

No. 280
September 2021

Send & Ripley History Society

WINNER OF THE 2021 BALH AWARD FOR BEST LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY JOURNAL



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Cover image:

The summer house at
Pyrford Place © Ditz

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EDITORIAL

CAMERON BROWN

Work on the new village hall seems to have ground to halt. I understand that there was a delay of a couple of months because of problems with the supply of insulation materials, although that was some time ago. Despite the mess at the village hall site the museum is again opening every Saturday morning and is attracting some visitors (even though they can no longer see it from the road).

We are very lucky to have managed to find a new venue for our meetings at the Ripley Bowling Club in Rose Lane. When we held our first meeting there on September 8th we had a good turnout and the hall worked very well for us. Clare and Des McCann had organized an entertaining quiz night with cheese and wine and I might say, in passing, that the winning team comprised Pat Clack, her son Michael, Christina Sheard, my wife Ditz and I...

We returned to having a stand at the Farmers' Market in August and September, signed up some new members, sold some books and were delighted to catch up with a lot of people we had not seen for quite a while. During the pandemic it seems that plenty of new people have moved into the area and I am happy to say that some of them have joined.

I know that I am not alone in observing that traffic has rapidly returned to something approaching pre-pandemic

levels. Apparently rail commuter traffic is still only at around 30% of its levels two years ago, presumably because we feel safer in our cars. If commuters cannot be persuaded to return to public transport I worry about what faces us once everyone finally returns to work and all those new houses start being built. Whilst all of our members will be aware of the proposed local developments – especially at Wisley Airfield and Garlic's Arch – they may be less aware of the extremely large schemes already approved by Woking in West Byfleet and Byfleet (yet again on land from the rapidly shrinking greenbelt) and surrounds, which are also bound to add to congestion problems in our area.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT JOURNAL

Contributors are asked to send articles and letters to Cameron Brown at cmb@aappl.com by 15th October 2021.

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 20MB in any one email

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THE RIPLEY BUS SHELTER

CAMERON BROWN

You will probably have noticed that the bus shelter on the north side of Ripley High Street is back after an absence of a couple of years. It was irreparably damaged by somebody parking a car just behind it. During the same manoeuvre the driver also bumped into another car and a motor bike but luckily no-one was hurt. This bus shelter has an interesting history, which Society President John Slatford wrote up in some detail in Journal 190, pp3-5 (remember, all of our journals – right back to the first – are available online on our website).

The original shelter was the gift of Italian-born Charles Dello Strologo (1865–1938). He was an Italian national who had grown up and built his business in Egypt and came to England in his late twenties to marry an Irish woman called Ellen O'Neill. At some stage over the following few years they moved to Shamley Green. He became a British citizen and remained in Shamley Green after retirement.

Charles Dello Strologo announced in 1935 that he intended to donate a bus shelter to every village in Surrey to commemorate George V's Silver Jubilee. Coming from warmer climates, he felt pity for those he saw waiting for buses in the wet and cold.

According to his grandson, Eric Strologo, he donated over 100 such shelters, all made by the Astolat company in Peasmarsh. They cost about £300 each and were of solid oak construction with roofs of cedar shingles.

John Slatford came across this story in 2006 when the then Ripley parish clerk, Sheila Fiander, gave the Society a bronze commemorative plaque which she had found in a cupboard in the parish offices. The text on the plaque reads:

1910 – 1935

In commemoration of the Silver Jubilee of King George V. This shelter was presented by C.D. Strologo of Woodhill, Shamley Green, Surrey, for the convenience of the People of Ripley



The original plaque, now in the Society's collection



The building of the new shelter was organized by GBC at a total cost (including erection) of just under £10,000, fortunately covered by insurance

A similarly-worded plaque had been put in each of Strologo's shelters but at the time neither Sheila Fiander nor anyone else contacted by John knew where the plaque had come from. Further research took John to the parish council committee minutes of a meeting of 20th May 1937 at which a councilor had raised the question of the

provision of a bus shelter. He said "buses were the means of transport available for parishioners and ... some form of shelter should be provided." Guildford Rural District Council were approached and at the parish council meeting of 19th November it was reported that 'Mr Strologo was prepared to give a double sided shelter ...'.



The original shelter photographed 31st March 1939 © TfL from the London Transport Museum collection



Within two hours of its installation the roof was damaged by a GBC refuse vehicle



The online appeal by the Rotary Club in 2014 (photo from their website, taken 2012)

It is not clear whether or not Charles Strologo died before the Ripley shelter was built. At the outbreak of the war in 1939 we presume that, in common with all other road signs, the bus shelter plaques were removed to make identification of location more difficult for enemy agents.

Several original Strologo-donated shelters still exist around Surrey but the shelter destroyed in 2019 was actually the second one in Ripley, the first having been hit by a lorry in 1956.

Committee member Alan Cooper recalls: 'when it was demolished, the wooden roof tiles were saved and recycled by Yvonne Spencer, then living in Frog Cottage, Newark Lane. She used them to re-roof her garden shed but moved a few years ago to Worth Matravers in Dorset.'

In the 1960s the shelter was home to a tramp – I believe his surname was Dorren, Dorrien or similar. Every Christmas George Robbins (Cub and Scout leader and then manager of the International Stores – now One Stop) would take him over a Christmas dinner and a bottle of scotch!

By 2006 John Slatford was reporting that the replacement shelter needed 'a lot more TLC'. At that time the one in Godalming still had its plaque but Ripley's was not, it seems, ever replaced. It remains in the Society's collection but will, sadly, not be placed in the new 2121 shelter because of the likelihood of its being stolen or vandalised. In 2014 Ripley & Send Rotary launched an appeal to raise funds to re-roof the shelter.

The new shelter was installed early on the morning of 14th July 2021 and within two hours the roof had been damaged by a GBC refuse vehicle. Perhaps this is an unlucky shelter? At the time of writing I understand that the Ripley Parish Council has expressed its unhappiness with the quality of the new shelter which they believe should have been made in oak and with cedar shingles to the same quality as the one it replaces. The saga continues ...

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40 YEARS AGO

CAMERON BROWN



Red admiral on hemp-agrimony next to the Wey Navigation

I have gone back once again to a report from the Society's Wild Flower Project Group. This is from Newsletter (as it was called then) 40 of September 1981 and was written by Ken Bourne. I wonder how many of us today would be as observant as this? (The answer is – my wife, Ditz, who took all the photos accompanying this article, finding many of the butterflies mentioned in the final paragraph. The original was, of course, not illustrated). It does all sound rather idyllic and the weather seems to have been a lot better than summer 2021.

As this Newsletter goes to press the harvest of barley in the fields on either side of Tannery Lane is complete. July and August have been very dry months with high temperatures and many sunny days, ideal for combining and baling. Nothing is left except stubble ready for burning, and the field now awaits either

the plough to prepare the field once again for planting, or the mechanical digger, which will transform the landscape for several years into a great pit whilst sand is extracted.

After the War, large parcels of land were derelict as a result of bombing, particularly in the towns, and nature began to take over.

Wild flowers grew amongst the rubble and cracks in the concrete – ragwort, thistle and especially the willowherbs. From early July the rosebay willowherbs present a dramatic display of bright pink wherever they grow on waste land that has been disturbed, or where the ground has been cleared by fire. In fact one of the alternative names for this tall spiky flower once cultivated by Victorian gardeners is



Top: Ragwort
Bottom: Peacock



Top: Tansy by the Wey Navigation in the rain
Middle: Gate-keeper (mating!)
Bottom: Comma on purple loosestrife along the Wey

‘fire weed’. In fact the plant has been seen between the River Wey Navigation and the New Cut near the Tannery and on the waste soil mounds near the pump house and Prews Farm. Another willowherb which begins flowering a week or so earlier, and is tall but has a bushier habit, is the great willowherb, which also rejoices in the delightful names of Codlings & Cream or Apple Pie. Unlike the rose bay, the great willowherb prefers river banks and was found growing in abundance along the stream flowing between Goodgrove and Prews Farm.

Two other common plants that produce a dramatic colourful effect from mid July to the end of August, almost as great as the field buttercups in May, are the common ragwort and tansy. From a distance the bright yellow plants look similar; the ragwort, however, has a daisy-like head and the rugged dark green leaves have an unpleasant odour when crushed; it is also poisonous to livestock. It is the principal home of the cinnabar moth caterpillar; these bright striped yellow and black caterpillars can defoliate a plant very effectively. By the end of summer they pupate and pass the winter in this state,

emerging in May the following year as red and black moths. The tansy, sometimes-called Bachelors Buttons, has tight button-like yellow flower heads and is a plant well known to an earlier age as a welcome culinary herb for flavouring egg dishes, and at Easter the dried seeds were used in cakes in place of more expensive spices such as cinnamon or nutmeg. Tansy can be seen everywhere, particularly along the local banks of the River Wey Navigation and similar situations.

As the summer draws to a close, plant life slows down its growth, having achieved the object of producing seed to propagate the species. Growth, however, does not cease completely over the winter months, but merely continues at a slower rate ready to burst forth in the spring.

During the busy period of July and August the members of the Wild Flower Project Group observed many species of butterflies, in particular in abundance were the large white (cabbage white), meadow brown, gate-keeper and the peacock feeding off the hemp agrimony. The comma was seen on several occasions and photographed feeding off the flower heads of the tansy. Other less common butterflies, occasionally spotted, were the tortoiseshell, painted lady and red admiral. Towards the middle of August a colony of adonis blue butterflies was discovered



Tortoiseshell

frequenting ragwort and the surrounding grassy banks. These butterflies are strikingly beautiful with deep blue upper wing surfaces, edged in white, and the underside is light brown with a regular pattern of orange and dark brown spots. The caterpillars feed on papilionaceous plants, particularly horseshoe vetch.

Photographs by Ditz

An advertisement for Pinnock's Coffee House. The background is a blurred image of a cozy interior with a leather chair, a lamp, and a cup of coffee. The text is overlaid on the image.

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RIPLEY RIFLE CLUB: A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PICTURE

ALAN COOPER

Every now and then, just when you think every possible image of a place or event has been recorded, another surfaces.

I wrote an article about Ripley Rifle Club which appeared in J270, so imagine my surprise when a conversation with member Audrey Smithers produced this little gem.

Many thanks to Audrey for sharing this with us. Does any other society member have an unusual photo tucked away that might tell a similar story? If so, I'd be most grateful if you would contact me.



Ripley Green viewed with one's back to the High Street, the pond to the right and the gated entrance of the Rifle Club to the left. The range is visible behind the trees to the extreme left. On the right, just below the skyline, an expanse of gorse bushes can be seen. These were mostly dug up in the World War II 'dig for victory' campaign – we will have an article 'Working on the SWAC (Surrey War Agricultural Executive Committee)' in the next issue, with more information on this subject

LETTERS

A MEMBER WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS WRITES:

I have just enjoyed reading the latest SRHS Journal which is full of such interesting material particularly your piece about Cedar House tea rooms. You remark that the building is 'currently reincarnated as Cafe Beirut'. Surely Cafe Beirut is now situated in the former Lloyds chemists premises, which I don't think is part of Cedar House but is situated on the corner of Rose Lane and the High Street. Cedar House is further along and is also situated on the corner of the High Street and Rose Lane, when Rose Lane was split into two.

Historically both of the forks were an entrance onto the High Street until the Cedar House end was closed off to through traffic some years ago.

With very best wishes for the continuing success of the Journal.

CAMERON BROWN WRITES:

Of course our reader is correct. My apologies for this mistake. Thanks also to Iain Abbot and Clare McCann for pointing it out.

CATS' ALLEY

CLARE McCANN

In my attempts to edit the memories recorded by Jane Bartlett and others in the 1980s I came across frequent references to Cat's Alley in Ripley. I was intrigued as to whether this was a real name or a nickname. Having consulted one or two locals, I concluded it was a nickname and who knows where the apostrophe should be!

Mr and Mrs Brown said Cats' Alley was between Little Barn and Sage Antiques and that there were three cottages up there. The Marshalls lived in one and Granny Cooper (who was a spinster but always called Granny), who had cats galore, lived in another. One assumes that it was her cats that gave the alley its name but this is far from clear as you will see. The third cottage seems to have been occupied at one time by some people called Ellison. The Browns said the cottages were not pulled down, but were built into Sage Antiques. This was confirmed by Mrs Renie Ellard (no relation of Jack Ellard from the pharmacy), as she said she had once owned Old English Furniture, which later became Sage Antiques, with her brother Bill and before that her parents ran it. In around 1942 they lived in the front cottage of what were known as Library Cottages, in Cats' Alley. Further back at No. 2 was Mrs Kitty Colborne whilst Mr and Mrs Marshall lived at No. 3 with a small bakery run by Mr Tummin at the back. Renie and Bill were told the building originated in the 1560s and it was they who incorporated them into one building.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME LIBRARY COTTAGES SEEMS TO BE BORNE OUT BY VARIOUS RECOLLECTIONS.

Tom Buller, who was born before the first world war remembered calling in at the library in Ripley where they made you a good cup of tea - up Cats' Alley. Nell Lewis said the parish library was first in the main shop window of what became Sage Antiques, run by an old lady, before it moved to the corner cottage of Cats' Alley. She herself got books there. Tommy Mandeville, aged about two at the end of the first war, was in Ripley for about a year and went to school there. He said they lived in the front cottage (Sage Antiques) and the downstairs room was full of books. His mother ran the library while his dad tried to find farming work.



The gate to what had been Cats' Alley, taken recently. The building on the right was Sage Antiques © Clare McCann

Dorothy Colborn also mentioned a bookroom library in the row of cottages behind Sage Antiques, at the side of Little Barn. Subscription was apparently 1d a week but they never seemed to change the books which were all very old and tatty. When it closed they moved to Collins the baker and ran the library in a back room behind the bread shop.

Alice Charman, interviewed in 1985 when she was about 75, also brought up the topic of Cats' Alley. She described it as being on the left side of Sage Antiques and remembered Winnie and Darkie Crane and Grandma [or Granny?] in the middle with Widdy Cooper at the back. It seems she had a cat with no tail and used to go out and call 'Widdy, Widdy, Widdy' for it. When Alice married, Widdy Cooper went to Mr Pinnock, manager of Mr Nokes ironmongers, and said "I've only got sixpence and I want to give Alice a wedding present". She got an enamel candlestick and Alice used it all her life.

The cottages seem to have had various tenants over the years as the Milton family, when Fred Charlie and Arthur were young, moved from place to place. They lived first in the Green Lantern (now the Ripley Curry Garden) and then in Cats' Alley, before moving to Amberley Cottage. Ivor Powell also mentioned the Marshalls and Kitty Brogan living in Cats' Alley.

Jack Smithers had very colourful recollections. He said the Misses Lawton lived in the big house next to the White Hart. 'Chopper' Woodham and he used to collect the rubbish from their back yard to take to the dog pits each morning (the dog pits were on the edge of The Green near to the drive to Dunsborough Park). They got 6d each and saved it for the Ripley fair. "We went down the side alley to get it and passed the old lady, Mrs Crane with all her cats, who was often standing in the doorway at the back of the three cottages which were down the left side of Sage Antiques. Her husband, Darky Crane, later went mad and went round with a chopper." He could not recall the tenants of the middle cottage but the Marshalls lived in the end house and he remembered a sign saying 'Reading Room', but he never went in. [Clare comments: as the author said in her introduction, there appear to be some confused recollections here as in the opening paragraph Mr & Mrs Brown remembered Granny Cooper as being the owner of the cats – not Mrs Crane].

Mrs Rose Bird, who was born in 1900, said the vicar visited Darky Crane in Cats' Alley and she described him as not right in the head. She embellished this recollection by adding that Crane put the vicar's hat on and went up and down the street.

Mrs Hill was born about 1901 and was the Cranes' daughter. She explained that sadly her father had fits and finally went to Brookwood but there was no explanation

of his nickname. She confirmed that they lived up Cats' Alley and said it had a gate on to the main road. At the front was the Reading Room. The middle cottage was the Cranes, and the back cottage the Miltons. The Allenbys owned next door, Little Barn, and the side nearest was full of lodgers, often Wisley students.

She described a Cats' Alley house as having two tiny bedrooms, a scullery and one room downstairs. Charlie Milton, from the end cottage, used to come in as a child to get warm after school by sitting on their fender by the open fire.

Conveniences for all three cottages were down at the bottom of the garden. They got coal from the yard at the back of the Legion in Rose Lane.

Basil Howard, who lived at Cedar House, mentioned an old fellow called Lasham who worked at the Guildford end of the village and called at all the pubs for refreshment on his way home until some kindly person helped him to the railings so that he could feel his way home in Cats' Alley. Old Mrs Cooper, who used to cook for the Howards (but only after she had been given a drink), also lived in Cats' Alley and used to pick up cigarette ends until she had made enough 'baccy' for Lasham.

I will finish with a slightly more salacious suggestion by Ivy Sopp, who claimed that next to Little Barn was an alley known as Cats' Alley and notorious ladies lived up at the top for passing sailors! Surely they were only going to borrow a good book?

Clare adds: any additional information or photographs would be welcome.



Old English Furniture, later Sage Antiques c1983. Cats' Alley is on the left (SRHS collection)



Cats' Alley taken by John Bartlett when researching Little Barn in 1988 – Sage Antiques is on the left (SRHS collection)

THE SUMMER HOUSE AT PYRFORD PLACE

CAMERON BROWN

In one of the recent regular emails sent out by Surrey History Centre, giving news of their activities, they included links to some interesting, short youtube videos. They explained: Surrey Heritage recently worked with Royal Holloway Public History masters students on an internship to create 'how to use the archive' videos aimed at secondary, undergraduate and postgraduate students, although useful for all researchers.' The four links provided are:

- A step by step guide to using Surrey History Centre
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaf_DnmIkoM
- Discovering Surrey's history on your doorstep – John Donne
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QHXRh3XbsRU>
- 10 top tips for using written historical sources
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9qRQuEpVE2s>
- 5 top tips for analysing historical images
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uzRQjLdt1S8>

The brief video about the poet John Donne reminded me that we have never (as far as I can tell) written anything about the summer house at Pyrford Place, where Donne is said to have lived for a few years in the early 1600s. Coincidentally, when sorting through some of the late Les Bowerman's local history papers, we came across a couple of photos and a water-damaged but interesting sketch of the summer house. I imagine that most of our readers will be familiar with this small brick tower on the west bank of the Wey Navigation's stretch between Pyrford Lock and Walsham. It is an attractive and unusual structure, fourteen feet square and two storeys high, with a first floor entrance and a distinctive ogee-pitched roof and has a blue plaque saying: 'John Donne Poet and Dean of St Paul's lived here 1600–1604'.

The summer house was built in the grounds of Pyrford Place on land which had until the dissolution of the monasteries (1536–1540) been owned by Newark Priory, subsequently becoming Crown property. The estate was later leased by Elizabeth I to the Lord High Admiral Clinton (1512–1585), or Edward Fiennes de Clinton as he was known to his friends. It is not known when the first house was built on this site but Clinton seems



Photos and sketch, all undated, from Les Bowerman's collection, showing two extensions which have since been removed

to have established the first manor house here. After Clinton's death the house was leased, again by Elizabeth I, to her secretary Sir John Wolley, who was married to one of Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, one Elizabeth More of Loseley. Sir John (who also held the manor of neighbouring Wisley from 1594–1610) added to and improved the house and received at least one visit from Queen Elizabeth. Owing to the subsequent rebuilding, it cannot be determined how far he rebuilt or replaced the older one but this house was pulled down by Lord (Robert) Onslow after the manor came into his possession in 1776. Pyrford Place was sold in 1989 and the main house replaced by a new development of flats. The summer house was sold as a separate lot and remains, at least externally, relatively unchanged.

The photos and the sketch which we found amongst Les Bowerman's papers show that there was, probably before the sale in 1989, a building – or annexe – on one side of the summer house and another extension carrying a balcony on top on the other, both of which have since gone and were clearly not there originally.

Reverting to the John Donne connection. He was born in 1572 so was around the age of 28–32 when he is supposed to have lived in the summer house. There is a scandal associated with the poet: he had, around the turn of the century, secured the job of private secretary to Francis Wolley, who inherited the Pyrford estate after his father John's death. Donne met Ann More, a Loseley heiress, who eloped with him at the age of 17, both believing, understandably, that no More could possibly be seen associating with a mere poet. They married in December 1601 but the validity of the wedding was challenged by the More family, who of course had connections in high places. Donne was briefly imprisoned in the Fleet prison, along with the priest who married him and the only witness. However, in his time as secretary to Wolley he must also have made some very influential friends as they soon negotiated his release into their custody, having established that the marriage was legally valid. It took another decade for the More family to relent but the couple were able to start their married life at Pyrford Place as guests of the Wolley family which means that the 1600 date on the blue plaque is out by at least one year. Under the circumstances it is perhaps unlikely that they would have lived in the summer house rather



The summer house today © Ditz



The blue plaque on the summer house

than in the manor house, or in another local building, but we have no evidence either way. We understand, however, that the first of their 12 children was born at Pyrford Place. More than one commentator has also suggested that the style of the summer house is 17th rather than 16th century and therefore could not have been home to Donne and his family. Without seeing the inside I would hesitate to offer an opinion.

Donne was quickly accepted back into society, being elected as Member of Parliament for the constituency of Brackley (Northants) in 1602. Although continuing to write poetry he was ordained as a priest in the Church of England in 1615 and in 1621 was made Dean of St Paul's, a well-paid position which he held until his death in 1631.

John Evelyn, in his Diary, 23rd August 1681, gives an account of a visit which he paid to Denzil Onslow: 'at his seat at Purford, where there was much company and an extraordinary feast for any country gentleman's table.'

He adds that ‘what made it more remarkable was that there was not anything but what was afforded by his estate about it, as venison, rabbits, hares, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, quails, poultrie, all sorts of fowle in season from his own decoy near his house and all sorts of fresh fish. After dinner we went to see sport at the decoy. I never saw so many herons. The seat stands on a flat, the ground pasture rarely watered and exceedingly improved since Mr. Onslow bought it of Sir Robert Parkhurst, who spent a fair estate. The house is timber but commodious and with one ample dining room, the hall adorned with paintings of fowle & huntenges the work of Mr Barlow who is excellent at this kind of thing from the life.’



The taxation map of 1896 showing part of the decoy almost directly south of Wisley church in what was Wisley Farm and is now a golf club (courtesy Surrey History Centre)

Evelyn’s diary entry interests me particularly as I live in the Wisley farmhouse whose land later included the ‘decoy’ he refers to. The taxation map of 1896 shows it as a distinct area

of 18.573 acres. It is now part of The Wisley golf course but was still called ‘the decoy’ by the farm manager and his family in the 1970s, before the farmland was sold to the golf club.

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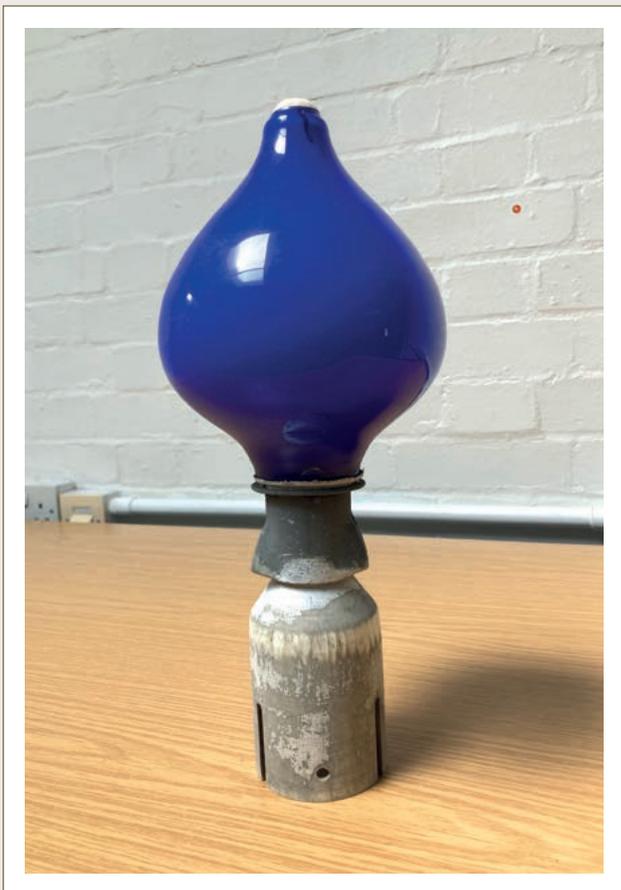
ALAN COOPER

WE ASKED IN J279 WHAT THIS OBJECT WAS.

The answer is a damaged 'cat's eye' – there are currently four missing from the road outside Ripley church. Correct answers were received from Fiona Gilbert, Audrey Smithers, Jackie Strange and Janet Tice.



THIS TIME THE OBJECT WAS ALSO FOUND LOCALLY. WHAT IS IT?



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THE CLOCK HOUSE

FRED DIXON AND FARREN RIGHTS

JOHN SLATFORD



The playground in the early 1980s, possibly with the original equipment © SRHS

Much has been written and published in our Journals over the years about Ripley Green farren rights (J105 and J268). Farren rights attach to certain properties and confer on the owner of that property the right to graze animals on local common land and, in our case, The Green. Recently we came across a fascinating letter written by Fred Dixon in February 1957, in which he makes a heartfelt plea to The Royal Commission on Common Land for the abolition of these rights.

In his letter he chooses to highlight an earlier contentious issue of where a planned playground should be sited on The Green. The parish council and everyone else involved had wanted the site to be on the higher ground next to the dip which was the former village pond.

However, one of the few remaining farren owners had objected, claiming it would interfere with his farren rights – though presumably because it would spoil the view from his house and very likely because of noise nuisance.

Although not named in the letter, this person was without doubt Charles Hughesdon, the then owner of Dunsborough and husband of Florence Desmond.

A copy of the full letter is available from the museum. Here are some extracts:

- farren rights on Ripley Green ... allow the owners of thirty eight local properties to graze cattle or sheep on the Green. As an example, the International Stores and J Gibbs Ltd, agricultural implement makers both possess farren rights but they possess no cattle or sheep. Nobody now grazes cattle or sheep on the Green and it would seem that the rights are purposeless
- [only] one farren owner objected to the site selected [for the playground] and ultimately conceded the erection of the playground apparatus on a site of his own choice – in the remains of the village pond!



A fishing competition at the pond circa 1930 before it was drained and the level raised © SRHS

Dixon refers to an enclosed photograph which unfortunately we do not have and which presumably showed the play area suffering from flooding. He continues:

- Much money and a considerable amount of voluntary labour by the Ripley branch of the British Legion have been wasted ... I can think of no clearer example of an outdated right acting to the detriment of the present generation ...

When the playground was eventually established all of the swings etc were built in the dip, with one exception, which was the slide which had to start at the top of the dip. It was, as many will remember a very good slide even for adults! The site was invariably very wet, especially in winter.

We do not know what the Commission's response to Fred Dixon's letter was but in my article in J268 I wrote that in 1965 there was a Commons Registration Act requiring farren rights claims to be registered. Many holders in Ripley failed to respond and 10 forfeited their rights but our former member Bob Gale established his rights for his then home Tudor House, as did a Mr Bolt, his neighbour in Cedar House, both on the High Street in Ripley. They were each given the right to graze one sheep. Dunsborough House also retained their rights for 53 sheep. At this time I do not know if Dunsborough still holds the farren rights or has ever exercised them.

Ripley (S.S.V.)
3197
Your Ref: - CCL287
Dear Sir,
Ripley Green.
Thank you for your letter dated 26th Feb.
I quite understand that the programme of the Royal Commission is a full one & must therefore be planned.
In reply to your enquiry regarding "FARREN RIGHTS", on Ripley Green, I have to say that these rights allow the owners of thirty-eight local house properties to graze cattle or sheep on the Green which is one of the largest in the country.
As an example, The International Stores, & Messrs J. Gibbs Ltd., Agricultural Implement Makers, both possess Farren Rights but they possess no cattle or sheep.

Nobody now grazes cattle on the Green, and it would seem that the Rights are purposeless.
The original plans for the Children's Playground were approved by the following, subject to no objections being raised by Farren Owners:-
1. The Lord of the Manor - Lord Enslow.
2. The Guildford R.D.C.
3. The Ripley Green Committee.
4. The Ripley Parish Council.
ONE Farren Owner, objected to the site selected & ultimately conceded the erection of the playground apparatus on a site of his own choice - in the remains of the Village Pond.
The result may be seen in the accompanying photograph of the playground which was taken today Wed. 27th February 1957.
Much money and a tremendous amount of extra voluntary labour by the Ripley Branch of the British Legion have been wasted on

endeavouring to raise the level of the bottom of the pond.
I can think of no clearer example of an out-dated Right, acting to the detriment of the present generation of this Village - population two thousand five hundred.
Yours faithfully
J. Dixon.
The Secretary,
Commons
Royal Commission on, hand,
26, Sussex Place,
London, N. W. 1.
Kindly note the remarks on the back of the photograph J.D.
P.T.O.

Fred Dixon's letter © SRHS

POUNDING THE VILLAGE BEAT IN RIPLEY

JOHN GILBERT

John Gilbert is a member of our Society and a former Ripley resident. His police career spanned almost thirty years. From February 1966 until September 1974, when he was promoted to detective sergeant, he had served as a police constable and detective constable at Reigate, Redhill and Woking. From 1974 until 1991, in addition to serving in Walton-on-Thames and Woking, he served on the Surrey Drug Squad, the No. 6 Regional Crime Squad and an Intelligence unit based at New Scotland Yard. In 1991 he was promoted to the rank of uniform inspector serving in Elmbridge until he retired in February 1995. His involvement with Ripley occurred during his tenure at Woking between 1970–74 and again in the 1980s. Ripley police office came under the jurisdiction of Woking police station but was closed in 2012, demolished, and replaced by the small residential development wittily named Peeler's Place. Here John shares some of his own memories of his time serving the community, together with snippets from former colleagues and from the police magazine *The Force*.

For readers without detailed policing knowledge, it might make sense to start with an explanation of the 'point system' and 'pounding the beat'. It was nothing like a tally of points to gain a merit score but a simple method of ensuring a constable's safety and providing some degree of supervision as he walked his allotted area. Remember, personal radios were not introduced into policing until the mid-1960s. Before then constables relied on their whistles, phone boxes or the public. In essence it was a system of establishing a number of points (locations) within a designated route which together comprised the 'beat' – a constable's area or patch. If patrolled with diligence it would more or less ensure that each nook or cranny, especially the more vulnerable places, witnessed a police presence. Albeit rather nostalgically still yearned for today, the concept certainly had merit and does appear to be in stark contrast with today's invisible police presence, where constables are never seen on foot or on cycle patrol. Way back then, the foot-weary constables really did deserve their modest 'boot allowance'.

As mentioned above, up until October 2012 Ripley village had its very own police office, quite understandably referred to by most locals as their police



Ripley police office shortly before its closure

station. Ripley was one of three small community sub-stations or offices within Woking division. The other two were Byfleet and Knaphill.

Only a few years prior to its closure the Ripley office was home to a small number (usually six) of village 'beat' bobbies, all kept on the straight and narrow by their ever-watchful sergeant. As in all rural sections within the Force, the office was closed from 2 am until 8 am.

For those who are not local or are new arrivals to the village, Ripley police office was situated on the High Street opposite to the village hall and is well-remembered by several retired colleagues. In the reminiscences which follow (along with a larger-than-life gardening tale) several former constables have recorded their experiences of working from there and its village 'community stye' policing. I am grateful to my ex-colleagues and villagers for sharing their thoughts with us.

Most of the memories I have chosen are of course about Ripley. However, back in the late sixties and early seventies I was Detective Constable Gilbert, and stationed at Woking, always a go-ahead force, probably due to being neighbours to the 'Mighty Met' (Metropolitan Police).

I recall driving one of those adorable little Panda cars we foot-slogging constables cherished. Their primary role was not only to replace the village beat bobbies and their sturdy bicycles but also to provide the public with a more effective and efficient police presence and, of course, to give a valid reason for finally abolishing our small 'boot allowance'.

Although only basic little Minis, they were terrific get-about, fun to drive and extremely easy to park. Another asset was that they were small enough to nip around housing estates, factory areas and minor roads. In addition to their blue and white livery an amusing feature of these policing go-karts was the blue light perched upon the roof. Unlike today's modern computer-controlled warning bars, our funny little things, which were powered by a small electric motor, not only flashed but also rather ingeniously rotated. Looking back, I still wonder how much taller colleagues managed to buckle and bend in deck-chair fashion to squeeze inside them, let alone drive these little toy-like hot rods.

POLICE CONSTABLE 793 JOHN HOYLE'S MEMORIES FROM THE EARLY 1960s:

'The move to Ripley was a mixed blessing. The area covered by Ripley section ran north from the borders with Guildford to the borders of the Metropolitan Police at Cobham and included the villages of Send, Ripley, Ockham and Wisley. It also included the Wey Navigation running north from Guildford on its way to the Thames, with locks and mills on route. At Wisley there were the lakes and the Royal Horticultural Society gardens. The A3 London to Portsmouth Road ran through the village of Ripley, which could be busy in the summer months, with day trippers on their way to the coast. In those days it was a single carriageway road. Today of course, the A3 is a dual carriageway and completely bypasses Ripley. The team at Ripley consisted of a sergeant and six constables. The sergeant and three of the constables lived in Ripley, the other three constables in Send in standard police houses. My wife and I, however, were allocated 'the police quarters' which were attached to the office.

The Ripley police office was built in about 1900 and, as the name suggested, it contained the office as well as residential accommodation. To gain access to our front door, you had to enter the main door. This led into a small corridor, with the office on the left and the cell block on the right. In front of you was our front door, which opened into another corridor, with our front room on the left and the bathroom on the right. The bathroom had only a bath in it, the toilet being outside, in a porchway, next to the back door. Access to the kitchen

was via the living room. At the end of the corridor was a staircase to the three bedrooms with the main bedroom situated above the police office. The building was dark, mainly because there were no windows at the back of the property. There was a small rear garden, and this was bounded by a high brick wall, behind which was the cemetery. In front of the building was a large area of lawn, edged with flower beds. It transpired that this 'front garden', although the frontage of the police office, was my responsibility to maintain.

The accommodation was also cold. The only heating was a coal fire in the living room and as far as décor was concerned it could only be described as appalling. The kitchen was two-toned with light green on the top portion of the wall and dark green below, with a two-inch black band between the two colours.

In the living room, corridor, and staircase half the wall was panelled with wood, which had been stained brown and varnished. In addition, the previous occupier had been a police dog handler, and it was apparent that the dog, on occasions, had been locked in the living room because there were numerous scratches on its door. A gas boiler had been fitted in the kitchen to supply hot water for there and the bathroom but the copper water tank had long ago lost its cover, resulting in green fungus all over the tank. This was our first home as a married couple. The only saving grace was that it was rent and rates free, allowing us to manage on my salary of £8/5s (£8.25p) per week.

The sergeant at Ripley at this time was a true community policeman. I very soon realised that the 'community attitude', encouraged by the sergeant, was a two-way thing. We had not been at Ripley more than a few weeks when one morning I opened our back door and a pheasant fell in on the mat. Somebody, unknown, during the night had propped the dead bird against the back door. It was the first one I had seen. Not knowing what to do with it, the wife and I took it to the local butchers. He exchanged the bird for one that was ready for the oven and instructed us how to cook it.

Shortly before Christmas that year, in fact our first Christmas as a married couple, two things happened. First of all, I was in the office when a member of the public called to report that, just outside the village, there were a few gypsies in a field and they seemed to be playing catch with what appeared to be a bomb.

I attended and discovered that they were in fact playing catch with an artillery shell. The story was that they purchased some growing Christmas trees and were in the process of digging them up for sale when they dug up the shell. I explained to them that it could be a live shell and therefore dangerous and, as it was already in their hands, perhaps they could deliver it to the police station. This they did, placing the suspect bomb on the front lawn of the office. Upon reflection this was not a wise move. I should have cleared the field and called the bomb squad. Lesson learnt. When the bomb disposal people arrived they asked where they could explode the shell. The only place I could suggest was the cemetery behind the police office.

There was a hell of a bang, after which the army officer suggested that suitable advice should be given to the men who had found it. I returned to the field and explained to the gypsies that in future, they should leave the article where it is and call us. I think that the episode frightened all those involved, including myself. However, in grateful thanks I came away with a Christmas tree. A few days before Christmas, I was off duty when the sergeant called me into the front office to assist in 'the annual share out of gifts'. During the previous week or so I had noticed that a number of parcels had arrived at the office.

Some people reading this will be aghast - the idea of police officers receiving gifts from the public! It should be borne in mind that this occurred at a village police station almost 60 years ago. Most of the gifts were given anonymously, and certainly not as a reward for favours or for not carrying out a duty. It was the public showing their appreciation and common practice at the time.

Shortly after we had moved in, my father made an unexpected visit and was so appalled at the state of the place that he immediately sought out the deputy chief constable, whom he had known for many years. Fortunately he was attending a dinner dance nearby at the time. I was not present at the subsequent meeting which from all accounts was a little heated. It ended with the deputy chief constable saying "Your son is lucky to get a property to live in".

However, the discussion appeared to have an effect, for the next day two retired police officers, employed by the Surrey Constabulary to carry out emergency repairs and redecorations, attended and gave the property a lick of paint. They were referred to as the 'chain gang'. We were to live in this property for the next 19 months.

One evening I was making my last point of the shift at a telephone kiosk in Ripley when the inspector arrived.



Top: Ripley police office's rear garden and the wall separating it from St Mary Magdalen's graveyard

Bottom: Rear view of Ripley police office looking towards High Street

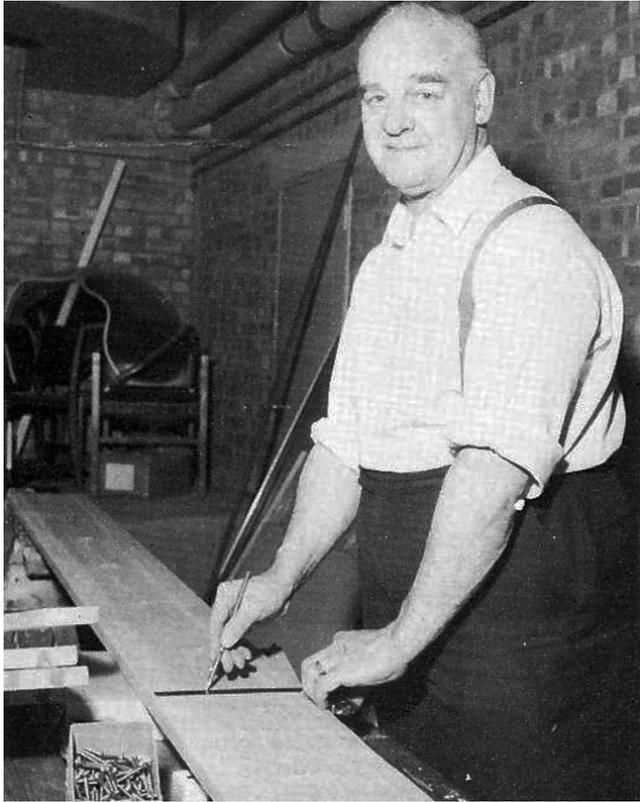
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Retired Constable Smith - also the force's carpenter and part of the 'chain gang'



My first motorcycle - a Triumph 21 - 350cc

He informed me that my application to the traffic department had been successful and I was to be a traffic motor-cyclist in W3 Area, to start the following week. For the time being, however, I was to operate out of Ripley police office until the new traffic centre at Farnham, together with housing, was completed in May 1963.'

POLICE CONSTABLE 284 'CHAS' COOKE (IN RIPLEY 1987–2009) RECALLS:

'I joined Surrey in 1987 and moved into the house which formed part of the police station at Ripley, having initially worked at Woking police station, a Dickensian building with prisoners having to be brought in through the small front counter area, which was fun when they were fighting and the counter was full of members of the public waiting to report incidents. Eventually I managed to obtain a posting to Ripley Rural Section. In those days we (Ripley) also covered the A3 in the unit vehicle. One of the duties often carried out by this section was collecting prisoners' meals from the Happy Eater at Burnt Common because Woking canteen wasn't open at weekends or evenings and frozen microwave meals didn't exist then. Christmas was sometimes difficult as we often couldn't get into the office in the morning; the door would be hidden behind gifts of food from kind residents as well as local businesses, particularly Cadogan's, the caterers at RHS Wisley. On several occasions, as one of the resident bobbies, I found a Christmas tree on my doorstep from one of the local farm workers I came to know.

The office was to one side of the living quarters with a door from my hall into the office, which contained a small writing room and public area combined, a sergeant's office and a small bathroom area. The house had a strange layout with the bathroom built downstairs, converted from a cell.

Outside was a concrete built-in shed with a parquet floor, which had also been a cell, reputed to have been the coldest in Surrey. Upstairs were three bedrooms and, off the landing, accessed by a small door, a huge concrete-floored loft that had formed the ceiling of the cells below. The old telephone system was still in evidence, although not working when I joined; a rotary switch could be used to transfer phone calls to any of the four police houses surrounding the office.

The air raid siren in the front garden was right outside my bedroom and one PC had a nasty habit of testing it when I had been on nights at Woking. I was very pleased when they decided World War II had been over long enough to allow its removal!

Eventually I was moved out of the police station to allow for its expansion and moved into the detached house next door, St Mary's Cottage (previously known as Police House No. 1) which had originally been the sergeant's house, being detached. The section was transferred to Guildford Division at some point which I believe didn't



Ripley police office with its old noisy siren. The car parked outside was probably a visiting sergeant's Ford Escort

help as the office lost its close links with the village community. Even when I moved to Ripley in 1987, which, in historical terms isn't that long ago, we really were part of the village community, giving up leave to go away on residential trips with the local schools, taking part in village events and just being a familiar face around the village. It was real community policing in the truest sense of the term and I thoroughly enjoyed my time as a rural beat officer.

Sometimes when I go back to visit the village, I am approached by people wanting to talk and reminisce about the old-style village policing. I lived in the village till my retirement in 2009 and watched the police office and its gardens decline, change in use and become rather run down. Right up to the time I retired and left Ripley I still had villagers knock on my door wanting to tell me things. They simply wanted to talk to a village bobby.'

POLICE CONSTABLE 64 JAMIE HOGG, WITH A STORY FROM THE EARLY 1980s:

'Not long after being posted to Ripley police office, we received a call from Woking to try and help stop a herd of cows in Potters Lane, Send, from reaching the A3 to prevent the potential disaster this would cause. Soon after we arrived at the scene we were joined by the duty sergeant from Woking. His name, like my seasoned rural colleague, will remain strictly under cover. My crewmate, a true *Countryfile* copper, immediately tried his best to explain to us two rural novices that cows didn't possess a particularly large amount of intelligence. He suggested that if we were to hold our arms wide apart at shoulder level and advance

towards them, the unsuspecting herd would believe we were very big and would move timidly away.

Somewhat perplexed that this strange idea might actually work, we set about trying to usher the ten or so cows back towards the gap in the fence and into the field, from whence they had escaped. By this time, the dutiful sergeant had also implemented his very own tactical policy by strategically parking his Panda across the road (his police car, not an errant escapee from London Zoo). The idea was that the prodigious Panda – not one of Woking's little Minis but the sergeant's new and spotless Mk 1 Ford Escort – would become an immovable barrier that the cows wouldn't even dare to try and pass. His logic was simple – back then most people did as a police officer instructed, so why would a herd of cows act any differently? Surely, they would kowtow to a sergeant!

After what seemed like half of the shift but was actually about half an hour, we made progress and most of the cows were duly returned to the field. Unfortunately, our success was short-lived. Somehow, we had accidentally created a gap in our wide-armed attack and 'Daisy' (not her real name) had cleverly spotted an escape route. Not wishing to be taken prisoner, dear Daisy made a bolt for it - running towards the police car and, much to our horror, towards the wide-open space of the busy A3. Much puffing and wheezing followed as we each tried to outflank Daisy and prevent her escape. At some point my Ripley colleague had somehow managed to outrun and turn her about with his arms raised high and wide, causing her to halt right in front of the police car.

A short stand-off followed as both my colleague and Daisy locked eyes – eyeball to eyeball. As my crewmate cautiously started advancing towards her, very, very slowly, Daisy, obviously extremely bored by the whole escapade, promptly sat down. Probably annoyed and by then 'udderly' uninterested, she unceremoniously and perfectly positioned the whole of her hind quarters onto the front of the police car. To the sergeant's consternation, much amusement emanated from us village constables. And pity the Woking skipper (an in-house term for a sergeant) who had the delicate task of explaining why the esteemed police car looked like something from a demolition derby rather than a sergeant's prized and up-to-date patrol car.

Later that day, all of us village bobbies at Ripley were left wondering who had been the most intelligent animal in Potters Lane that evening? There is one certainty, however, the 'cow-shocked' sergeant was never able to live this down.'

I came across several interesting Ripley-related pieces in the *Force News*, each showing how police officers engaged in their different ways with the local community.



Keeping Ripley office spick and span - Bill Morey

Bill Morey, the cleaner of Ripley office hard at work with his speciality – the brass in the office (doorknobs that is!). At the time of this photograph Bill was 76 years of age and still devoted to his daily office chores. As an aside, before Bill came to work for the police, he had worked for Vickers Armstrong for 30 years. He also was well known for his most unusual hobby – making miniature working windmills.

Mr Frank Brewer of Ripley is an enthusiastic gardener and recently grew a marrow so large he couldn't lift it – but, more importantly, he couldn't think what to do with it. So, knowing who would be able to assist him, he went into Ripley police office and asked Fred Johnston if he had any suggestions. It was decided that the marrow should be auctioned for a charity – The Association for Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus. The outsize vegetable was put up for auction in the Anchor and Horseshoes public house in Burpham. It was purchased for £2.20 but the buyer gave it back to be auctioned again. Before it was sold a second

time there was a 'guess the weight' competition which raised £2.60. All in all the marrow 'collected' £8.20. Mr Brewer's marrow, which was grown in Polesdon Lane, Ripley, weighed 48 lb, was 3 ft long and 18 inches wide. The known record for a marrow is 60 lb so perhaps Mr Brewer will try next year! We are still wondering however, what the buyer at the Anchor and Horseshoes is going to do with his oversized vegetable?



Police Sergeant Fred Johnston, PC Graham Kendall and Mr Brewer



Constable Paul Fagan and Police Sergeant John Sait

Whereas Paul, who lives in Ripley plays bowls for the county, John's activities include golf and membership of Ripley's British Legion and he is also a member of the Send Teens committee – a local youth club. He enjoys carpentry and a 'once year activity' playing father Christmas at the children's party, which was held at the Red Cross hut by the Send recreation ground, Send Barns Lane.

MEMORIES OF POLICE SERGEANT 75 GEORGE LOCK:

No article on Ripley's policing past could possibly fail to mention Ripley's very own Dixon of Dock Green – Sergeant George Lock. The affable, considerate, community-minded sergeant who joined the Surrey Constabulary in 1946 after serving during WWII was extremely well-respected, admired and liked. He was also a fine all-round sportsman who excelled in both cricket and football. Always at the forefront of village activities, he was the organiser of the Divisional Annual Police Ball held at Ripley's Talbot Inn. Although George retired during 1975, incredible as it may seem, his kindly fair-minded 'Dixon' image lives on.

During the late 1970s when I was a detective sergeant on our headquarters drug squad, Guildford, I was required to visit Woking police station to liaise with the chief superintendent. What immediately struck me as I entered the chief super's office was a framed picture of George Lock on his paper-littered desk. It was obvious that George and the chief super had been much more than work colleagues, they had been close friends. I am not by any means certain but believe their bond had formed while serving together in the Royal Air Force during the war.



Sergeant 75 George Lock (seated)

A NUMBER OF LONG-STANDING RIPLEY RESIDENTS HAVE ALSO CONTRIBUTED THEIR MEMORIES OF GEORGE LOCK.

Jenny Cliff (née Brown) recalls:

'George Lock was a well-established village copper during my childhood in Ripley, always aware of the various goings-on, keeping things in proportion. I'm sure he saw an opportunity to teach me a lesson when

I once left my treasured two-wheeler, complete with basket and saddle bag, propped against the old forge wall (now the guitar shop), having forgotten that I had taken it out. Later that day, my dad asked me where it was, and then of course I remembered. I ran to retrieve it, but, horror, it was missing. Dad said we had to go and report this 'theft' at the police station (sadly, now gone and replaced by Peeler's Place). With a burning face and me close to tears we arrived at the front desk to be questioned by Sergeant Lock as to what the bicycle looked like and where the bicycle had been last seen, etc, etc. Eventually, after a few meaningful glances between George and my dad, I was taken off to identify my bike; such a happy reunion! George then gave me a tour of the station, and I remember being most interested in the cell where 'criminals could be detained'. I am sure that a conversation had taken place between George and my dad, so that my dad knew exactly where my bike was before we went to fetch it; but it was a lesson learnt on my part. I haven't forgotten that trip to the 'cop shop' and later understood that taking my bike to a safe place presented a really good opportunity to demonstrate the kindness of village coppers.'

Alan Cooper adds:

'As a child, attending the old Ripley school next to the police houses, Sergeant Lock was for me a familiar and friendly sight. An affable man who knew most of us by our first names and when we politely said "hello Sergeant Lock" responded accordingly. He commanded the utmost respect from us all and regularly visited the village school, lecturing us on the *Highway Code* but, more importantly (to me anyway), told us about the perils of discovering ordnance left over from the war and what to do if we ever found any. Well, imagine our delight upon coming across some unused rounds of .303 ammo dumped, presumably by Canadian soldiers, in the stream at Bridgefoot where we were trying to catch sticklebacks. Running the length of the High Street, three excited and breathless small boys burst into the police office demanding to see sergeant Lock as we had discovered 'explosives in the stream'. Our dreams of a ride in a police car were dashed when he politely suggested we return and 'guard' said explosives until he could find a suitable container. Official police guards! Well, that was second best, but at least it made us feel important. I recall how his cheery face adopted a positively stern expression when he arrived ten minutes later and saw our little pile of perhaps twenty very much 'live' rounds, which he then very carefully placed into a small bucket. I wonder what became of them?

My other memory was the day he ‘made’ me a Manchester United follower. It was bob-a-job week for the village cubs and scouts and that day I decided to target the houses running from the church towards Send Marsh. At the sergeant’s house I was greeted with a smile and duly put to work weeding a small patch of garden. Upon completion of tasks, we would often be given ‘tips’ but here I was asked “do you like football?” I replied in the affirmative and Sergeant Lock briefly disappeared, returning with a pile of books. It transpired he was conducting a clear-out of his son’s bedrooms and I was invited to select one. I chose a football annual for the 1957/58 season and later read with horror the chilling story of how the Manchester United team were all but wiped out in the terrible plane crash at Munich airport in February 1958. It clearly had a profound impact on me as I became a lifelong Man U fan.’

FORMER POLICE CONSTABLE 999, TERRY BAWDEN, REMEMBERS:

‘At Ripley we lived in the house which had the police office attached to it and we were together with some great colleagues and their families. They were a fine bunch to work with and we thoroughly enjoyed our time on the section.

I soon became a divisional (Woking) motorcyclist on C23. (C or Charlie 23 was our call sign) When my daughter was born in St Luke’s Hospital, Guildford, I was on duty as I was saving the rest days and holidays so that I could have time off when she came out of hospital. Sergeant George Lock, (one of the best sergeants I ever met) told me to go and visit her whilst on duty, classing it as meal break and to use C23 to get there.

In those days the A3 ran directly through the village of Ripley and we were never short of work to do. On most days I would deal with at least one RTA (road traffic accident) somewhere on the section.’

FORMER POLICE SERGEANT 767, RIPLEY VILLAGE RESIDENT SIMON MOXTON, CONCLUDES:

‘Sadly, and to reiterate, Ripley police office finally closed all connections with the general public and villagers during 2012.



Top: Demolition nears its conclusion

Bottom: Peeler’s Place: housing replaces the village police office

As the following statistics reveal, Ripley was not to be the only police office or station to close: in 2010 Surrey had over 40 police stations/police offices throughout the county. In 2021, due to the long-term effects of the 2010 government budgetary constraints, Surrey now has only five: Staines, Woking, Guildford, Reigate and Caterham. Woking and Reigate together with the current Surrey police headquarters on the Mount Browne estate, Guildford, are also due to be sold within the next three years (by 2024) to help finance the new Surrey police HQ being built in Leatherhead.

Jamie Hogg and I were the last two police officers to enter the Ripley building prior to its demolition. We asked the developer for access to see if there was anything of historical value worth saving; sadly there was not.

Photo credits:

Ripley office before and during demolition, Simon Moxon

Peeler’s Place, John Gilbert

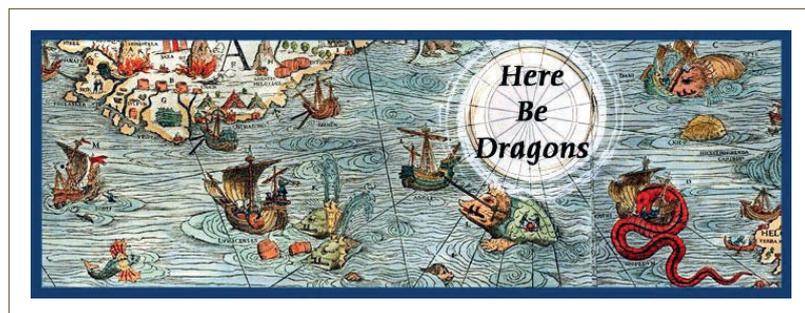
All others, Surrey Constabulary History Archive

MUSEUM NEWS

CLARE McCANN

I am delighted to say the museum is back open on Saturday mornings, albeit with slightly shorter hours (10-12.00) and with pedestrian access only. We can still arrange to open at other times by appointment. The few visitors we've been having each week seemed to have really enjoyed the present exhibition, Ripley – a Refreshment Destination – the History of Local Cafés and Tearooms, so please try to come and bring your friends and neighbours as well.

Because of the current challenges we are not planning to change the exhibition quite as soon as normal – probably not before the end of October. We hope to replace it with one provisionally entitled The Magic of Maps. This has been prompted by the gift from Ros Hewitt of an amazing study of Old Woking, illustrated by a series of maps. If you feel you would like to get involved with this exhibition please let me know as I am looking for ideas – though a painting on the museum wall of Here be Dragons seems to be a first step!



We continue to need some more stewards please. You would only have to commit to two sessions per half year, will be well briefed, and paired either with your spouse or a friendly (and double-jabbed) partner. The library area is cordoned off to enable social distancing.

If you might be interested please contact me at:

cricketshill@hotmail.com
01483 728546

SURREY ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY COURSE

Some members may be interested in a forthcoming course on Traditional Domestic Architecture in Surrey being offered by the Surrey Archeological Society. One of the presenters is Brigid Fice who gave a talk on this subject to the Society in 2017 (written up in J259/10). Details at: <https://www.guildford-institute.org.uk/event/traditional-domestic-architecture-in-surrey-gi-21-067-online/2021-11-04/>

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Until further notice meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of the month at Ripley Bowling Club in Rose Lane, GU23 6NE. Doors open for all evening talks at 7.30pm for an 8pm start. Tea/coffee available.

DATES	EVENTS
Wednesday 13th October	David Rose talk: <i>Back to the 50s and 60s</i>
Wednesday 10th November	Speaker to be confirmed: <i>A History of CPRE (Campaign for the Protection of Rural England) in Surrey</i>
Wednesday 8th December	Christmas Social (members only)

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

SEND & RIPLEY LOCAL HISTORY MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS



OPEN: SATURDAY MORNINGS 10.00–12.00

We can arrange to open at other times by appointment.

Note that currently there is pedestrian access only.

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

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 Pinnocks Coffee House, Ripley, or via the Society's website www.sendandripleyhistorysociety.co.uk



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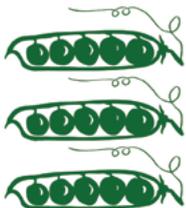
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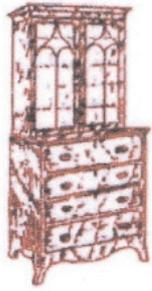
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