



Mickleham & Westhumble Local History Group NEWSLETTER

Volume 10 – May 2023 Editor: Sue Tatham

The Chairman, Ben Tatham writes ...

It is timely to look back over our group's activities during its first ten years. There have been many interesting and informative talks, visits and tours. (These were suspended during the 'Covid' pandemic, but work on various projects continued with help from online sources.) In addition to our programmed events the list of projects and achievements by a small group of very active members is quite impressive.

The village archives have been organised and a digital cataloguing system established. Where possible items are being stored according to optimal archiving principals. Items of important historic value have been copied and the originals handed on to the Surrey History Centre. With new items being acquired all the time, the archives are a work in progress. If you have any items suitable for the archives, please do get in touch. Many thanks to Judy Kinloch, Judith Long and Angela Ireland for their continuing diligence. Unfortunately, with the loss of archive space firstly at Juniper Hall, and later at Warren Farm Barns, we have nowhere to keep all the archive items in one place. The search for a new home for the archives continues.

Researching the War Memorial was one of our first projects. Upon completion we published a booklet which included information about each man whose name was listed. Copies were sent to families of those listed. A copy is also available in the church.

I have produced a History of St Michael's School Buildings and Judy Kinloch has written a report on Mickleham Schools. One of her

current projects is bringing together information about past schoolmasters.

Mickleham Village Hall has also been the subject of our research. I have written a History of the Village Hall building and Angela Ireland has made a summary of the various activities held in the hall over the years. Mick Hallett has completed a History of the Westhumble Residents Association.

The archives have been a rich resource for Sue Tatham who has conducted a series of guided tours of St Michael's Church for local residents and several outside groups.

Our Oral Histories team, Roger Davis and Anne Weaver, has been very busy. The theme of their first project was 'Feeding the Family' which included many local residents as well as those associated with Rose's Stores. They have also recorded memories of past St Michael's School teachers, staff and pupils. Their present subjects are long-time residents of the area.

The largest project we have undertaken is to record the burials in the churchyard. This has been extremely challenging and has taken up much time over the years. However, thanks to Judith Long and her team much progress has been made and they are finally reaching a stage when the digital database is nearly

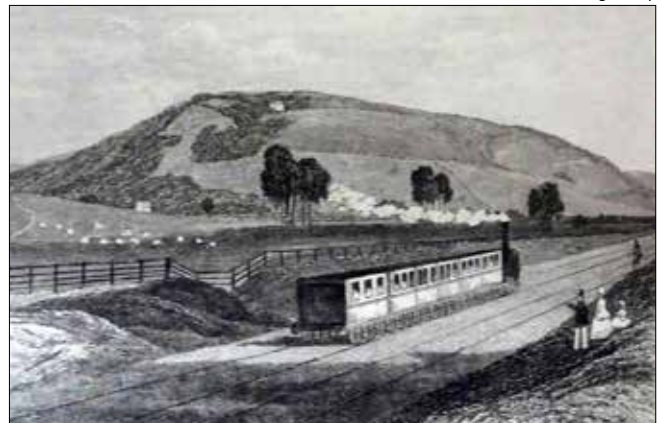
complete and work on an updated plan can begin. The aim is to have these available for online searches.

Roger Davis has developed our website which has become increasingly busy with requests for information about people who once lived in our area. It seems that during lockdown people used the time to investigate their family history. Our archive and churchyard research have proved a valuable resource, and in many cases the queries and subsequent online searches by Judith Long have yielded additional interesting information for our archives. Several descendants of local families have become members of the group.

Throughout our ten years members of the group have provided many interesting articles for the parish magazine. We hope these have helped readers appreciate how our area has developed and the backgrounds to the many amenities we enjoy today.

Ben Tatham

Dorking Library



Drawing of an early train with Box Hill in background undated

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PROGRAMME 2023

Friday 17 th February	AGM with talk 'The Vanishing River Mole: 2022' by Peter Brown
Wednesday 12 th April	'The Life of Brookwood Cemetery' a talk by Kim Lowe
Saturday 13 th May	Private Tour of Brookwood Cemetery
Tuesday 5 th September	Visit to Reigate Caves
Friday 15 th – Sunday 17 th September	Heritage Open Weekend in Mickleham Church See page 11.



Postern House, Chapel Lane, Westhumble

James Chuter Ede

Following the AGM of the M&WLHG on 1st April, Stephen Hart gave a really interesting and informative talk about James Chuter Ede, a local man who had a successful career in local government before serving as Clement Attlee's Home Secretary. Stephen has recently written the first biography of Chuter Ede, who was born in Epsom in 1882 and became the longest serving Home Secretary since the 1880s (narrowly beating Theresa May by a few weeks).

Chuter Ede's parents, proud Nonconformists and Liberals, ran a grocers shop on Epsom High Street and their son 'Jim' attended West Hill Infants School where there were ninety children in a class. He won a scholarship to Dorking High School for Boys which later merged with schools nearby to become the Ashcombe School. In 1899 he started teacher training in Battersea and joined a Volunteer Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment when the Boer War began. Always a fan of cricket and horse racing, he found time to organise a Cricket Club in Epsom and never missed the Derby. In 1903, soon after joining the Unitarian Church, he was awarded a scholarship to Christ's College Cambridge (coincidentally Stephen Hart's college) where he read Natural Sciences. After two years he left without a degree due to a lack of funding. Ironically, Cambridge awarded him an Honorary MA for his services to education almost forty years later.

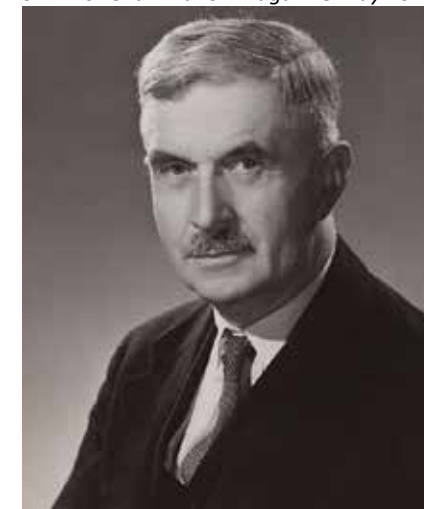
He went back into teaching, mostly in Mortlake, and in 1908 made his first move into politics as a Liberal when he won a seat on Epsom Urban District Council. A keen rambler and photographer with a great love of the Surrey countryside, he took a group of his Mortlake pupils by train to Epsom from where they walked to Box Hill and back. He resigned from teaching in 1914 to stand successfully for the vacancy on Surrey County Council and was appointed to the Education Committee. Soon after the outbreak of WW1 he re-joined the East Surreys and as a result of his war experience switched his political affiliation to the Labour Party, encouraged by his wife Lilian whom he

had married in 1917.

Hoping to gain a seat in parliament, Chuter Ede stood as the Labour candidate for Epsom in 1918 where, unsurprisingly, he lost heavily to the Conservative candidate. He was briefly the MP for Mitcham before winning the seat in South Shields in 1929 which he held for most of the next thirty-five years. His Tyneside constituents seemed unconcerned that their MP was Chairman of Surrey County Council and Charter Mayor of Epsom and Ewell for some of the years he represented them in parliament. His years with the SCC were of great benefit to our local area, particularly Norbury Park which seemed likely to be bought for development in 1930. Chuter Ede was instrumental in persuading Alderman Willcocks, a wealthy member of the SCC, to guarantee funding for the council to purchase the estate and preserve much of it as an open space. He also secured the future of Burford Lodge after the death of the owner Sir William Lawrence in 1934. Again, there was concern the estate would be sold to a developer but luckily the National Trust bought most of the grounds and the Joint Electricity Authority (of which Ede was Chairman) bought the house and used it for testing and repairing electricity meters.

In May 1940, Chuter Ede was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education in Churchill's Coalition Government. R. A. 'Rab' Butler became President of the Board of Education and the two men worked together on educational reform resulting in the 1944 Education Act. Chuter Ede regarded it as his greatest achievement. Amongst its major provisions were the raising of the school leaving age to fifteen from fourteen and free secondary education in all state schools. When Attlee became Prime Minister after the Labour victory in 1945 Chuter Ede was deeply disappointed to be made Home Secretary as he was hoping to become Minister of Education. The following year Chuter Ede paid for new Stepping Stones across the River Mole near Burford Bridge after the original ones were destroyed during the war.

From Mickleham Parish Magazine May 2022



James Chuter Ede by Bassano Ltd. © National Portrait Gallery, London

There was a re-opening ceremony held on his 64th birthday, 11th September 1946, where Attlee cut the tape and then posed with his wife for a photo on the stones, which were barely above the water level after heavy rain. Dinner followed at the Railway Arms (now the appropriately named Stepping Stones) and Attlee recounted how his father and grandfather were both born in Dorking. In 1950 Chuter Ede made the decision to deny a reprieve to Timothy Evans who was hanged for the murder of his baby daughter and believed to have killed his wife. This had far-reaching effects because three years later John Christie, who lived at the same address as Evans and had given evidence against him, was hanged after confessing to the murders of seven women, including Evans' wife. The campaign to abolish capital punishment gained pace and Chuter Ede stated that if he had known all the facts Evans would not have been hanged. The bill to end capital punishment was finally voted on in 1965, shortly after Chuter Ede had been given a life peerage. Lord Chuter-Ede of Epsom voted in favour of abolition. He died a few months later in a nursing home in Ewell not far from the family home in Tayles Hill. His obituary in *The Times* described him as 'one of the most sensible politicians of his generation' whose 'wit and wisdom were a constant refreshment to the House'. Despite his Unitarian faith, the funeral took place at St Martin's Church, Epsom. He is buried in Epsom Cemetery in the same unmarked grave as his parents and his wife Lilian, who had died in 1948.

Judith Long

Mickleham School The War Years 1939-1946 from the School Log

It just happened that when I reached the year 1939 in my reading of the School Logs that the Russian invasion of Ukraine began. The job of the head, William Curtis Johnson, is merely to record events in the life of the school so he does not look at the wider scene nor seek to engage our sympathies. Nevertheless we are more than capable of filling in these for ourselves. The Second World War was declared on 3rd September and on the 11th the autumn term began. William Johnson writes that they opened 'under emergency conditions'. The surprise was that children from three London schools plus evacuees were also expected to be accommodated, 220 in all. Arrangements were hastily made to organise Mickleham school sessions from 9 am-12 pm, while Dulwich Central School had the 1-4 pm session. London County Council would provide one extra teacher. Grove Vale School and Dog Kennel Hill School were to use the village hall on a double shift. It was decided that the afternoons were to be given over to walks and games in three groups, activities that were highly weather dependent, so often abandoned, as the winter of 1940 was severe with deep snow and hard frosts. Charabancs often could not cope with the journey from Box Hill and overall attendance might be halved. In addition, scarlet fever and measles were taking their toll.

In May 1940 the decision was made to amalgamate and classes were reorganised to incorporate 24 children from the three London schools that had been evacuated. I assume the rest had returned home, but preparations for invasion continued. An air raid drill was held on 31st May when the school closed and all the children were out and under cover of the woods in four and a half minutes. Gas mask drills followed. Air raid warnings are reported for the first time in July and are taking place in earnest in August and September, some short-lived but often more than twice in one day. Some were much longer and children were held in school past normal school hours. Night air raids, not unsurprisingly, were common, using the

geography of the Mole Gap as a direct route to London. Attendance fell as parents kept their offspring at home to catch up on their sleep. Autumn that year was particularly bad with constant raids lasting up to seven hours and continuous raids all day; 'very close to here today', and on the 9th November gunfire was heard. The bombardment was so constant on some days that children were held in school until 4.30 pm and taken home in parties. In spite of this, an end of term Christmas party was held with sweets, an orange and a present for each, the infants enjoying wearing fancy dress.

1941 saw wintry weather with heavy snow in February. Often the charabanc from Box Hill failed to arrive and might be replaced by a lorry, which was not popular. On several occasions children chose to walk. The W.I. organised the showing of a Ministry of Information film at the village hall. In July there were 130 children on roll, 52 from Box Hill, and measles was prevalent. No raids are mentioned but gas mask drill was taking place. The winter of 1942 was even more severe with heavy snow and freezing temperatures in January and well into February. Classes were too disrupted by absence to be held according to the timetable, only 29 being present on the 23rd January and no attendance from St Faith's or Box Hill. On 9th February, with 91 children attending, there was no fuel, nor on the next day, but a 'lorry did finally arrive at 6.30 and damaged the playground in the process'. Summer saw the School and District sports take place as normal and in the holidays the school was kept open for milk and for those whose parents wished for them to attend although few took up the offer of school, and only a dozen for milk.

The start of the new term in September saw four girls moving on to Leatherhead Central School and three boys leaving to take up scholarships. The school attended St. Michael's for a National Service of Prayer and the canteen opened in the village hall for the first time, serving 59 dinners. Until then, only children who went home would have had a hot meal. Towards the end

of the year there was a resumption of air raid alerts, gunfire was heard and a very low-flying aircraft flew overhead. 1943 saw fewer air raid warnings but a talk by the ARP on bombs where the children were shown specimens and warned not to approach. £7 was saved for 'Wings for Victory' by the children and school attendance was much improved. The 1944 log records the collection of 1500 books and magazines for salvage and donations to the Red Cross Fund. On June 15th an air raid warning sounded at 11.40 pm and the alert was not cleared until 11.15 am the next day. On 18th June, a pilotless plane fell in Norbury Park but there was no damage to the school except for 'very little glass left'. Luckily, it was a Sunday. The following two weeks were very active, with repeated warnings during the day and very noisy nights, culminating in a flying bomb going directly over the school and landing in Leatherhead. July saw further alerts with flying bombs frequently passing over night and day; one burst over Foxbury but only broke two windows. The school did not open until mid-August (earlier than we do today but to coincide with harvest). There was damage to the school during the holidays and there was some further movement of evacuees, returning both inwards and outwards.

1945 was another severe winter with drifts on Box Hill but by this time the action had moved to Europe, and on 8th May VE Day was declared VE Day and on November 22nd the school was closed for VJ Day.

Just to mop up odds and ends, in January 1946 the Kinsmen Club of Canada gave chocolate flavoured milk powder, 1lb to be distributed to each child and some to the canteen for puddings! Not until 1947 did the school have a telephone installed and it was 1948 before PC Saunders gave his talk on finding dangerous explosives.

That is the last entry in the log but this is just one tiny part of both a local and global story. We did not see these scenes on television but I think perhaps we understand more now of the suffering then. Judy Kinloch

Task Group Report: The Village Archives

Enquiries continue to arrive whether it be from family members seeking their own history or that of their houses, or research into a particular period with a local connection. The diversity is always diverting, and one never knows what will turn up next, whether from just down the road in one of our villages or from far flung places overseas.

Fanny Burney is by far the most well-known name that came into our inbox this year, courtesy of Professor Fran Saggini, a Burney scholar of 25 years' standing, and now based in Edinburgh. She was interested in exploring our local landmarks that had a connection with the author (of which there are many) and gathering material for the project she is working on. Fran was keen to see our archive and we took her on a tour of places such as Norbury Park and Juniper Hall which are not so much changed since Fanny visited them herself, as well as venturing out on her own on foot to walk the countryside surrounding Box Hill. (The A24 being the main obstacle!) She has given two talks at Leatherhead Library. Below is one of Judith Long's photographs which featured in the associated exhibition 'Fanny Burney's Surrey'.

Closer to home, we looked into what is known of the history of the Long Cottage and its past owner and residents as well as Bellasis which had once been sold as a house designed by Lutyens. Unfortunately, it was not



Timberden and what is now Westhumble Chapel at end of 19th century

and there was some furore over this. Fredley Manor as it is now called also proved to have an interesting past, being little more than a cottage in its early life, and we never did discover who put up the Blue Box Kiosk at Box Hill Station although it did bring back memories for a number of longstanding residents. It was run by the Parfitt family (there is a description in Ronnie Sheppard's book 'Micklam, the Story of a Parish') and hopefully stocked the one thing people had run out of plus sweets and ice creams after the children's service at the chapel. The station was a busy place at weekends.

The Wesleyan revolt involving William Ball at Timberden (now Camilla Lacey Lodge -what a dull change of

name) was quite explosive with Lady Cavendish of Camilla Lacey refusing to allow protesters to use the house resulting in street scenes outside it. Just recently, Nick Bravery whose family were at the Timberyard has been in touch. At one time the area from Bytom Hill to the Old London Road was in the ownership of Henry Haynes, a timber merchant. Lots to expand on here.

Apart from all this, we continue to collect material so please send anything of possible interest to us. Many thanks to all who have contributed and especially Judith Long without whose research skills and enthusiasm we would be so much less able to answer any queries.

Judy Kinloch



Fanny Burney's Surrey: Sunrise over Box Hill Mickleham as viewed from Norbury Park

Task Group Report: Oral Histories

Roger Davis and I have been tasked with carrying out the oral history interviews for some time now. Roger does all the technical stuff, as well as making initial contact with our interviewees (victims!). Meanwhile, I have the John Humphries/Jeremy Paxman role of trying to tease out interesting facts which are relevant to our subject matter. We have found it easier to provide a theme, for example Feeding the Family or St Michael's School because this helps everyone to stay focused and helps us to consider who might have some interesting

things to say. There is a "trigger letter" which everyone receives before the interview which we hope will help them to prepare. Following the interview, Roger completes a short precis and gives this, plus a recording of the interview, to the interviewee as a memento and to pass on to family members if so desired.

Also, we have interviewed some long-standing local residents who have watched the subtle, or sometimes not so subtle changes to the local community. I found this to be a huge learning curve when I provided one of

the interviews. It is more tiring than I had realised and even having made notes beforehand of what I thought I should talk about, afterwards I remembered two or three events that I had not mentioned.

At the forefront of each interview is the reason for doing this, which is to provide a record of our community for the future which may show aspects of every day life which one would not be able to glean from reading history books. It is also quite moving to hear these voices and the emotions and humour which they convey.

Anne Weaver

From Mickleham Parish Magazine May 2022

Agnes Warburg

An article in the March magazine noted the centenary of Miss Warburg's gift of land to Box Hill. Lyn Richards, chair of the Friends of Box Hill, has done some research on Agnes Warburg for the FoBH Newsletter and has kindly agreed that it can be included here.

Agnes Warburg (1872–1953), pictured here, was an amazing woman. She was born in Paddington and spent her childhood in Hastings. She lived most of her life in London but died in Bramley in Surrey. Her brother, Sir Oscar Warburg, MP lived in Boidier in Headley. This maybe how she came to have such an affinity for Box Hill.

Agnes was a keen amateur photographer and active member of the Royal

Photographic Society. Between about 1890 and 1940 she experimented with nine different colour photographic techniques and invented her own process called the War-type in 1918.

She played an important role in furthering the artistic and technical development of 'colour photography' and the Photographic Canadiana Journal has an eleven-page article on her and her contribution to early colour photography in Britain.

Examples of her work can be seen at the Victoria & Albert Museum and one of her images is also part of their 'A History of Photography' 50 Postcards set. She even made into Wikipedia: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Agnes_Warburg



History Ancient and Modern

On a sunny afternoon in May more than 30 adults and three children came together at St Michael and All Angels to learn more about the history of our church. For over an hour and a half the wonderful Sue Tatham, ably assisted by Ben her husband, talked to us about the origins of this very special building and the changes that have taken place over the last 1000 years. Settlement on this site may date to Roman times and successive generations have recognised the

beauty and accessibility of Mickleham and the surrounding areas. Evidence of this history is seen in the names given to local roads and buildings in recognition of some of the people who have made this their home, from the acclaimed diarist, novelist and playwright Fanny Burney to Viscount Bennett, the only Canadian Prime Minister not to be buried in Canada. Although the local gentry have left more visible signs of their existence in our church in the various memorials and hatchments, there is also evidence of others, such as

a photograph of Mrs Pack the pew opener who decided who sat where in church and the graffiti of some restless boys in the Norbury chapel.

This short piece cannot hope to do justice to all the fascinating facts so next time you are passing please call in. There is lots of information in the leaflets and booklets to your right as you enter the church.

Thanks again to Sue and Ben, for a truly informative talk and to Alison and Mike for the delicious refreshments.

Catherine Diffey

Visit to Juniper Hill

When we arranged our first visit to Juniper Hill, eight years ago, eighteen people attended. This time we were pleasantly surprised when thirty people signed up, with more hoping a third visit might be arranged as they were unavailable on the date chosen. Covid however had other ideas and on the day of the visit we were down to fifteen, mostly a result of the Queen's Platinum Jubilee Lunch in the Village Hall, now more likely to be remembered as the Great Mickleham Superspreader Event.

On arrival at Juniper Hill, we were greeted by Estate Manager Chris Livett who introduced us to the owner Jan Murray. When Jan and his wife Jackie bought the house in 2000 they were faced with a huge restoration project, started by the previous owners Kiko Nakahara and her husband Jean-Paul Renoir but left unfinished as the couple faced criminal charges in the USA and France. They had also made themselves deeply unpopular locally for trying to re-route Stane Street.

Restoring the house has clearly been a labour of love for the Murrays (at least most of the time as they did at one point consider putting it up for sale again) and they have obviously enjoyed the search for their ideal furniture and fittings. A chandelier from Thame House hangs in the dining room above a table bought in Tuscany but made in England, while a snooker table made for the Sultan of Brunei has pride of place in a room containing panelling at one time part of a library in a house owned by the Bank of England.



Juniper Hill 2014

Without doubt, our group found the Winter Garden the most intriguing part of the visit. When Theodore Bryant of the Bryant and May match company bought Juniper Hill in the 1880s the main entrance was at the front where it is today. Bryant constructed a new entrance at the back with a portecochère leading into a Winter Garden with a magnificent glass roof. The walls were covered with pulhamite, a man-made rock invented by James Pulham which became extremely popular as a result of the Victorian craze for ferneries and alpine gardens. The Murrays have restored this area and we were astonished to see how part of the floor can be lowered using an ingenious hydraulic system to form the bottom of a swimming pool with the water pumped in on top of it. Bryant's photo album, now in the Surrey History Centre, is an invaluable resource for

local history enthusiasts as it contains numerous photos of his family, friends and local residents, all neatly labelled with names, dates and locations.

Another notable resident was Viscount Bennett, the former Prime Minister of Canada and close friend of Lord Beaverbrook who owned Cherkley Court. Bennett moved to Mickleham in 1939 and lived there until his death in 1947. He installed the library in what had previously been the dining room and has unusual, curved doors dating back to the mid-19th century. As many readers will know Bennett is the only Canadian Prime Minister to be buried outside Canada.

We are all extremely grateful to Jan and Chris for giving up their time and also for allowing the visit to go ahead, given the prevalence of Covid at the time.

Judith Long



Archive photographs from the Bryant album. Left: Entrance to the Winter Garden 1887. Right: Inside the Winter Garden 1888

'The river runneth under': July 2022

Pete Brown, author of *The Vanishing River of Box Hill*, reflects on a fascinating summer along the River Mole.



The dry riverbed south of Young Street on 27th July

That a river can sporadically disappear into the underworld then simply reappear again further downstream is almost beyond belief, yet we now know the local folklore to be true.

By mid-July 2022, the River Mole was running dry for about a quarter of a mile close to the Young Street parking area at Norbury Park. Many locals came out to see the spectacle. Upstream, 'dams' of gravel separated deep stagnant pools where herons and kingfishers were snapping up the fish as the waters slowly ebbed away.

Soon, Pressforward Bridge had been drained and Ben Tatham reported no discernible movement of water at the Weir Bridge.

The explanation for this curious phenomenon lies in the chalk bedrock of the Mole Gap. This is where water leaks through a series of ever-widening 'swallow holes' (chalk being slowly dissolved by the slightly acid water) into a labyrinth of uncharted subterranean streams, before resurfacing again as springs at Thorncroft. Gravity rules and water always finds the easiest way downhill. On its way through the Mole

Gap, the underground streams cause land to slump and, sometimes, collapse into cavities as sink holes.

Early maps labelled 'the river runneth under' provoked heated arguments because vanishing events are so rare. Daniel Defoe, who lived nearby at Burford Corner, said it had never happened during his time in the area.

The first hard evidence came in 1949 when the late Christopher Fagg (surveyor and the first Warden of Juniper Hall Field Centre, known only as CC Fagg in his scientific papers) witnessed the entire river whirlpooling

down single swallow hole at Ham Bank, leaving the river dry for three miles. The riverbed collapsed almost in front of his eyes and water was pouring into (what he described as) 'a gaping hole'. The Geological Survey sent its top photographer to settle the matter. Many remember a similar vanishing in 1976, though it is difficult to be sure exactly how far upstream the river ran dry. Farmer, Nick Bullen, recalls once seeing a photo of children dancing around a whirlpool. Could this be at the same spot as the CC Fagg's whirlpool? So far, this picture has evaded us, so please do turn out your attics!

It is at the reaches that water can scour away at the cliff to get into cracks in the chalk. Some small bankside swallow holes were clearly visible in 2022 because, having played their part, they had been left high and dry. But where was the 'vanishing point'? The search

was on.

Fishermen and farmers know the river better than anyone. David Kinloch waded along the river and reported that water was still flowing at Ham Bank and Cowslip Reach. Downstream, Nick Bullen spotted an active swallow hole noisily taking in water and recorded video evidence. Interestingly, this was at the same location as a swallow surveyed by CC Fagg in 1948-49 and it is still active. Yet this was not the end of the story. The river, diminished, trickled on.

By the end of July, David Kinloch had narrowed down the vanishing point to Mickleham Reach and recorded video of the last waters pouring into a swallow hole. Two days later this location was dry. The vanishing was moving upstream. At the time of writing (1st August), the



Vanishing point

river had vanished underground for about one and a half miles.

With no rain, the show wasn't over, but this fascinating period had already added greatly to the knowledge of our extraordinary river. If the Met Office scientists are right, and hot dry summers are becoming the norm, these vanishing events are likely to occur more frequently. Keep watching the river.

Pete Brown

Website Report

One of the more positive outcomes of the pandemic was that there was an increase in the number of people researching their ancestry. Whether that was because they had more time or because they became more aware of their own mortality we can only speculate. Whatever the reason, it has meant that we have seen a notable increase in the number of people using our website as part of their research. Whilst we can't compete with the likes of Ancestry.com or Find My Past, to name just two of many, we are unique in having a great deal of local knowledge as well as holding a large amount of archive materials. Although some are local, many of our enquiries have come from as far afield as* Canada and California. A recurring theme seems to be, 'we are visiting the UK and would love to come and see

where our ancestors lived'. This can create problems as sometimes the dwelling has long gone, but where it remains, we are endeavouring to facilitate visits to the properties – subject, of course, to the kindness of the present owner.

Various members of the group have had requests for information forwarded to them from the church and other organisations. We now have a triage system in place to ensure these are dealt with efficiently.

Even if you're not researching your ancestors, the website is worth a visit at www.micklehamwesthumblehistory.co.uk

Over the past year, we have added some new content, including more photographs from the archives featuring people, village events and village landmarks.

Roger Davis



Pamela Ana by Viscount Bennett's tomb

* One such query was from Pamela Ana, a Canadian whose great-aunt had worked for Viscount Bennett. In February, Judith and Ben gave Pamela a tour of the local area, including the church and the grounds of Juniper Hill, ending with lunch at The Running Horses.



An active swallow hole taking in water. Detail above.

We are always keen to acquire documents and photographs for our archives. Please let us know if you have any items of local interest that we could scan/copy for our collection.

Task Group Report: The Churchyard

The final updates to the churchyard plans and inscriptions are still to be completed due to the time involved in responding to the large number of enquiries sent to us, as you can see from Judy Kinloch's report on the archives.

Early in the year we were contacted by someone trying to find the grave of a relative's grandfather, George Burt, who died in June 1973. From the burial register we learned that he lived at the caravan site on Box Hill. We were able to supply a photo of the headstone and, thanks to the invaluable drone photos of the churchyard taken by Roger Davis, a photo of where the grave is located.

More recently, new History Group member Nick Bravery emailed us looking for information about his grandparents, Charles Jesse and Winifred Bravery. They had a long

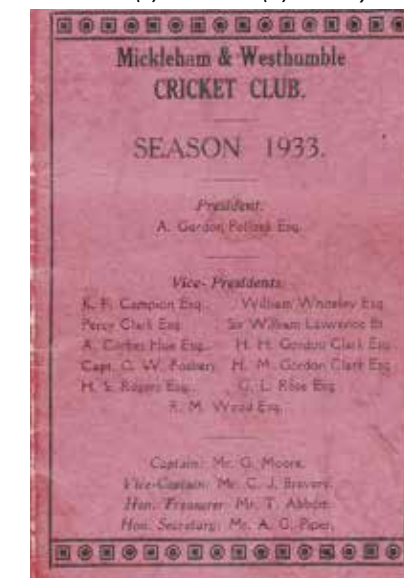
connection with Mickleham and took over the timberyard on the A24 in 1938. Charles Jesse's parents, Jesse and Silvia, moved from Ockley to Ivy Cottages, Mickleham (now St Michael's Cottage) with their children around 1905 and later lived at Press Forward Lodge. This was located at the entrance to Norbury Park, where Jesse worked as a labourer for the owner Sir William Corry. Although Nick knew that his grandparents are buried in Mickleham he was unaware that Jesse and Silvia are buried here too. The grave is unmarked but we know the location and have sent Nick a photo of it. Nick has very kindly sent us a photo of Jesse with his brother James. The Bravery name comes up many times in local newspaper reports of the Mickleham Cricket Club and there is a photo of the team in our Archives,



Headstone marking George Burt's grave taken in the 1930s with each member identified, including Charles Jesse.
Judith Long



James (L) and Jesse (R) Bravery

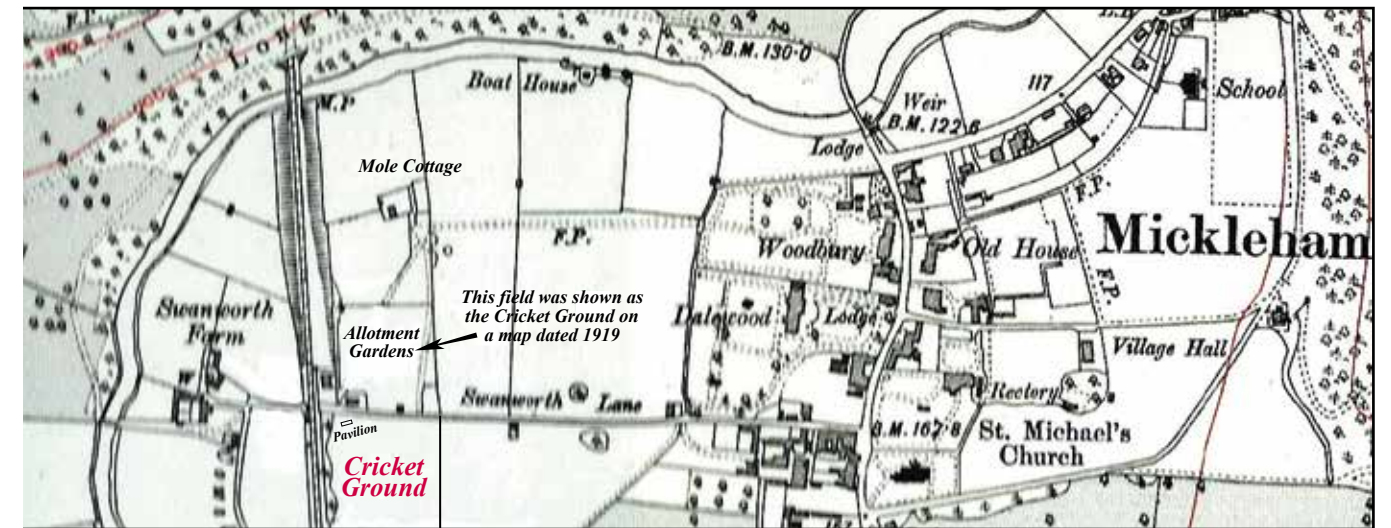


Press Forward Lodge, Norbury Park, Mickleham.



Mickleham & Westhumble Cricket Club 1930s
Vice Captain Charles Jesse Bravery is seated second from right

Mickleham Cricket Club in the 1930s



Location of the cricket ground near the level crossing in Swanworth Lane in 1934

Recently Nick Bravery sent a message via the LHG website asking for information about his grandparents who were buried in Mickleham churchyard. The Bravery name appears several times in our archives and we were able to send Nick a photograph of the 1937 Mickleham cricket team which includes his grandfather, Charles Jesse.

The archive folder for the Mickleham Cricket Team also contained a fixture card for 1933. I was amused to see that Mr W Dennis was the groundsman. (Hasn't he aged well!) Of course this was not our Will Dennis, but Mary Dennis' late husband Ian's grandfather, Walter.

The folder also included a cutting from the *Dorking & Leatherhead Advertiser* dated 1937.

The Mickleham Cricket Club's ground – one of the many beautiful cricket grounds in Surrey – is passing into the devastating hands of by-pass road constructors. The new Mickleham bypass road is planned through the club's ground and the Surrey County Council has promised to secure and prepare another ground for the club. Their promise has not yet materialised but negotiations are in progress. The club, through the kindness of Mr H H Gordon Clark, has used its present ground off Swanworth Lane since just after the war

[WW1] When the ground was first used as a cricket field a good deal of work had to be done in the way of preparing and levelling it, and in the cost of this work the club was generously helped by local residents. Prior to the war the club, for many years used another ground in the the same neighbourhood and during the war it was ploughed and used for potato growing. The club has been in existence for well over 50 years Mr George Moore has been its captain for a good many years.

Surrey County Council's proposed provision of a new ground never materialised.
Sue Tatham

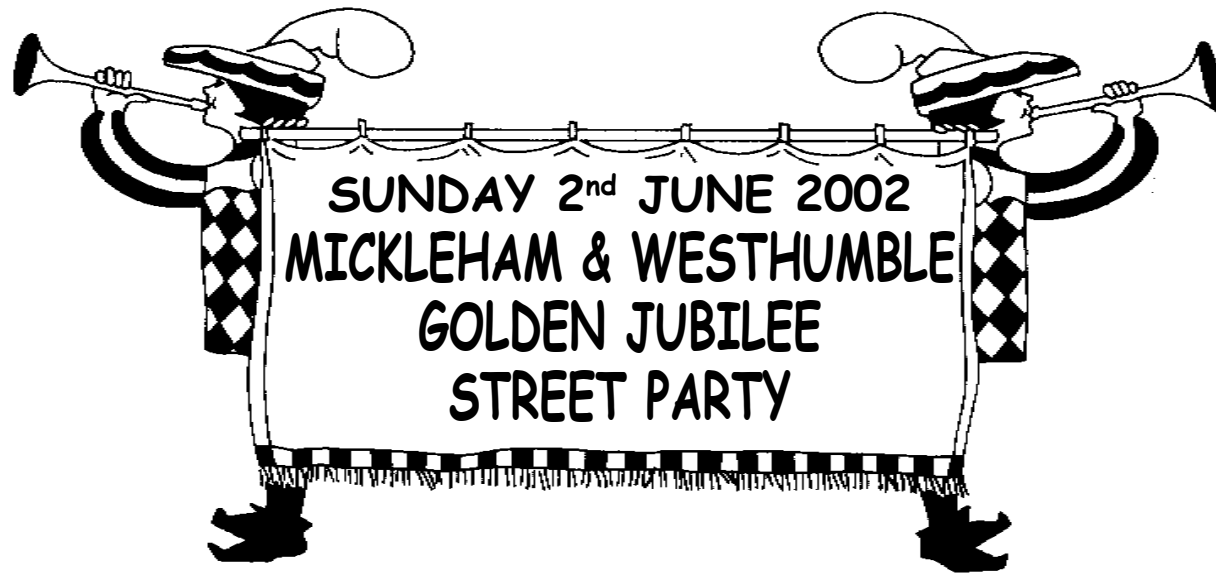


This year's theme: Creativity Unleashed Heritage Events in St Michael's Church, Mickleham

Friday 15 th September	7 pm	*Fanny Burney and the Surrey Connection– a talk by Sir Brian Unwin, author of <i>A Tale in Two Cities: Fanny Burney and Adele, Comtesse de Boigne</i>
Saturday 16 th September	10 am-4 pm	Exhibition of altar frontals and other church textiles, recently restored by volunteers from the Arts Society
	1-3 pm	Recital of Organ Music by David Fishwick
Sunday 17 th September	3 pm	*Mickleham's other Creative People – a talk by Sue Tatham

* These talks will be available via Zoom - access details will be circulated to members nearer the time

Platinum Jubilee Year Accounts of past Jubilee Celebrations



Fun for all at the Village Hall

They say if you do the preparation you should expect good results (or something like that); Michaela Edge and her wonderful helpers and their tolerant spouses certainly proved this. The Jubilee revels on Sunday June 2nd began with the Children's Street Party. This crashed into life and the village rocked and trembled to the alternate mega decibel beat of 'Who let the dogs out?' and 'The Teddy Bears' Picnic'.

The sun shone on everyone, with Punch and Judy for the traditionalists, nail and face painting for the more *avant garde*. Bewhiskered cats and Union Jacks confronted you from everywhere. A gloriously highly-coloured tea, served at a table which stretched across the village hall car park, followed and the distribution of commemorative mugs in gala wrapping. The disco commenced and the decibels were wracked up a few more notches. The Village Hall loos – never the hall's strongest point – began to wilt under the onslaught of the 'tiny tinklers' who had taken on board vast quantities of squash and coke and were now feeling the pressure.

It was expected that the little cherubs would go home to bed at seven o'clock. Call me old fashioned! Vain hope – they were there for the night! Their numbers were swelled to mammoth proportions by the influx of adult ticket

holders bearing bottles and boxes of the 'elixir'. Us wrinklies were drinking the red purely for health reasons. More tables were rushed in by van. The disco roared on without a break. The adult or after the 'watershed' music was perhaps a little more chilled out, as they say. The numbers continued to rise and the loos were now under stress and struggling – one had sprung a leak. Supper arrived from Fetcham. I never regarded Fetcham as a gourmet centre, perhaps it isn't, it just happened to be the only place for miles that would be 'frying tonight' on Jubilee Sunday. Fish or sausages accompanied by chips, rolls, onions etc., were followed by an amazing range of multi-caloried homemade puddings. Some 250 suppers were served – no mean feat. As the mob were steadily emptying the bottles and boxes the recycling unit was being filled up fast; the loos were going down fighting.

In order to work off some of the intake, limbo dancing was instigated. Full of Dutch courage a large queue soon formed, made up of those who would, those who were dragged in, those who said they would be sorry in the morning and the faint-hearted who just watched and exhorted others to cripple themselves. It is amazing how supple one becomes after a few glasses

of wine. The winner I'm told was the limbo champion of South Africa (only making this one appearance) and the runner up was our own our very own lythe and lissom Mr James McLean.

There was a wonderful amalgam of Mickleham and Westhumble chums – mostly those who didn't win the ballot for 'er Majesty's bash, hence the late run on ticket sales. Everyone was waiting to see if there might be a better offer. There couldn't have been a better Jubilee party I'm sure. It can rank with the previous village celebrations.

SO, WELL DONE AND A HUGE THANK YOU TO YOU ALL. Mo Chisman

Angela Lane writes...

What a fantastic Golden Jubilee weekend. Did we play our part in making the celebration one we would never forget? Yes we certainly did.

Saturday afternoon, a procession of carnival floats slowly proceeded down Dorking High Street, watched by a couple of thousand people. Squeezed half way along in the procession was a small float crammed with excited children. The crowds applauded, cheered and waved as it passed by. The float, decorated as Sandringham adorned with lavish Christmas decorations and Christmas tree,

provided the setting for a right Royal Christmas. The Royal Family were played by the children of Mickleham and Westhumble. What a wonderful sight. Magnificent crowns, kilts, naval uniforms, royal waves, champagne glasses and to top it off, falling snow! I think we got noticed!!

Huge thanks must go to everyone involved in decorating the float (in the pouring rain) and for providing the costumes and the children. Also big thanks to Bocketts Farm for providing the trailer and to Gwilym Jones for pulling the float with his Landrover in such a royal manner. Lastly, to Raj Mathur who so happily travelled across London on a hunt to find snow and brought bagfuls home on the tube, to the amusement of many a commuter!

But did the Golden Jubilee 'team' stop at organizing the Dorking Carnival float? Oh no, they also thought it

would be a good idea to hold a Street Party the following day. Was it worth the effort? Definitely! After all the weeks of organization, the day finally arrived and what a fantastic day it was. But this community celebration could never have happened without a lot of invaluable help from others. The list of people we'd like to thank is endless, so to summarise, we send our warmest thanks to everyone who:

- Loaned gazebos and equipment to give a real street party feel;
- Helped with the magnificent decorations and sacrificed watching the England World Cup match (even though we did sneak a portable TV in to the hall) to make inside and out look stunning. And to those who returned the next morning to transform it back to normal;
- Spent hours putting together the music which entertained little ones

and us older ones alike;

- Very kindly made a donation to enable each child at the party to receive a commemorative mug. Thank you, Mickleham Parish Council;
- Manned the children's stalls which kept little faces lighting up with excitement and joy;
- Provided games and entertainment for the children and the 'big' children.
- Made wonderful, mouthwatering cakes and puddings.
- Made the whole event happen.

Here I must name the whole team: Ali Bullen, Angela Lane, Fiona Taylor, Jan Budleigh, Maria Haynes and Michaela Edge. Well done 'the girls'. And lastly! Everyone who came and made the celebrations a day to truly remember. What a wonderful community we live in!



1952 - 2002

Mickleham Summer Concert 2002

Singing in the Reign

Saturday 22nd July

As usual the 250-strong audience for this year's summer concert arrived in time to enjoy drinks and lively conversation on the lawn of Box Hill School before curtain up. Although a warm evening, the sky was overcast causing a slight air of anxiety in addition to the usual buzz of excitement. Singing in the Reign, the ninth summer concert produced by John Batt to raise money for St Michael's Church, had been devised to honour Her Majesty's Golden Jubilee. John had included a wide range of music for band, chorus, and soloists.

The Moonlighters band struck up the overture *Crown Imperial* with the words of the 150th psalm fitted into Walton's stirring march. Sherree Valentine-Daines' backdrop wittily depicted 'Singing in the Reign' with musical notes raining down on golden crowns floating in puddles. The gals of the chorus wore all black with golden garter sashes and large shiny 'gongs'.

I was Glad and *I vow to thee my Country* were followed by Ian Parkin (Polly) who delighted us with *Mad Dogs* and

Englishmen à la Noel Coward. Solos by Juliet Hornby and John Stevens followed. Penny Davies looked the perfect nanny in brown suit and lace-up shoes for her spirited rendition of *Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace*. Joanna and Gina Batt joined Polly for a medley of songs from shows. The very dramatic finale for the first act was *Non Nobis Domine*, composed for Kenneth Brannagh's film 'Henry V'.

Soon after the overture the heavens had opened, but luckily the rain had stopped by the time the interval arrived. In the twilight we could see twinkling candles surrounded by bejewelled golden crowns which decorated the food-laden tables under gazebos. The many cooks who provide the delicacies for the buffet supper had excelled themselves this year. The audience, entertainers and backstage crew enjoyed a convivial and gastronomic interval.

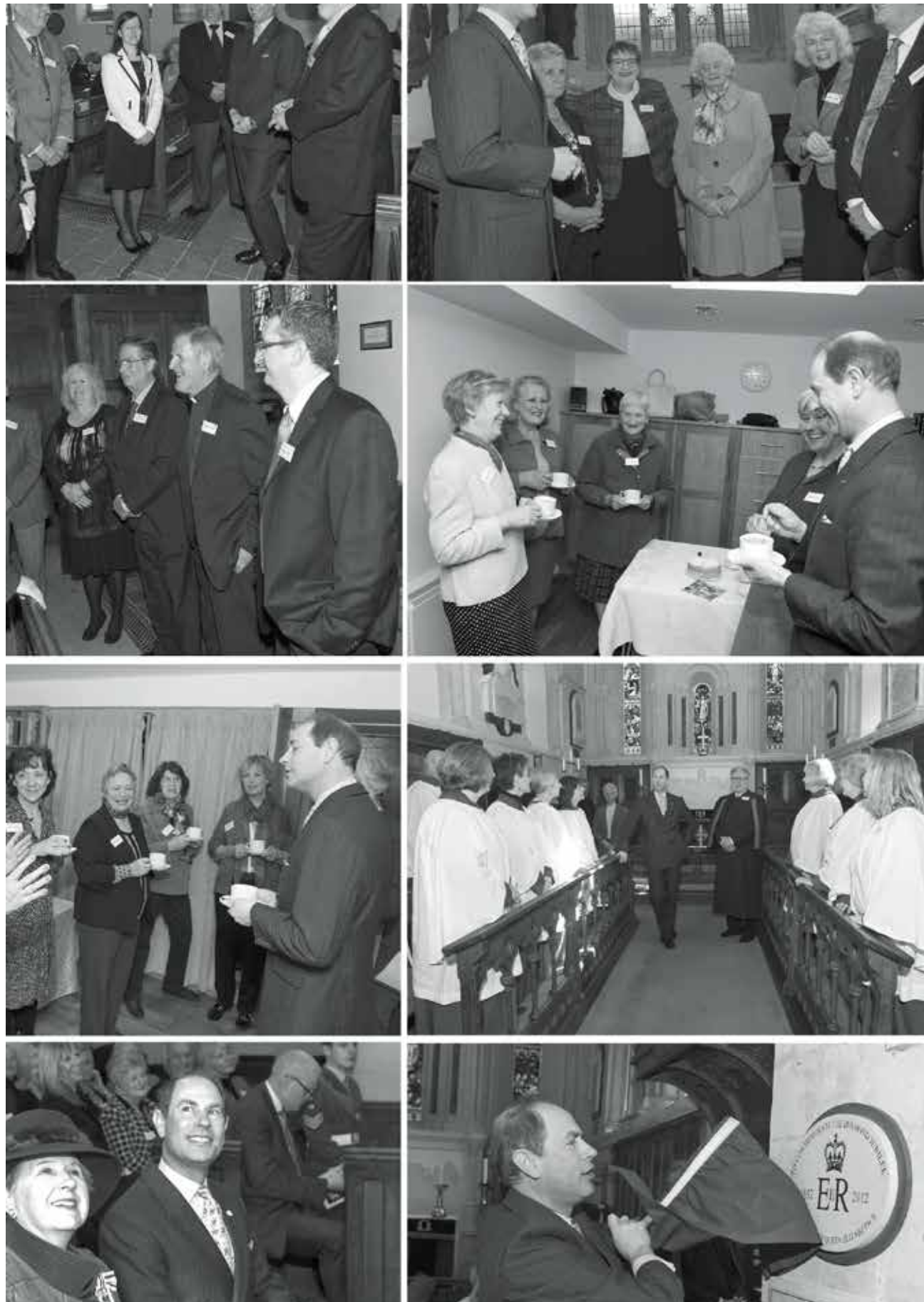
Elgar's *Song of Liberty*, based on his 'Pomp and Circumstance March No 4', opened the second act, followed by *Singing in the Rain*, and songs from

'Oklahoma'. John Stevens sang *Bring him home* from 'Les Miserables', and Juliet returned with *Annie Laurie* and *The Londonderry Air*.

On a lighter note, Gina and Polly entertained us with *Let's do it* with words adapted to the local scene by Mo Chisman. Gina provided a brilliant comedy turn with *Ring them Bells* and Polly amazed us with his off-key singing (not easy to do with such panache) in Flanders and Swann's *A Word on my Ear*. The show ended with A Tribute to the Armed Forces of the Crown. This included *Drake's Drum*, a lively medley of the theme song from 'Dad's Army', *Colonel Bogey* and the *British Grenadiers*; and *Lords of the Air*. A reprise of the 'Dad's Army' medley signalled the time for bows, bouquets, bottles and thank you speeches.

It takes an amazing amount of time and effort to put together such a show. Once again John Batt has provided us with a highly entertaining and successful evening, and in the process raised over £3,700 for St Michael's Church. Many thanks, John.

Unveiling the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Plaque



The Earl of Wessex visits Mickleham

After months of covert planning the day finally arrived when Prince Edward, the Earl of Wessex, visited St Michael's to unveil our Jubilee Plaque, commemorating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Although the Jubilee was back in 2012, it had taken a lot of hard work and dogged perseverance by Carole Brough Fuller to gain permission to have this plaque in our church as a permanent memorial of the occasion.

The guests were asked to be in their seats by 10.30 and the church was filled with quiet anticipation while everyone waited for the Prince to arrive. 'He hasn't left yet,' came the message at 10.35, surely he wouldn't be late? At 10.55 we were given instructions to ask the official guests, who included Bishop Andrew and members of the county and district councils, to line up outside in order to be introduced to the Prince by the Lord-Lieutenant, Dame Sarah Goad. Then, there he was in our midst, meeting representatives of everyone involved with the church. Rev'd Raby guided him from one group to another,

introduced the leader of each group, who then introduced the rest of their team. Whilst this was going on, Bishop Andrew, accompanied by Rev'd Graham Osborne, mingled with the other guests, enjoying the opportunity to meet people from his new diocese.

Following refreshments in the Ranmore Room, Prince Edward came out to meet the choir before sitting to listen to the anthem, *I Give You a New Commandment*. Rev'd Raby then gave a short speech and led us in prayers before inviting the Prince to unveil the plaque. After saying a few words, the plaque was unveiled in all its glory, accompanied by loud applause, encouraged by the Prince. Carole presented a gift of local produce; and the ceremony finished with prayers and a blessing from Bishop Andrew. All too soon, it was over for those of us



Carole Brough Fuller presents a gift of local produce

inside, but as he stepped out into the sunlight, Prince Edward was greeted by the children from our infant school and nursery, waving flags and shouting enthusiastically. It was a beautiful sight. The Prince crouched down to speak to the children as he made his way slowly down the path, with the children waving and shouting 'goodbye'. At the gate, he turned, waved and said goodbye, then he was gone and we went back inside to chat about the events of the morning over a cup of coffee with cake and biscuits. It was the end of a truly happy event which once again brought the church family together in celebration.

Anne Weaver and Simon Ward





The Mickleham and Westhumble Jubilee Tea Party held at Box Hill School shared much in common with our nation's wonderful events to celebrate the 60 years of magnificent reign of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second

Perfectly organised; inclusive fun and enjoyment for all in our community; innovative features; and of course classic British Summer weather. To misquote the words of an ancestor of our Queen, namely one Henry V, as portrayed by the Great Bard 'And gentlemen in England abed shall think themselves accursed that they were not here upon Jubilee day'.

However there was one notable vast improvement upon the compères of the Royal Jubilee Concert. Our compère, the ever energetic David Ireland, brought real pace and fun and true wit to his role and even managed to make himself heard above such merry laughter and animated chatter despite only a lapel microphone. Commenting upon the great array of appropriate red white and blue dress code he pointed out that he was the only person with a 'decorated dog collar'. Indeed he was the only person with a dog collar.

There were so many fun 'activities' that I shall have to limit my comments to some of them and clearly a great deal of thought and work had gone into the preparation with the excellent start of a Pimms bar to put everyone in a relaxed mood

Having spent a moment for all to wish well the indisposed Queen's consort the festivities got off to a fine

start with the Children's Dress Parade which showed just how creative are the parents of our parish. No doubt in special honour of our monarch, one boy, who proved the obvious winner, wore a complete marvellously home crafted Guardsman's outfit though he showed stubborn resistance to the wearing of his Busby I also liked the boy with 'Canada' on his jumper which would have pleased the Head of the Commonwealth had she been with us Next it was the turn of the extrovert - in some cases very extrovert - adults all marching to the well known Beatles song 'When I'm 64' though I suspect some had already passed that mile stone by some margin. Just to remind us that we all advance on a given day in the year we sang 'Happy Birthday' to the deservedly ever popular Alison Wood. The Crown Imperial competition led to what seemed an agonising decision by the judge who, like Crufts, then 'called one out' namely Paul Brown with a complete castle on his head

Pass the parcel appropriately must have been sponsored by the struggling GPO as it was somewhat slow in delivering a winner.

Jubilee Jars, which was won by Sebastian and by Kate, led our witty compère to suggest, somewhat ungraciously, that the flowers might have come from his churchyard.

Of course the intention was to hold the party outside in the June sunshine which as with so much of the weekend was replaced with rain in 'stair rods' but fortunately (thanks to the good offices of Box Hill School) unlike so many other activities throughout the country which had to be cancelled all but two of our events were held within the school buildings. These were a treasure hunt and hopscotch. Only the parents were hearty enough to hop skip and jump on the exposed pitch with one agile lady a clear winner. The tall and elegant David Kennington disqualified himself from this competition on the somewhat dubious grounds that he would have

banged his head on a beam at his first jump.

All then retired into the School dining hall for a scrumptious afternoon tea which the ladies had prepared for us, as well as a prize based on the number on the entry tickets. Also we were invited to identify by placing a tin tack on a map of our area the whereabouts hidden 'Crown Jewels'. This somewhat reminded me of children's game many a year ago of 'Pin the Tail on the Donkey'. The jewels turned out to be hidden in the Running Horses which must say more than a little about the social habits of our residents. In the traditional way we had to sing for or supper/tea, both literally and by completing a cunning quiz.

All the questions were based on facts and events occurring during the Queen's 60 years on the throne which have recently been given out on the media. The pharmaceutical industry spends millions on finding potions to assist our sleep but, as those of us of my generation know only too well, the available to all remedy of sitting in front of the television is the swiftest way of going to sleep and it robbed many of us of who had watched recent events in the comfort of our own homes of the answer to many of the questions. The result was a close run thing with a margin of just one point.

The highlight of the afternoon was the Grand Finale which brought us all together in a most wonderful way with communal singing at the end so ably led by a Welshman - who else? - with a musical career and a fine voice and all of us aided by 'hymn sheets' which made a fine souvenir of the event.

As David Ireland, to whom our warm thanks are also due, said, it is impossible to thank everyone for such a good communal event at the end of a truly special four days but mention must be made of Jo Brown and the Committee: Jonathan on sound, Geoff on music, Mary and the tea ladies, bar staff etc, and not forgetting Marianne Sunter of Box Hill School.

The Jolly Judge

A note from the organising committee: The proceeds from the event (£600) were divided equally between six local organistaions: Mickleham Nursery, St Michael's School, St Michael's Crew, The Parish Magazine, Princess Alice Hospice, Pitstop. Many thanks to all the helpers, participants and those who donated prizes. A big thank you, especially, to Box Hill School for kindly allowing us to use their premises and equipment.

Community Diamond Jubilee Tea Party Box Hill School Tuesday 5th June 2012

Photographs: Andrew Tatham



Someone had made the wise decision to start the festivities in the McComish Hall so the pouring rain did not dampen the spirits of the large crowd celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Here are just a few photographs which capture the mood of this very jolly party. Clockwise from top left: Brian and Judy Wilcox in the red, white and blue parade; some of the entries in the best crown competition - Paul Brown, Liz Harper, Bernie Bailey, Brian Wilcox and Richard Thomas; Mike Weller poses with our special guest; Paul and Jo Brown lead the red, white and blue parade; David Ireland supervises a marathon pass the parcel game; Jo Brown leads the parade of children wearing their crowns; winner of the children's best crown competition, Zoë Burton.

MPM starts its 39th year as a community magazine

On a late September evening in 1984 a group of about 20 gathered at the Westhumble Chapel to assemble 450 copies of the October Mickleham Parish Magazine. The 16 pages had been printed earlier that day by Anne Bebbington on an ancient Gestetner duplicator at Juniper Hall. The covers, designed by Colly Collwell (see Stephanie's article) had been professionally printed. It was a very jolly evening and when the work finished, we drank a toast to the future of the new MPM. (In her own inimitable way Rose Wilkinson – as she was then – had procured several bottles of champagne for the purpose.)

How it all began ... In 1984 my husband Ben was a Mole Valley District Councillor serving the Mickleham, Westhumble, Box Hill and Headley Ward. In his post each month was a copy of the Headley Parish Magazine which included many items of community news and information about coming events. At that time our parish magazine was just one folded sheet of paper containing the rector's letter, a list of church personnel, times of services, a few snippets of news and reports of WI meetings. It was published according to the church calendar: Advent, Epiphany, Lent etc. We lived in Westhumble, and Ben's mother had lived in Mickleham, so we were well placed to know what was going on in both communities which were far more socially remote from each other than they are today. As the ecclesiastical Parish of Mickleham includes Westhumble, it appeared to me that the church was missing a big opportunity to bring people together.

I had raised this point at the annual church meeting earlier that year, and discussions about how it might work began. The churchwardens agreed to underwrite the project initially, but it was intended that the magazine would be self-financing through donations and advertising. As this was to be a community magazine, I wanted everyone in the parish to receive a copy. I felt very strongly that we should not charge a subscription. The following February after letting the public see

three issues of the new magazine, we launched an appeal for donations, suggesting £2 to £2.50 as a reasonable sum. In the May 1985 issue, we reported that the appeal had raised more than £700 (£1,841 today). Over the ensuing years I think we had two or three more appeals for funds, but as the magazine became more well-known, we began receiving requests from local businesses to include their advertisements. For many years now the magazine has been totally financed by advertising.

During the months when I was assembling the teams to produce and distribute the new magazine it was very pleasing to find that so many people were willing to help. The editorial panel included Su Clark, Deputy Editor with Rose Wilkinson, Vi Gordon and Beryl Icke providing the news. Harry Sowden was features editor. I remember very clearly that Harry was sitting next to me at the annual church meeting, and after I had made my suggestion for a new focus for the magazine he lent over and said "I'll do your crossword." He was as good as his word and continued for many years. In fact over the 38 years, we have had only three crossword compilers; Richard Roberts-Miller succeeded Harry, and following his sudden death in 2017 my son Andrew stepped into the breach.

Sayda Cole was our very competent typist, and we were extremely lucky that John and Anne Bebbington offered us the use of Juniper Hall's reprographic room. There were four teams which took it in turn to collate and staple the copies. These were headed by Jane Palmer, Jaki Piper, Jill Munn and Kate Warren. Even today members of these teams recall happy memories of walking around the table picking up pages. Finished copies were then put into labelled bags and taken to the 27 deliverers. Linda Boyle distributed the bags in Mickleham and Lyn Montague in Westhumble.

It was not long after we started production that we went digital. I bought a Sinclair QL computer and taught myself how to use it. It had a proper keyboard (earlier models had

touchpads) and two ports for tiny tape cassettes – one contained the apps: word processor, spreadsheet and database, the other stored the data. Luckily, this word processing program was the forerunner of today's Word – WISIWIG in IT parlance. This enabled us to leave spaces for illustrations which were pasted in. Our daisy-wheel printer did not accommodate changes in font size, so we resorted to using Letraset for headings.

With minor adjustments to numbers of copies, the occasional change of personnel and advances in computer technology, production of the magazine continued much the same until 2004 when the Bebbingtons retired, and we could no longer use Juniper Hall's facilities. By that time our finances were such that we could afford to have the magazine printed professionally. Although the printers' longer turnaround time meant less immediacy, this was a welcome change. Gone were the hassles about paper supplies, dealing with paper jams, running out of ink, wrestling with staplers and the transport of crates of pages between sites. Everyone agreed that the magazine was enhanced by having it professionally printed throughout. In February 2017 our first full-colour issue was published to much acclaim. This has enabled us to include stunning photographs of our glorious countryside.

Early magazines featured occasional articles about old Mickleham by Mo Chisman who had a collection of bound copies of old parish magazines – some dating from the late 1800s. These proved most interesting and helped us to appreciate the important role parish magazines play in recording social history. This realisation became a factor when it came to choosing content for our monthly issues. It also spurred us on during low points when we wondered if it was worth all the time it consumed. Today when local papers are in decline and most communication is digital and transient, much of today's social history will be lost unless publications such as ours continue. It is gratifying to find that people have come forward to ensure its future.

Sue Tatham

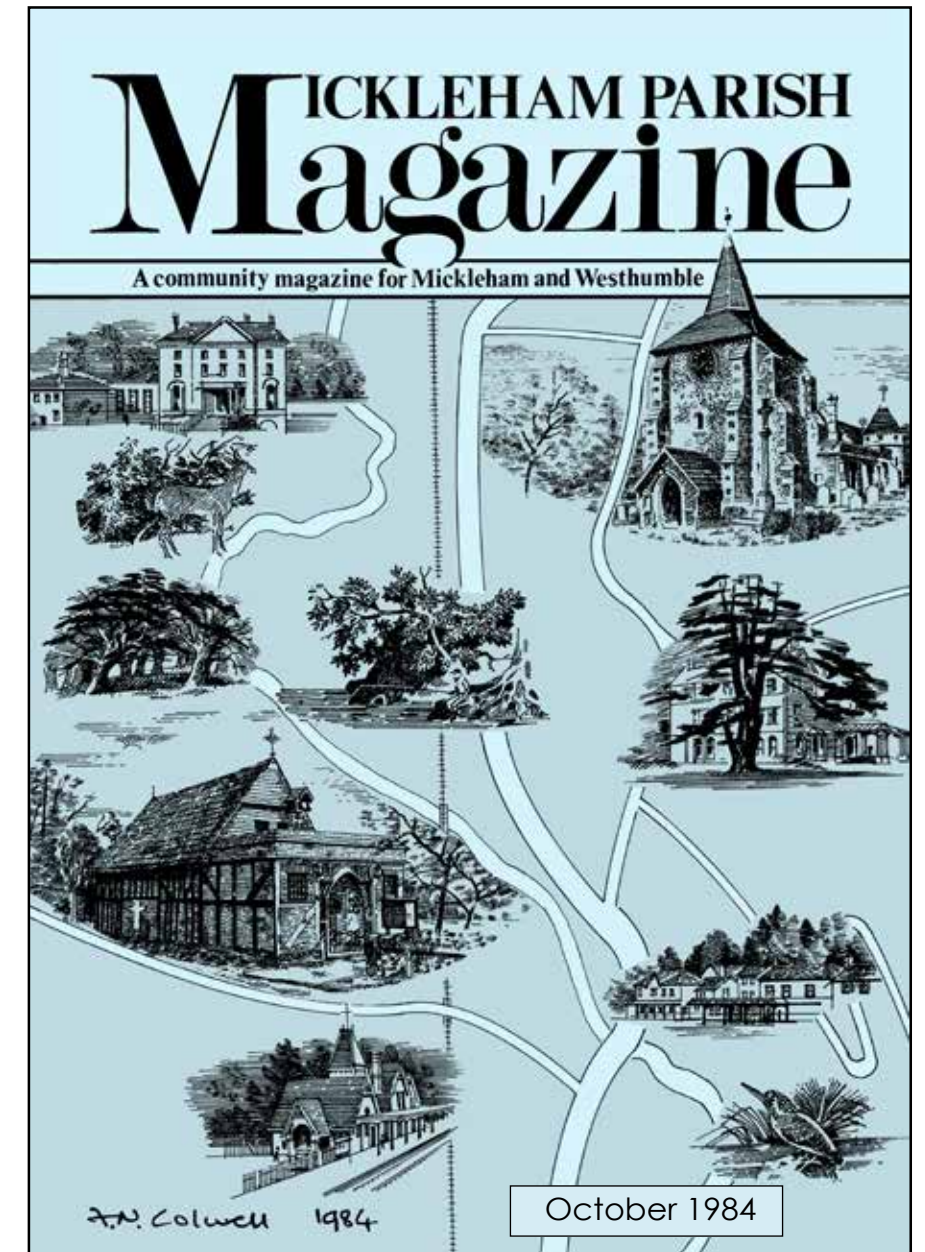
About the parish magazine cover

New residents may not appreciate the significance of our cover, so read on.

Our unique cover was designed in 1984 by local artist F N Colwell, known locally as Colly, who lived in Byttom Stables. This is when the format of the Mickleham Parish Magazine changed from one folded sheet of church information to a community magazine for Mickleham and Westhumble. Colly's brief was to show the two communities divided by a railway, river and a dual carriageway, but with the church as a link between the two.

Clockwise from top right: The present **Mickleham Church** building is Norman dating from the 12th century, which replaced the much earlier Saxon church mentioned in the Domesday Book; the 18th century country house **Juniper Hall** which became a refuge for émigrés from the French Revolution, most famously General D'Arblay, who married novelist, Fanny Burney, former wardrobe mistress to Queen Charlotte. The hall, now owned by the National Trust became a **Field Studies Centre** in 1947 - one of the original four in Great Britain. **Burford Bridge Hotel** was originally an inn called the Fox and Hounds and, allegedly, a location of dalliance for Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton; **Kingfisher** (*Alcedo atthis*) can still be seen along the river Mole in Burford Meadow (if you are patient); **Box Hill and Westhumble Railway station** listed by Pevsner as one of the most picturesque in the country was built in the French château style at the behest of Thomas Grissell owner of Norbury Park through whose land the proposed railway line from Leatherhead would be built in the 1860s. **Westhumble Chapel** a converted 17th century barn used as a reading room by navvies building the railway; **the river Mole** in Norbury Park; **Druids Grove** in Norbury Park which is still visible if you know where to look. These sprawling yew trees are hundreds of years old; deer in **Norbury Park**; **Norbury Park House** home, among others, to Marie Stopes early pioneer of birth control for women.

Through the centre the river Mole flows north through the Mole Gap to join the Thames at Molesey, the railway and the A24 dual carriageway



built in 1938 was famously used as an 'equipment park' by Canadian

and British Forces prior to the D-Day invasion in 1944. Stephanie Randall



This drawing appeared on earlier parish magazine covers



Mickleham & Westhumble Local History Group and St Michael's Church Community Group

Beating the Bounds is a custom that dates from Anglo-Saxon times. Over centuries it took place to make sure that the boundaries of a parish were known maybe in case an adjoining parish decided to increase their own boundaries! Parishioners would walk around the boundary of the parish and from time to time stop for the vicar to beat any boys who were present to make sure that they remembered where the boundaries were when they became adults. They were then rewarded with a halfpenny to stop their crying. Sandra has assured us that this custom will not occur on either day – in part at least because halfpennies have been removed from circulation.

Because the boundaries of each of the villages is about seven miles long we are going to hold the event on two Saturdays: the first around Westhumble and Norbury Park on 24th September and the second around Mickleham and Box Hill on 15th October. Before you decide that seven miles is

not for you just as it is not for me, we plan to arrange stopping-off points and joining places for those who only want to walk part of the boundary. There will be no need to register that you are coming but nearer the time we will ask those who are joining us along the way to provide a phone number and details of your joining point so that we can ensure that we meet up. Full details of joining points will be in the September parish magazine.

On 24th September we will start from Westhumble Chapel at 10.30am. (Those who are walking from Mickleham will start from St Michael's Church at 9.45.) Sandra will arrange for the Chapel to be open for coffee paid for by the walkers and it is hoped that there will be a lunch stop at 'Wild about Coffee' by the old sawmill in Norbury Park. Likewise on the 15th October those from Westhumble will leave the Chapel at 9.45 am to join up with walkers leaving from St Michael's Church at 10.30. There will be a lunch stop at the National Trust café on Box Hill.

Please bring your own lunch and drink – the last is important but we suggest you go easy on the alcohol. We would also encourage you to buy food and drinks at the two lunch-stop places. The National Trust café has a full menu while 'Wild about Coffee' offers coffee cakes/energy bars/flapjacks etc.

The walks will take place irrespective of the weather, that is unless another Storm Eunice is forecast or no-one turns up! Dogs are very welcome as long as they are under control (please note that we may find livestock in one or two fields). We did consider whether this should be a fund-raising event, it was felt that it was something to be left to the individual.

I hope that we have whetted your appetite to help us resurrect this ancient custom after an interval of twenty years. Please put one in if not both dates in your diary. If there are any questions please email me.

Frances Presley



Beating the bounds group at the Norbury Park viewpoint on the Westhumble day

Beating the Bounds

24th September: Westhumble/Norbury Park
15th October: Mickleham/Box Hill

Beating the Bounds is a centuries old tradition aimed at reminding everyone of boundaries that were important in parishioners' lives such as where they could graze their livestock and the limits between different jurisdictions. The rector and other dignitaries would process round the parish bounds once a year while children would carry willow wands to beat the boundary markers in the form of stones, gateposts, walls and trees. With the advent of maps and satellite navigation it can be all too easy to forget what is around us, and where these often invisible boundaries lie. The two excellent events initiated by the Mickleham and Westhumble Local History Group and organised by

a special committee made up of Roger Davis, Will Dennis, Barbara Jones, Frances Presley and Stephanie Randall saw us revisit the paths of yesteryear. On a beautiful Saturday in September and another in October, Sandra lead a group of two-legged (those not using walking poles), three-legged (those using one walking pole) and four-legged (those using two walking poles) ramblers as well as a number of very well-behaved dogs around the highways and byways of Westhumble and Mickleham. The work that had gone in to mapping the route, clear signposting, regular stops for worship and beating (not often that you get both of those things in the same sentence anymore) were really appreciated by

the more than twenty five human and half a dozen canine participants. On both occasions the weather was perfect, sunny but not too hot and thankfully dry. Introductions were made, friendships formed and a helping hand given where needed. It is often in nature that we can see for ourselves the everyday miracles that make up all our lives, the ground we walk on, the food we eat, the water we drink and the beauty that surpasses anything that we can make. For me Beating the Bounds was a wonderful way to remind me of all that we have to be thankful for living in such a beautiful, bountiful and blessed area. Thank you to all those who made such a special time possible

Catherine Diffey



Beating the bounds group on the Donkey Green, Box Hill

The End of an Era

News that HM the Queen had passed away came as the October magazine was in preparation. The media have been so full of information about her life that it is hard to find anything original to say. However, no-one can ever say enough about Her Majesty's complete and utter dedication to the life of service which she promised as a 21-year-old princess. While she was alive the country showed appreciation of her devotion most recently with the Platinum Jubilee celebrations, the like of which are unlikely to be seen again for a long time, if ever. As we prepare to go to press, crowds are showing a mix of sorrow and gratitude in queuing to pay their respects at the Lying in State in Westminster Hall. Others are doing the same quietly as they go about their daily business. Thank you, Your Majesty.

His Majesty King Charles III is her successor and we have seen him taking part in Accession ceremonies across the United Kingdom (which few among us are old enough to have witnessed, let alone understood, when Queen Elizabeth II acceded to the throne in 1952). It has been an unexpected demonstration of the seamless nature of the monarchy. We have seen him touring the realm with the Queen Consort meeting the crowds who have come to the streets to welcome him. He has pledged to follow his mother's example of service. God save His Majesty the King.



The Lying-in-State queue, 17/18 September

On the Saturday night my brother and I headed up to London to join the queue. It was a peculiar experience, quietly entering a park we had never visited before, with hundreds of unknown people, joining a snaking queue miles long, to pay our respects to a woman whom the majority of us had never met.

The Queen had an extraordinary ability to bring people together during her lifetime, from small numbers in a soft-diplomacy setting, up to vast numbers at celebrations on the Mall. But on that night one really felt this gentle but immensely powerful magic which she brought, continuing to pull people together even beyond her death.

That feeling remained for our twelve hours of queueing. I noticed other things as well. Firstly how well-behaved and considerate everyone was. People coming together to pay their respects, would probably be a fairly respectful bunch. But nevertheless, it was remarkable how orderly it all was. It seemed that everybody wanted, in however small a way, to embody the best of human and British values, and to queue in a manner of which The Queen would have approved. It made me wonder what might be achieved if that attitude extended to all areas of public life.

Inescapable to notice, was what an impressive city London really is. The initial impact was on rounding a corner in Southwark to see the Thames open out with Tower Bridge in the distance. It was so beautiful and iconic, the towers lit purple and the cables shining white. (The traffic arches were lit blue and yellow inside – a perfectly understated geopolitical signal of the time.) Alongside the various imaginatively-shaped skyscrapers on the North bank, St Paul's stood as the last word in architecture opposite where we waited for an agonising two hours up to 5 am. But the city saved the best for last and as we came to Westminster at sunrise we looked at the Westminster Clock Tower like we had never seen it before. The Houses of Parliament were a breath-taking backdrop for the last two hours, and I was glad to have the time to appreciate it.



The final thing was the sheer diversity of people in the queue. No one 'type' of person was queueing – everybody seemed to be there. All ages, nationalities, dress codes (people in blazers and medals alongside people in tracksuits), all accents, the strong and fit alongside people on crutches. The queue was no picnic, matching in duration an Ironman triathlon, but with less foot action. The middle of the night was a bit tedious and I am full of respect for those less physically able people who stuck with it all as well.

After passing the heaviest security I have ever seen, all of a sudden, we were up a flight of steps into the Palace of Westminster, filtering into lanes to

pass the catafalque. Others might not have felt as moved as I was in those two or three minutes in Westminster Hall, but few would deny the gravity of that moment. I felt as if our long history was at that moment and in that place open and present for my participation – not something abstract or as in books or documentaries. It was there and then, and I was part of it. The most wonderful thing was that having 'done our time' in the queue, overwhelmed though I was by the ancient building, the glittering guards, the coffin draped in the royal standard and the sheer silence, I did not feel out of place. I was at home, and I was welcome, and I am so glad I went.

Duncan Irvine

My Memory of the Queen

When I was a student in London, I lived in a decrepit house with seven other people in Notting Hill: it was not such a posh area then. The Queen's official birthday was in June and en masse the household decided to attend in person. So, we arose very early, surprising for students, and jumped on the 52 bus to reach Victoria about 6.30 am. At that time the general public were allowed to stand around the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace and we were lucky enough to be there. We had a longish wait for the ceremony of Trooping Colour but there was lots of activity beforehand with military bands.

The Queen rode a horse on ceremonial occasions and for eighteen consecutive years, from 1969 to 1986, this was on a black mare named Burmese, a gift from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Burmese was retired in 1986,

and after that the Queen attended in a carriage. I often wondered whose decision that was; the official line was that there was not enough time to train another horse.

So, on that beautiful sunny June day, the bands and cavalry proceeded past with the Queen wearing a red military uniform, riding Burmese. Suddenly, there was a crack from away to my left and a ker-fuffle in the crowd, but I had my eyes on the Queen, she reined in her horse ... then carried on as if nothing had happened.

The Queen was told to stop horse riding in October 2021 because of 'mobility issues' but rode in Windsor as recently as June. Amazing. So, I never actually met the Queen, but I was very close, and my abiding memorial of that day was her grace, her horsemanship, and her dignity.

Stephanie Randall