham Cottages, Ripley House and the British Legion, have been produced by Jane and John Bartlett.

A selection such as that given above is bound to be subjective and do injustice to notable contributors who have not been mentioned at all or only briefly. Others who spring to mind are Ken Bourne, Bob Gale, John Molyneux-Child, the late Margaret Bayliss and the late Nancy Palmer. I've written one or two pieces myself over the years, but it is not for me to say whether they are either notable or memorable, although I have presumed to mention the Scouts and the mineral extraction. Finally, the one brief mention of Jim Oliver fails to do justice to the enormous contribution, written and otherwise, made by him during the first half of our story.

Now for the next 100!

---

## CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF OCKHAM

Notes by Peggyanne Aldridge

During the last two editions of our Newsletter, we have been privileged to read the contributions of two local residents. In this 100th edition, perhaps I may continue the theme. Most of my childhood was spent in the village of Ockham and the environs of Ockham Park, so how good or bad was our country life then compared to now?

My first memory is of being dressed in a floral shantung frock - we had frocks in those days - covered by a starched pinafore with frills over the shoulders and a huge bow at the back, white socks and black patent ankle strap shoes, and a coloured bow in my hair. I was then ready for a visit to "her Ladyship", Mary, Countess of Lovelace.

If her Ladyship was still in bed, then I was taken to her by Mrs Hawkins, the housekeeper, who was dressed in dark tussore, which rustled and swished as she walked. However, if her Ladyship was up and in the Morning Room, then Hubbard, the butler (my grandfather), would accompany me.

On meeting, my first words were "Good Morning, Lady", followed by a curtsy. Some of her nieces and nephews called her "Aunt Mary" or "Aunt Mamie", but to children of friends she was always known as "Lady". The curtsy was obligatory for the girls, the boys a bow; considered by us to be in deference to her age - I wonder!

If Lady was still in bed, my answer to her question, "What are you doing today?", was inevitably "Play". However, if she was up, then I would be taken to the library and shown illustrated books, and later books became my first love. Other items were, of course, were connected with Byron, such as his hairbrush and how it came to be there. Later I would be quizzed - who is this, which lady is that, etc, and there was a bust of Byron hidden in a niche behind a curtain in the North Hall. There were many pictures, including a Canaletto, the significance of which meant absolutely nothing to me at the time.

If "play", then I was off to find the chauffeur's children. Bill Bonner (Junior) was the chauffeur then, his father, always known as William Bonner, was gamekeeper. Bill Bonner had three children, Ray, John and Joan (they lived in the end part of the Hawksmoor Stables). Then it was off to play, climb trees or, better still, scrumping, as long as Duddridge, the gardener, did not spot us.

One of the under-gardeners was old Mr Zinc, who lived in the bungalow in Guiles Hill Lane, who turned a blind eye and often tipped us off if Duddridge was on his rounds. By then we were playing quite innocently on a swing - a rope over a tree branch, or more often, on the branch itself, going up and down without a thought of any danger.

However, in summer it was off to Mince Pie Pond, a large (to us) pond in the middle of the Park. Here we used to paddle or skim stones across the water.

Once we launched a raft made by the boys, including one of the Asprey children from the Hautboy. He was about to go to Naval School and join the Navy (which he did and later came back to Ockham when a Petty Officer). At the time he knew it all, but needless to say, the raft sank. The girls got wet, as we had been persuaded aboard.

Also in the Park, at the far end, approaching the Ripley Lodge, was an incline which led to Lambert's Hill. Before reaching the gateway, there was a "pile of sand over the dungeon". This was, of course, the Ice House, to which Mr Bloxam makes reference in his notes on Ockham Park.

It had a large wooden door, from which steps led down to a dark interior. The Bonner boys once made an entry into the unknown, but were not very impressed with what they found. We called it the "sand pit"!

In the late autumn we used to go picking chestnuts. There were three very large chestnut trees just inside the Park gates, adjoining the walled garden. Many of the branches reached to the ground.

There were also some walnut trees, but if was not very often we could get walnuts, as Mr Duddridge and the under-gardener kept a close eye on them. They grew nearer to the orchard, which was alongside Holly Drive.

We played games in the courtyard adjoining the stables, and during the morning we had cocoa given us by the cook, Mrs Mowforth, and a plate of bread and dripping.

Ockham Park kitchen seemed huge. One wall had a very large black-leaded stove which always had a large saucepan of stew keeping hot. Off the kitchen was the scullery, where poor Gertie was for ever washing up with cold water from a pump. Her hands seemed to be permanently red and chapped.

We would also seek out Mr Lindsay, the odd job man. We had to go along a tunnel under under the house from outside the back door to the cellar. The tunnel was pitch black and only lit by candles in various places - very spooky!

The postman called at the house three times a day to deliver and collect the post, using the leather mailbag, with its lock and key, which hung outside the housekeeper's room. This room was furnished with comfortable armchairs, and on the walls hung landscapes, etc, all painted by Lady Lovelace, who was an amateur artist and had studied at the Slade School.

In the years before the Second World War, there were many visitors to the Park house.

I recall Susan Grosvenor, who married John Buchan (later Lord Tweedsmuir). She once arrived at Ockham dressed in green, and I remember Miss Vodden (Lady Lovelace's maid) telling the housekeeper, Mrs Hawkins, how Lady Lovelace had been cross, as she always said "green was for grass and plants". There was also Mrs Margaret Peyton-Jones and her son, Jeremy, who played with us, along with Michael and Gerald Maclagan, the two sons of Sir Eric and Lady Maclagan - Sir Eric was at the British Museum. His son, Michael, became a herald at the Royal College of Arms.

Other visitors to the Park were Sir Edward Lutyens and his wife, the former Lady Emily Lytton (during part of the Second World war they lived near Ockham Mill). One often saw him waiting for the Green Line coach to London.

Lady Helen Grenfell often visited; she was a tall person, always very elegantly dressed, mainly in violet shade, and carried a parasol to protect her face from the sun. I believe she was considered a London beauty.

One of the descendants of the Lushington family, a Miss Susan Lushington, stayed often and always brought her horse, an Arabian steed (which came from the Grabbet Park Stud) and kept in the church field along with the two Arabian horses belonging to Lady Anne Lytton.

On the lawn under the big cedar tree stood a large round stone table, which was used for tea, and one would hear the ring of china against the stone. When tea was finished, the footman, William, would put all the remains of sandwiches, etc, on a silver tray and escort her Ladyship across lawn to the birdcages, in front of the orangery, where she would feed her beloved parrots and cockatoos.

In some years, the Ripley & Ockham Flower Show and Fete, usually opened by Lady Lovelace, was held in the Park grounds and she would hand out the prizes. These shows were well attended, with many stalls, etc, and friendly rivalry between the two villages. In one instance I can recall her Ladyship being escorted round the show by Mr Bill Gregory, the Estate Carpenter.



One year it must have been sponsored by the Daily Mail, since they supplied a large football on which one could sit and have one's photograph taken.

There was Mrs Edser also, who lived at Ripley Lodge and held the keys to unlock the gates. She kept a list of names of those people allowed through, and if your name was not on the list, you returned home. Once, when Anthony Lytton was staying at the Park with a brother officer, the officer walked through the Park, intending to visit Ripley village, but was turned away.

Another member of staff, formerly at Ockham Park, was remembered as quite a character. His widow lived in one of the Lovelace Bungalows, designed and built by Mary Lovelace especially for widows of Estate workers. The elderly Mrs Cross was a character in her own right. She made her own very particular "brew" and had the barrel under the sink in her kitchen. The turning on of the tap was a great temptation, not only to Mrs Cross, but Yours Truly behind her back. Mrs Cross was exceedingly annoyed and her "brew" had to be replenished with the best port from Ockham Park cellar! Mr Cross, the former coachman, used to take the station waggon to Effingham and Horsley stations to pick up guests. He referred to himself as "Crerss and his herse".

At Buckingham Lodge, on the Ockham to Ripley road, lived Mr and Mrs Allan and their family. Mr Allan, who was blind, was the organist at Ockham Church. He also taught piano to some of the local children. This lodge was reached by a long drive from the Park house, known as Holly Drive. It was used by Lady Lovelace whenever Bonner drove her to Wentworth House, Chelsea, the London residence.

I can recall being at the lodge once when her Ladyship went out and we children all stood and curtsied as she went by. We happened to be there because one of the girls, Joan Strickley, had just had a piano lesson. Joan Strickley's father, Claude Strickley, was Head Waiter at the Hautboy Hotel, working for Mr Charles Asprey, the proprietor. The Strickley family lived at Hautboy Cottage, near the church drive.

Of the three lodges at Ockham Park, the oldest is the one at Church End. However, Buckingham Lodge is interesting: the walled entrance has a lion adorning each side pillar. These lions were Landseer's models for Buckingham Palace. They were purchased by Ralph, 2nd Earl of Lovelace, hence the name.

Likewise the gates, formerly at Ripley, have their own history..

One of the coats of arms came from Halnaby Hall, near Darlington, North Riding. Halnaby Estate was purchased by Mark Milbanke in 1649. It came through the Milbanke family to Sir Ralph (Milbanke) Noel, Lady Byron's father. It was at Halnaby that Byron and Annabella spent part of their honeymoon.



Mr S Hubbard c 1936 - Fete

During the Second World War, these gates were earmarked for scrap iron. It took Judith, Baroness Wentworth, all her wiles to get them protected and saved for posterity. They are now installed as the entrance gates to the new Ockham Park.

My grandfather, Hubbard, first worked for the Lovelaces at Wentworth House, Swan Walk, Chelsea, before Lord Lovelace died. My grandmother had a house in Cheyne Walk, No 7, where they lived with their three daughters. As soon as a cottage became vacant in Ockham, they came to the village to live, early in the 1900s. The three daughters went to Ockham School and one went on to Ryde School, Ripley.

When my grandfather arrived in Ockham, the local football team were having difficulty with a farmer over their football pitch. Hubbard approached Lady Lovelace over the matter and she agreed to let them have the present ground in Ockham, opposite the Hautboy Hotel. She also supplied the team with their kit, black and amber, the colours of the livery of the staff at Ockham Park.

Mary, Countess of Lovelace, spent 35 years of widowhood at Ockham Park, and during that time she was a great benefactress to all on the estate. She taught me to write, to read and appreciate books and paintings, to endeavour to be gentle and kind to all, never to abuse a privilege, and always to say "Thank you".

(A further article by Peggy Aldridge on Ockham Park house will appear in the next edition of the Newsletter - Ed.)

---

## BOB WHAPSHOTT

### An Appreciation by Jane Bartlett

Collated from various recorded conversations with Society members

In this our 100th Newsletter, it seemed a suitable time to share some of the information and anecdotes from Bob, one of our founder members, who died in July this year. He was a rich source of local memories for us all.

Although his forebears came from a Chertsey farming family, who were mentioned in an 18th century history of Chertsey, Bob's grandparents moved to Clandon in the early 1800s. Grandfather, James, and father, George, both worked at Sussex Farm.

Bob lived at Sussex Farm until he was eight. It was then two very rough cottages, but when his father threatened to give notice unless he was given a "decent house", they were moved to Waverley Cottages. They all went to Ripley to shop and to school, and Bob started school at Ripley, like his father before him, in January 1920. "It's a fair old step from East Clandon to Ripley." He linked up with three boys from the Isolation Hospital (now Send Prison), then the Roakes boys from the keeper's house. "From Grove Heath came Charmans, Jack Clapp, the Browns, and so on, until there were 30 of us in a gang." There were about 200 children, aged from 5-14, at Ripley School. Mr Blaxland was a very good Headmaster. "He caned four of us. We had tried to catapult the school bell with stones." He well remembers his first day after school, walking past the shop (now Conisbees), which had caught fire, and where two children were killed. The firemen were there, and there were bicycles and prams all over the pavement.

"Ripley was our village. The Surrey Trading Company (now Town & Country Cars) had a long counter down the righthand side with boxes of 12 bore cartridges, mixed up with all sorts of clothing and all sorts of food stuff, like the old Wild West places, then they packed up and it became Howard & Noels' garage, the first people to stock Jowett motors."

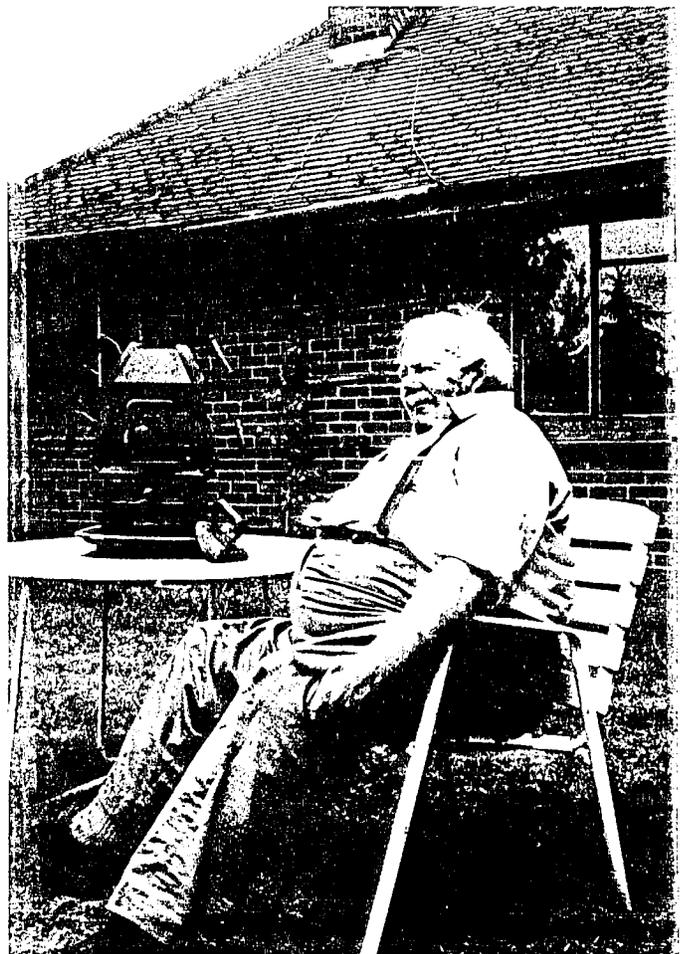
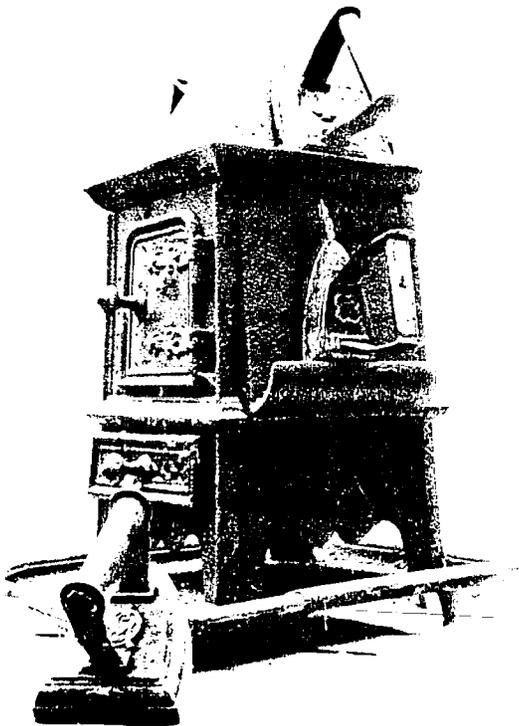
The Warners lived in what is now the cafe. Gibbs was Ryde House School with a brick front, three storeys high, very close to the road. It had a fine staircase. Wigman's (next door to Conisbees) had a tin dish full of mixed fish, with no ice. "It's a wonder we didn't all die." There was an ice cart that came occasionally from London, and a

muffin man. There was a metal shed behind Ripley Transformers, part of the Rio Cafe, first run by Miles, then by the Allworks. Dances were held there. The Allworks had a small school and the children of Ralli Creet, the doctor, went there. Bill Heath was the blacksmith. "He would put on two horseshoes, then slip across to the Ship for a pint, then put on two more. Or his wife would come over with 'Can you get a cabbage?' and he would say 'Hang on a minute' and stop work to go to the allotments."

Pinnock grazed about 20 cows on Ripley Green in the 1920s and 1930s. He kept his shorthorns around the back of Allenby's chemist shop. He supplied Ripley with milk. "You took your own jug out to the churn." The cricket pitch was fenced round to prevent the cows from encroaching. Stan Muir once had the job of looking after them. His nickname was "Cowboy Muir". Pinnock's son was known as "Heifer Pinnock". He took over Warners' shop and it became Pinnock's Cafe. There used to be three bakers. Belchamber, later Wellers, is now Hartley Antiques. He could remember a little baker called Tummin (near Milestone Close) whom he saw mixing dough with his cap on his shoulder. Steve Waller, followed by his son, then his grandson, kept the Jovial Sailor. Cows were milked in the stables on the left. It was a staging post for lorries and a clearing house for all sorts of goods.

The traffic during his schooldays was nothing much. Motorists were slow. There were a fair number of steam waggons, such as Hodgsons, or Becketts from Kingston. Lighterman in steam waggons, called Sentinels, pulled trucks at 3-4 miles an hour, hauling grain over to Albury Mill.

Naturally, coming from a farming family and having trained at Wisley, and been foreman at Fogwills at Burnt Common before he bought his own nursery off Lime Grove in 1943, Bob was particularly interested in the land and the people who worked it. "I've always had a very soft spot for George Roakes, the keeper of Pond Cottage, near Clandon Bridge. He taught me how to shoot. One of his governors came over



ons Sunday morning. 'How many birds have I got?' 'Well, several' was the reply." Bob used to go beating in the Jury Farm area, so he walked it all over. "I knew every tree and can still recognise it." He thought it a pity that they cut down all that timber in the War, and nobody bothered to replant it, so that it became scrub. Even the giant redwoods, over 100 feet, went to the sawmills.

At one farm the farmer, who weighed 22 stone, never got up before 10 am, and if anyone went there for their milk before 9, he would have to have it straight from the cow, yet he won prizes for the best herd of shorthorns in the South of England. At another farm "they had cows almost swimming in mud all down the yard". Later it had to have 200 yards of rubble put down, to get it firm enough to concrete.

George Fish, at the Yorkshire Show, overheard some farmers saying "Best farming I've ever seen yet - a place called Clandon ... He grows more crops under the hedges than most people grow in the field." This was the 400 acre farm belonging to James Sinclair. He got from the big London stables and the Royal Mews 40 tons of manure per acre for 100 acres in the Detention Centre area. Charles Rooke, the Stationmaster at Clandon, was horrified when eight trucks of manure pulled into the station, but eight horses and carts came round the corner, and all was gone and the yard swept clean by lunchtime.

In those days potatoes were dug by hand, sorted into sizes and loaded for 4d per cwt, until the Second World War. There were many casual potato diggers because they dug about 30 cwt a day and earned more than the ordinary agricultural wage. The average wage around 1910 was 17s a week and a house if married. Gypsies played a large part in farm life. Joe Terry and Leonard Johnson, the heads of two of the regular families, were wonderful workers, out before it was light. There were regularly 14 men at Sinclair's farm, but 50 at haymaking time, sleeping in every shed, barn and in the woods at Burnt Common.

The finest farmworker was Old Shifton. "He did twice as much as anyone else, and twice as well." He would walk from one corner of the hayfield to the opposite corner, then the base of the rick was worked out exactly so that there were not half a dozen pitches left behind. But no one could work with him - a big built man who always came in the morning with umteen coats, a sack of food and 20 Players cigarettes. He planted potatoes by hand faster than a machine. He fed them out of a half hundredweight sack, with a rope on one corner, so that they rolled out the same distance apart as he walked along.

Watkins and Simkins, who came to the Oakride area from Walton in 1933, were one of the best seed firms in the country, Bob reckoned. They had a very good manager, Jack Curl. "After 12 years in the Artillery, he ran it like the Army." There were, for example, 50-60 varieties of antirrhinums at any one time, and that was only one item, all planted 200 feet from each other to avoid cross-pollination. Every seed bag had a tag label tied on and another label stuck on, in case one got lost. It was taken over by another seed merchant, Bob said, to reduce competition.

This was high praise indeed from one who ran his own nursery, where many of us have bought plants, sought advice, and then stayed on to hear about old times, or to admire Bob's collection of flat irons and stoves.

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## MEMORIES OF A RESIDENT ON SEND HILL FROM 1929 OR THEREABOUTS

### Recollections by Mary Dawson

When I was expected, my parents bought a plot of land from Mr Alan Ansell, in what was then nothing much more than a field which had once been part of Clandon Park. They built a bungalow with the aid of my grandfather and uncles, and by the time I was nine months old it was habitable. We moved in. There was mains water supply

and gas, but no electricity or mains drainage. The "road" was a rough gravel single cart track and was very uneven for pushing a perambulator. Beyond us, towards the church, there were two bungalows on double plots (ours was a "single"), and, after that, fields to the end of the road. Opposite us was a tiny bungalow owned by Granny Smith, with a low castellated wall around the front garden, and called "The Nest", and on that side of the road there were also fields right along to the church-end.

Between us and Mays Corner there was (is) an assortment of houses and bungalows as far as the lane leading down to Send Church of England School, and from there, and from there was a field belonging to Jo Baigent, in which cows grazed, or it was ploughed and planted in rotation. Next came the big house called Sandmore, and then the cottage which still frowns at the passing traffic at Mays Corner. On Granny Smith's side of the road "Porth" was her next door neighbour, then "Inwood", owned by Colonel and Mrs Cooper, who bred Afghan Hounds (but not children), and then "St Anne's", where Ron Sex and his family lived. The adjoining woods were once a sand pit, and when I was a child, the trees therein were mere saplings. Bush Lane was nother cart track, leading up to "The Old Granary" and fields belonging to Send Barns Farm.

The only shops in the village at that time were May's, for sweets and cigarettes, Broomfield's for shoe and bicycle repairs (now the chemist), the Post Office and, opposite that, Hester's butchers and Oldlands greengrocers; further along was Gardner's paper shop. Any other shopping needed a bus trip into Woking or Guildford, when the public transport passed through the village every 15 minutes in either direction, including the hourly service into Ripley. My mother, however, remained faithful to Mason's grocery shop in Goldsworth Road, Woking, from whom her mother had had loyal service for years. A Mr Lane cycled out from Woking once a week to take our order, and returned the next day with the goods and collected payment. Bread was delivered from Cliff's of Old Woking, by a man on a bicycle, with a large basket on the front over a very small wheel. The bread was unwrapped, but the basket was always covered with a cloth, and the delivery was made three times a week, COD. Meat was also cycled out from Old Woking in like manner, the joints resting on enamel trays, but not individually wrapped. When the weekend joint was delivered, Mother placed an order for the next Saturday - always COD.

Milk was delivered by Mr Keene from his farm in Merrow. He came round in a horse-drawn cart, which carried churns, and one had to take out a jug, which was filled by a long-handled ladle. It was rich creamy milk, on which I grew fat before the days of cholesterol criticism, and I think before the days of tuberculin testing. It was delivered almost straight from that morning's milking and was kept on the larder floor for same day use. Next-door-but-one to us lived Miss Baigent; she trekked daily across the field at the bottom of the garden, to Hillside Farm, for milk from her brother's cows, carrying a small churn with lid and handle over the top. I think she stopped for a gossip and a cup of tea before returning with the full churn and I sometimes watched her walking back; there were no trees to block the view, then.

In our home we had a corner copper in the scullery, in which Mother boiled the household linen. In the kitchen was a Sentry stove, on top of which was the oven, and it also supplied hot water to a tank in the adjoining cupboard; it was our only form of heating, except for special occasions, when the open fire was lit in the front room. Solid fuel was delivered by Glosters of Woking, and it was my job to count the sacks of coke as they were carried down the garden path on the back of the driver and tipped into the coalshed; as usual it was cash on delivery. We burned wood on the open fire and in the copper, and I can remember many happy wooding-walks for the purpose.

Lighting was provided by candles and paraffin lamps, both of which were obtainable from Challen's garage, plus accumulators for the wireless. At night there was a little cloud-reflected light from the towns, no street lighting in the village and certainly none along Send Hill, but I adapted to the dark conditions without need for light, and this ability came in useful during the wartime blackout conditions. If my mother and I were out after dark, we had no problem walking up from Mays Corner and became surprisingly

sure-footed on the uneven road surface. We watched the trees against the sky and easily found our way home. When I was still small enough to be in a push-chair, that was different; Father would meet us off the bus with a torch.

Lack of main drainage did present problems. The cesspit was emptied once a month by Guildford Council on the rates, but more frequently (and more costly) when requested. Any used water that could possibly be baled into a bucket was collected and poured on the garden. When the tanker came on emptying days, the large hose was fixed together in sections and ran half the length of the garden; then we closed all the doors and windows against the stench until the tanker was driven away. My father grew some splendid rhubarb next to the cesspit cover and a nearby Bramley apple tree had the biggest fruit in the neighbourhood!

Gradually, during the 1930s, more houses were built along Send Hill - some on fresh plots, some as infilling for those folk who were finding two plots more than they could cope with, but for many years, in the field surrounding Granny Smith's cottage, corn-flowers were grown for market. I was quite sad when the women started picking them because I liked looking at the sea of bright blue in the sunshine - and my childhood memories are nearly all sunny.

From my earliest memories, there was always sand and gravel extraction taking place on Send Hill. The area being worked then was where Winds Ridge and Orchard Way are now sited, and the sandpit in which the Roberts family lived was being "land-filled", as it is now politely called. Because of the household refuse being dumped, there was a large rat population. My father bought an air rifle and would sit quietly in the scullery, shooting through the open window at them as they ran across the garden. He took no pleasure from keeping score and burying them the next morning. Putting down rat poison in the garden was out of the question because we had two cats, which seldom needed feeding by us.

During the war, the sand extraction was speeded up, for delivery to London; sand bags, for the use of. The road surface got worse; people walking from the village to church on Sundays wore "wellies" or galoshes, unless they could get a lift from someone who had petrol to spare. At that time we had a quiet unassuming vicar called Mr Legge, who discovered that, as Send Hill was a thoroughfare to the Parish Church, it could be metalled at the expense of "the church". For this relief, much thanks. And so it came to pass, that Send Hill became a smoother, cleaner road, but still only about one-car-wide, which meant that the sand lorries were for ever breaking away the unprotected edges. But it did mean that pedestrians could walk on the crown of the road with clean shoes, as long as they moved to one side for the lorries, which continued rumbling along day and night, seven days a week.

One notable event as a result of the sand-diggery was that the famous BBC nature recordist, Ludwig Koch, made a recording of frogs croaking in the then current sandpit. The water in the sandpit made a splendid breeding ground for frogs and toads, and on a quiet night their nocturnal chorus could be heard almost as far as Mays Corner and the church. No one seems to know when the recording was made; for obvious reasons no one was told when it was to take place. The comment on the record says "Unt diss iss recordink frogs on Surrey pont", or words to that effect. Unfortunately, in one of my house removals, the tape was mislaid; it may come to light again one day, but in a programme on the wireless, Koch actually said where he had made the recording.

During the Doodle-Bug blitz, several went over Send on their way to London. We listened until the motors stopped and then dived for cover. This happened one night and the bug exploded in Roberts' pit, but below the surrounding ground level. The blast damage was considerable, but fortunately we were all asleep in the air raid shelter. When we emerged from our hole, like rabbits from a burrow at daybreak, we found that all the plaster from the ceiling had filled all the dishes set out for breakfast, the header-tank in the roof had given way and the contents had gushed through the cavity walls and

into a fitted cupboard. The windows seemed to have exploded into a million tiny fragments and the splinters of glass were embedded in the soft furnishings. The front door had been blown out and was standing upright against the side wall. Only one room was unaffected and that was the back bedroom, which was nearest to where the bomb fell. None of the walls were damaged and, apart from the missing tiles, the roof was still sound. My grandfather and uncles did a good job when they built "Compton", Send Hill.

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## CHURCH OF St MARY MAGDALEN, RIPLEY

### Comment on the Building Date of the Nave by Ken Bourne

The chancel has been dated by P M Johnson and others as Norman, c 1160, and pronounced as a building of high quality, but not completed as such.

The nave was rebuilt in 1846 by the architect, B Ferrey, and the South Aisle widened in 1869. No visible work from the earlier nave can be found, although drawings of the church prior to 1846 exist to help date the earlier nave.

Johnson states that the nave may have been Norman, but much altered, as appears in Cracklow's view of 1823. R N Bloxham, in his account in the Church Guide published during the incumbency of Rev George W Street (1961-73), doubted that it was Norman and suggests that Cracklow's view indicates a 13th century structure, but was not convinced of the drawing's accuracy. Neither author appeared to have access to an earlier water colour by Henry Petrie (1768-1842), showing the North West view and dated 1804. Petrie also produced a watercolour of Send Church of the same date, shown to be accurate in proportion and detail (Send has not altered structurally probably since the nave was built in the 15th century). In addition to Cracklow's view, two others by father and son, John and Edwin Hassel, show internal views dated 1823 and 1827, and also a view from the same aspect (ie SE) as Cracklow, was produced by John Hassel in 1823. The windows are not in correct proportion to the building, but are essentially the same as Cracklow's in shape and number.

These pictures require detailed study by experts, but the architectural shapes of the windows from the SW (Petrie) and SE (Hassel and Cracklow) suggest a 13th century structure, possibly earlier (see doorway).

If the original nave was built at, or about the same time as, the chancel, the windows, as was often the case, may have been changed in the 13th century, to suit current fashion (as indeed has happened to the two south windows in the chancel). This would then support Johnson's suspicion of a build coeval with the nave, ie Norman, with 13th century additions.

This further supports the premise that Ripley Church was originally intended as a building to serve the Augustinians, who were subsequently offered more suitable land near water and thus transferred their attention to Newark (New Work) within a few years of building Ripley Church. The initial building then became a chapel of ease and hospice. The Augustinians had done much the same 40 years or so earlier at London Bridge when they founded the Priory of St Mary Overie, later to become St Thomas's Hospital. There, however, the site met all their main requirements for water and was convenient for ministering to travellers and the sick and needy.

Ripley, therefore, had the benefit of a hospice and a small chapel for villagers and travellers, in addition to the use of the Priory Church. Old Woking, Pyrford and, possibly, Send were founded before the Priory was built and served their respective parishes with regularly appointed incumbents. Ripley was under the mother church of Send.

When the Priory was dissolved in 1537/8 by Henry VIII, Ripley would have found a greater need to use its own church, Send being much farther to travel for this purpose. Eventually

this need was fulfilled when the nave and south aisle were rebuilt and Henry Hooper became the first vicar of a separate ecclesiastical parish in 1878.

Ref: P M Johnson SAS Vol XVI p 168.

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## RIPLEY CHURCH FLOWER FESTIVAL

Notes by Ken Bourne

The above comments on St Mary Magdalen, Ripley, accompanied the Society's exhibition in the church as part of the Flower Festival during the weekend 19-20 July 1991. Also included in the Society's exhibition were copies made by the Society's Photographic Group of the fine collection of portraits of former incumbents, commencing with the Rev George Walton Onslow, 1799-1844. Excluding the present vicar, Christopher Elson, only Edward Hamilton Vernon (1895-6) is not pictorially represented in the gallery of 12 previous vicars since Henry Hooper.

Space does not permit the inclusion of a list of vicars, or details of their lives, although indeed this could well be an interesting subject for further study and record. An excellent short history of St Mary Magdalen Church, Ripley, was included in the Flower Festival programme written by Janet Hill, and perhaps it may not be too long before a new guide is produced for this most interesting building. The flowers and arrangements were, of course, splendid and a credit to the organiser, Rosemary Wallace, and all the other local contributors.

The Society is indebted to Christopher Elson for the opportunity to copy the portraits (which will be retained in the Society's photographic archive), and also to everyone who assisted in the preparation of this exhibition. Particular thanks must go to Rosalie Hewitt for her research on early references of vicars of Ripley, as well as for the considerable amount of typing involved. We are also grateful to Terry Hewitt for his assistance in setting up and dismantling the exhibition.

On behalf of the Society, I would like to thank Ken Bourne for the production of photographs and the design of the exhibition. - Editor

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letters have been received by the Editor:

**From Alan Baker of Clova Cottage, Rose Lane, Ripley**

Re your splendidly nostalgic contribution in July/August on the Brooklands Museum visit, I thought you might like to publish the succeeding paragraphs as a follow-up letter:

A few days before the arrival of the July/August issue, with Bob Gale's most enjoyable contribution on the visit to the Brooklands Museum, the distressing news broke that this mainstay of British motor sporting and flying heritage was threatened with closure; a substantial number of the staff had already been made redundant in an effort to cut operating costs.

Although not able to go on the visit, I have in fact been to the museum on several occasions, including the inaugural gathering, as part of my job. Apart from the sheer nostalgia of the place, the development of the site is being carried out imaginatively and I have been impressed by the staff's blend of enthusiasm and efficiency - qualities that clearly stem from Morag Barton, the Director, who was formerly Curator of the Weybridge History Museum.

One has long since given up expecting our Government, irrespective of its political colour, to support any really worthwhile arts/leisure project of this kind, so it devolves on the "private sector" to avoid the impending tragedy. For my part, I have arranged for a support-invoking item to appear in the monthly newsletter of the Guild of Motoring Writers, to which I belong. We have around 250 members in this country, many of them able to publicise matters of importance and to apply pressure in useful places.

On a personal note, I once cycled over to Brooklands from Merton Park during the school holidays, purely to see the place and get the feel of it, and soon I was attending car and motor cycle meetings with friends. Our first spectating was from canoes on the Wey, just inside the Members' Banking. The river was, in effect, a public highway, so "they" couldn't stop us as long as we didn't land! Later we were there for the ERAs' first appearance, and also saw many of the famous drivers of those pre-war days - Earl Howe, the Hon Brian Lewis (later, as Lord Essendon, the Guild's President), Whitney Straight, George Eyston, Freddie Dixon and, of course, your "cover girl", Kay Petre, who was tiny, beautiful and brave.

---

Alan is an automotive writer and consultant.

The next letter is from Basil Howard, a member of the Society, who used to live at Cedar/Tudor Houses in Ripley High Street, now resident in Littlebourne, near Canterbury in Kent.

I very much enjoyed reading your report of the visit to the Brooklands Auto and Racing Museum in the July/August Newsletter. This brought back so many memories of when I was young, and never missed a BARC or EMCRC meeting if I could help it back in the 1920s onwards, when monsters like Count Zborowski's Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang, and Malcolm Campbell's 1912 15 litre Lorraine-Dietrich, the first of the "Bluebirds", right down to the souped-up Austin 7s, used to snarl round the track with a stink of Castrol "R". And the motor cycles too, with Bert Le Vack, Zenith and Bert Denly whom I knew, as he was a patron of the Cedar Tea House with the others you mentioned in a previous Newsletter (No 52).

While I was with Invicta Cars at Fairmile, Cobham, we used to "run in" the Invictas in chassis form, with just a wooden test seat, around and around Brooklands' track for 1000 miles, then give them a really fast test, before sending them to the coach builders, and subsequently guarantee them for five years. I have lost count of how many times I took part in this, but well remember how bumpy the track was at speed, with clouds of dust.

I saw Ernest Eldridge in his 21.7 litre Fiat, called "Mephistopheles", race against Parry Thomas in his 7.3 litre Straight-Eight Leyland-Thomas, in the famous £500 stake, which Thomas won after both cars had shred their tyre treads.

. . . I was lucky to be included in Violet Cordery's racing team to Monza Racing Circuit, near Milan in 1926 when she won 33 World Records in an Invicta.

In 1982 I read an account in "Motor Sport", by Bill Boddy, the Editor, about Violet Cordery's many records, and her famous "round the world drive" in her Invicta, so I wrote an account of my time with Invictas, including the Monza excursion, and sent it to him. He published it in the following issue. This had a very pleasant result. The phone rang one day and a well-known voice said "Are you Toby" (my pet name) "I remember so well?", and it was Violet herself, then aged 80, so my wife and I went to visit her at her Oxshott home, where she was still driving her Morris Minor, and we had a very happy reunion, and kept in regular touch with her until she died.

Clive Gallop, another Brooklands racing driver, who was previously Chief Racing Engineer Mechanic to Count Zborowski, and who built the three Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bangs, and

the Higham-Special for the Count, was close friend of my Haworth Booth cousins at Balcombe, as he and they, and consequently I, were GN (chain gang) enthusiastic owners (forerunners of the Frazer-Nash), so together with my late old friend, Bunty Scott-Moncrieff, who traded under the heading of "Purveyor of Horseless Carriages to the Nobility and Gentry", who later owned one of the Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bangs, which is now in a motor museum in Cleveland, Ohio, USA. I was able to piece together an account of all three Chittys, and the Higham-Special, which subsequently became "Babs", in which Parry Thomas was killed attempting the land speed record at Pendine Sands.

I hope one day to visit the Brooklands Museum to see the Wellington, rescued from the depths of Loch Ness, as I worked on so many Wellingtons during my time at Vickers. They have also got a VC10 on view in the hangar, and I worked on those too. I also believe they have several preserved old racing cars.

I found the Newark Mill book extremely interesting. I remember the mill so well as it was.

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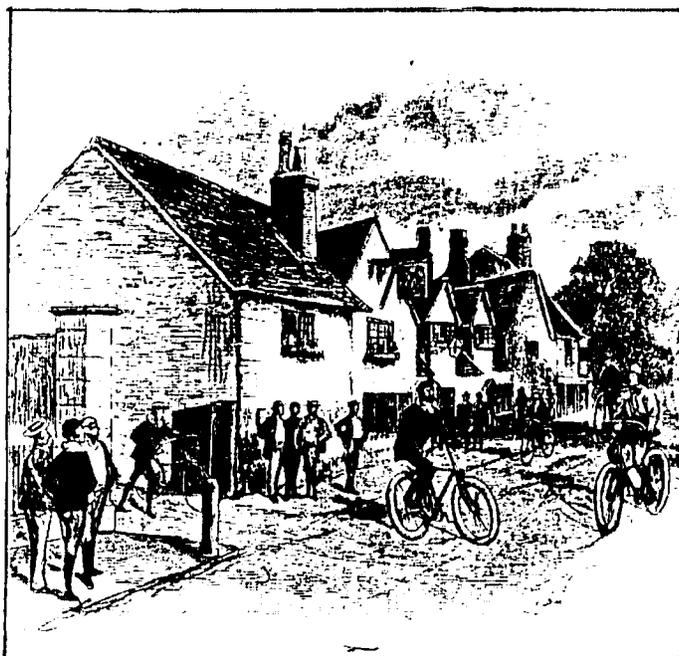
## 100 YEARS AGO

By Les Bowerman

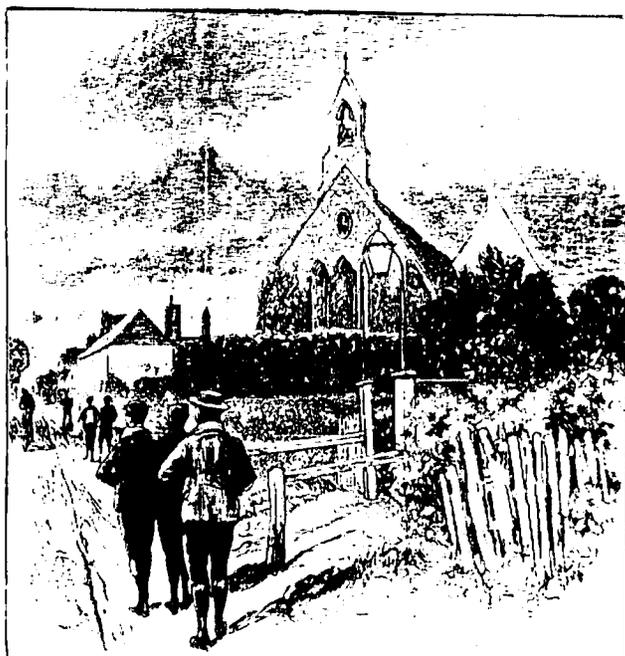
An Extract from "The Graphic", October 3 1891, p 392

### *The Cyclists' Sunday Dinner at Ripley*

Ripley, the Cyclists' Mecca, is a quiet little village on the Portsmouth Road, some twenty-three miles from London. It is as yet happily out of the track of the railway, the nearest station, Horsley, being three miles away, the excursionist is, therefore, conspicuous by his absence, and the cyclist reigns supreme. The route from London lies through Putney, Wimbledon, Kingston, Surbiton, Esher, Cobham Street, and Wisley. The "Skipper" was fortunate in his introduction to the "Anchor" dinner. Mr. E. R. Shipton, of the C.T.C.,



"THE ANCHOR" AT RIPLEY—THE CYCLISTS' DINN



THE CHURCH AT WHICH THE CYCLISTS' SERVICE IS HELD

kindly offered him a seat on his Quadrant Tandem from Surbiton, and, as Mr. Shipton knows the country well, we turned off from the main road and went a circuitous route through Oxsholt (Oxshott?) and Cobham and Ockham to Ripley, and a lovely and hilly road it is. We arrived at the Anchor in time to have a look round before dinner, which takes place at two o'clock; that is the first dinner, for on fine days, in the height of the season, Host Dibble is obliged to have a second dinner, as many as one hundred guests sometimes turning up. A comfortable and pretty dining hall has been built in the garden and was well filled on the Sunday of our visit. A right good dinner it was, at the small charge of half-a-crown. I think the Anchor dates back to the fifteenth century. A "fire-back" was discovered in the course of some alterations a few years ago with the date of 1598. Opposite the Anchor is the old Manor House (Elizabethan), which is now an annexe to the inn, and accommodates the surplus sleepers. Beyond the Anchor is the church, where a short service is held for cyclists, and, I believe, well attended. After dinner, we started back by the main road to Surbiton. The road on Sunday is one procession of cyclists going to and returning from Ripley.

C.J.S.

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### MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT

The following are welcomed to membership of the Society:

Mr & Mrs Jeff and Pat Brown, 35 Georgelands, Ripley.

Paid-up membership at the time of writing stands at 100 doubles and 59 singles, making a total of 259, which is 39 more than reported in the last issue, but 25 fewer than at the same time last year.

Les Bowerman

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### CHANGE IN THE VILLAGES

The new houses in the newly created Cartbridge Close, next to the former Uncle Tom's Cabin in Send Road, seem to be almost complete. They replace a number of Victorian single- and two-storey dwellings.

Construction has begun on the new bowling green next to Ripley Village Hall.

A nice new fence and set of iron gates have been erected at the former entrance to Ockham Park, by the restored lodge just over the bridge (Lambert's Hill) at the London end of Ripley. The magnificent original gates are understood to have been erected at the present entrance to the present Ockham Park, near Ockham Church, although I personally have not yet seen them.

Les Bowerman

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### FOR THE MUSEUM

The Executors of Bob Whapshott have deposited with the Society a number of struck Neolithic flints. Unfortunately they are not identified, so it can only be guessed that they were collected by Bob in the Burnt Common area.

A hand-operated Singer sewing machine, formerly belonging to an aged resident of Grove Heath North, has been rescued by Pam Ellisson and deposited with the Society. Judging by an illustration in the handbook of a model operating the machine, it could be about 1930, but looks as if it could be older.

A photo of Send Football Club 1920-21, Send FC Fancy Dress Carnival 1913, a postcard of West Clandon posted in 1907, a c 1960 issue of the Guide to Clandon Park by the

*then Countess of Onslow, and two World War 2 ration books, have been deposited by the Executors of the late Mr Mellem of Burnt Common.*

*All of the above are at Send Manor.*

*Les Bowerman*

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#### FORTHCOMING EVENTS

*Wednesday, 9 October . . . At Ripley Village Hall at 8 pm, a talk by Dr Derek Renn, "Old London Bridge and Some Surrey Connections".*

*Wednesday, 30 October . . . At the Red Cross Hall, Send, at 8 pm, a talk by Mr Ken Gravett entitled "Arthitectural Implications on Shopping".*

*Wednesday, 27 November . . . At Ripley Village Hall at 8 pm, a local memories talk, in conversational style, by Peggy Aldridge, entitled "Recollections of Childhood in Ockham".*

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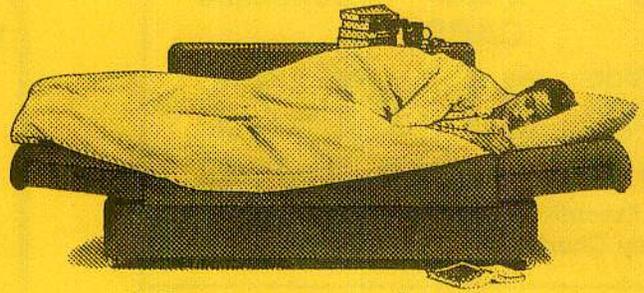
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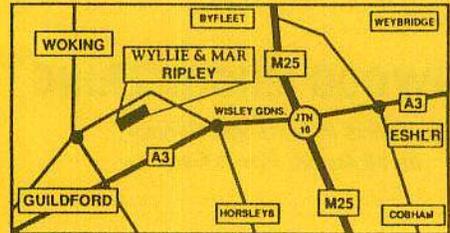
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