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**Editor: Michael Blower**

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A large part of the written word in this publication is that from the verse novel 'The White Cliffs' by Alice Duer Miller (1874-1942) and published in 1940. It is out of copyright.

**Series Editor: Damien Blower**

The map on page 10 is courtesy of Ordnance Survey and is copied, with thanks, for a non-commercial use.



## Acknowledgements

This work is the product of sketches produced by Michael Blower during the time that the family was living in Godalming and the years after. He was one of the founding members of the Godalming Trust and continued to have an interest in Godalming after moving to Farnham in 1973. As a Waverley Borough Councillor for sixteen years, he spent much time sketching buildings in the Godalming area.

Our gratitude and appreciation go to Jack Sykes & Edward Hancock for their excellent work in producing the book. In addition, we thank the Architectural Review, the Surrey Advertiser and Godalming Town Council, Godalming Trust, Waverley Borough Council, Loseley House Estate, Peter Stock, Charterhouse School, Priorsfield School, St. Hilarys School, the Rural Life Centre - Tilford & the CPRE (Campaign to Protect Rural England) for the opportunity to draw these places around Godalming and document them in sketchbooks over the years.



## Foreword

Recently and by chance, whilst rummaging through family papers, I came across a small book and poem called *The White Cliffs* by Alice Duer Miller. Inside is written an inscription and dated November 1943 signed D.V , a gift to my Aunt Betty (born in 1914), the younger sister of my mother and member of the Woman s Land Army. Colonel DV was stationed near our village, Liphook, at Bordon Camp, home of a large contingent of the Canadian Army in the United Kingdom.

The gift was made six months before the D-Day landings in Normandy and over a year after the fateful Dieppe raid, in August 1942. The raid failed bloodily with most of the Canadian force cut down on the shingle as they disembarked.

At the time I was nearly twelve years old and well aware of the tensions most families were experiencing and understood and appreciated the huge Canadian support in our presence. So many of our young men were away themselves and the Canadians raised our morale with a vigour for life like the Americans would, but at a later date after they joined the War. They had smarter uniforms than our soldiers, more money, and were able to demonstrate a generosity not always appreciated by the older people and British troops who were still at home. Colonel DV s staff car would collect my Aunt and drive off to some mess dinner or dinner dance and we children used to admire the American style chauffeur-driven limousine, ever hopeful of a mars bar or similar goodie and never disappointed.

I have read 'The White Cliffs' several times; it is a narrative poem and expressive of values and feelings of its time, distilling the essence of a wartime romance. It seems particularly poignant today, a hundred years after the Armistice of November 1918, and relevant for my Aunt's generation.

My Aunt never spoke about her romance and in May 1945 at the end of WW2, she did not venture across the Atlantic to be with her Colonel DV, unlike the thousands of young women who did make the journey. Today, with more knowledge, it is easier to comprehend the turmoil and upheaval of those five war years and a reason not to seek to know all the answers.

Susan, a character in 'The White Cliffs' and whose story is akin to my Aunt's, gets as far as Southampton before being persuaded to stay by John and despite misgivings and intermittent journeys to the USA, she stayed in England. In the preface to 'The White Cliffs', Sir Walter Layton writes of the deep impression the poem created in the United States and calls it "brilliant and moving" and "no English reader can fail to be touched by the fineness of Alice Duer Miller's perceptions and the great sacrifice so that England may live".



The author believed the American public needed to know about Britain's struggle, alone in Europe, and her valiant defiance of the Nazi threat. She wanted to awaken her own country to the plight of freedom for the free world. Her tale covers both world wars, the story of one family, an English one, and Susan, an American visitor's love and, despite her father's resentment for his ancestors, all rebels who beat the British in the 1776 and 1812 Wars between the two countries.

In the plot, Susan stays in her adopted nation ignoring her father's antagonism and advice to come home. The poem is essentially peaceful, avoiding war-like metaphors and this inspired me to want to combine *The White Cliffs* with my thoughts about place. An ephemeral concept but also in a practical way, place is used in the poem as a shorthand chosen by Alice Duer Miller to convey the essence of her tale. Places such as Douai, Belgrave Sq, Tower of London, Kew, Regent's Park Zoo, St James Palace yard, Claridge's, Bond Street, Savile Row, Whitehall, Pall Mall, Mayfair, Piccadilly, and Leicester Square are redolent of a London at war.

Each of these places embodies love within the story. How can one fail to know the meaning of Westminster Bridge at break of day or Southampton Landing when Susan is about to go home to America, where John waits for her to travel together back to the old house where all his race belong? More evocative places feature such as Drake's Walk, leading down to the sea, far off Madras, and the thousands of British who served and created an Empire. Sentimental perhaps, but each is a place with meaning - a place where the heart beats.

I have dared to attach sketches made of Godalming over a period of fifty years. A place where we lived, and Bernadette and I raised our family and subsequently when I had the opportunity, as a Waverley Borough Councillor, to get to know this delightful small town again.

Today, great attention is being paid to 'quality of place' and its role in influencing positive outcomes. This is so important to our basic wellbeing that 'quality of place' should be the expectation of all. Putting the poem and sketches together is a vague conceit as though in some way I also had a hand in the making of Alice Duer Miller's narrative poem.

Together the poem and sketches seek to express place in more than bricks and mortar. The poem helps us to feel that, separated by war, we are enjoined by the power of love.

'In the middle of the bloodiest war of all time Thomas Hardy was able to write:

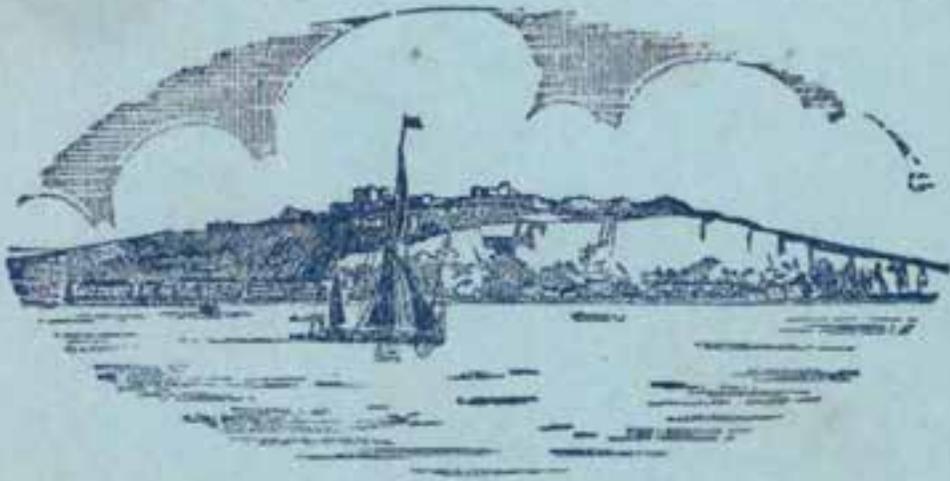
"Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by:  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die"

War is destructive but love is creative and despite war, men and woman will continue to fall in love.\*

\*Footnote- text taken from James Gibson's edition of the Poems of Thomas Hardy, published in 1975, Macmillan, Education

Michael Blower, Runfold, October 2020

# THE WHITE CLIFFS



ALICE DUER MILLER

Two films: *Maytime in Mayfair* and *Spring in Park Lane*, based on Alice Duer Miller's stories, were produced by the film director Herbert Wilcox.

The actors involved were Dame Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding.

Nov. 1943.

Betty Waring - with the  
best of all good wishes.

Dor.

THE WHITE CLIFFS

To the W. L. A.

Those cheerful girls in jivey green,  
who feed and milk and sow and clean,  
who handle tractors, pitch the hay,  
and toil on farms throughout the day.  
In these grim times of strain and stress,  
has brought a touch of tenderness  
to country life - in all its ways,  
much to the farmers male amaze.  
Their cows and rabbits, sheep or chicks,  
they urge with kindness - not with sticks!





## Preface



IN a series of historic declarations the President of the United States during the last few days has given notice to the whole world that America will see to it that Britain wins the war. It is not enough that we should be saved from defeat. Nazism with its threat of world domination must be crushed. This is no personal decision of the President; but is one which clearly has the overwhelming support both of the electorate and of the Congress of the United States. Two influences have powerfully helped to bring about this state of mind—profound admiration for the dogged defence put up by Great Britain against long odds and a growing realization that we are fighting America's battle. But there is a third. It is the sometimes almost subconscious understanding that, in spite of our past misdeeds and the defects which the New World sees in us, English and American civilizations are based on the same fundamental ideas and outlook. Mrs. Miller, in her brilliant and moving poem, does not attempt to gloss over our social inequalities, our insularity, our conceit, our 'stodginess'. Yet no English reader of this book can fail to be touched by the fineness of her perception as her story moves to its climax, and she answers the question whether it is worth while to make the great sacrifice in order that England may live. The White Cliffs, which has created a deep impression in the United States, should be read in this country not alone for the pleasure that it will give but because it helps us to see ourselves as a friendly American sees us.

Preface to the first publication of *The White Cliffs* by Sir Walter, 1st Baron Layton, Editor of *The Economist* and Ministerial Head of the Joint War Staff (1942-1943)

13 January, 1941 - W. T. L.



I

I HAVE loved England, dearly and deeply, Since that first morning, shining and pure, The white cliffs of Dover I saw rising steeply Out of the sea that once made her secure.

I had no thought then of husband or lover, I was a traveller, the guest of a week; Yet when they pointed 'the white cliffs of Dover', Startled I found there were tears on my cheek.

I have loved England, and still as a stranger, Here is my home and I still am alone. Now in her hour of trial and danger, Only the English are really her own.



Biscombe lane. Godalming  
2016 neB.



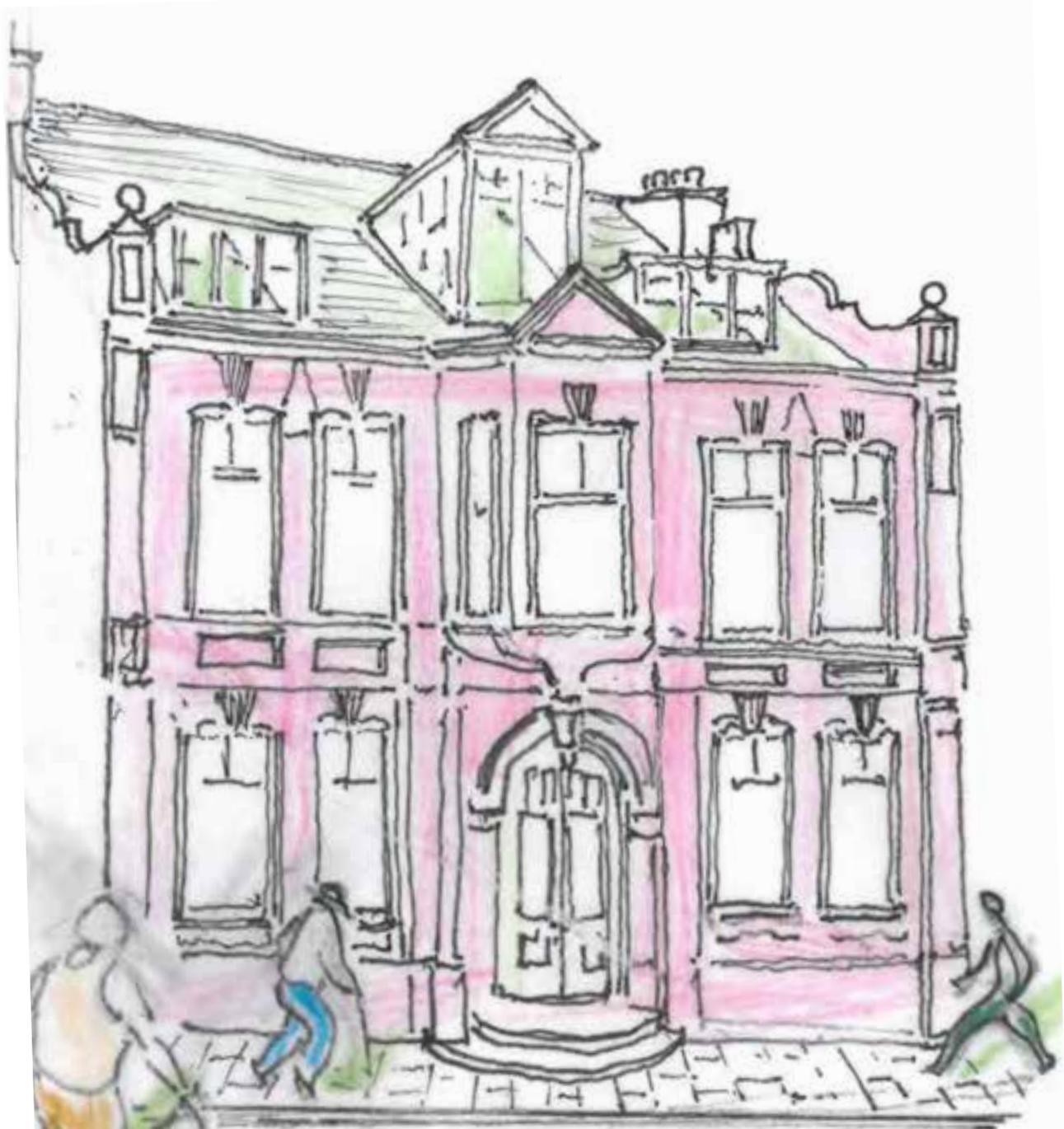


Binscombe, Godalming.  
A delightful hamlet where we lived for several years. M.B. 5 July 1974

5/July 1974 Binscombe - Godalming.



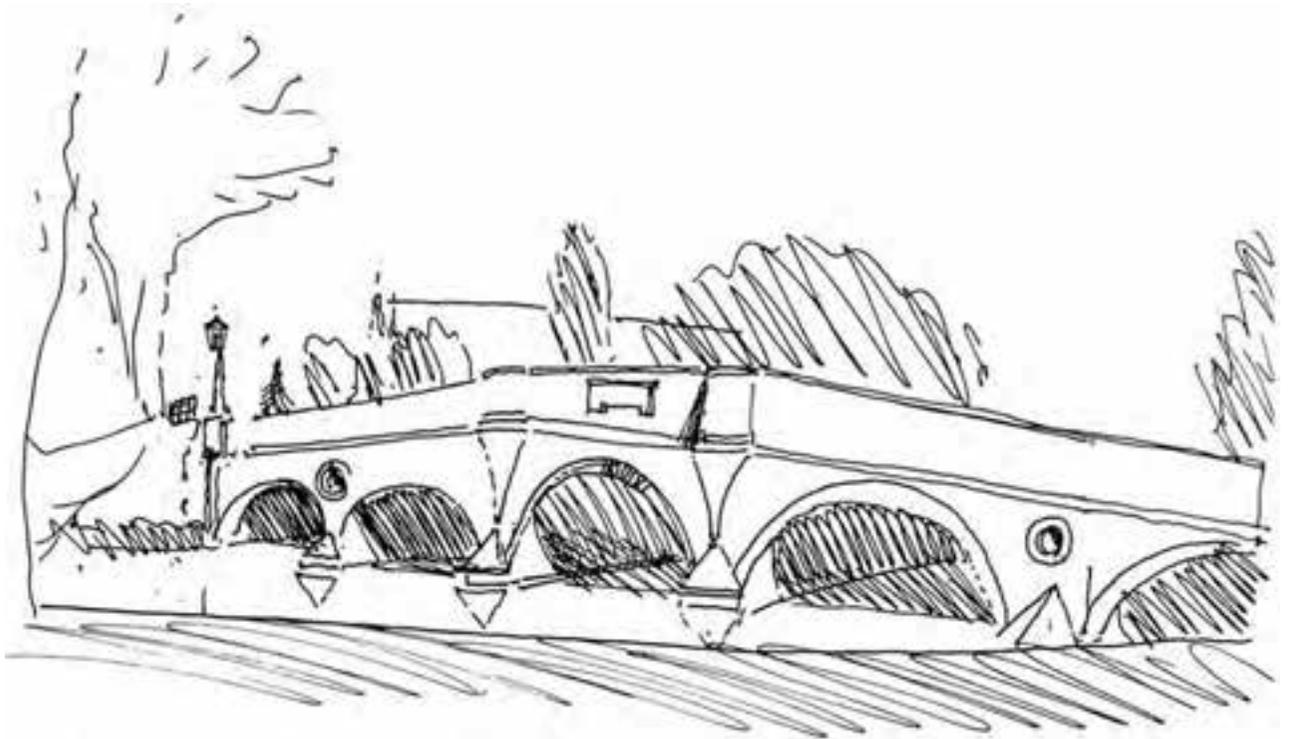
Although we've lived in this charming hamlet for 11 years, this is the first I've drawn. A few of the small cottages are former farm workers on the Kosley Estate. Major James Moore-Molyneux is now developing Guildway Homes Ltd. & it is in one of these houses that we've lived in all this time. We were fortunate in buying a small plot from the Major & built a 2storey prototype Guildway Home. A few of the villagers are also home owners. Michael Blower.



The former Y.M.C.A in Bridge Street,  
where an early Baethen meeting met for  
workship. An excellent building which  
deserves listed status. MB.



Bridge Road - Gedalming 16/6/73.  
MB

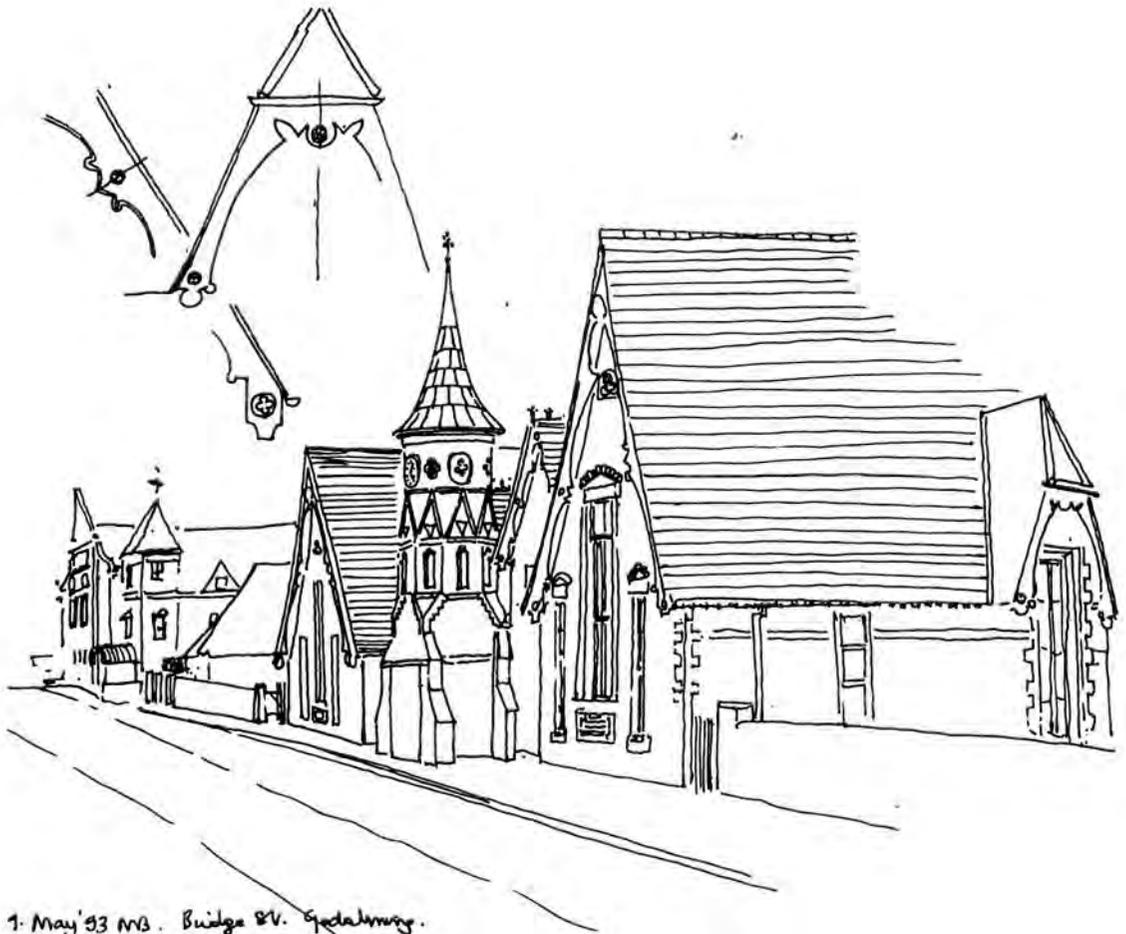




## II

IT happened the first evening I was there. Some one was giving a ball in Belgrave Square. At Belgrave Square, that most Victorian spot.— Lives there a novel-reader who has not At some time wept for those delightful girls, Daughters of dukes, prime ministers and earls, In bonnets, berthas, bustles, buttoned basques, Hiding behind their pure Victorian masks Hearts just as hot—hotter perhaps than those Whose owners now abandon hats and hose? Who has not wept for Lady Joan or Jill Loving against her noble parent's will A handsome guardsman, who to her alarm Feels her hand kissed behind a potted palm At Lady Ivry's ball the dreadful night Before his regiment goes off to fight; And see him the next morning, in the park, Complete in busbee, marching to embark. I had read freely, even as a child, Not only Meredith and Oscar Wilde But many novels of an earlier day— Ravenshoe, Can You Forgive Her?, Vivien Grey, knows What others. Now, I thought, I was to see Their habitat, though like the Miller of Dee, I cared for none and no one cared for me.





1. May '93 MS. Bridge St. Godingham.



Rear of properties  
in Bridge St. 27 May 1993 MS.



### III

A LIGHT blue carpet on the stair And tall young footmen everywhere, Tall young men with English faces Standing rigidly in their places, Rows and rows of them stiff and staid In powder and breeches and bright gold braid; And high above them on the wall Hung other English faces—all Part of the pattern of English life— General Sir Charles, and his pretty wife, Admirals, Lords-Lieutenant of Shires, Men who were served by these footmen's sires At their great parties— none of them knowing How soon or late they would all be going In plainer dress to a sterner strife— Another pattern of English life. I went up the stairs between them all, Strange and frightened and shy and small, And as I entered the ballroom door, Saw something I never had seen before Except in portraits—a stout old guest With a broad blue ribbon across his breast— Third— No damn merit—the Duke—I heard My own voice saying: 'Upon my word, The garter!' and clapped my hands like a child. Someone beside me turned and smiled, And looking down at me said: 'I fancy, You're Bertie's Australian cousin Nancy. He told me to tell you that he'd be late At the Foreign Office and not to wait Supper for him, but to go with me, And try to behave as if I were he.' I should have told him on the spot That I had no cousin—that I was not Australian Nancy—that my name Was Susan Dunne, and that I came From a small white town on a deep-cut bay In the smallest state in the U.S.A. I meant to tell him, but changed my mind— I needed a friend, and he seemed kind; So I put my gloved hand into his glove, And we danced together—and fell in love.





Bridge Street, Guelph - looking north to the Council office. Each parcel is a much reduced width of about 20m (less a half ft). In the foreground the heavy iron & concrete bollards defining the zone for car park. I have always admired the tall four story warehouse type building on the side of the street. All town centre buildings need to be tall! to give some vertical emphasis.  
 April 22 1993 MB.





Fry's Yard. (former contractor)  
off Bridge Street.

MB 2<sup>nd</sup> May 1993.

The sketches are not arranged in any particular order. This is a reflection of the disorder that one comes across in many English towns. There is a sense of juxtaposition as buildings from different ages sit side by side.

The arrangements attempt to make use of space as efficiently as possible. This mimics the transition of a building into a home, where a proprietor juggles different layouts of furnishings to achieve the optimum living environment.



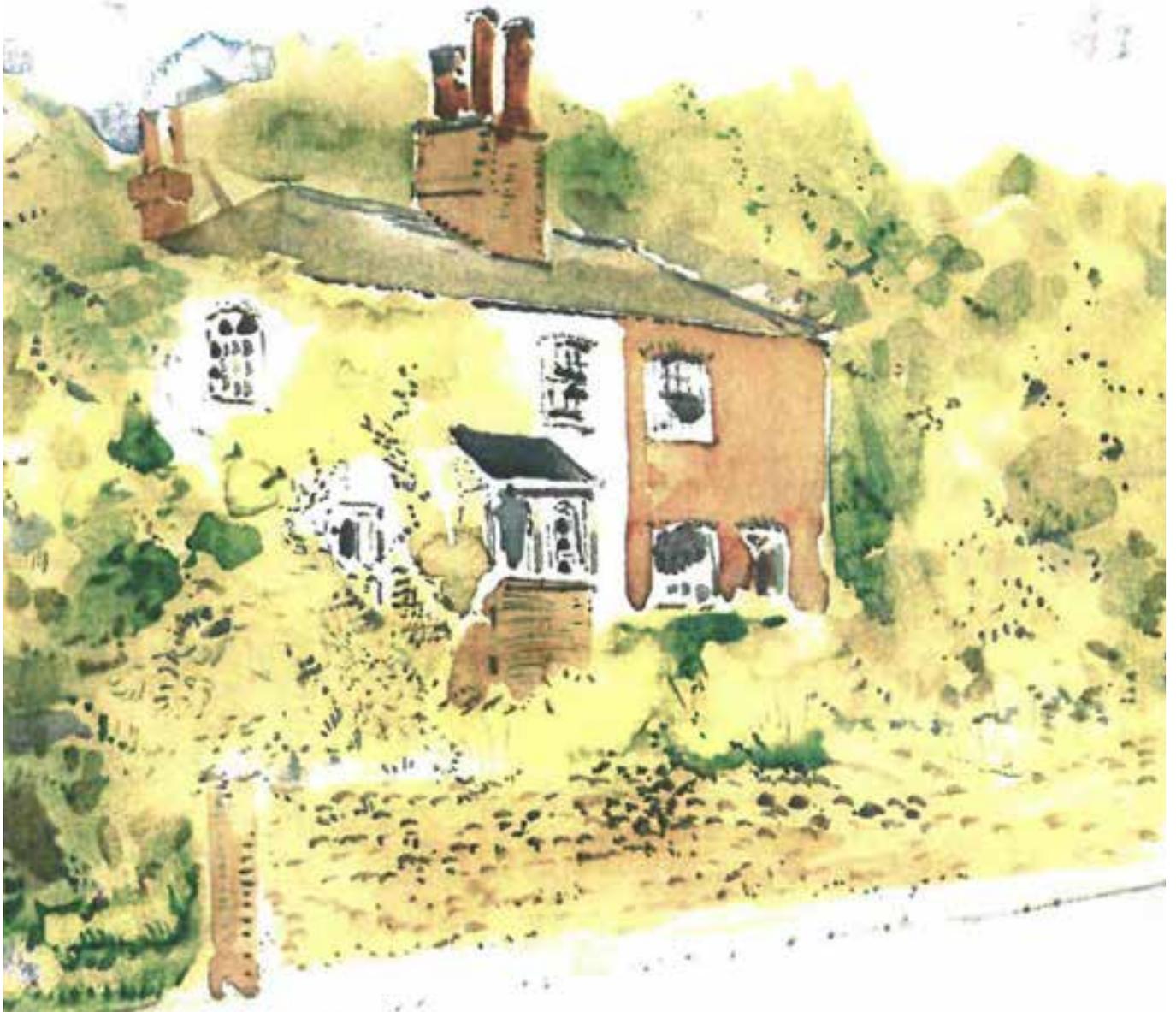


## IV

Young and in love—how magical the  
phrase!  
How magical the fact! Who has not yearned  
Over young lovers when to their amaze  
They fall in love, and find their love returned,  
And the lights brighten, and their eyes are  
clear  
To see God's image in their common clay.  
Is it the music of the spheres they hear?  
Is it the prelude to that noble play,  
The drama of Joined Lives? Ah, they forget  
They cannot write their parts; the bell has  
rung,  
The curtain rises, and the stage is set  
For tragedy—they were in love and young.



Follages in Brighton Rd - Godalming. When we lived in Burscombe, our twin  
Nanny lived in a cottage further up the road - next to a pub. owned by George.  
- it has been pulled down. 28<sup>th</sup> Aug 1998 MB.





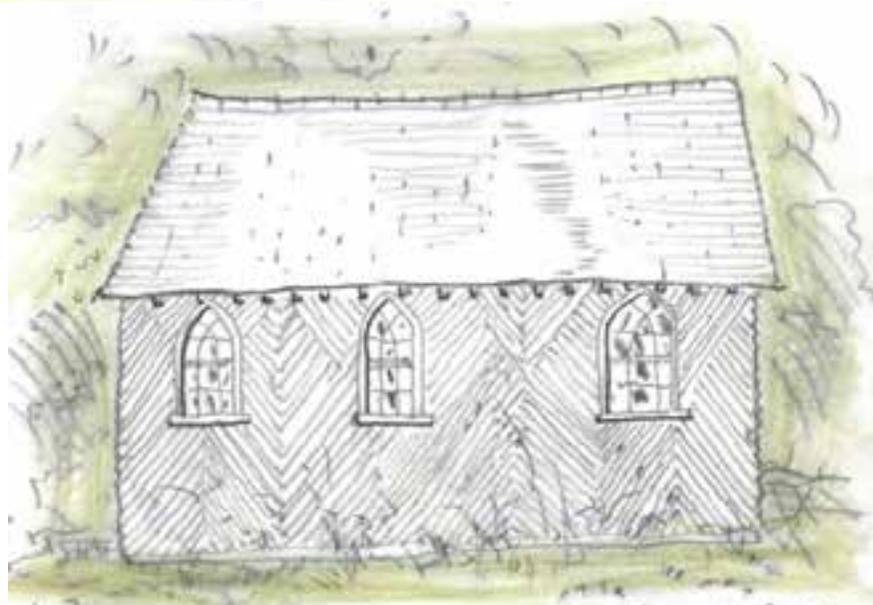
Cross-stitch Lane - Godalming 29<sup>th</sup> Aug 1997 MB

As I was sketching & choosing young lady parked up beside my walking stick. She looked over my shoulder & told me she taught illustration at Farnham College & she lived in the cottages I was sketching.

She told me all the cottages were part of the Burtbridge Estate & there was a stream down the east side of the main Brighton Rd which was now culverted over. The stream was still burst through on its way to the way valley to the north.

One of the very old cottages was where the Univerian movement is reported to have started.

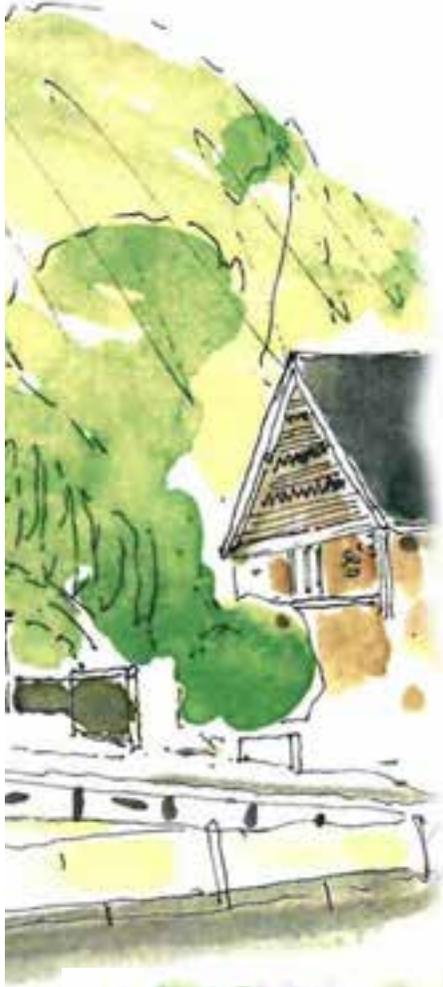
She said it still catches light on the facade below & the whole scene is surrounded by the trees in full summer. There is noise from cars but this charming spot is special & unspoilt - near the town centre. All the buildings are <sup>careful</sup> built & neat & tidy. Beyond to the north more tree covered hills - Lythe Firth Hill.



Congregational Chapel in Easting - restored & recorded  
in Rural life Centre Guild. 1992-199.



og Hill.



BROOK COTTAGE. Godalming 8.4.93 MS



Grampian Lane  
Godalming



## V

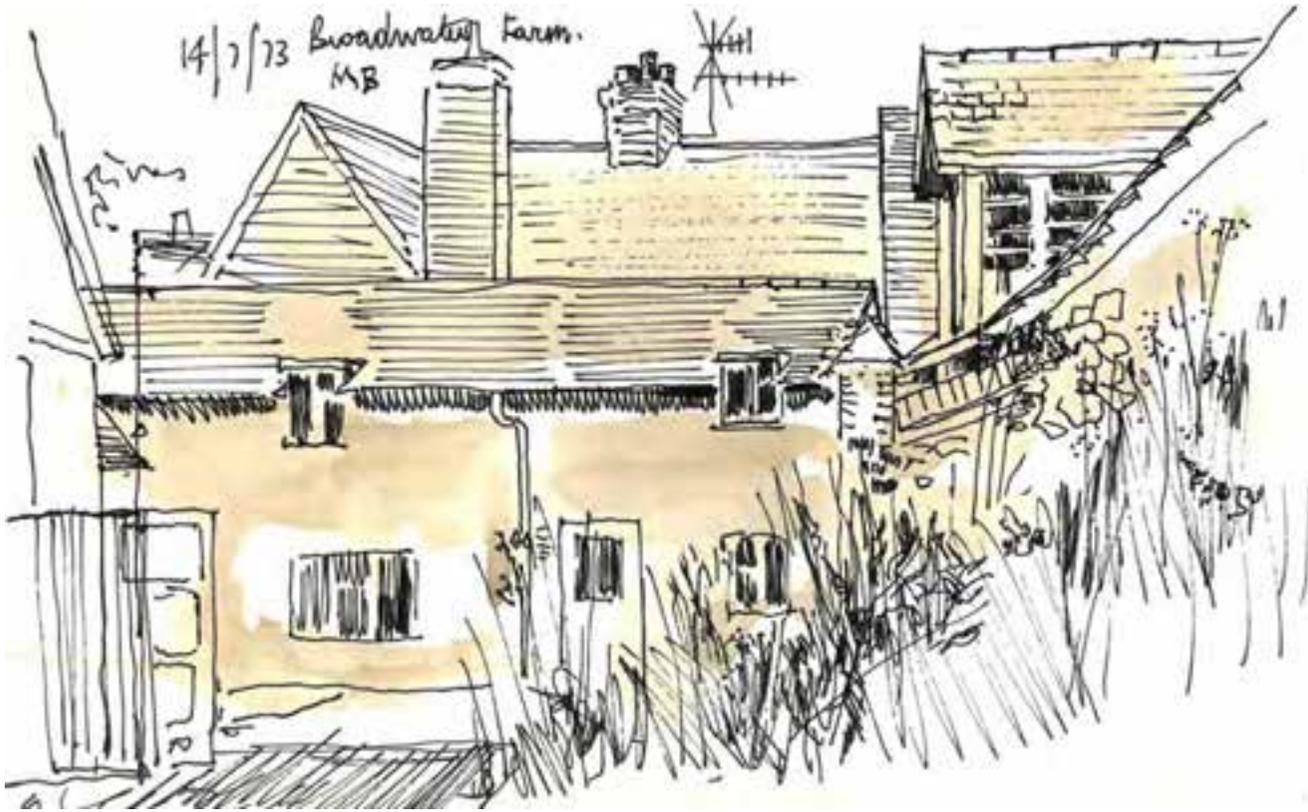
We went to the tower,  
We went to the zoo,  
We saw every flower  
In the gardens at Kew.  
We saw King Charles a-prancing  
On his long tailed horse,  
And thought him more entrancing  
Than better kings, of course.  
At a strange early hour,  
In St. James's palace yard,  
We watched in a shower  
The changing of the guard.  
And I said, what a pity,  
To have just a week to spend,  
When London is a city  
Whose beauties never end!

David Munro chairman of Lesure - presents prizes at the Sports Personality of the year 1954-59 at the Guildenbury Borough Hall 16 Oct 1955.



14, Bwbridge lane, Guildenbury  
 Mrs Molly Wittington. I advised her to convert the coach house & persuaded her not to demolish it which Gill's estate agents had recommended. She agreed & said I could do this conversion but not to try & become a catholic convert.

MB 2015





# VI

14/1/73 - Broadwater Farm.  
 View from West railway into farm yard (see) with  
 Gardemans Cottage at end.



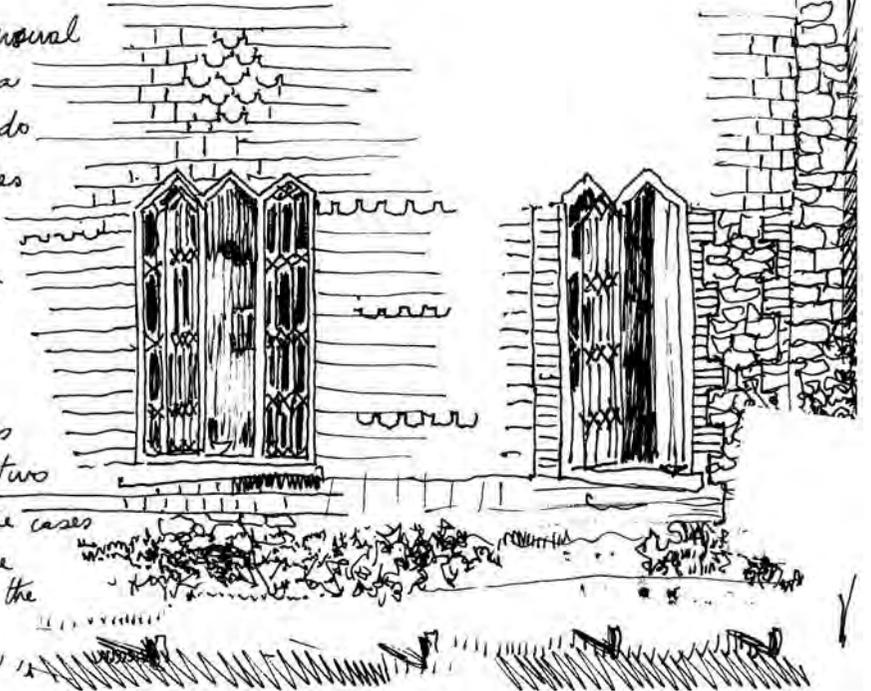
When the sun shines on England, it  
 atones  
 For low-hung leaden skies, and rain and  
 dim  
 Moist fogs that paint the verdure on her  
 stones  
 And fill her gentle rivers to the brim.

When the sun shines on England, shafts of  
 light  
 Fall on far towers and hills and dark old  
 trees,  
 And hedge-bound meadows of a green as  
 bright—  
 As bright as is the blue of tropic seas.

When the sun shines, it is as if the face  
 Of some proud man relaxed his haughty  
 stare, And smiled upon us with a sudden  
 grace,  
 Flattering because its coming is so rare.

14/7/73 - Broadwater Farm. MB

Delightful stone, tile unusual  
 windows. Was this just a  
 whim of the builder or do  
 the triple pointed arches  
 to the windows & the  
 intricate metal window  
 casement have some  
 purpose. Flowers -  
 Inside the room, (I was  
 asked in) I was shown the two  
 glass Fish Cases - one of the cases  
 is full of tropical fish. The  
 Gardemans who works for the  
 Council lives here.





Catherhall Road.  
 113 Godalming.



**Sneekappers**

name of Quakers who lived here. They owned the paper mill which they built - & grew wealthy but maintained strong Quaker principles, showing penitential concern for their workers welfare.

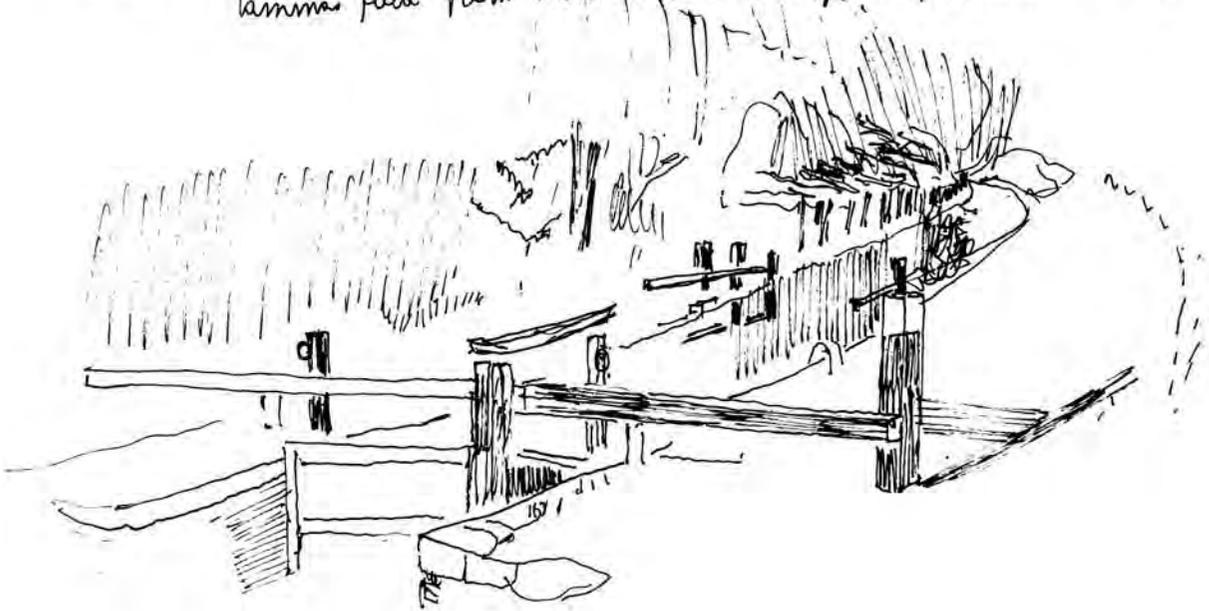


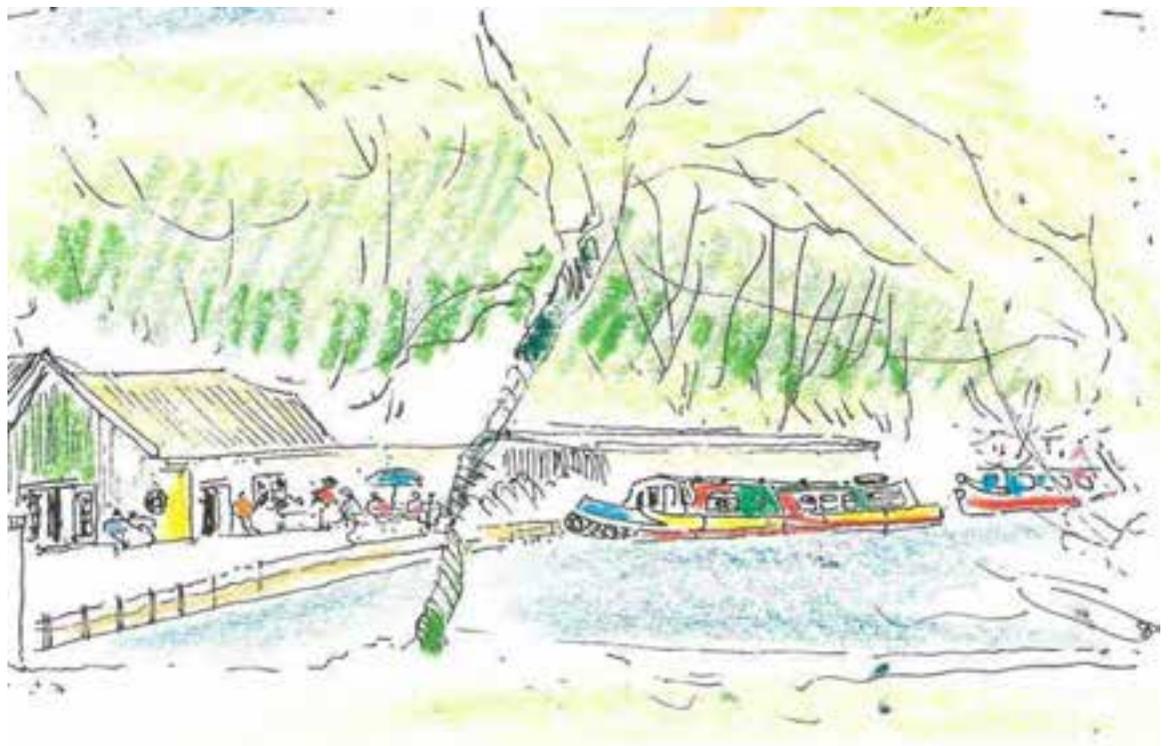
## VII

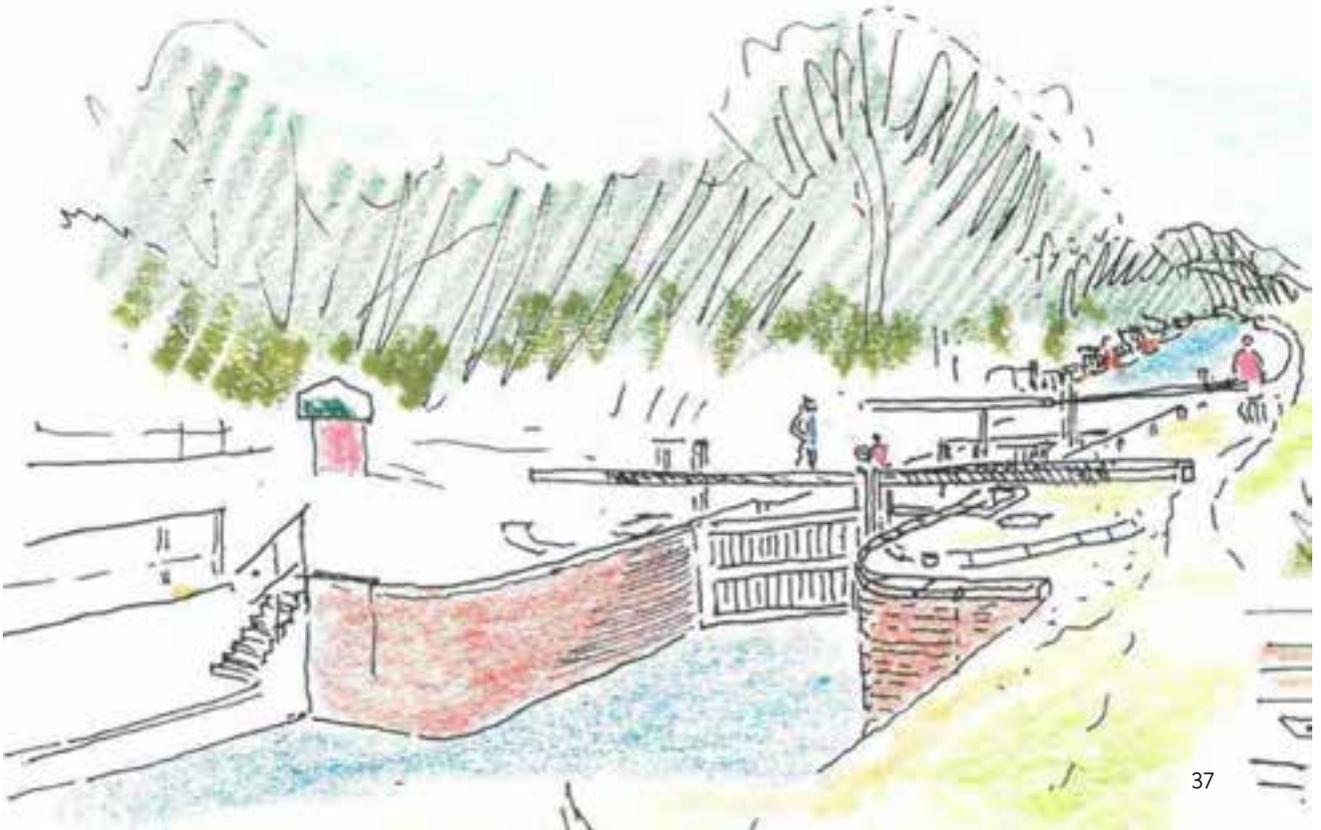
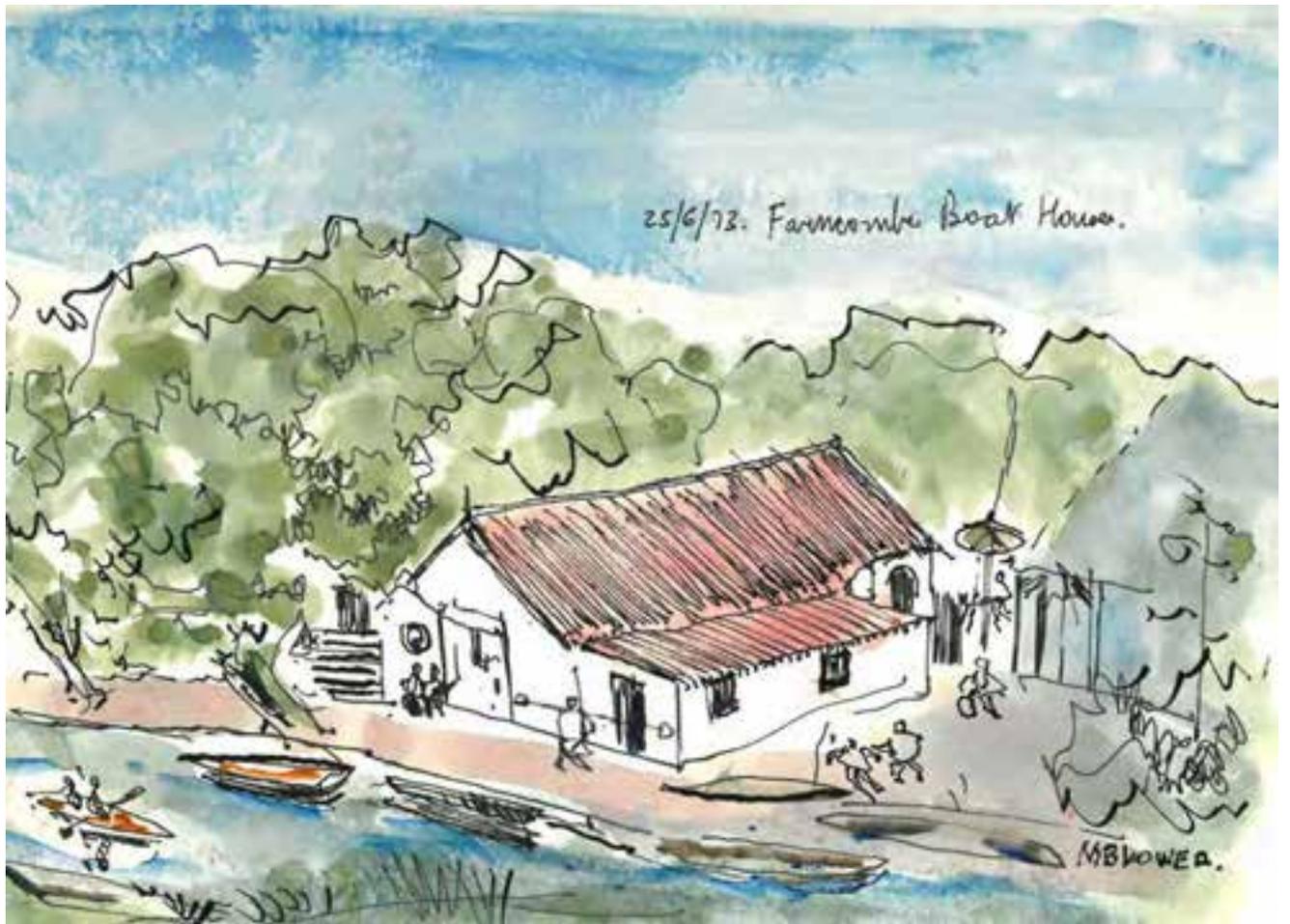
The English are frosty  
 When you're no kith or kin  
 Of theirs, but how they alter  
 When once they take you in!  
 The kindest, the truest,  
 The best friends ever known,  
 It's hard to remember  
 How they froze you to a bone.  
 They showed me all London,  
 Johnnie and his friends;  
 They took me to the country  
 For long week ends;  
 I never was so happy,  
 I never had such fun,  
 I stayed many weeks in England  
 Instead of just one.

Farncombe  
 lach. 23/6/73.  
 M.B

Not one building breaks tree silhouette. Firestation tower is prominent as  
 is the spire of church and St Edmunds Church tower.  
 Lamma's field from Farncombe lach. is green pea colour - hay not cut







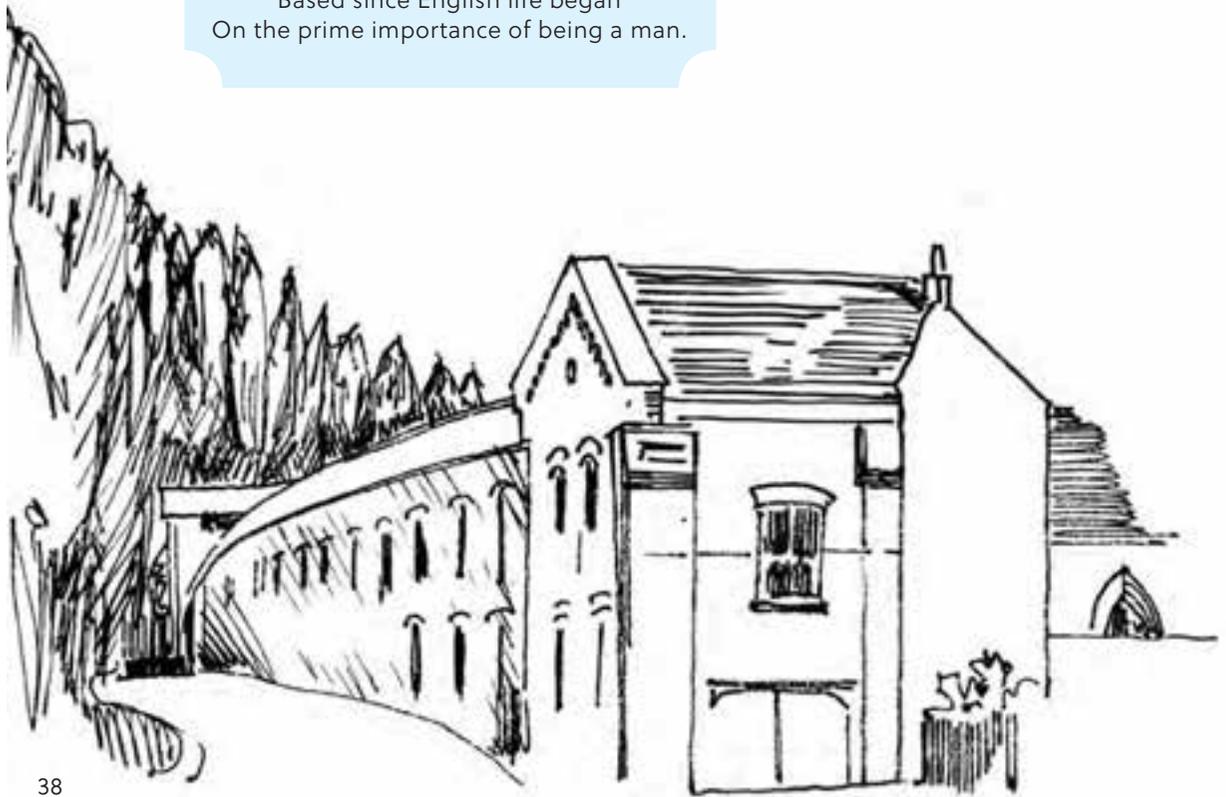
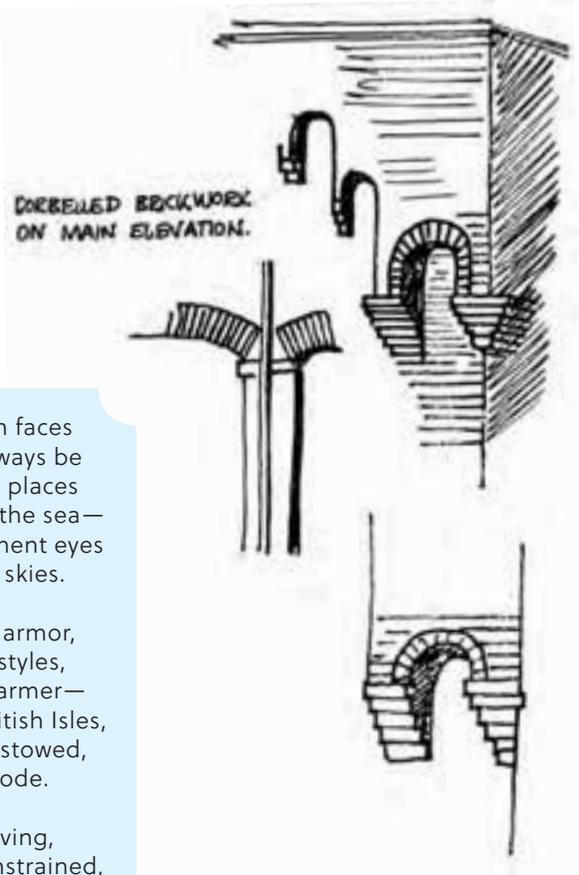


## VIII

John had one of those English faces  
That always were and will always be  
Found in the cream of English places  
Till England herself sinks into the sea—  
A blond, bowed face with prominent eyes  
A little bit bluer than English skies.

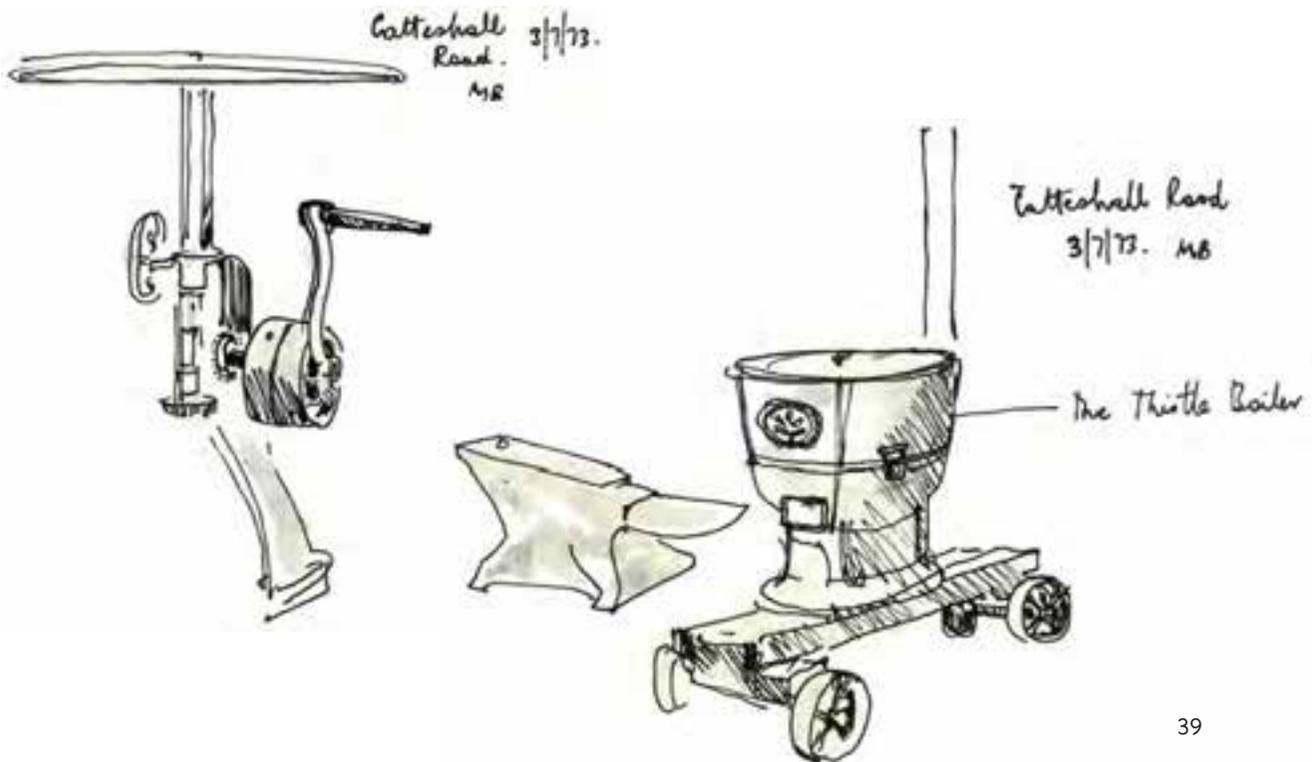
You see it in ruffs and suits of armor,  
You see it in wigs of many styles,  
Soldier and sailor, judge and farmer—  
That face has governed the British Isles,  
By the power, for good or ill bestowed,  
Only on those who live by code.

Oh, that inflexible code of living,  
That seems so easy and unconstrained,  
The Englishman's code of taking and giving  
Rights and privileges pre-ordained,  
Based since English life began  
On the prime importance of being a man.





23/6/73 J & Blackburn & Co - Engineers & Founders - the Black Country in Surrey - neatly washed band of darker bricks in red brick facade. white painted brick corbelled eaves. The white brick arch over windows. The gates - cobble or granite paved sets int' yard. The old chimney has been dismantled & is only 40' high with weeds growing out of the top. The road curves round the site of the works and on the south side there are narrow passages. In the yard behind these are Transport vehicles & steam engines - a yard full of old metal parts. under bases & wheels - rail wagon -  
The north part of the Latteshall works gets cumber & the brickwork is less well cared for but still very interesting.



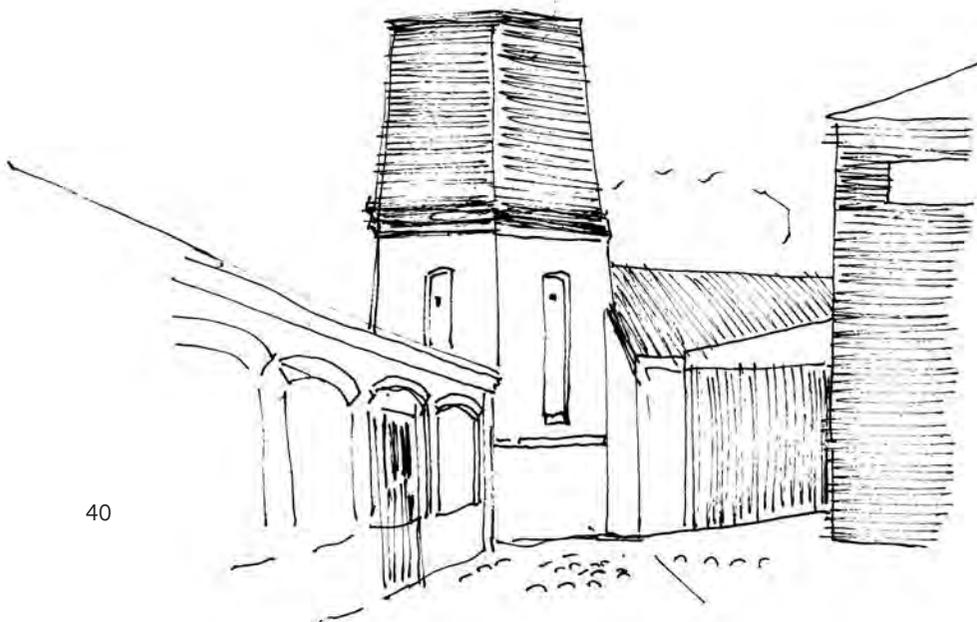


Catterhall Works -  
Godalming - 5<sup>th</sup> April 1953.

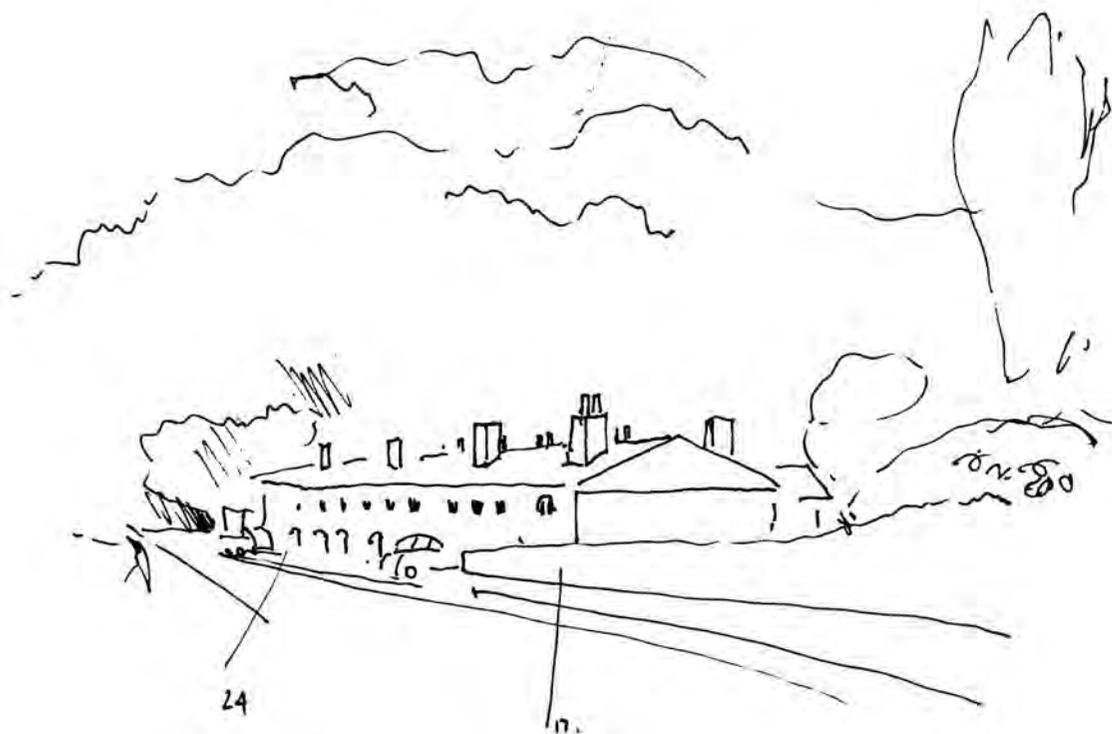
MS.

An extremely interesting structure particularly in southern England - It is good to see it still standing but there is a need to repair it before further deterioration takes place.

Catterhall Works Godalming 23/8/73



17-24 Cotteshall Lane. Geolalms  
23/6/73



Cotteshall Lane - Farncombe Boat House. 17 April 2002

The boat house isn't that busy mid week but the lane is  
always going up + down. The Blackburn works is still  
undeveloped but for sale. Forlorn looking.

Boats are parked all the way along the river bank  
a few people stroll by. Cars a driver up & dog owners  
emerge for their riverside walk.

Sunny. warm - I saw some bluebells by the  
river.





The Ram - Gedelming  
MB. MB. 20/6/73.





# IX

And what a voice he had—gentle, profound,  
 Clear masculine!—I melted at the sound.  
 Oh, English voices, are there any words  
 Those tones to tell, those cadences to teach!  
 As song of thrushes is to other birds,  
 So English voices are to other speech;  
 Those pure round "o's"—those lovely liquid "l's"  
 Ring in the ears like sound of Sabbath bells.  
 Yet I have loathed those voices when the sense  
 Of what they said seemed to me insolence,  
 As if the dominance of the whole nation  
 Lay in that clear correct enunciation.  
 Many years later, I remember when  
 One evening I overheard two men  
 In Claridge's—white waistcoats, coats I know  
 Were built in Bond Street or in Savile Row—  
 So calm, so confident, so finely bred—  
 Young gods in tails—and this is what they said:  
 "Not your first visit to the States?"  
 "Oh, no,  
 I'd been in Canada two years ago."  
 Good God, I thought, have they not heard that we  
 Were those queer colonists who would be free,  
 Who took our desperate chance, and fought and  
 won  
 Under a colonist called Washington?  
 One does not lose one's birthright, it appears.  
 I had been English then for many years.





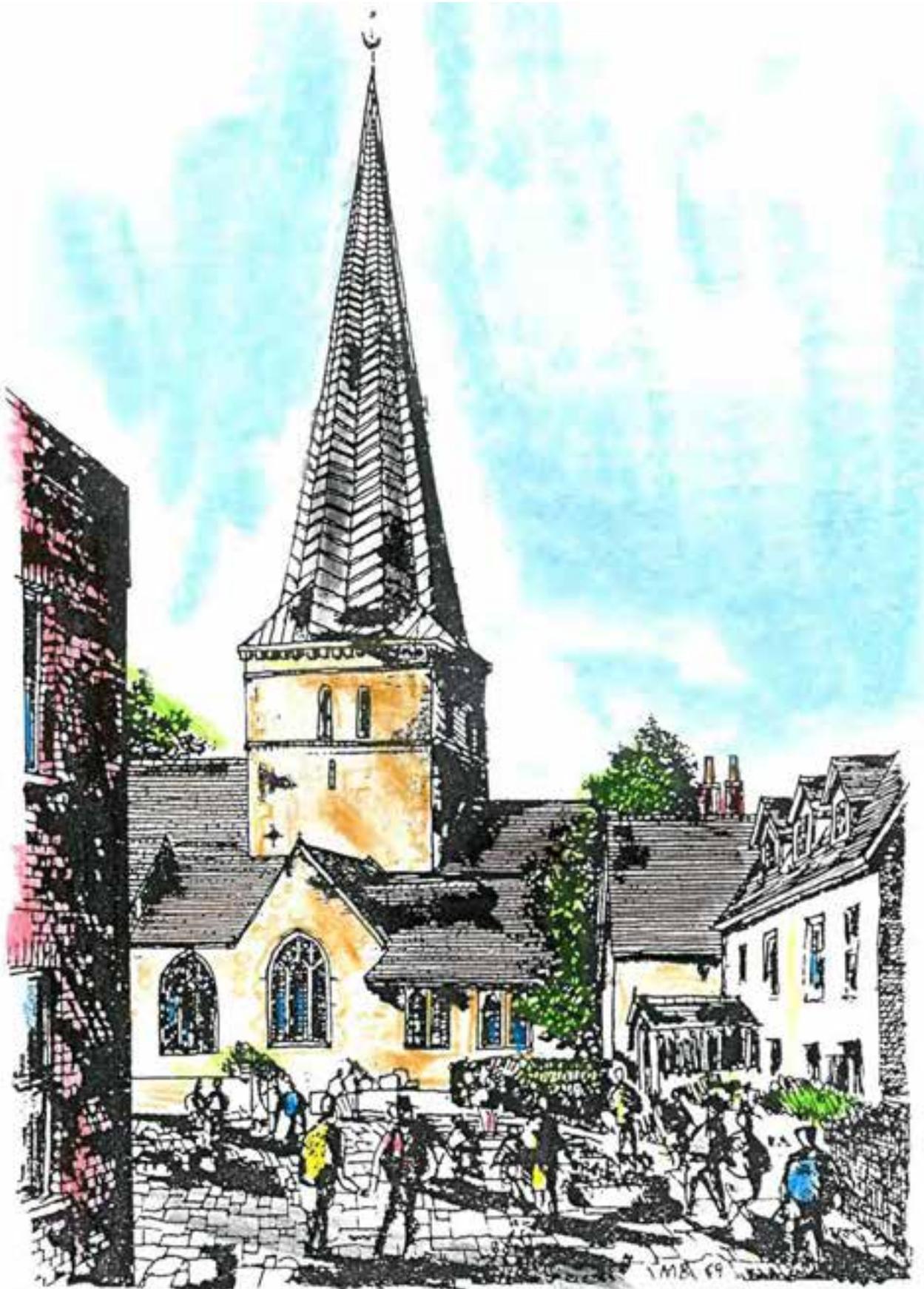
X

We went down to Cambridge,  
 Cambridge in the spring.  
 In a brick court at twilight  
 We heard the thrushes sing,  
 And we went to evening service  
 In the chapel of the King.  
 The library of Trinity,  
 The quadrangle of Clare,  
 John bought a pipe from Bacon,  
 And I acquired there  
 The Anecdotes of Painting  
 From a handcart in the square.  
 The playfields at sunset  
 Were vivid emerald green,  
 The elms were tall and mighty,  
 And many youths were seen,  
 Carefree young gentlemen  
 In the Spring of Fourteen.



*Church St - from Deaneys Place - So. Dublin - 3 May 1993. Not a soul about  
 early morning - a 'new' period street light on the wall of 22.*







Church House - Church St. Salisbury - May 1911

Church House lies in a prominent position immediately south east of the churchyard. In the Middle Ages Church House was owned by the Deanery of Salisbury. The present building almost certainly stands on what was once the site of the residence of the Rectory Minor.

It is generally accepted that the earliest part of the building dates from the Fifteenth Century, but important additions were made at the end of the Sixteenth Century and the latter part of the Seventeenth. It is in the Sixteenth Century that the fine chimney stack on the south side of the building belongs. This section of the building was built using local bar gate stone and is timber framed.

The main part of the present building facing Church Street was altered quite considerably in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. Sash windows replaced the leaded light windows and carved bargeboards were added to the main gables.

When repairs to the front of the house were carried out several years ago the original timber frame was exposed and was found to be filled with wattle and daub.

Inside Church House the fine main staircase is worthy of particular note, constructed of oak with newels, handrails and balusters. One of the newels bears a carving of two figures, recalling the device used for the first Warden of the town, John Ferris.

The panelling in some of the rooms dates from the Seventeenth Century and there are several Adam style fireplaces. One in particular is carved with coloured heraldic shields showing the arms of Elliot impaling Henenge Newdegate and Berkeley signifying the intermarriage of the Elliot family with these others.

The Eliots, who owned Barbridge Hall, occupied Church House at one time. Another tenant was Charles, the Second Duke of Richmond, who stayed at Church House on his way to Goodwood. It may also be of interest to note that he died in one of the first floor rooms in 1750 and as the house is reputed to be haunted, could it be the Duke's ghost that has supposedly been sighted?



# XI

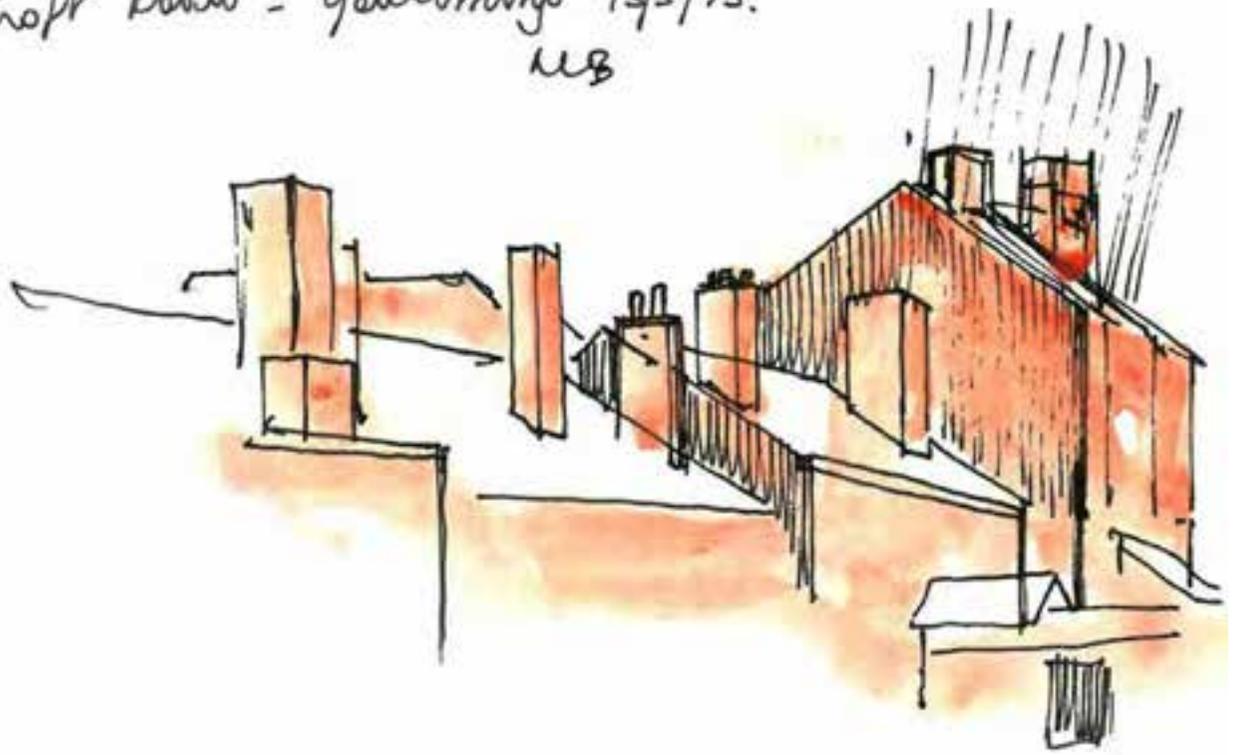
London, just before dawn—immense and dark—  
 Smell of wet earth and growth from the empty park,  
 Pall Mall vacant—Whitehall deserted. Johnny and I  
 Strolling together, averse to saying good-by—  
 Strolling away from some party in silence profound,  
 Only far off in Mayfair, piercing, the sound  
 Of a footman's whistle—the rhythm of hoofs on wood,  
 Further and further away....

And now we stood  
 On a bridge, where a poet once came to keep  
 Vigil while all the city lay asleep—  
 Westminster Bridge—and soon the sun would rise,  
 And I should see it with my very eyes!  
 Yes, now it came—a broad and awful glow  
 Out of the violet mists of dawn. "Ah, no,"  
 I said, "earth has not anything to show  
 More fair—changed though it be—than this."  
 A curious background surely for a kiss—  
 Our first—Westminster Bridge at break of day—  
 Settings by Wordsworth, as John used to say.





Croft Road - Godalming 13/5/73.  
 UB



## XII

Why do we fall in love? I do believe  
 That virtue is the magnet, the small vein  
 Of ore, the spark, the torch that we receive  
 At birth, and that we render back again.  
 That drop of godhood, like a precious stone,  
 May shine the brightest in the tiniest flake.  
 Lavished on saints, to sinners not unknown;  
 In harlot, nun, philanthropist, and rake,  
 It shines for those who love; none else discern  
 Evil from good; Man's fall did not bestow  
 That threatened wisdom; blindly still we yearn  
 After a virtue that we do not know,  
 Until our thirst and longing rise above  
 The barriers of reason—and we love.



looking west along Croft  
 Road - Godalming 13/5/73.

Godalming has steep wooded hills on both parts  
 a South side, the E-W High St is on the flat part  
 and, of course, this is where the traffic is kept  
 to a minimum as a bridge.



View of dwellings at top of footpath steps in  
 Croft Rd - Godalming. 31 July 1938.

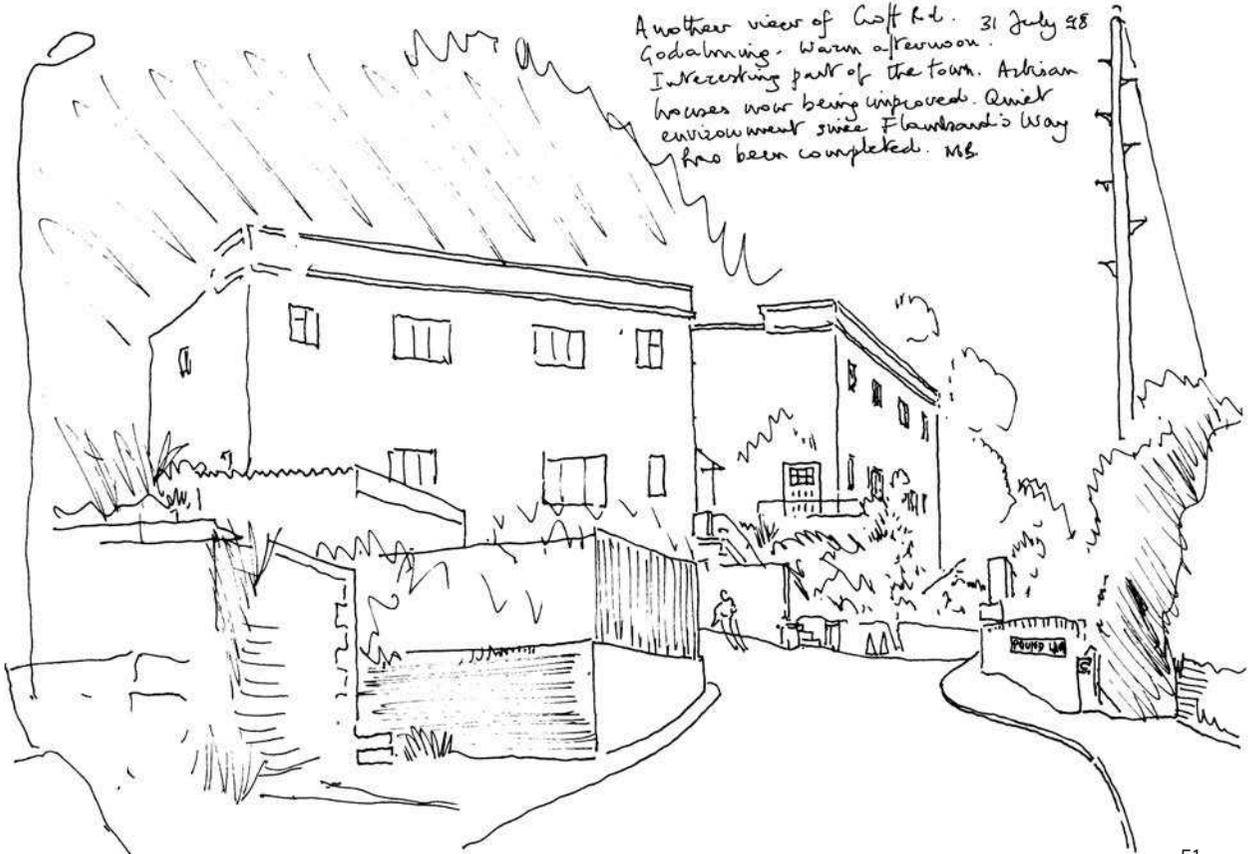
A young postman arrived  
 soon after I'd finished the sketch  
 He lives in this house. He said it was  
 a living stable, he bought it  
 - was dated 1885 - the sketches  
 ex Mayor of Godalming lives in the  
 last house. I bought him  
 when I was doing my year  
 at West Surrey.





Golf Road  
Godalming 30 May  
2000

Another view of Golf Rd. 31 July 98  
Godalming - Warm afternoon.  
Interesting part of the town. Asbian  
houses now being improved. Quiet  
environment since Flambard's Way  
has been completed. MB





# XIII

And still I did not see my life was  
 changed,  
 Utterly different—by this love estranged,  
 Forever and ever from my native land;  
 That I was now of that unhappy band  
 Who lose the old, and cannot gain the new  
 However loving and however true  
 To their new duties. I could never be  
 An English woman, there was that in me  
 Puritan, stubborn, that would not agree  
 To English standards, though I did not see  
 The truth, because I thought them, good or ill,  
 So great a people—and I think so still.

But a day came when I was forced to face  
 Facts. I was taken down to see the place—  
 The family place in Devon—and John's mother.  
 "Of course, you understand," he said, "my  
 brother  
 Will have the place." He smiled; he was so sure  
 The world was better for primogeniture.  
 And yet he loved that place, as Englishmen  
 Do love their native countryside, and when  
 The day should be as it was sure to be—  
 When this was home no more to him—when  
 he  
 Could go there only when his brother's wife  
 Should ask him—to a room not his—his life  
 Would shrink and lose its meaning. How  
 unjust,  
 I thought. Why do they feel it must  
 Go to that idle, insolent eldest son?  
 Well, in the end it went to neither one.



28<sup>th</sup> March 2002

N° 59

Forncombe St./Biscornbe Lane



Just been to Licensing Committee at WBC. A man called Sydney was seeking a license to drive for a private Hire Company - in 1970s - aged 11 on the last several prosecutions & in '73 a suspended sentence for theft. He was questioned by members. I doubt not why as I had pretty well made up mind that someone of Pat's age (born 1953) would have had problems in his youth in that suits passed he had learnt to know & was trying to work. I was pleased in all regard & gave Dr Sydney his license.



Godalming Police Station from Waltham car park

It was still good enough to sketch & I caught a glimpse of the evening light on this structure. I find I cannot subscribe to the 'popular' view that it is ugly, as I like its form, intricacy & the shadows it casts on the understructure. In another 25 years of road it would be listed. It's the awful fact around it which should go & then we could see how much it contributes to the townscape.  
30 June 2002 NR

22nd May 2003. Flambard Way, Godalming



\* Jordan's  
Nissan Specialist  
Accident Repair Specialist  
Servicing & repairs to most makes  
MOT  
SAT - 9.12 AM  
MONS - 9.12 AM  
FRI AM - 5.12 PM  
By appointment only  
Godalming 415 201.



## XIV

A red brick manor house in Devon,  
In a beechwood of old gray trees,  
Ivy climbing to the clustered chimneys,  
Rustling in the wet south breeze.  
Gardens trampled down by Cromwell's army,  
Orchards of apple trees and pears,  
Casements that had looked for the Armada,  
And a ghost on the stairs.





Waiting outside  
Godalming Railway  
station - evening  
21 July 1998 - mg.



## XV

Johnnie's mother, the Lady Jean,  
Child of a penniless Scottish peer,  
Was handsome, worn, high-colored, lean  
With eyes like Johnnie's—more blue and clear—  
Like bubbles of glass in her fine tanned face.

Quiet, she was, and so at ease,  
So perfectly sure of her rightful place  
In the world that she felt no need to please.  
I did not like her—she made me feel  
Talkative, restless, unsure, as if  
I were a cross between parrot and eel.  
I thought her blank and cold and stiff.

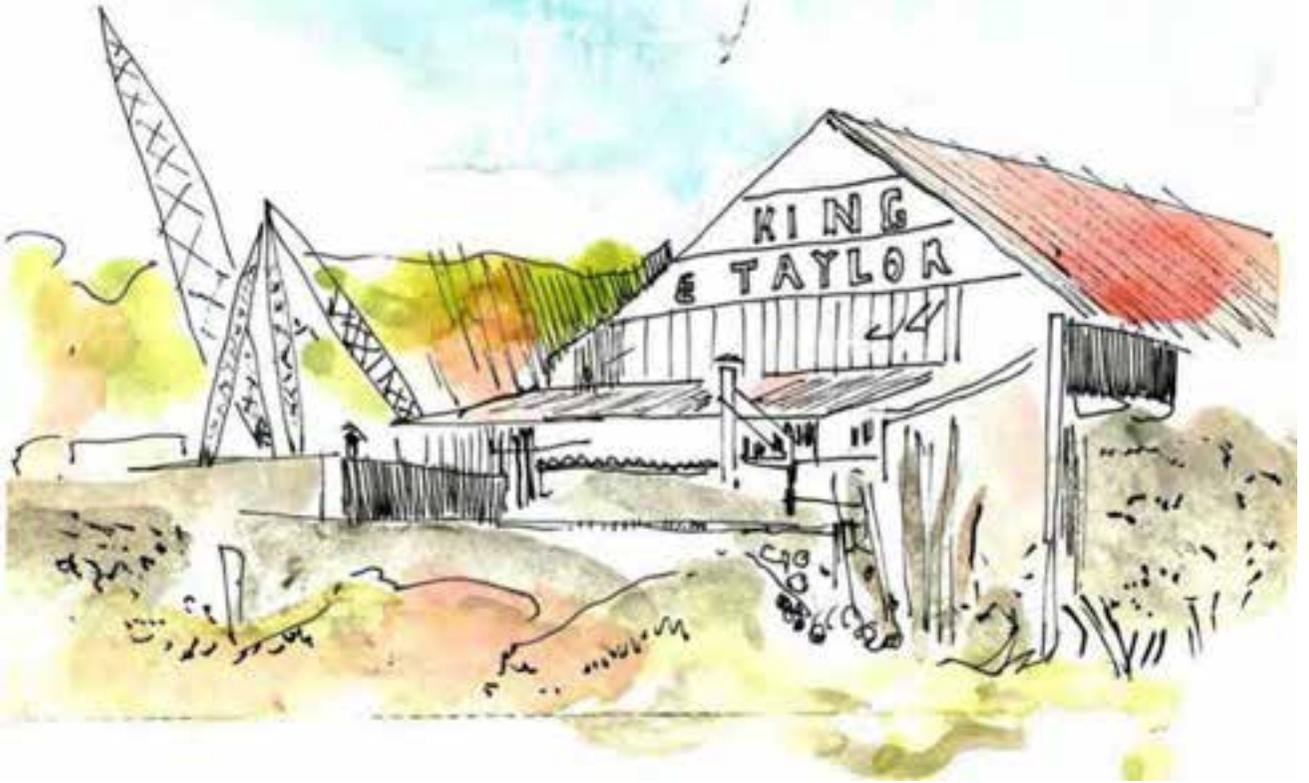


Godalming station.



Godalming 16/6/73.

Wharf.  
MB.



Godalming 12 May 1993. MB.

Road to Sainsburys-



## XVI

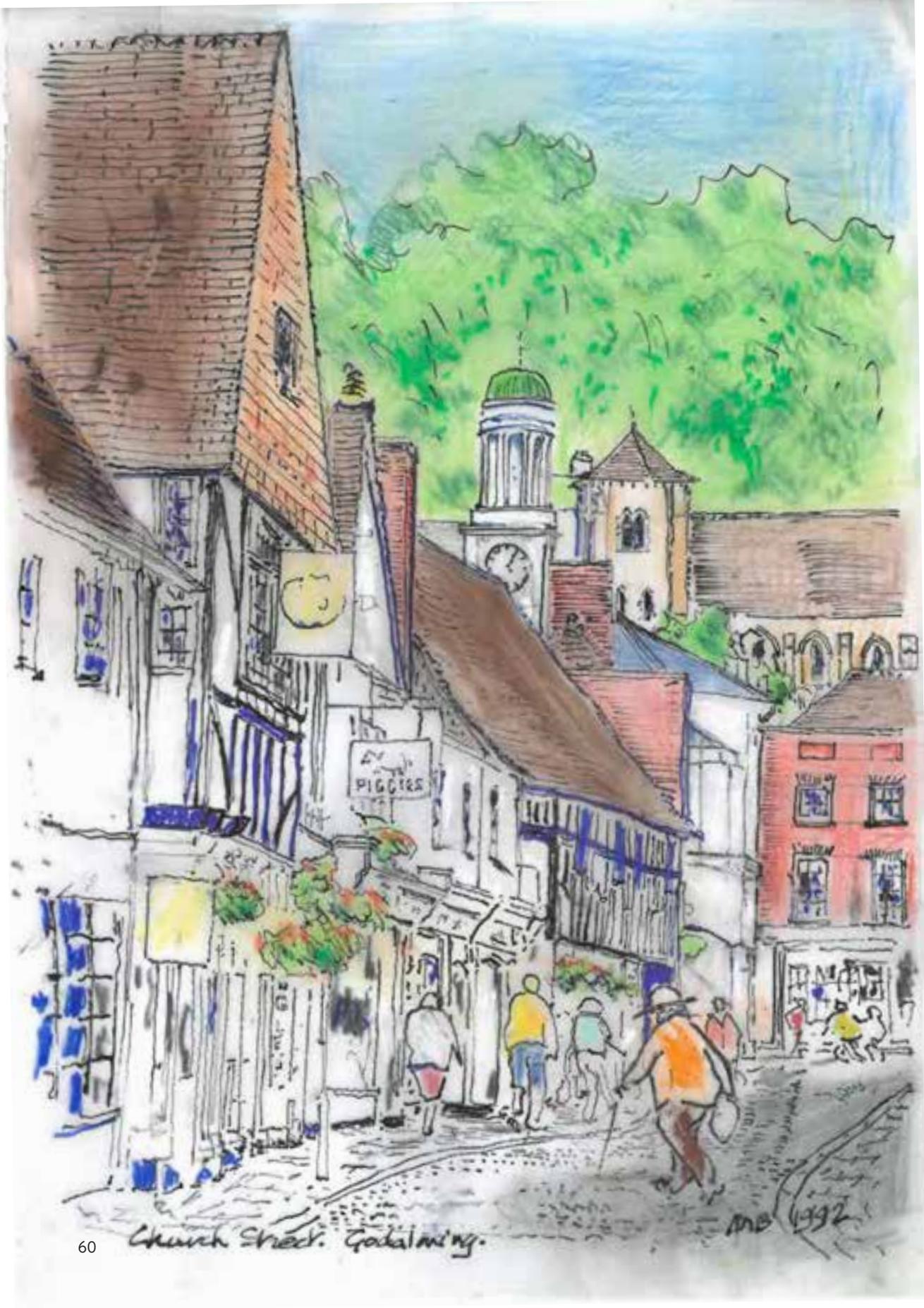
And presently she said as they  
Sooner or later always say:  
"You're an American, Miss Dunne?  
Really, you don't speak like one."  
She seemed to think she'd said a thing,  
Both courteous and flattering.  
I answered, though my wrists were weak  
With anger: "Not at all, I speak—  
At least I've always thought this true—  
As educated people do  
In any country—even mine."  
"Really?" I saw her head incline,  
I saw her ready to assert  
Americans are easily hurt.





## XVII

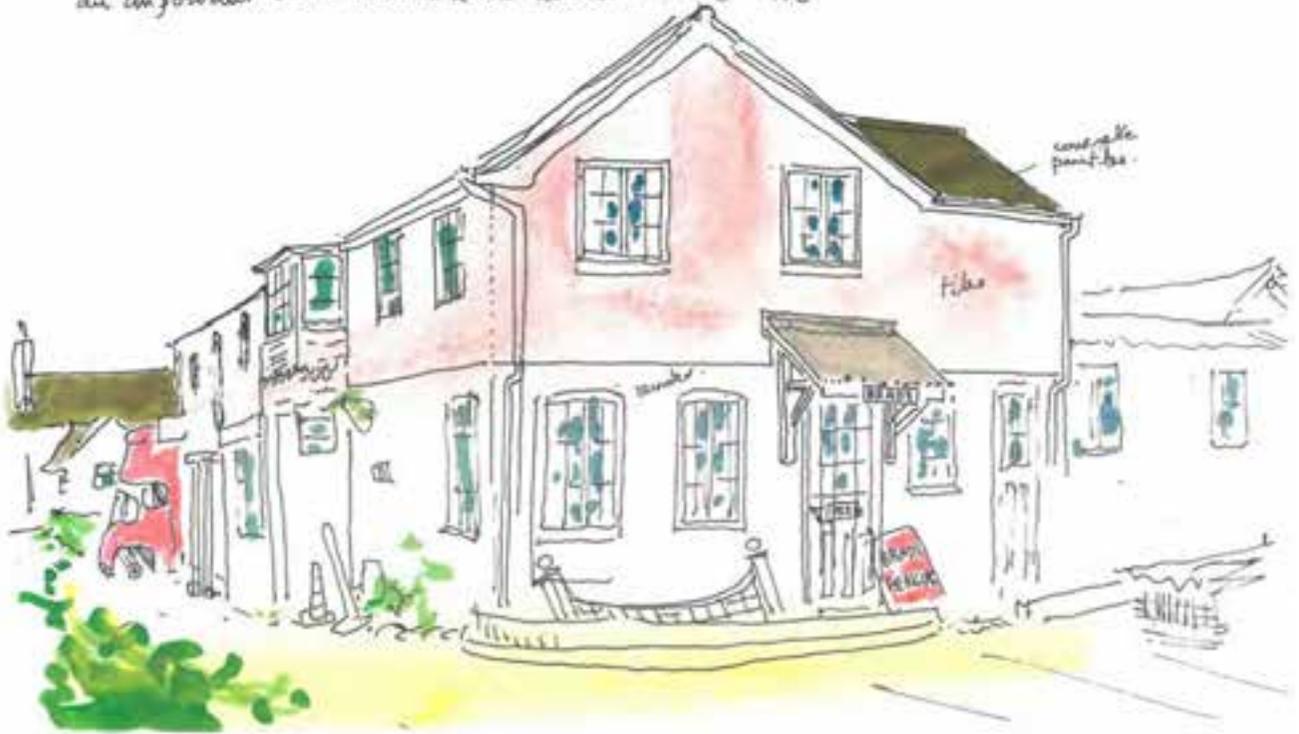
Strange to look back to the days  
So long ago  
When a friend was almost a foe,  
When you hurried to find a phrase  
For your easy light dispraise  
Of a spirit you did not know,  
A nature you could not plumb  
In the moment of meeting,  
Not guessing a day would come  
When your heart would ache to hear  
Other men's tongues repeating  
Those same light phrases that jest and jeer  
At a friend now grown so dear, so dear.  
Strange to remember long ago  
When a friend was almost a foe.



Church Street, Godalming.



Brads Fencing - Rose Lane - Godalming 4<sup>th</sup> June 1953. I stopped here to enquire about panels + fencing. Fished behind considerable part of Francoise - the sort of business who probably started in a small way - all local timber materials + which has grown providing an important source within construction industry. MB



## XVIII

I saw the house with its oaken stair,  
 And the Tudor Rose on the newel post,  
 The paneled upper gallery where  
 They told me you heard the family ghost—  
 "A gentle unhappy ghost who sighs  
 Outside one's door on the night one dies."  
 "Not," Lady Jean explained, "at all  
 Like the ghost at my father's place, St. Kitts,  
 That clanks and screams in the great West Hall,  
 And frightens strangers out of their wits."  
 I smiled politely, not thinking I  
 Would hear one midnight that long sad sigh.  
 I saw the gardens, after our tea  
 (Crumpets and marmalade, toast and cake)  
 And Drake's Walk, leading down to the sea;  
 Lady Jean was startled I'd heard of Drake,  
 For the English always find it a mystery  
 That Americans study English history.

I saw the picture of every son—  
 Percy, the eldest, and John; and Bill  
 In Chinese Customs, and the youngest one,  
 Peter, the sailor, at Osborne still;  
 And the daughter, Enid, married, alas,  
 To a civil servant in far Madras.  
 A little thing happened, just before  
 We left—the evening papers came;  
 John, flicking them over to find a score,  
 Spoke for the first time a certain name—  
 The name of a town in a distant land  
 Etched on our hearts by a murderer's hand.  
 Mother and son exchanged a glance,  
 A curious glance of strength and dread.  
 I thought: What matter to them if Franz  
 Ferdinand dies? One of them said:  
 "This might be serious."  
 "Yes, you're right,"  
 The other answered, "it really might."



## XIX

Dear John:

I'm going home. I write to say  
Good-by. My boat train leaves at break of day;  
It will be gone when this is in your hands.  
I've had enough of lovely foreign lands,  
Sightseeing, strangers, holiday, and play;  
I'm going home to those who think the way  
I think, and speak as I do. Will you try  
To understand that this must be good-by?  
We are both rooted deeply in the soil  
Of our own countries. But I could not spoil  
Our happy memories with the stress and strain  
Of parting; if we never meet again,  
Be sure I shall remember till I die  
Your love, your laugh, your kindness. But—good-by;  
Please do not hate me; but give the devil his due,  
This is an act of courage.

Always,  
Sue.

Godalming High St. 3<sup>rd</sup> Aug 1937.





Hart Yard. 1993 MB.  
Godalming.



Godalming 31 Aug 1999. The Sun PH. Bridge St.



A suggested scheme for The Square, Godalming, was outlined by architect Mr. Michael Blower at a meeting of the Godalming Trust this week. 24-4-65



'THE SQUARE', No. 107 HIGH STREET, GODALMING (so called  
from the open space before it

It is the only remaining example of a 15th century dwelling in the High Street.

The property is situated at the eastern end of the Godalming High Street, and consists of a rambling two storey building set back from the general street frontage with a pleasant forecourt in front with a back garden, having access to a side lane.



The original structure is of sixteenth century origin, but considerable additions were made in the 17th century and again in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. These latest alterations, which included the building on of bay windows to the front and back facades, the removal and replacement of the eaves to the front with a parapet wall, and the rebuilding of the internal fireplaces and staircase, have largely destroyed the architectural interest of the interior. The building is nevertheless important in the street scene, especially in view of its juxtaposition with the interesting sixteenth century flank wall to the adjoining property, and it has been listed as a building of architectural and historical importance.





This property was left by Miss Caswell to the Borough Council in 1946 for the benefit of the inhabitants of Godalming, and there was no condition attached to the bequest which required the Council to preserve or retain the house or any of the property. The rear part of the site has been used as a car park. In 1964 when the house was standing empty and a report and survey carried out at that time stated that the condition of the building was dilapidated, and to put the fabric into good order, a substantial sum would have to be spent, although the structure was sound.

After considerable effort on the part of local residents and the Godalming Trust submitted a tender for the lease of the building with the local Council and eventually agreed proposals for its restoration and conversion to a useful purpose and it was let for a Doctor's Surgery.

The Square is an important amenity, especially in view of the view of its prominent position at the beginning of the High Street.





## THE SQUARE

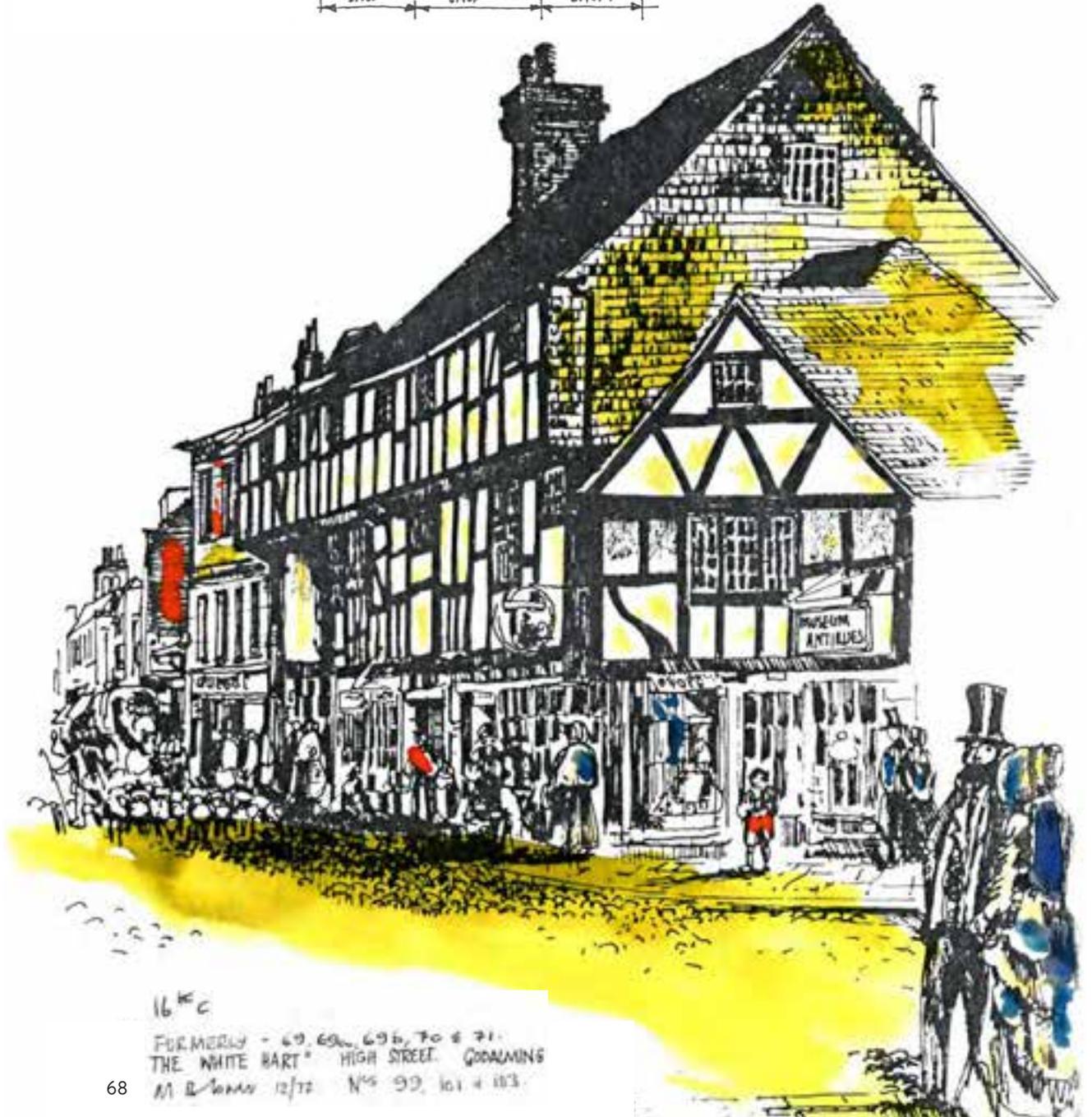
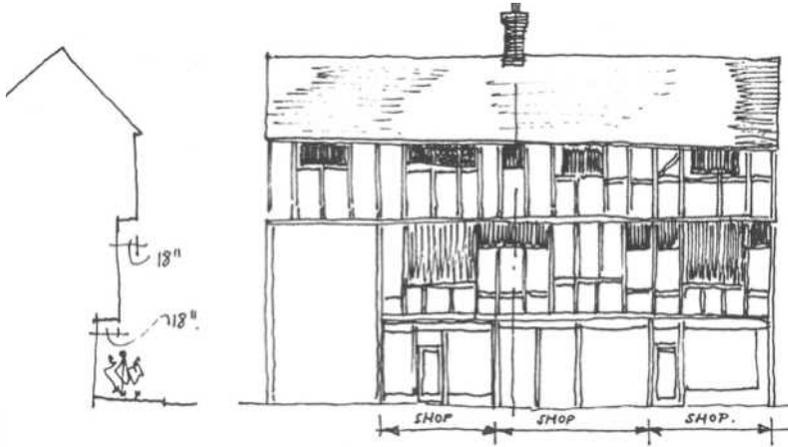
The property which has a very pleasant and extensive garden to the rear was a "Cot holding" of the Manor and was at different times known as "Greyland" or "Chittys" from the names of it's owners. The Cot holders, although described in a late medieval record as free tenants, seem to have performed services similar to those of ordinary villeins, though varying in particulars: they paid small money rents, gave heiots on the death of a tenant, and owed attendance at the Lord's court; they were required to help with the gathering-in of the Lord's hay and possibly had a share in the common fields. As special duties they had to repair the fence of the Lord's pound and to convey prisoners to the County Jail at Guildford Castle.

In the sixteenth century, the house was occupied by a clothier, or wool merchant, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by a family of maltsters who had here in 1768 a messuage, a malt house, malt mill, pump and cistern, barn, stable and garden. It was temporarily occupied as three flats? dates?

## II "THE SQUARE"

Late C15 or early C16 house of varied character set back from the street left hand has good gable timber framed and plastered, black and white. The rest is tile-hung to 1st floor and painted brickwork below. Old tile roof, Forms a valuable feature of the street.

*Michael Blauvelt*  
1969.



16<sup>KC</sup>

FORMERLY - 69, 69a, 69b, 70 & 71.  
 THE WHITE BART<sup>n</sup> HIGH STREET, GODALMING  
 M & WMS 12/72 Nos 99, 101 & 103.



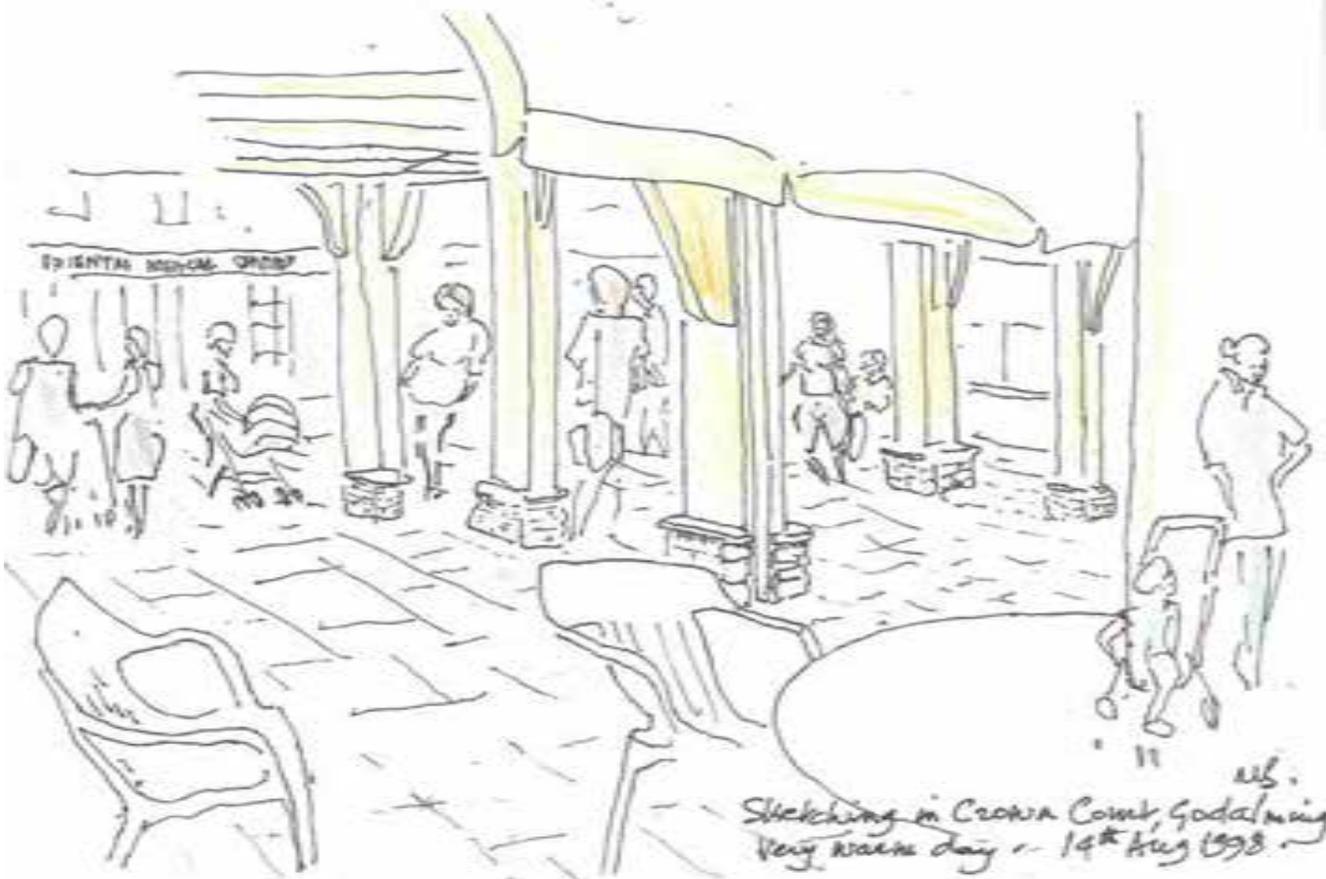
# XX

The boat train rattling  
 Through the green countryside;  
 A girl within it battling  
 With her tears and pride.  
 The Southampton landing,  
 Porters, neat and quick,  
 And a young man standing,  
 Leaning on his stick.  
 "Oh, John, John, you shouldn't  
 Have come this long way...."  
 "Did you really think I wouldn't  
 Be here to make you stay?"  
 I can't remember whether  
 There was much stress and strain,  
 But presently together,  
 We were traveling back again.

Crown Court, Godalming  
 M.B. Dec 1912



**C**rown Court, originally a 15th Century industrial building of mill wheel  
 cottages, came into its present existence in the 1920s as an add to the car park  
 which had been built at the back of the premises. The 'Court' of the name  
 comes from the 15th Century use of that name, which ceased sometime in the next century.  
 The archway was built from materials used in the construction of buildings which were  
 demolished to make way for the car park, giving it an historic appearance. The site was once  
 used by the woollen industry, an integral part of the town's history, as recorded in the case  
 of Wokingham Borough Council and the Wokingham Public House in the High Street.  
 Godalming was one of the only three towns mentioned in an Act affecting the woollen  
 industry in 1557.







THE HERALD MARCH 30th, 1990

# Michael Blower's Environmental Viewpoint

## No. 159 The Round House

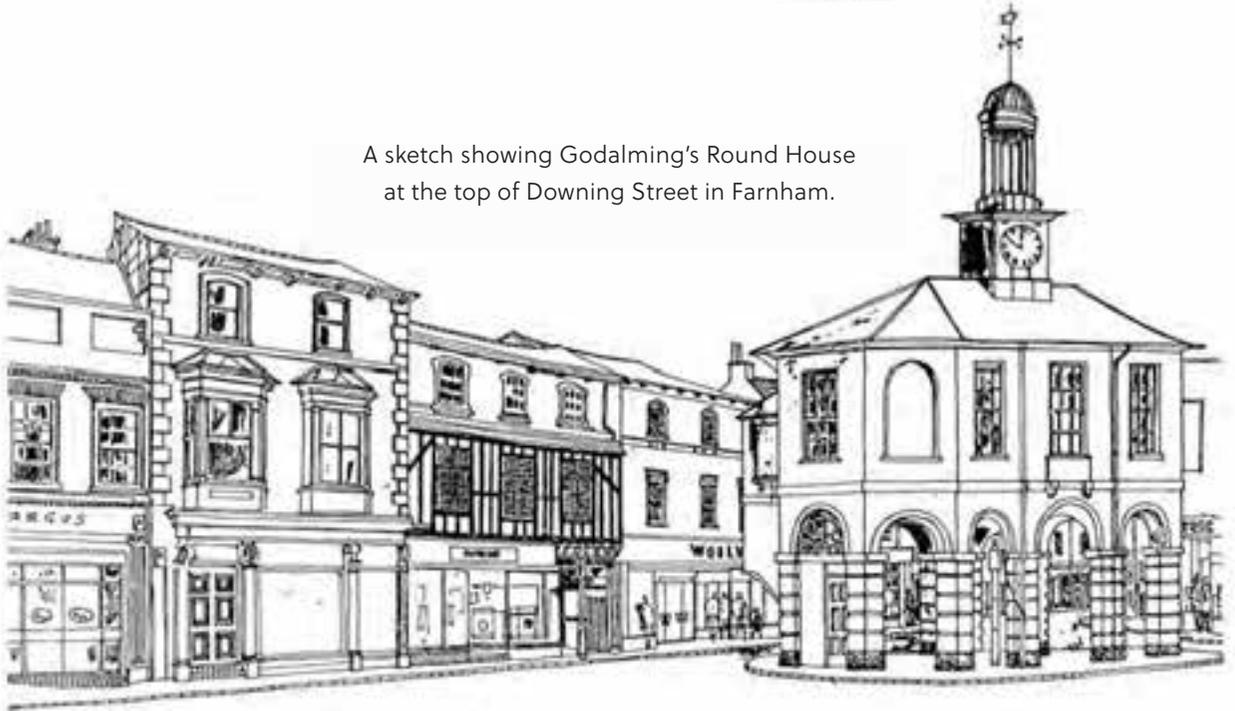
**'Nice one...'**

Sir, — I must confess that my first reaction upon seeing "The Round House" (Herald Environmental Viewpoint, last week) was of outrage. Then I realised the date and that this was a very splendid educated joke — one I wish I had thought of myself.

Thank you for publishing it. I can hardly wait for the reaction of some Farnhamians.

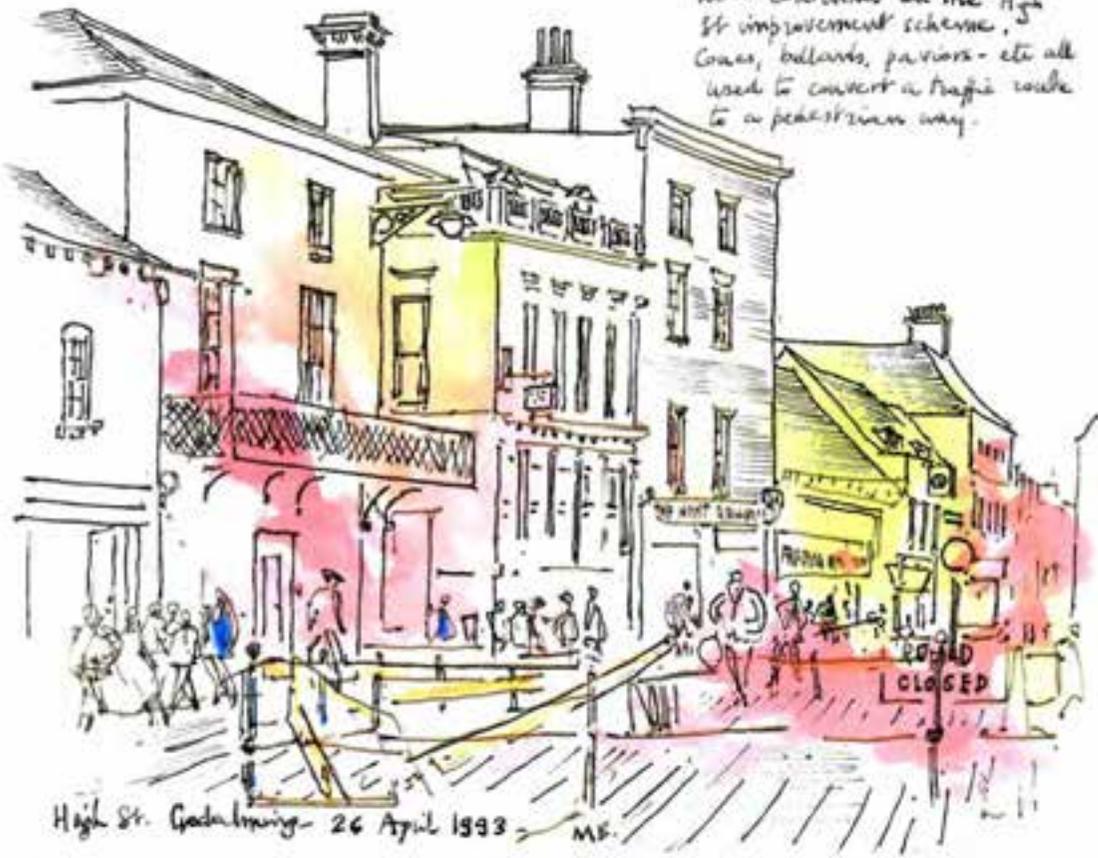
**John Maxwell Aylwin,**  
26 West Street,  
Farnham

A sketch showing Godalming's Round House at the top of Downing Street in Farnham.





Work continues on the High St improvement scheme, Grass, bollards, paviers - etc all used to convert a traffic route to a pedestrian way.



High St. Galahung - 26 April 1993 - ME.



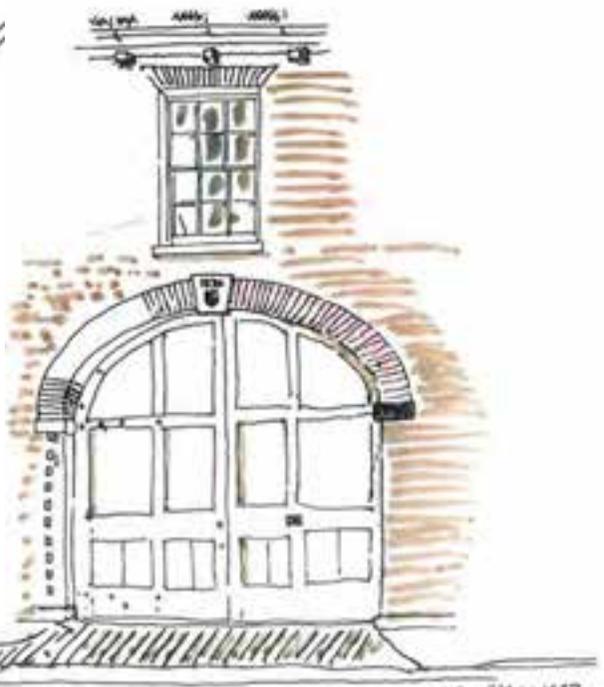


It's hard to believe that in a few weeks this scene of devastation will be neat & finished with passages & ready for shoppers to walk down the middle of a once busy car & lorry road. Gasolin'ing bicycles were very far sighted in 1816 when they paid for such a big building as the pepper pot. It holds the street together & is the focal point from wherever you look. 22 Aug 93-AM.



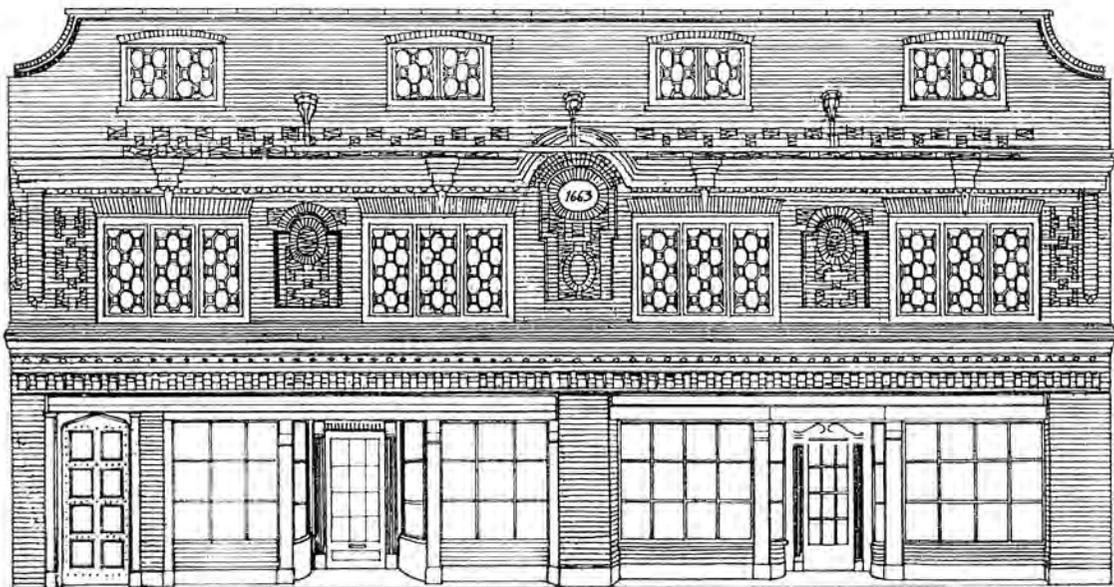


Hill St. Göttingen  
 J & Freeman & Co  
 shop to left -  
 one of the  
 alleged 27 empty shops.



High Street.

nb 18 May 1993



High St.

Sept 1993 MB

Nos. 28 and 29 formed originally one house. The ornamental brickwork which bears the date 1663 is much admired; it has often been regarded as owing something to Dutch influence but a careful study of the detail in conjunction with other local work in the same materials justifies the conclusion that it is a natural development of the building craftsmanship of this area based on the use of local stone with skilful use of brick to add further strength and solidity. The work may be compared with that at Farnham town hall, which is entirely of brick. This house belonged to, and was probably built by, members of the Gore family who lived here during the seventeenth century. Sir Edward Turnour, Kt., who became Lord Chief Baron of the Court of the Exchequer in 1661, married a daughter of Alderman Gore of the City of London. From him are descended the Earls of Winterton, one of whom owned the property in 1755.



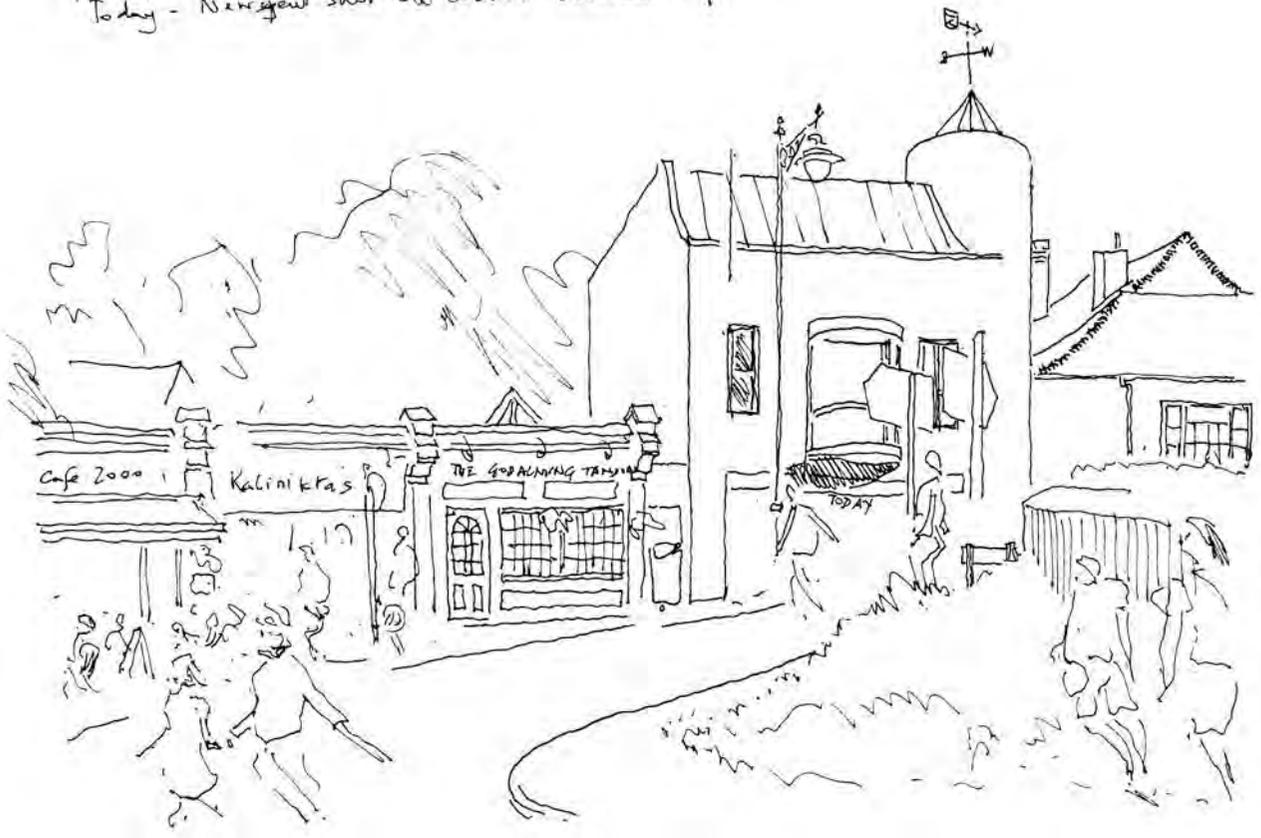
View - in  
 Busy street - junction of road & High St. Sodalmer - Kings Arms only partially seen from here - tentatively of water  
 but lets you know that this street beyond is more important as you see more than one building on the view  
 here. It might be that the building on left is more dominant. ?? above  
 A.D. 12. Sent '00





Godalming - 2/5/99.

'Today' - New street shop on corner boarded up

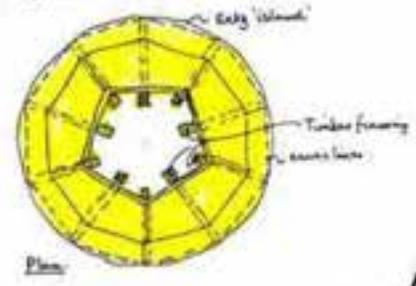
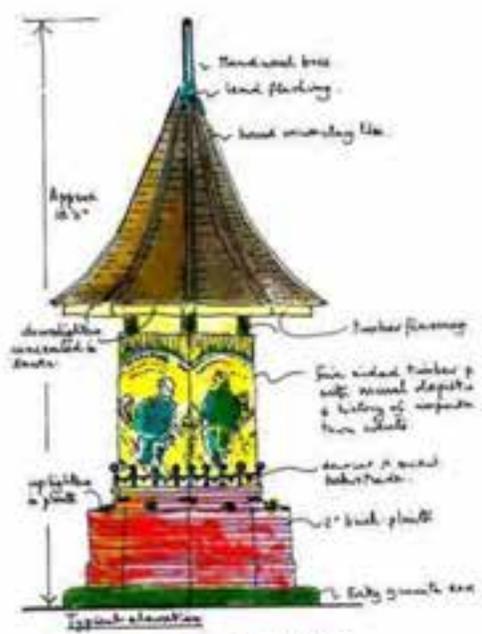




**GODALMING HIGH STREET**  
**PROPOSALS FOR A TOWN 'CROSS'**

APRIL 1996

MICHAEL BLOVER





## XXI

The English love their country with a love  
 Steady, and simple, wordless, dignified;  
 I think it sets their patriotism above  
 All others. We Americans have pride—  
 We glory in our country's short romance.  
 We boast of it, and love it. Frenchmen, when  
 The ultimate menace came, have died for France,  
 Logically as they lived. But Englishmen  
 Will serve day after day, obey the law,  
 And do dull tasks that keep a nation strong,  
 Once I remember in London how I saw  
 Pale, shabby people standing in a long  
 Line in the twilight and the misty rain  
 To pay their tax. I then saw England plain.



HA Jackson the Garage - Huntmore. Gadsalmy  
 I have always liked the way the Jarcoourt  
 is broken up into smaller areas with trees in  
 clumps - evergreens which camouflage the  
 buildings and cars. The Jarcoourt is deep and  
 in front there are 20' deep flower beds. At  
 the east end there are about 4 large firs  
 very good trees which blanket off that side  
 They have just extended the building forward  
 which is a shame as some trees must have  
 gone in the process. Retired attendant at work.





## XXII

Johnnie and I were married. England then  
Had been a week at war, and all the men  
Wore uniform, as English people can,  
Unconscious of it. Percy, the best man,  
As thin as paper and as smart as paint,  
Bade us good-by with admirable restraint,  
Went from the church to catch his train to hell;  
And died—saving his batman from a shell.





Godalming  
 The Phillips Memorial Cloister; the great red brick & c-brick "oasis"  
 commemorating a heroic native of Godalming - John George Phillips, wireless operator  
 telegraphist of the Titanic, who died at his post when the liner sank in mid Atlantic  
 in 1912. The fountain was provided by the Postal Telegraph Clerks Association. The inscription  
 is headed with the letters "SOS"



Knoll Rd. Godalming.  
 Fzith Hill.

MB  
 22/1/1967

## XXIII

We went down to Devon,  
In a warm summer rain,  
Knowing that our happiness  
Might never come again;  
I, not forgetting,  
"Till death us do part,"  
Was outrageously happy  
With death in my heart.

Lovers in peacetime  
With fifty years to live,  
Have time to tease and quarrel  
And question what to give;  
But lovers in wartime  
Better understand  
The fullness of living,  
With death close at hand.



A large 4 storey house. tile, brick & barge stone typical of the type of private house erected on this elevated part of the town. A well wooded hill surmounted by a large flat plateau which encouraged much more residences & which meant the slopes were not developed other than these barge houses & their large gardens. The garden has since been built on & to quite high density, as the sketch below indicates.



## XXIV

My father wrote me a letter—  
My father, scholarly, indolent, strong,  
Teaching Greek better  
Than high school students repay—  
Teaching Greek in the winter, but all summer long  
Sailing a yawl in Narragansett Bay;  
Happier perhaps when I was away,  
Free of an anxious daughter,  
He could sail blue water  
Day after day,  
Beyond Brenton Reef Lightship, and Beavertail,  
Past Cuttyhunk to catch a gale  
Off the Cape, while he thought of Hellas and Troy.  
Chanting with joy  
Greek choruses—those lines that he said  
Must be written some day on a stone at his head:  
"But who can know  
As the long years go  
That to live is happy, has found his heaven."  
My father, so far away—  
I thought of him, in Devon,  
Anchoring in a blind fog in Boothbay.







## XXV

"So, Susan, my dear," the letter began,  
"You've fallen in love with an Englishman.  
Well, they're a manly, attractive lot,  
If you happen to like them, which I do not.  
I am a Yankee through and through,  
And I don't like them, or the things they do.  
Whenever it's come to a knock-down fight  
With us, they were wrong, and we were right;  
If you don't believe me, cast your mind  
Back over history, what do you find?  
They certainly had no justification  
For that maddening plan to impose taxation  
Without any form of representation.  
Your man may be all that a man should be,  
Only don't bring him back to me,  
Saying he can't get decent tea—  
He could have got his tea all right  
In Boston Harbor a certain night,  
When your great-great-grandmother—also a Sue—  
Shook enough tea from her husband's shoe  
To supply her house for a week or two.  
The war of 1812 seems to me  
About as just as a war could be.  
How could we help but come to grips  
With a nation that stopped and searched our ships,  
And took off our seamen for no other reason  
Except that they needed crews that season?  
I can get angry still at the tale  
Of their letting the Alabama sail,  
And Palmerston being so insolent  
To Lincoln and Seward over the Trent.  
All very long ago, you'll say,  
But whenever I go up Boston-way,  
I drive through Concord—that neck of the wood,  
Where once the embattled farmers stood  
And I think of Revere, and the Old North Steeple,  
And I say, by heck, we're the only people  
Who licked them not only once, but twice.  
Never forget it—that's my advice.  
They have their points—they're honest and brave  
Loyal and sure—as sure as the grave;  
They make other nations seem pale and flighty,  
But they do think England is God almighty,  
And you must remind them now and then  
That other countries breed other men.  
From all of which you will think me rather  
Unjust. I am  
Your devoted  
Father.



Mill Street. The oldest cottages in Godalming.

This short passageway leads  
 from Mill Lane & garden have  
 been swept from the bushes.  
 Refuses of iron - pipes. Plaster  
 is all around dark trees/very  
 green. White painted brick  
 & stone & tall retaining walls  
 landscape worked & created  
 to suit changing needs over  
 hundreds of years.  
 Benches - chairs - tables -  
 steps to take more terraced  
 with garden & summerhouse  
 the north & a sunny nook  
 4 No Cottages Mill Lane  
 Godalming 10 June 2000



Mill Lane . 2/9/93.  
 Godalming .

A pleasure to sit  
 & sketch this charming  
 pub - so unpretentious  
 The sort of scene  
 that would make  
 any theatre set  
 & typical of the  
 area we live in .

Mill Lane has now  
 been cut thro' <sup>the</sup>  
 although the  
 route from the  
 mill to the town  
 centre is very  
 apparent

Mill Lane  
 House .

despite  
 this tidification .  
 I can see the corn  
 laden wagons  
 trundling up & down .  
 & imagine the bustle



## XXVI

I read, and saw my home with sudden yearning—  
The small white wooden house, the grass-green door,  
My father's study with the fire burning,  
And books piled on the floor.  
I saw the moon-faced clock that told the hours,  
The crimson Turkey carpet, worn and frayed,  
The heavy dishes—gold with birds and flowers—  
Fruits of the China trade.  
I saw the jack-o'-lanterns, friendly, frightening,  
Shine from our gate posts every Halloween;  
I saw the oak tree, shattered once by lightning,  
Twisted, stripped clean.  
I saw the Dioscuri—two black kittens,  
Stalking relentlessly an empty spool;  
I saw a little girl in scarlet mittens,  
Trudging through snow to school.





## XXVII

John read the letter with his lovely smile.  
"Your father has a vigorous English style,  
And what he says is true, upon my word;  
But what's this war of which I never heard?  
We didn't fight in 1812."

"Yes, John,  
That was the time when you burnt Washington."

"We couldn't have, my dear..."

"I mean the city,"

"We burnt it?"

"Yes, you did."

"But what a pity!

No wonder people hate us. But I say,  
I'll make your father like me yet, some day."



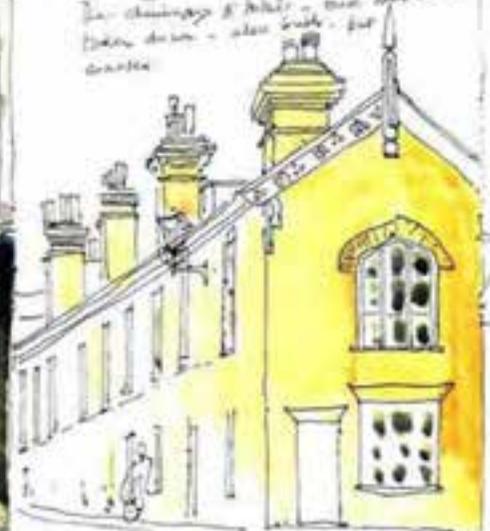


Mint St. Godalming.  
 Chapel in Mint, early 18<sup>th</sup> C & formerly home of  
 Congregational Church & known as Ebenezer Chapel.  
 Sold to Methodists who sold it on to the Salvation Army  
 used as their Citadel.





The exterior of the small row of  
brick cottages - in Mint St. S. Dublin  
is very well thought out.  
Special care has been given to the  
windows - a "broad" frame around  
with a tall slender central post.  
The brick around a ribbon and brick  
flat is very noticeable and are  
delicate. The brick is soft yellow  
and the brick arches in little arches &  
lines. There are few bracketed  
and lights in the buildings.  
In chimney & gables - one has been  
taken down - also brick - for  
concrete.



Corran



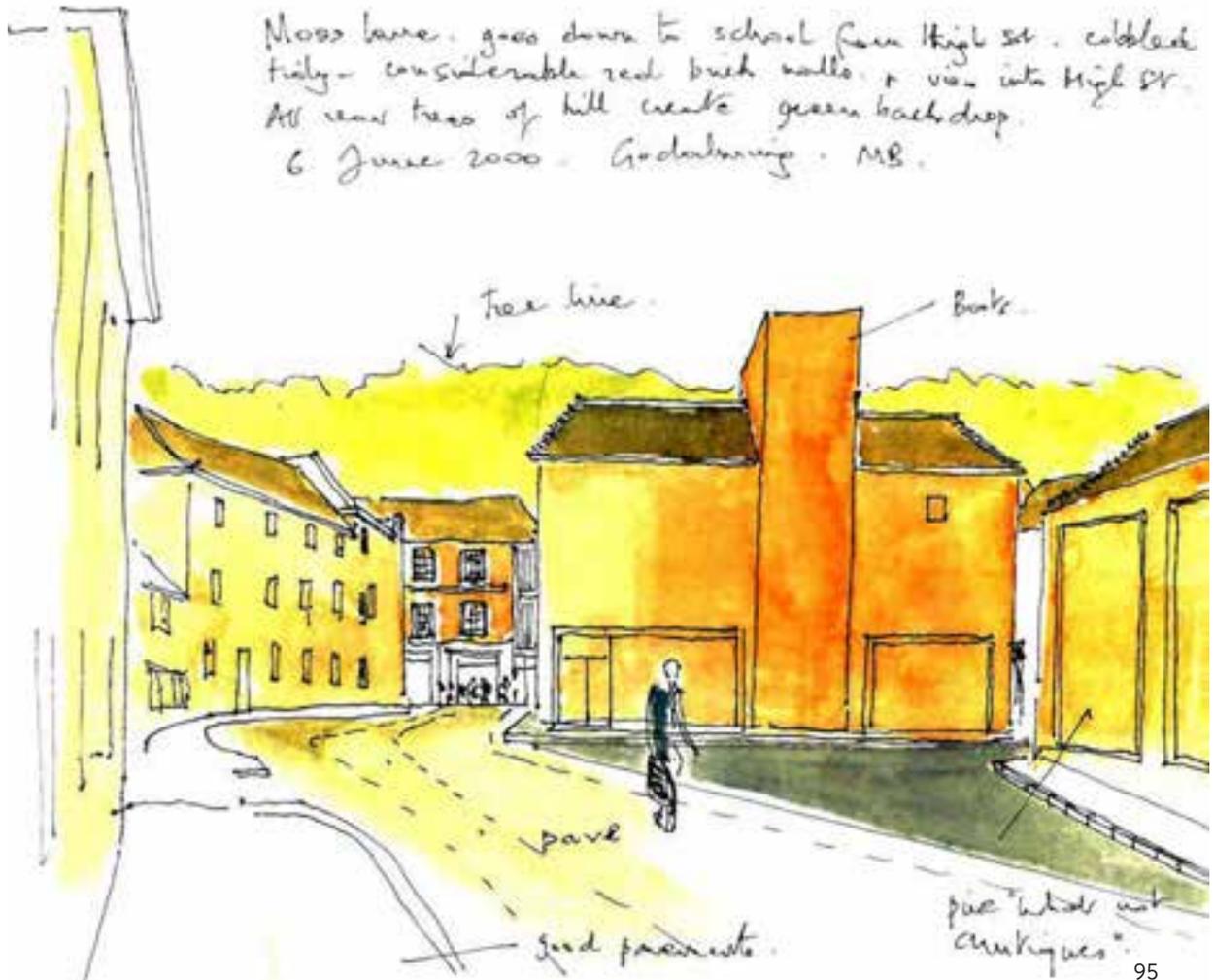
Mint Street. 22/5/33. No.



# XXVIII

I settled down in Devon  
 When Johnnie went to France.  
 Such a tame ending  
 To a great romance—  
 Two lonely women  
 With nothing much to do  
 But get to know each other;  
 She did and I did, too.  
 Mornings at the Rectory,  
 Learning how to roll  
 Bandages, and always  
 Saving light and coal.  
 Oh, that house was bitter  
 As winter closed in,  
 In spite of heavy stockings,  
 And woolens next the skin.  
 I was cold and wretched,  
 And never unaware  
 Of John more cold and wretched  
 In a trench out there.

Moss Lane. goes down to school from High St. cobble  
 fully - considerable red brick walls. & view into High St.  
 All rear trees of hill create green backdrop.  
 6 June 2000. Godalming. MB.





## XXIX

All that long winter I wanted so much to complain,  
But my mother-in-law, as far as I could see,  
Felt no such impulse, though she was always in pain.  
And, as the winter fogs grew thick,  
Took to walking with a stick,  
Heavily.

Those bubble-like eyes grew black  
Whenever she rose from a chair—  
Rose and fell back,  
Unable to bear  
The sure agonizing  
Torture of rising.

Her hands, those competent bony hands,  
Grew gnarled and old,  
But never ceased to obey the commands  
Of her will—only finding new hold  
Of bandage and needle and pen.  
And not for the blinking  
Of an eye did she ever stop thinking  
Of the suffering of Englishmen,  
And her two sons in the trenches. Now and then  
I could forget for an instant in a book or a letter,  
But she never, never forgot—either one—  
Percy and John—though I knew she loved one better—  
Percy, the wastrel, the gambler, the eldest son.  
I think I shall always remember  
Until I die

Her face that day in December,  
When in a hospital ward together, she and I  
Were writing letters for wounded men and dying,  
Writing and crying  
Over their words, so silly and simple and loving,  
Suddenly, looking up, I saw the old Vicar moving  
Like fate down the hospital ward, until  
He stood still

Beside her, where she sat at a bed.  
“Dear friend, come home. I have tragic news,” he said.  
She looked straight at him without a spasm of fear,  
Her face not stern or masked—  
“Is it Percy or John?” she asked.  
“Percy.” She dropped her eyes. “I am needed here.  
Surely you know  
I cannot go

Until every letter is written. The dead  
Must wait on the living,” she said.  
“This is my work. I must stay.”  
And she did—the whole long day.

The Fort - Westbrook - Valley of the nightingales.

I drove up the hillside track past the upside track of the Portsmouth to Woking railway. At the end of drive track there was a stone built construction.

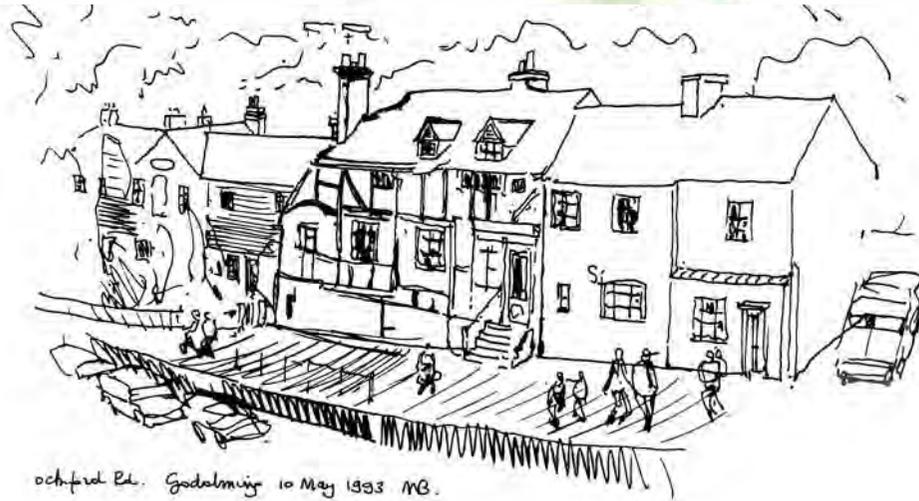
Difficult to make out the dwelling as there were so many trees.

This is Richard Flowitt's house & office. M<sup>rs</sup> Flowitt came out to see who it was. She limps badly she is very pleasant & welcomed me inside & then recounted how she & Richard, the architect, had acquired the property in 1972.

We discussed mutual friends, architect colleagues, Roy Counsel, Tony de Courcy. She showed me a stone wall which collapsed & needed rebuilding. She said she was a New Zealander.

M<sup>rs</sup> Flowitt told me Little Fort was built by Anna Oglethorpe, sister of General James Oglethorpe for the purpose of a strong point for the Jacobite Restoration Campaign (45 Rebellion). He owned Westbank Place (now Heath Home) & founder of the State of Georgia, USA, and its first Governor. Was Little Fort a refuge for Prince Charles Edward and





Ockford Rd. Godalming 10 May 1993 NG.





# XXX

Out of the dark, and dearth  
 Of happiness on earth,  
 Out of a world inured to death and pain;  
 On a fair spring morn  
 To me a son was born,  
 And hope was born—the future lived again.

To me a son was born,  
 The lonely hard forlorn  
 Travail was, as the Bible tells, forgot.  
 How old, how commonplace  
 To look upon the face  
 Of your first-born, and glory in your lot.

To look upon his face,  
 And understand your place  
 Among the unknown dead in churchyards lying  
 To see the reason why  
 You lived and why you die—  
 Even to find a certain grace in dying.

To know the reason why  
 Buds blow, and blossoms die,  
 Why beauty fades, and genius is undone,  
 And how unjustified  
 Is any human pride  
 In all creation—save in this common one.





# XXXI

Maternity is common, but not so  
 It seemed to me. Motherless, I did not know—  
 I was all unprepared to feel this glow,  
 Holy as a Madonna's, and as crude  
 As any animal's beatitude—  
 Crude as my own black cat's who used to bring  
 Her newest litter to me every spring,  
 And say, with green eyes shining in the sun:  
 "Behold this miracle that I have done."

And John came home on leave, and all was joy  
 And thankfulness to me, because my boy  
 Was not a baby only, but the heir—  
 Heir to the Devon acres and a name  
 As old as England. Somehow I became  
 Almost an English woman, almost at one  
 With all they ever did—all they had done.





Lowood  
Pepper Harrow Rd.  
17 June 2000.





View  
from Pound lane - Godalming - High st. improvements not complete but in hand  
Very pleasant spot & just the sort of view which makes this little town so  
attractive. Tallish buildings & narrow lanes - 27 Aug 1952. Have just taken  
Darrin to Heathrow & seen him off to LA. He won't find anything like this  
in the USA. I guess -



## XXXII



"I want him called John after you, or if not that I'd rather..."

"But the eldest son is always called Percy, dear."

"I don't ask to call him Hiram, after my father—"

"But the eldest son is always called Percy, dear."

"But I hate the name Percy. I like Richard or Ronald, Or Peter like your brother, or Ian or Noel or Donald—"

"But the eldest son is always called Percy, dear."

So the Vicar christened him Percy; and Lady Jean Gave to the child and me the empty place In her heart. Poor lady, it was as if she had seen The world destroyed—the extinction of her race, Her country, her class, her name—and now she saw Them live again. And I would hear her say: "No. I admire Americans; my daughter-in-law Was an American." Thus she would well repay The debt, and I was grateful—the English made Life hard for those who did not come to her aid.





### XXXIII

"They must come in in the spring."  
"Don't they care sixpence who's right?"  
"What a ridiculous thing—  
Saying they're too proud to fight."  
"Saying they're too proud to fight."  
"Wilson's pro-German, I'm told."  
"No, it's financial."  
"Oh, quite,  
All that they care for is gold."  
"All that they care for is gold."  
"Seem to like writing a note."  
"Yes, as a penman, he's bold."  
"No. It's the Irish vote."  
"Oh, it's the Irish vote."  
"What if the Germans some night  
Sink an American boat?"  
"Darling, they're too proud to fight."









# XXXIV

What could I do, but ache and long  
 That my country, peaceful, rich, and strong,  
 Should come and do battle for England's sake?  
 What could I do, but long and ache?  
 And my father's letters I hid away  
 Lest someone should know the things he'd say.  
 "You ask me whether we're coming in—  
 We are. The English are clever as sin,  
 Silently, subtly they inspire  
 Most of our youth with a holy fire  
 To shed their blood for the British Empire.  
 We'll come in—we'll fight and die  
 Humbly to help them, and by and by,  
 England will do us in the eye.  
 They'll get colonies, gold, and fame,  
 And we'll get nothing at all but blame.  
 Blame for not having come before,  
 Blame for not having sent them more  
 Money and men and war supplies,  
 Blame if we venture to criticize.  
 We're so damn simple—our skins so thin,  
 We'll get nothing whatever, but we'll come in."



Work - in  
 Busy street - junction of south & east St. - sketching. Kings Arms only partially seen from here - tentatively off water  
 but lets you know that this street beyond is more important as you see more than one building on the view  
 here. It might be that the building on left is more dominant. ?! done 16 Sept '52 -  
 G. Bee. WIMPACK.



## XXXV

And at last—at last—like the dawn of a calm fair day  
After a night of terror and storm, they came  
My young light-hearted countrymen, tall and gay,  
Looking the world over in search of fun and fame,  
Marching through London to the beat of a boastful air,  
Seeing for the first time Piccadilly and Leicester Square,  
All the bands playing: "Over There, Over There,  
Send the word, send the word to beware—"  
And as the American flag went fluttering by,  
Englishmen uncovered, and I began to cry.



The original: Methodist Chapel in Farncombe Street

2202  
MS. Cowles.

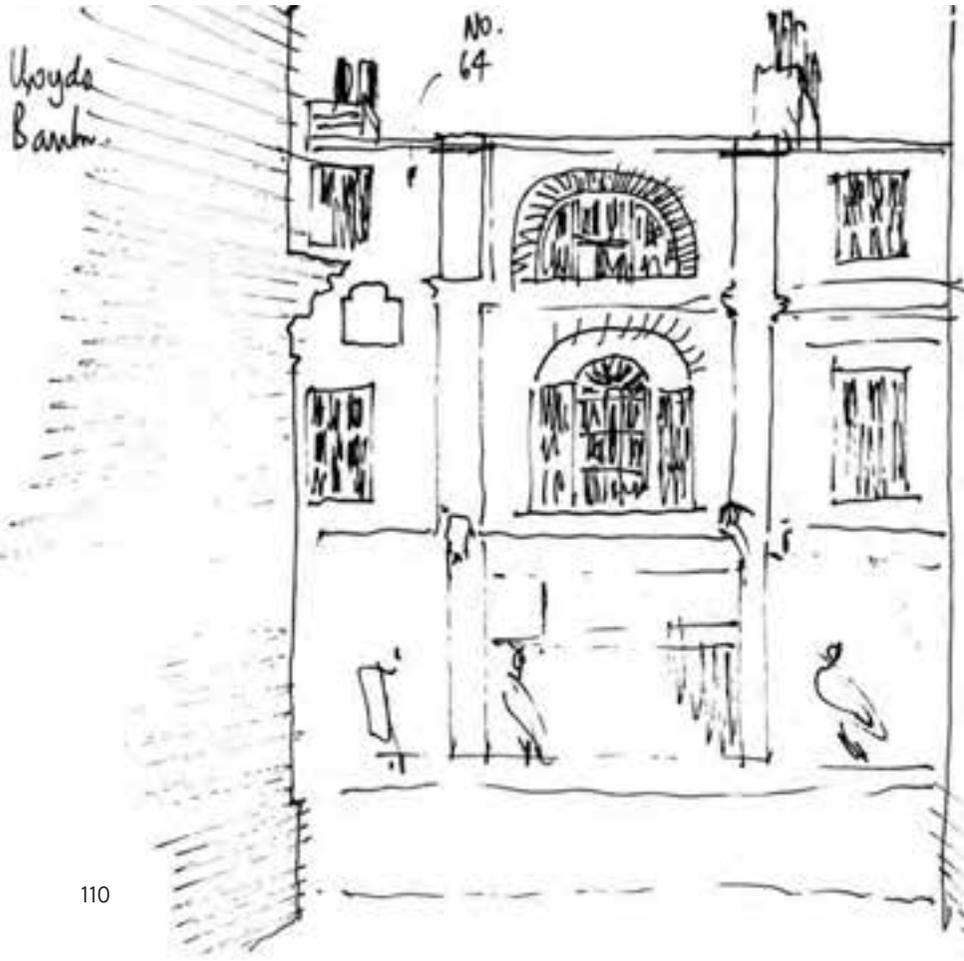


22 July '95  
34-44  
Charkehouse Rd.





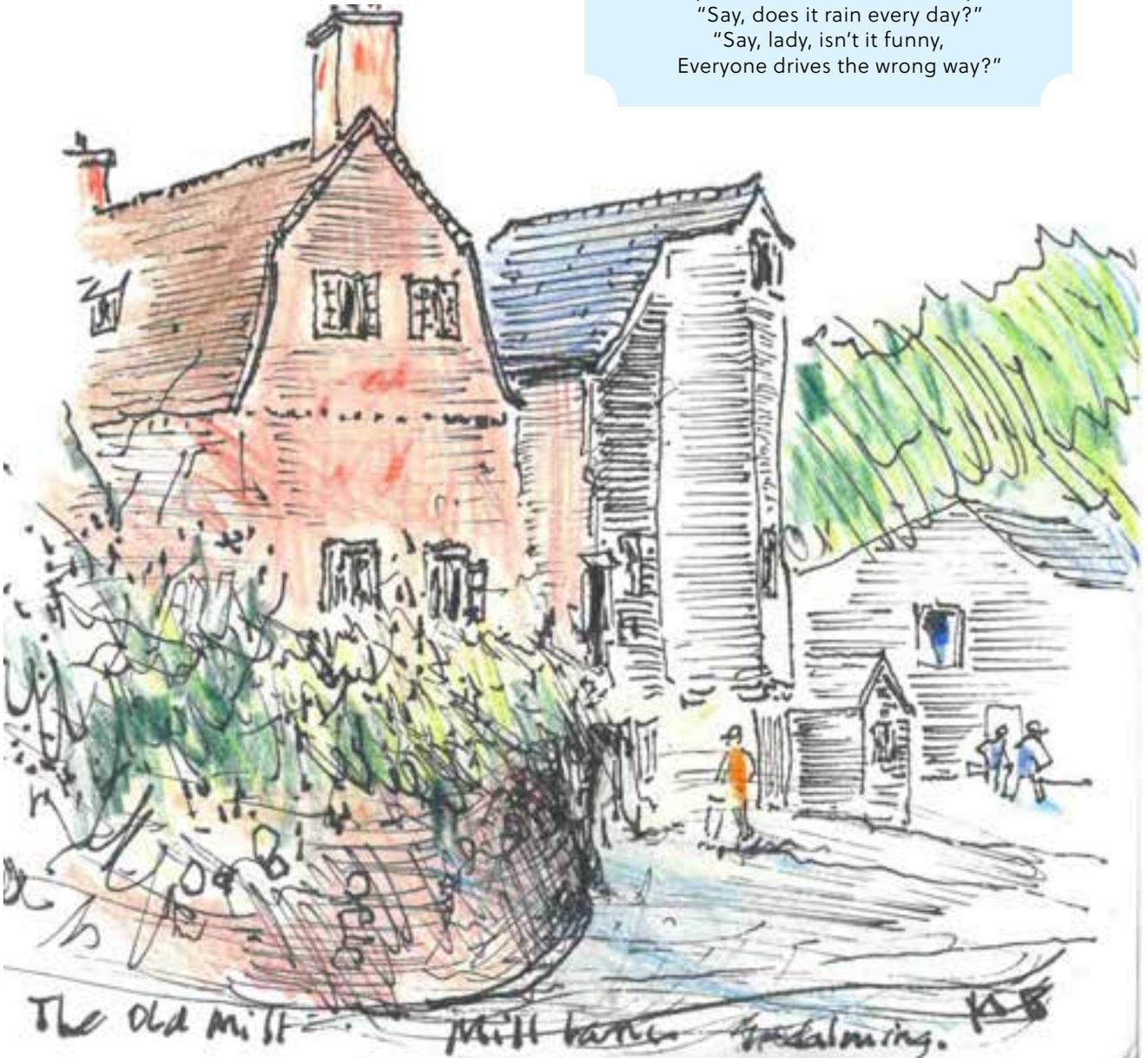
Borough Road, Godalming, with British Rail Bridge, of Wooded to Portsmouth main line. In background, Fitch Hill & Knoll Rd. ME 1967.





## XXXVI

"We're here to end it, by jingo."  
"We'll lick the Heinies okay."  
"I can't get on to the lingo."  
"Dumb—they don't get what we say."  
"Call that stuff coffee? You oughter  
Know better. Gee, take it away."  
"Oh, for a drink of ice water!"  
"They think nut-sundae's a day!"  
"Say, is this chicken feed money?"  
"Say, does it rain every day?"  
"Say, lady, isn't it funny,  
Everyone drives the wrong way?"

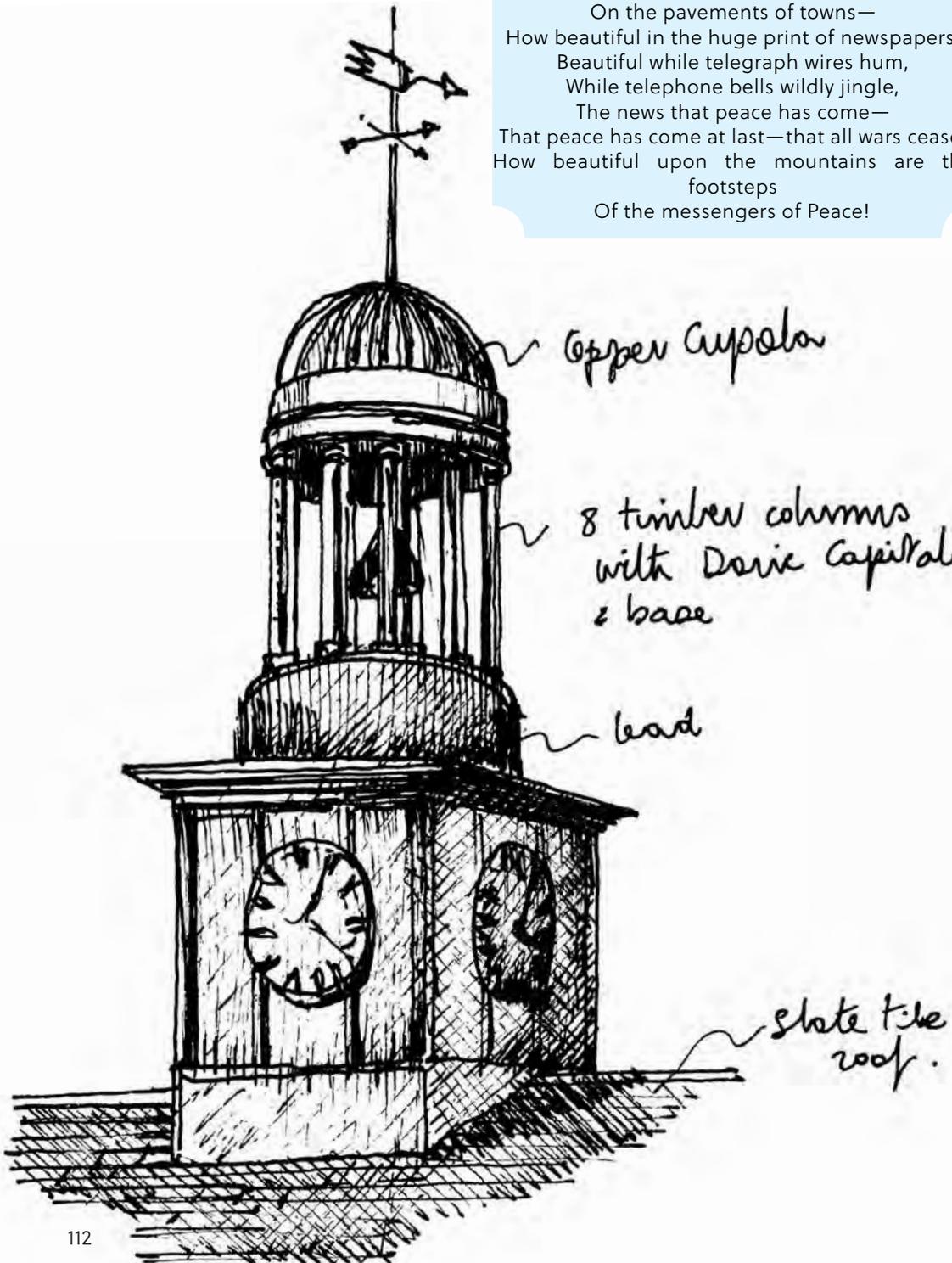


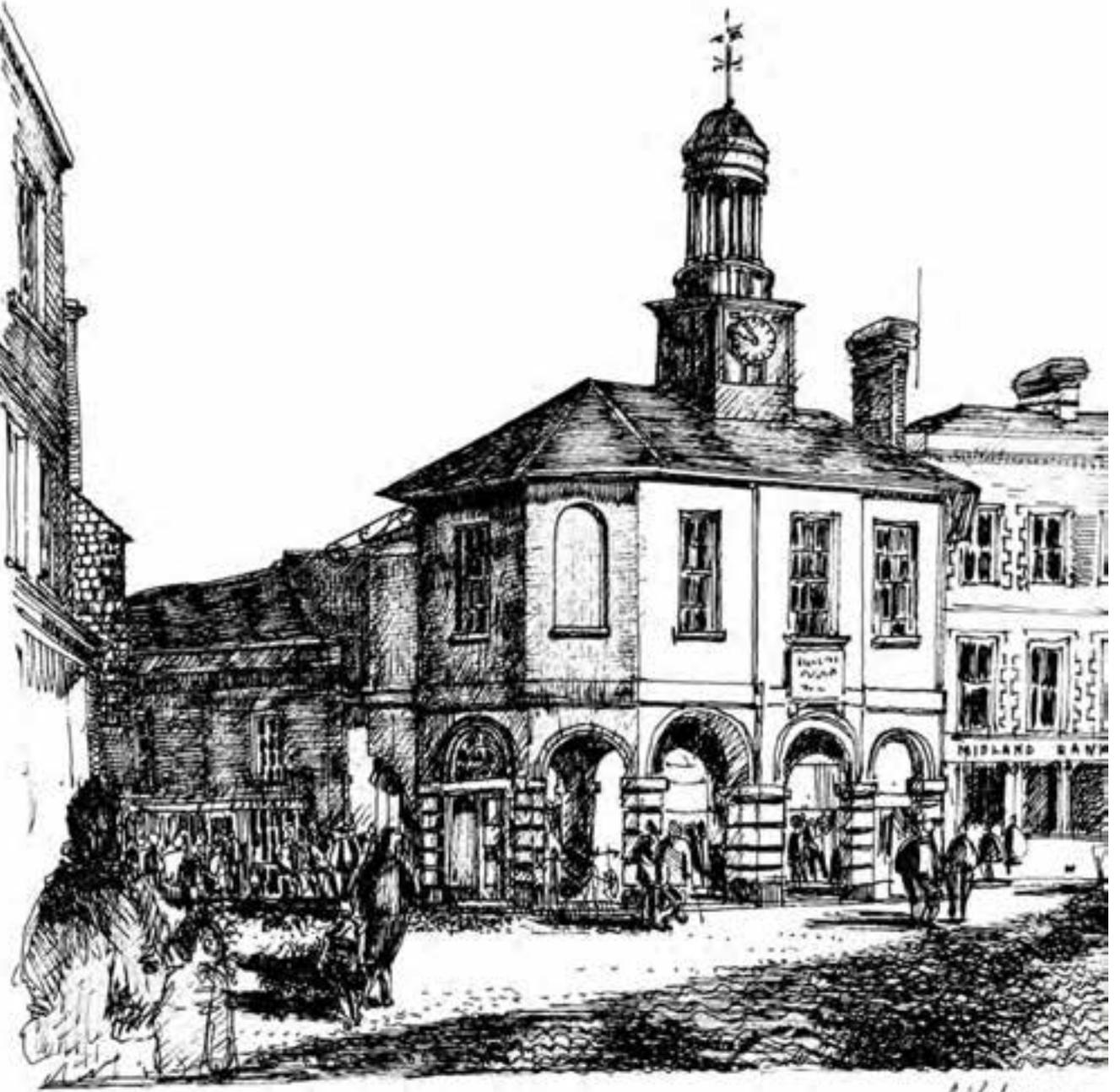
The old mill — Mill tower — Godalming. K.B.



## XXXVII

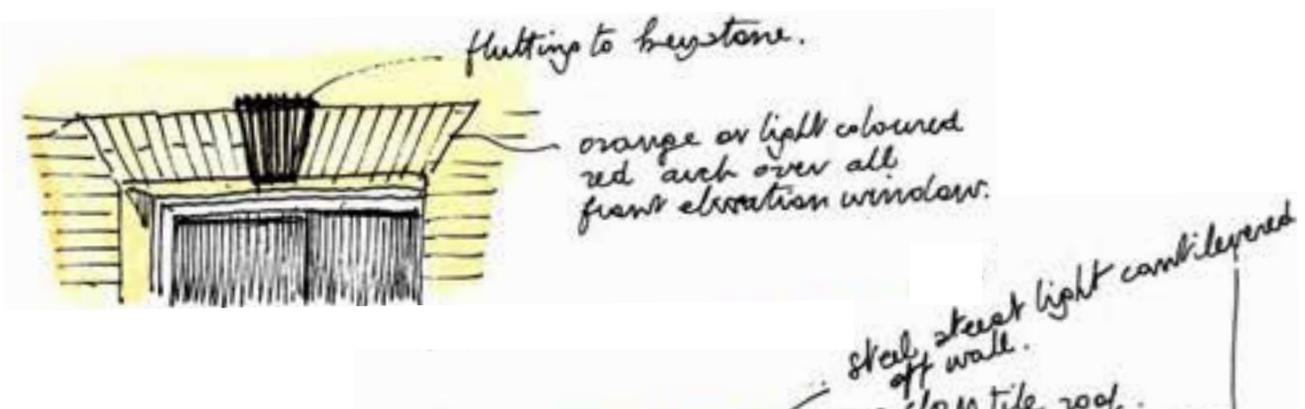
How beautiful upon the mountains,  
How beautiful upon the downs,  
How beautiful in the village post office,  
On the pavements of towns—  
How beautiful in the huge print of newspapers,  
Beautiful while telegraph wires hum,  
While telephone bells wildly jingle,  
The news that peace has come—  
That peace has come at last—that all wars cease.  
How beautiful upon the mountains are the  
footsteps  
Of the messengers of Peace!





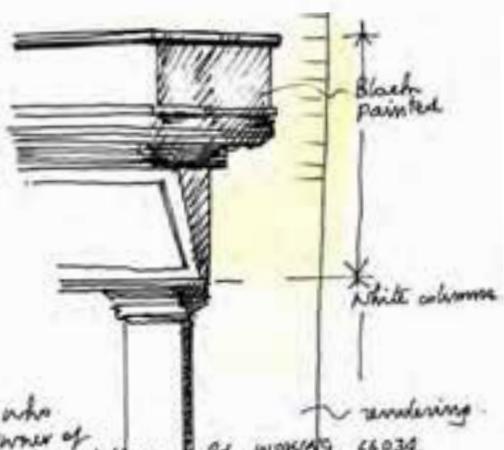
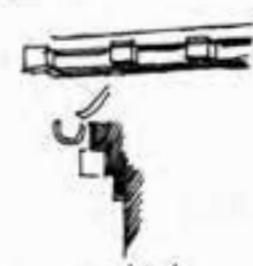
THE OLD TOWN HALL. GODALMING.

*N. S. Brown*  
12/72.



The facade is symmetrical and well proportioned.  
A very good shop front well maintained.  
Side entrance up to 1st floor.

eaves consist of 3 courses of bricks



Manageress Miss Coulter who lives upstairs in flat. The owner of "Glenda Gray" is Mr. G. Gray, Mount Hermon Rd., Woking, 66034.  
Detail of Timber carvel & column.

No 16 a High St Godalming "Glenda Gray"

Millener 3/1/22





Upper Market Rd - Godalming  
12 July '91



Sweetapple House.  
Cakeshall. House opposite Paper Mill.

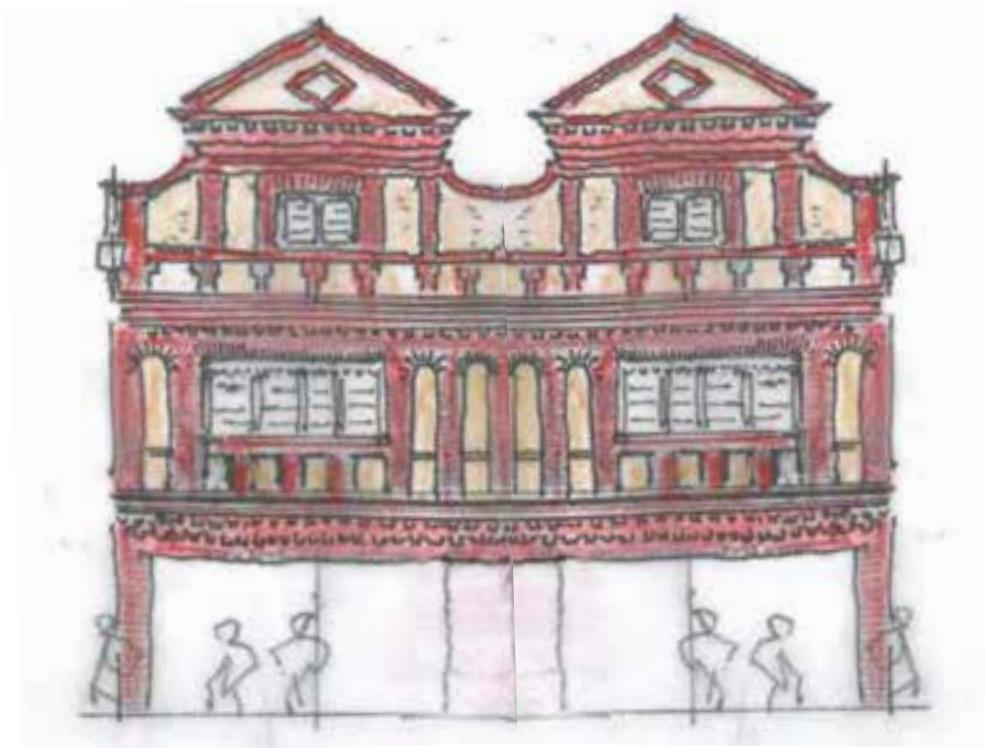
M.B. 1963.

## XXXVIII

In the depth of the night betwixt midnight and morning,  
In the darkness and silence forerunning the dawn,  
The throb of my heart was a drumbeat of warning,  
My ears were a strain, and my breath was undrawn.

In the depth of the night, when the old house was sleeping,  
I, lying alone in a desolate bed,  
Heard soft on the staircase a slow footstep creeping—  
The ear of the living—the step of the dead.

In the depth of the night betwixt midnight and morning.  
A step drawing near on the old oaken floor—  
On the stair—in the gallery—the ghost that gives warning  
Of death, by that heartbreaking sigh at my door.



Originally two houses of 17<sup>th</sup> century origin. A special adornment to the High Street with its ornate brick & barge stone facade. The Dutch influence is clear both in its detail but more in its overall presence - the brick dentil courses, the continuous lead gutters & the first floor timber scalloped pediment is unusual.

NB 1998.



## XXXIX

Bad news is not broken,  
By kind tactful word.  
The message is spoken  
Ere the word can be heard.  
The eye and the bearing,  
The breath make it clear,  
And the heart is despairing  
Before the ears hear.  
I do not remember  
The words that they said:  
"Killed—Douai—November—"  
I knew John was dead.  
All done and over—  
That day long ago—  
The white cliffs of Dover—  
Little did I know.



Victoria Road - Godalming - 15 April 93.  
 Why a curved street in what must have been  
 in the back of nowhere when built in the last  
 century -? Much improved since the time we lived here 30 years ago. Lots of white paint & flowers today.



The Faircombe Baptist Church.

MB 1962.



## XL

As I grow older, looking back, I see  
Not those the longest planted in the heart  
Are the most missed. Some unions seem to be  
Too close for even death to tear apart.  
Those who have lived together many years,  
And deeply learnt to read each other's mind,  
Vanities, tempers, virtues, hopes, and fears—  
One can not go—nor is one left behind.  
Alas, with John and me this was not true;  
I was defrauded even of the past.  
Our days had been so pitifully few,  
Fight as I would, found the dead go fast.  
I had lost all—had lost not love alone,  
But the bright knowledge it had been my own.





Charkhouse - 22 Sept 1896. No.



Charitable Stores. 9<sup>th</sup> May 1933. M.B.



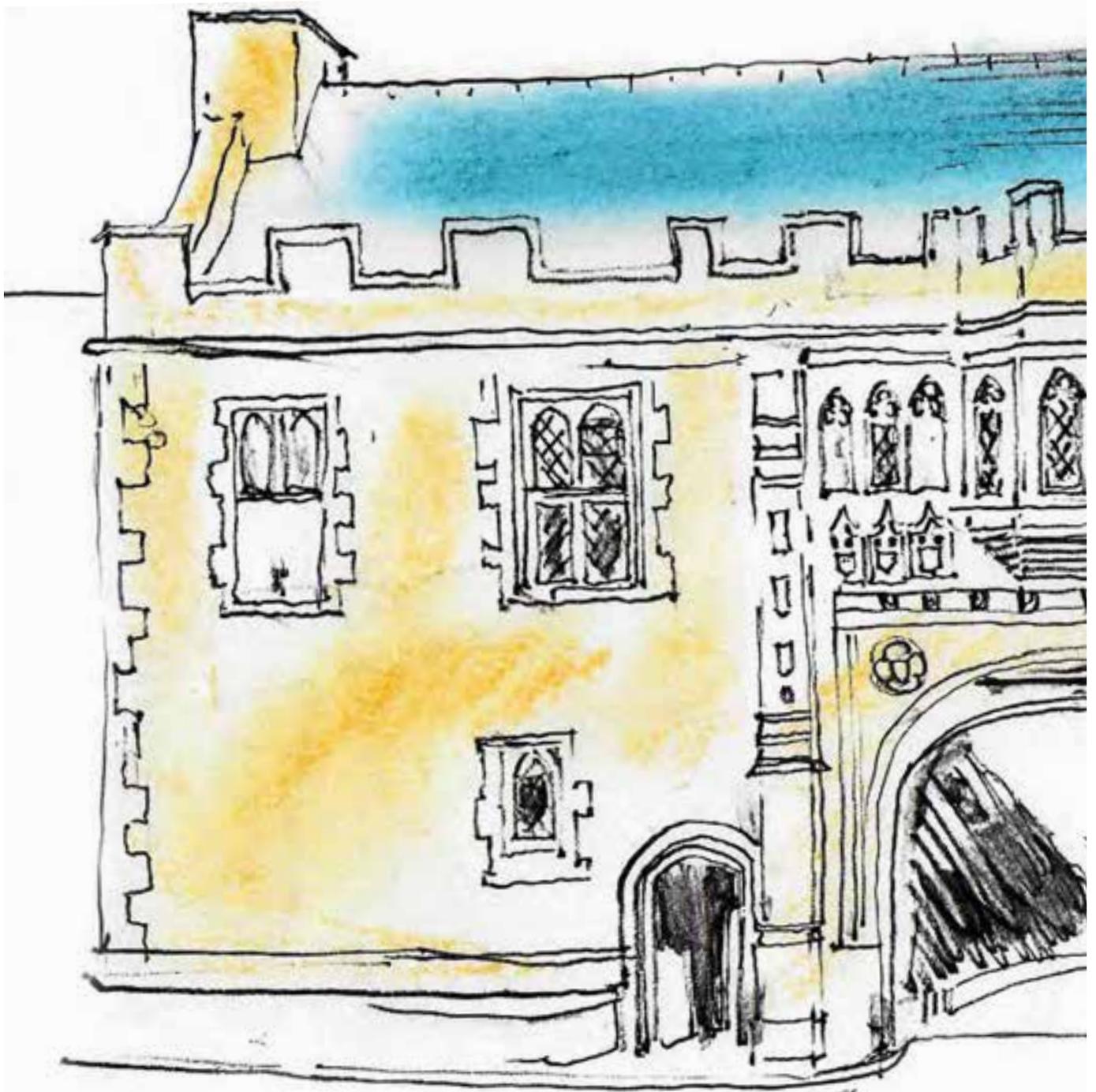


## XLI

Oh, sad people, buy not your past too dearly,  
Live not in dreams of the past, for understand,  
If you remember too much, too long, too clearly,  
If you grasp memory with too heavy a hand,  
You will destroy memory in all its glory  
For the sake of the dreams of your head upon your bed.  
You will be left with only the worn dead story  
You told yourself of the dead.



Charterhouse. 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept 1932. M.B.

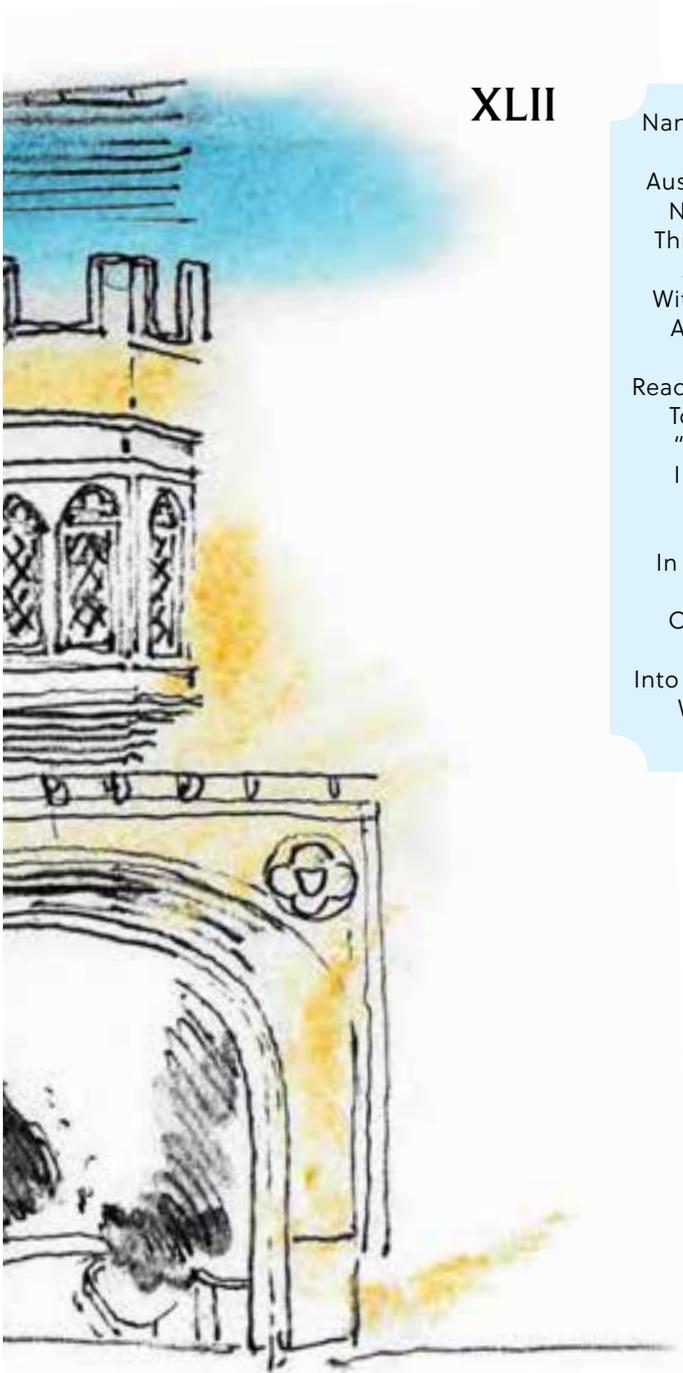


Charterhouse - gateway



## XLII

Nanny brought up my son, as his rather before  
him,  
Austere on questions of habits, manners, and food.  
Nobly yielding a mother's right to adore him,  
Thinking that mothers never did sons much good.  
A Scot from Lady Jean's own native passes,  
With a head as smooth and round as a silver bowl,  
A crooked nose, and eyes behind her glasses  
Gray and bright and wise—a great soul!  
Ready to lay down her life for her charge, and ready  
To administer discipline without consulting me:  
"Is that the way for you to answer my leddy?  
I think you'll get no sweet tonight to your tea."  
Bringing him up better than I could do it,  
Teaching him to be civil and manly and cool  
In the face of danger. And then before I knew it  
The time came for him to go off to school.  
Off to school to be free of women's teaching,  
Into a world of men—at seven years old;  
Into a world where a mother's hand vainly reaching  
Will never again caress and comfort and hold.



M. Blower Sept 1992.



"let nature be your teacher"



CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL



Charterhouse submitted, via a Design and Build company, an application to construct a large sports centre on this field. Residents along the road opposite objected and made contact and invited me to meet their team. I had objected at the Planning Committee meeting, but despite some strong canvassing by the school and its well-connected governors.

The school appealed the refused decision and I was asked by my council (Waverley) to speak as an architect and member. With luck, the inspector was an architect clearly, and, like me, disliked Design and Build operation, assuming an architects' role throughout the country. Of course, clients liked the engagement as architects' fees were avoided!

The appeal was dismissed and subsequently the school employed an architect who designed a much better building, well away from this field. I was invited by the school to the sports centre opening and played a few shots in the cricket nets, with a straight bat.





## XLIII

My father came over now and then  
To look at the boy, and talk to me,  
Never staying long,  
For the urge was strong  
To get back to his yawl and the summer sea.  
He came like a nomad passing by,  
Hands in his pockets, hat over one eye,  
Teasing everyone great and small  
With a blank straight face and a Yankee drawl;  
Teasing the Vicar on Apostolic Succession  
And what the Thirty-nine Articles really meant to  
convey,  
Teasing Nanny, though he did not  
Make much impression  
On that imperturbable Scot.  
Teasing our local grandee, a noble peer  
Who firmly believed the Ten Lost Tribes  
Of Israel had settled here—  
A theory my father had at his fingers' ends—  
Only one person was always safe from his jibes—  
My mother-in-law, for they were really friends.







# XLIV

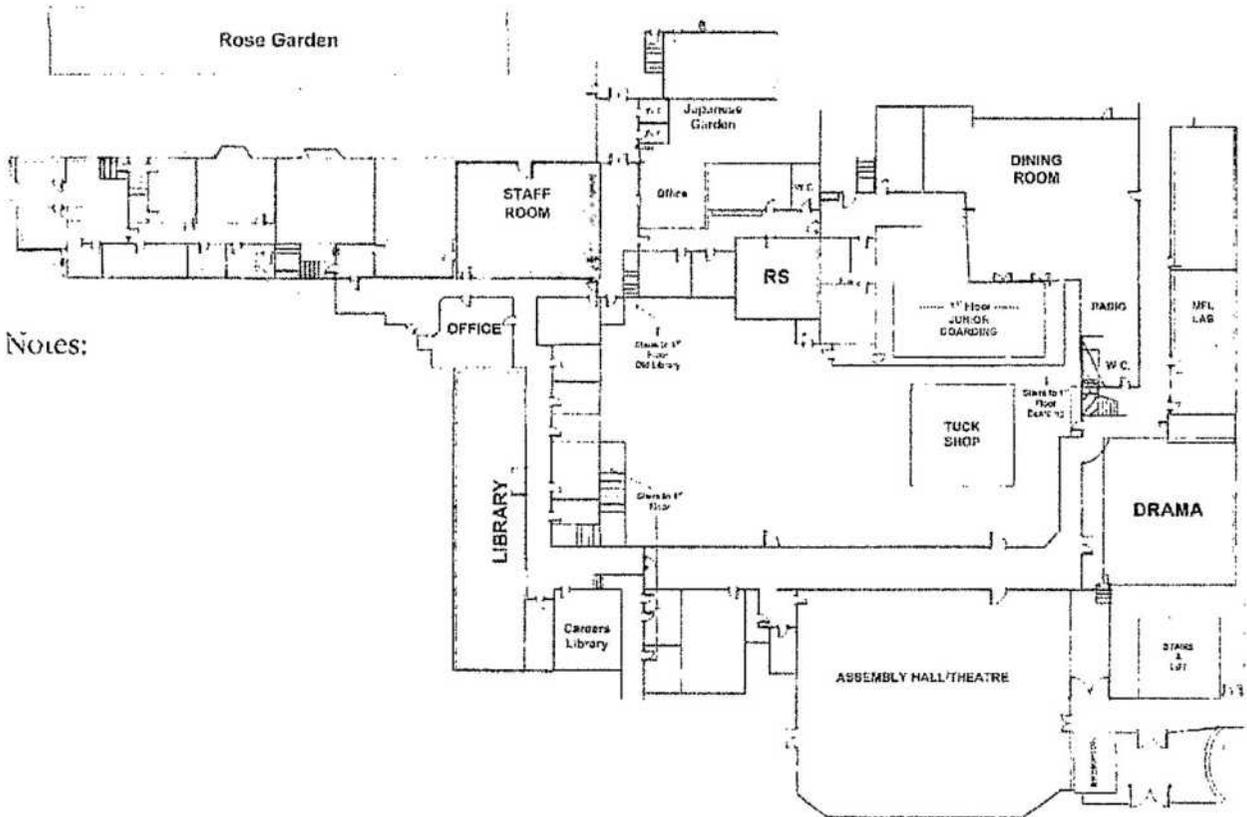
Oh, to come home to your country  
 After long years away,  
 To see the tall shining towers  
 Rise over the rim of the bay,  
 To feel the west wind steadily blowing  
 And the sunshine golden and hot,  
 To speak to each man as an equal,  
 Whether he is or not.



# Prior's Field

'We Live By Admiration, Hope and Love'

Prior's Field's school crest designed by Charles Voysey



Notes:

Ground Floor



Charles Annesly Voysey (1857-1941), designed the original house, Priors Garth in 1900 for FH Chambers, who, without having taken up residence, sold it to Leonard & Julia Huxley

Voysey was one of the pioneers of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's international Modern movement of architectural and design, and one of the most original of all British architects. His built works & published architectural drawings distinctly influenced the residential architecture of the early Modernists in Europe, as well as that of the American Arts & Crafts architects during the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> century

Pupils of the school benefited hugely from the scientific & literary and architectural background and connections Priorsfield provided.

The above material is published in the Priorsfield brochure & my appreciation for its use is extended to the school authority. 31

In 1902 Julia Huxley opened the house as a girls school & it was to be named Pious Field. "a high class school for girls." Both Julia & her husband were from noteworthy families. Née Arnold, Julia could name the post Matthew Arnold as an uncle & her grandfather was Doctor Thomas Arnold, the Headmaster of Rugby School who was immortalised in the novel Tom Brown's School days.

Leonard's father was TH Huxley, a renowned biologist and Darwin's 'bulldog' in the great 1860 evolution debate. Huxley's two children were the novelist Aldous, who wrote the seminal "Brave New World" and Julian, the biologist, who became Director of UNESCO and a founder member of WWF.







Queen Street, Godalming.  
 Two men stopped & seeing me sketching said  
 they thought the building poorly designed & hated the Fir roof.

MB.  
 25 July 1998

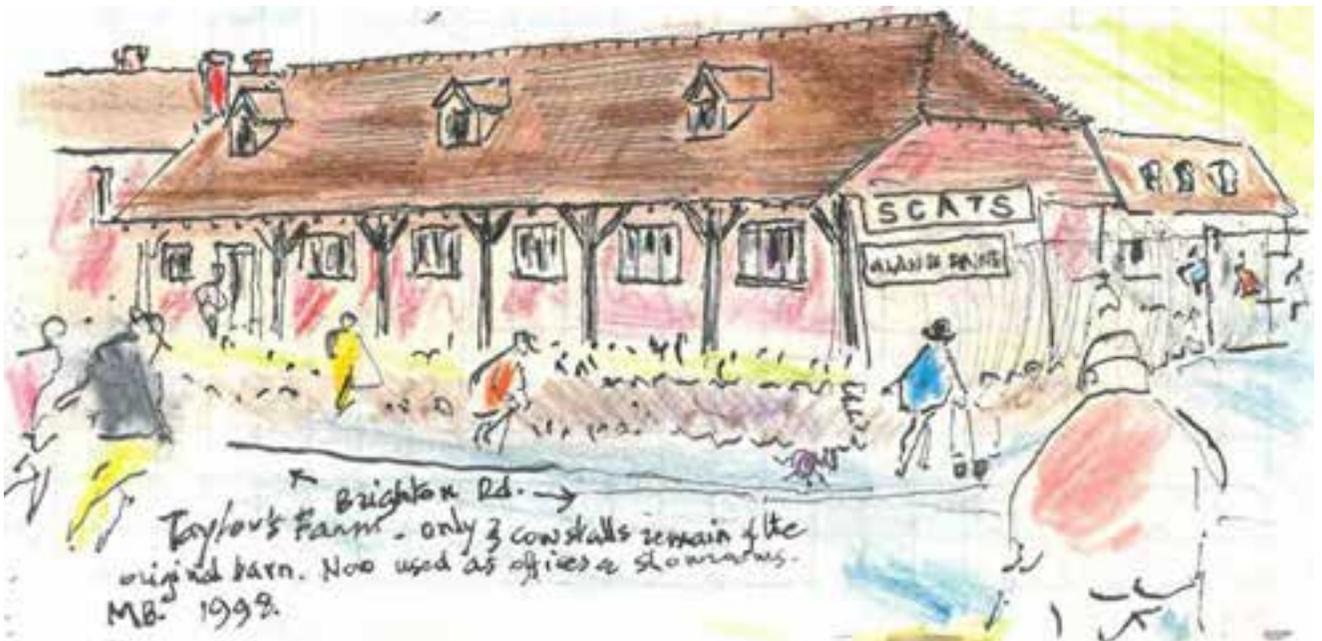




## XLV

Was this America—this my home  
Prohibition and Teapot Dome—  
Speakeasies, night clubs, illicit stills,  
Dark faces peering behind dark grills,  
Hold-ups, kidnappings, hootch or booze—  
Everyone gambling—you just can't lose,  
Was this my country? Even the bay  
At home was altered, strange ships lay  
At anchor, deserted day after day,  
Old yachts in a rusty dim decay—  
Like ladies going the primrose way—  
At anchor, until when the moon was black,  
They sailed, and often never came back.

Even my father's Puritan drawl  
Told me shyly he'd sold his yawl  
For a fabulous price to the constable's son—  
My childhood's playmate, thought to be one  
Of a criminal gang, rum-runners all,  
Such clever fellows with so much money—  
Even the constable thought it funny,  
Until one morning his son was found,  
Floating dead in Long Island Sound.  
Was this my country? It seemed like heaven  
To get back, dull and secure, to Devon,  
Loyally hiding from Lady Jean  
And my English friends the horrors I'd seen.





Robert Row - 1876

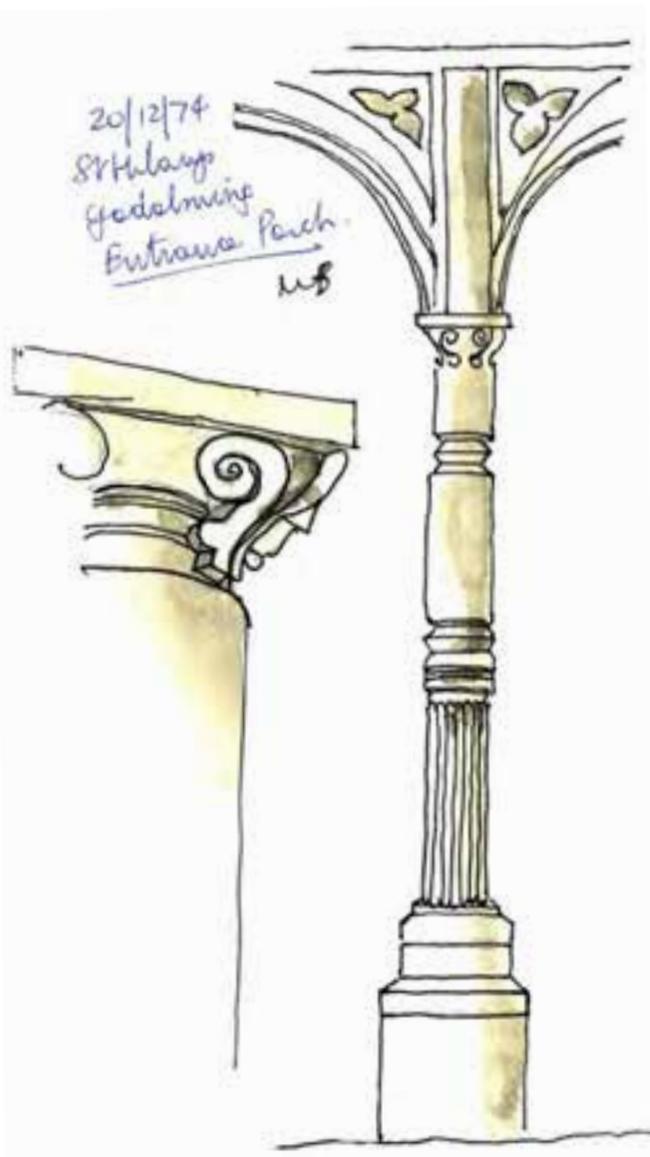


## XLVI

That year she died, my nearest, dearest friend;  
Lady Jean died, heroic to the end.  
The family stood about her grave, but none  
Mourned her as I did. After, one by one,  
They slipped away—Peter and Bill—my son  
Went back to school. I hardly was aware  
Of Percy's lovely widow, sitting there  
In the old room, in Lady Jean's own chair.

An English beauty glacially fair  
Was Percy's widow Rosamund, her hair  
Was silver gilt, and smooth as silk, and fine,  
Her eyes, sea-green, slanted away from mine,  
From anyone's, as if to meet the gaze  
Of others was too intimate a phase  
For one as cool and beautiful as she.

We were not friends or foes. She seemed to be  
Always a little irked—fretted to find  
That other women lived among mankind.  
Now for the first time after years of meeting,  
Never exchanging more than formal greeting,  
She spoke to me—that sharp determined way  
People will speak when they have things to say.





## XLVII

ROSAMUND:

Susan, go home with your offspring.  
Fly.  
Live in America.

SUSAN:

Rosamund, why?

ROSAMUND:

Why, my dear girl, haven't you seen  
What English country life can mean  
With too small an income to keep the place  
Going? Already I think I trace  
A change in you, you no longer care  
So much how you look or what you wear.  
That coat and skirt you have on, you know  
You wouldn't have worn them ten years ago.  
Those thick warm stockings—they make me sad,  
Your ankles were ankles to drive men mad.  
Look at your hair—you need a wave.  
Get out—go home—be hard—be brave,  
Or else, believe me, you'll be a slave.  
There's something in you—dutiful—meek—  
You'll be saving your pin-money every week  
To mend the roof. Well, let it leak.  
Why should you care?

SUSAN:

But I do care.  
John loved this place, and my boy's the heir.





ROSAMUND:

The heir to what? To a tiresome life  
Drinking tea with the Vicar's wife,  
Opening bazaars, and taking the chair  
At meetings for causes that you don't care  
Sixpence about and never will;  
Breaking your heart over every bill.  
I've been in the States, where everyone,  
Even the poor, have a little fun.  
Don't condemn your son to be  
A penniless country squire. He  
Would be happier driving a tram over there  
Than moldering his life away as heir.

SUSAN:

Rosamund, dear, this may all be true.  
I'm an American through and through.  
I don't see things as the English do,  
But it's clearly my duty, it seems to me,  
To bring up John's son, like him, to be  
A country squire—poor, alas,  
But true to the English upper class  
That does not change and does not pass.

ROSAMUND:

Nonsense, it's come to an absolute stop,  
Twenty years since we sat on top  
Of the world, amusing ourselves, and sneering  
At other manners and customs, jeering  
At other nations, living in clover—  
Not any more. That's done and over.  
No one nowadays cares a button  
For the upper classes—they're dead as mutton.  
Go home.

SUSAN:

I notice that you don't go.

ROSAMUND:

My dear, that shows how little you know.  
I'm escaping the fate of my peers,  
Marrying one of the profiteers,  
Who hasn't an "aitch" where an "aitch" should be,  
But millions and millions to spend on me.  
Not much fun—but there wasn't any  
Other way out. I haven't a penny.  
But with you it's different. You can go away,  
And oh, what a fool you'd be to stay.



## XLVIII

Rabbits in the park,  
 Scuttling as we pass,  
 Little white tails  
 Against the green grass.  
 "Next time, Mother,  
 I must really bring my gun,  
 I know you don't like shooting,  
 But...!"

John's own son.  
 That blond bowed face,  
 Those clear steady eyes,  
 Hard to be certain  
 That the dead don't rise.  
 Jogging on his pony  
 Through the autumn day,  
 "Bad year for fruit, Mother,  
 But good salt hay."  
 Bowling for the village  
 As his father has before;  
 Come home at evening,  
 To read the cricket score,  
 Back to the old house  
 Where all his race belong,  
 Tired and contented—  
 Rosamund was wrong.



Kings Arms - Royal Hotel - Godalming 21 Aug 1992 MR.



MS 1920.

The Godalming Wharf, dating from 1760s terminating at the Town Bridge - It was a very important trading link.





## XLIX

If some immortal strangers walked our land  
And heard of death, how could they understand  
That we—doomed creatures—draw our meted breath  
Light-heartedly—all unconcerned with death.  
So in these years between the wars did men  
From happier continents look on us when  
They brought us sympathy, and saw us stand  
Like the proverbial ostrich—head in sand—  
While youth passed resolutions not to fight,  
And statesmen muttered everything was right—  
Germany, a kindly, much ill-treated nation—  
Russia was working out her own salvation  
Within her borders. As for Spain, ah, Spain  
Would buy from England when peace came again!  
I listened and believed—believed through sheer  
Terror. I could not look whither my fear  
Pointed—that agony that I had known.  
I closed my eyes, and was not alone.

Later than many, earlier than some,  
I knew the die was cast—that war must come;  
That war must come. Night after night I lay  
Steeling a broken heart to face the day  
When he—my son—would tread the very same  
Path that his father trod. When the day came  
I was not steeled—not ready. Foolish, wild  
Words issued from my lips—"My child, my child,  
Why should you die for England too?" He smiled:  
"Is she not worth it, if I must?" he said.  
John would have answered yes—but John was dead.



Karuncube, The Cricketers PH.





L

That second reaping of hate, that aftermath  
Of a ruler's folly and ignorance long ago—  
Long, long ago—yet who can honestly say  
England is utterly changed—not I—not I.  
Arrogance, ignorance, folly are here today.  
And for these my son must die?

I thought of these years, these last dark terrible years  
When the leaders of England bade the English believe

Lies as the price of peace, lies and fears,  
Lies that corrupt, and fears that sap and deceive.

I thought of the bars dividing man from man,  
Invisible bars that the humble may not pass,  
And how no pride is uglier, crueler than  
The pride unchecked of class.

Oh, those invisible bars of manners and speech,  
Ways that the proud man will not teach  
The humblest lest they too reach

Those splendid heights where a little band  
Have always stood and will always stand  
Ruling the fate of this small green land,  
Rulers of England—for them must I

Send out my only son to die?

Is she worth dying for? My love, my one  
And only love had died, and now his son

Asks me, his alien mother, to assay  
The worth of England to mankind today—  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,

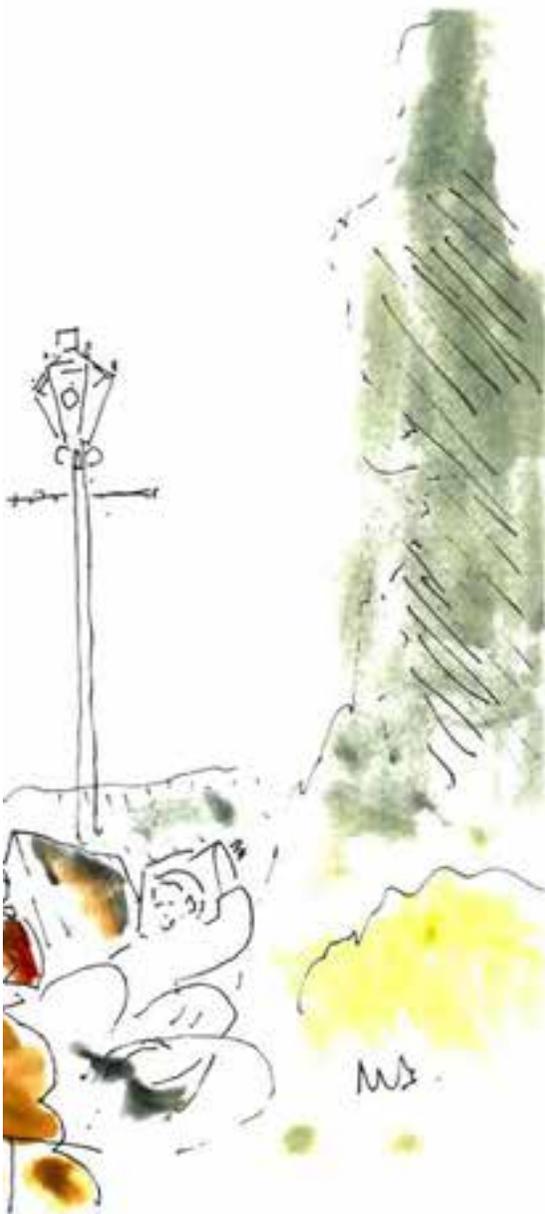
This fortress built by Nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea—

Ah, no, not that—not Shakespeare—I must be  
A sterner critic. I must weigh the ill

Against the good, must strike the balance, till  
I know the answer—true for me alone—

What is she worth—this country—not my own?

I thought of my father's deep traditional wrath  
Against England, the redcoat bully, the ancient foe





## LI

And then, and then,  
I thought of Elizabeth stepping down  
Over the stones of Plymouth town  
To welcome her sailors, common men,  
She herself, as she used to say,  
Being "mere English" as much as they—  
Seafaring men who sailed away  
From rocky inlet and wooded bay,  
Free men, undisciplined, uncontrolled,  
Some of them pirates and all of them bold,  
Feeling their fate was England's fate,  
Coming to save it a little late,  
Much too late for the easy way,  
Much too late, and yet never quite  
Too late to win in that last worst fight.

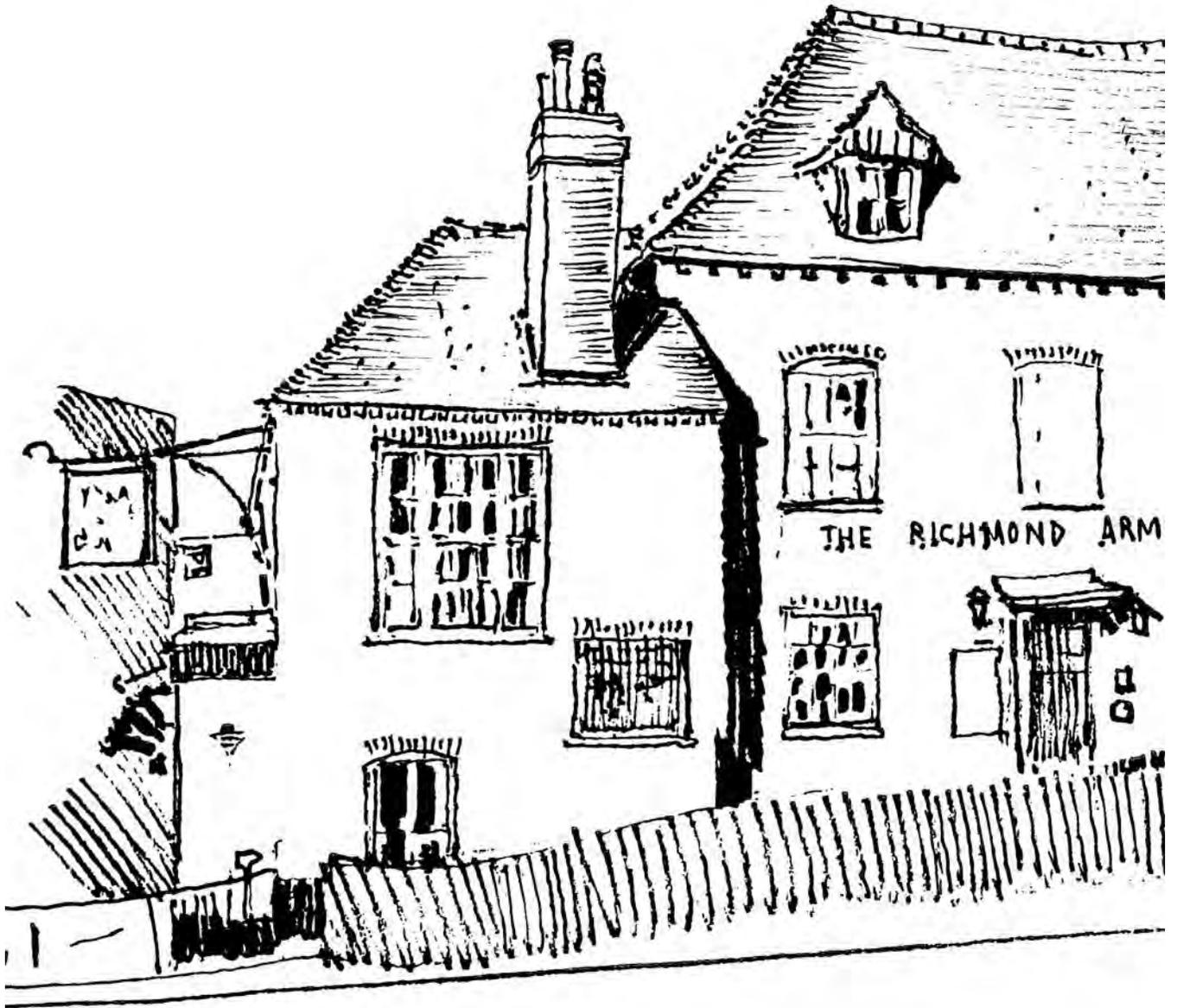
And I thought of Hampden and men like  
him.

St. John and Eliot, Cromwell and Pym,  
Standing firm through the dreadful years,  
When the chasm was opening, widening,  
Between the Commons and the King;  
I thought of the Commons in tears—in tears,  
When Black Rod knocked at Parliament's door,  
And they saw Rebellion straight before—  
Weeping, and yet as hard as stone,  
Knowing what the English have always known  
Since then—and perhaps have known alone—  
Something that none can teach or tell—  
The moment when God's voice says: "Rebel."

Not to rise up in a sudden gust  
Of passion—not, though the cause be just;  
Not to submit so long that hate,  
Lava torrents break out and spill  
Over the land in a fiery spate;  
Not to submit forever, until  
The will of a country is one man's will,  
And every soul in the whole land shrinks  
From thinking—except as his neighbor thinks.  
Men who have governed England know  
That dreadful line that they may not pass  
And live. Elizabeth long ago  
Honored and loved, and bold as brass,  
Daring and subtle, arrogant, clever,  
English, too, to her stiff backbone,  
Somewhat a bully, like her own  
Father—yet even Elizabeth never  
Dared to oppose the sullen might  
Of the English, standing upon a right.

From the beer garden - Red Lion PH - Godalming  
2nd Aug 1999. First drops of rain for 4 weeks.





The Richmond, PH. 1993.



## LII



MB

And were they not English, our forefathers, never  
more  
English than when they shook the dust of her sod  
From their feet forever, angrily seeking a shore  
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.  
Never more English than when they dared to be  
Rebels against her—that stern intractable sense  
Of that which no man can stomach and still be free,  
Writing: “When in the course of human events...”  
Writing it out so all the world could see  
Whence come the powers of just governments.  
The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,  
But the seed was English.

I am American bred,  
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,  
But in a world where England is finished and dead,  
I do not wish to live.



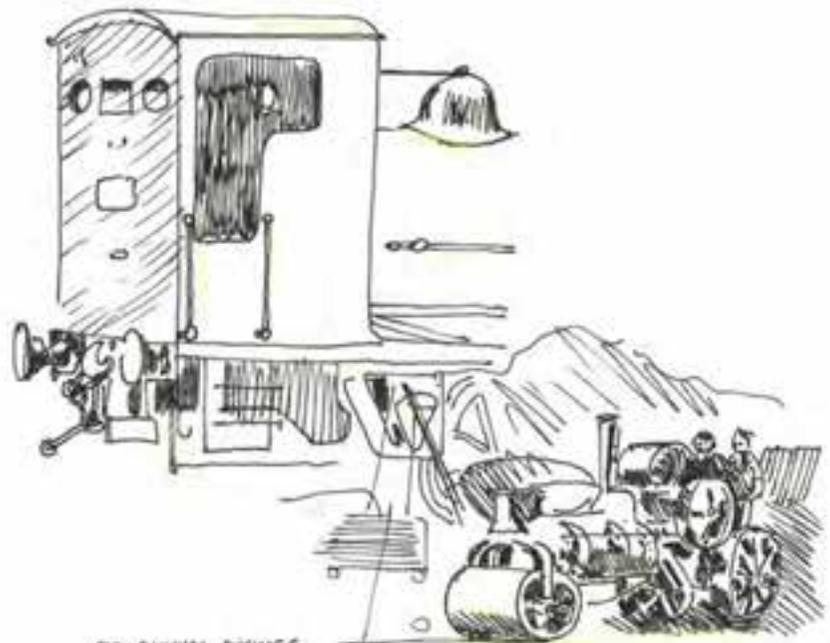
12 May 2000.

Westway - Godelemere

- stable black & white half timber posts & rails & white painted plaster with projecting timber work on stone foundation
- walls - brick with bay window panels covered with brickwork
- Vertical timber on upper floors above & around projecting window
- Stone - Portland ash tiles
- windows - vertical sash with upper part divided into small panes
- Brick stone labels & string's scarping
- iron has formed timber covered with upright posts & lattice timber



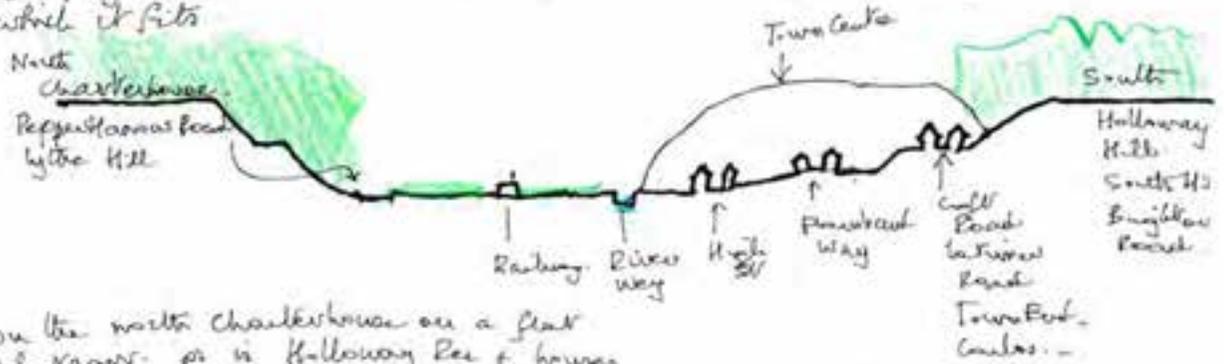
Godalming 31 Aug 1939. The Sun PH. Bridge St.



OLD RAILWAY ENGINES.  
OPPOSITE BLACKBURN WORKS.



Gadalring - special characteristics - illustrated very clearly by the topography & cross section than town centre & adjacent high ground into which it fits

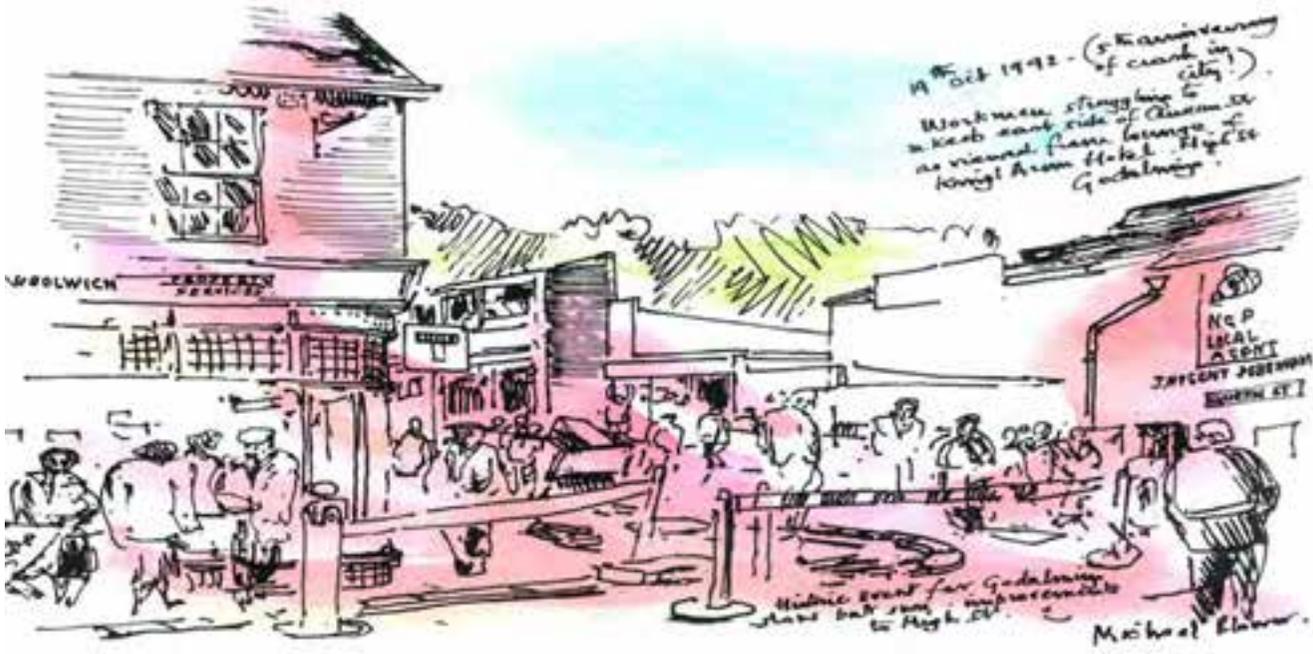


on the north Charkehouse on a flat plateau - as is Holloway Hill & houses on south mirrors of north

All the top area - on plateaus have large houses - built in Victorian times - most have been divided & have a similarity - & seem to have been built at time of railway. Baroque predominates with red brick. Compared to Fairbank - which does not possess this period of house, the houses used a lot of Artisan houses predominates on south side of high street - & up the hill side. Close to workplace - i.e. - shops - & industry. near railway - Flat central area still intact as green space -



Man fishing in Wey. 16/6/73  
Gedalming.



19<sup>th</sup> Oct 1992 - (5<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of crash in city!)  
Workmen struggling to erect east side of A1000 as viewed from Hotel High St Gedalming.

Hiding boat for Gedalming  
state but some improvements to High St.

Michael Elmer.

3 last Saturday I attended a meeting in Barlow's office in Church St. to meet Warley Councillors & shopkeepers who were petitioning us (as Councillors) to refuse permission to the BBC who wanted to film in the Town Centre. Two shopkeepers seemed very anti - the rest were not too worried although in the end a compromise was reached & the BBC agreed to restrict the road closure to all day Sunday & on Monday 5<sup>th</sup> from 10 - 2 pm. This appears to satisfy all parties

but it took over an hour & a half to get there. What with the recession & the new Sainsbury store & free car park traders are really suffering.

They quoted 27 empty shops & said that the road improvement & paving was not helping.

I noticed that on Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> April men were hard at work on the repaving work although there is still an awful lot to do. Godalming is very fortunate to have all this money being spent on it. Poor old Farnham is suffering very badly & I begin to think it is time something was done there

April 4<sup>th</sup> 1993.



Film making  
Godalming.



Godalming - View of town centre.



G. Jalovig Biding Market - 29 May 1999





Godalming Market

14 Aug 1998

M.B.

The Sarey Artistic Community Trust. homes at Arsons Hill - Godalming - 26 June 1998.  
Dina Banerjee - Chair. Patron Mrs Felicity Kendall. Ws Jean-Luc. Adult Service  
Godalming Project - Direct beneficiaries are the people who have autism + live in the Mawgan.  
Surrey services, + the indirect beneficiaries are their immediate families + their care managers  
concerned from the Social Services





3  
2  
1



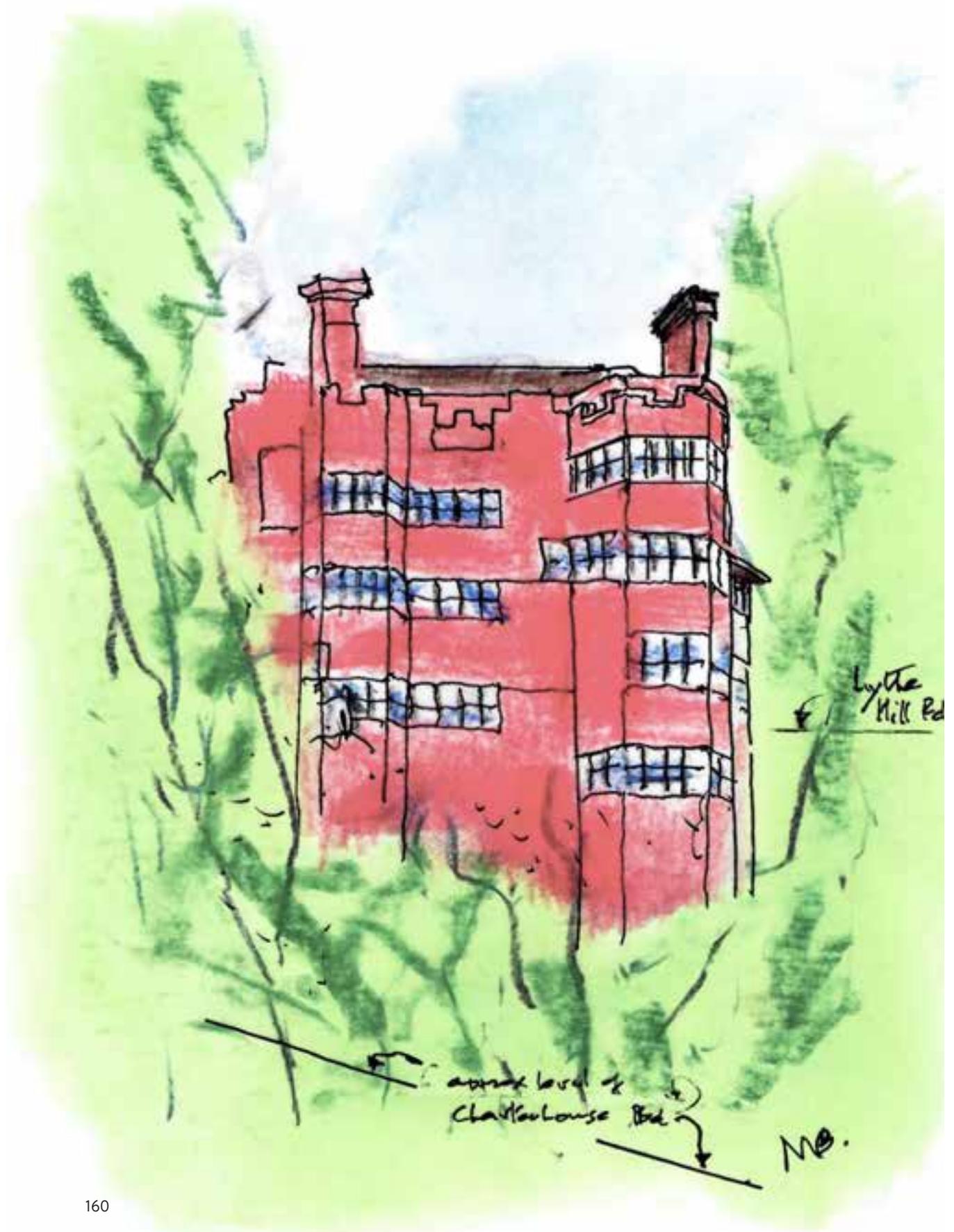
13 June 2000

MS



33 no 3 storey terrace types - 17 on the east side - 16 on the west. - The last house on the NE is N°33 & has fitted brickwork - suggesting the terrace was not completed on the east side. There are in fact only 31 houses - as two were never built owing to the builder running out of bricks. The houses are in groups of 5 + 6. each group curved. Built in the 90's by the Godalming Gas Company which owned the land where the police station now stands.

I had a long chat with Mrs Young who came out from N°31 to see what I was doing. She gave me a lot of information about the houses where she has lived since 1959.



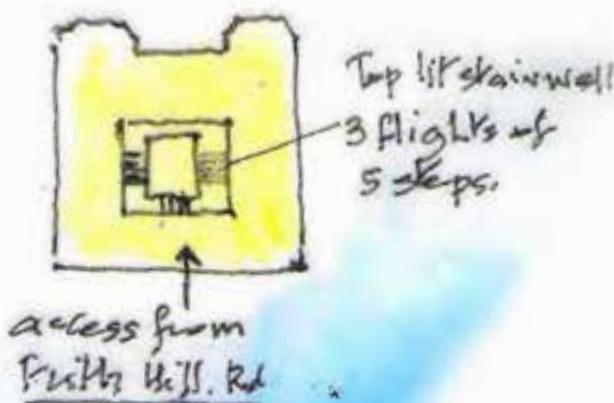
The RED HOUSE, designed by Edwin Lutyens in the late 1930's. In 1969 the house added to the Staking list. Grade II. Lutyens designed it for Rev. W. A. Estlin a retired school teacher. Subsequently it was used as a hall for Charterhouse parents. The present owner purchased it in 1962 for £12,500. However changes rendered it uneconomical & in the early 1970's application for demolition & redevelopment was refused & upheld at Appeal. The Minister advised the owner should test the market & I visited as Secretary after the successful Farnham Trust. However, together with the substantial purchase price, considerable repair costs & viable conservation made the Red House difficult to justify. 1973 MB

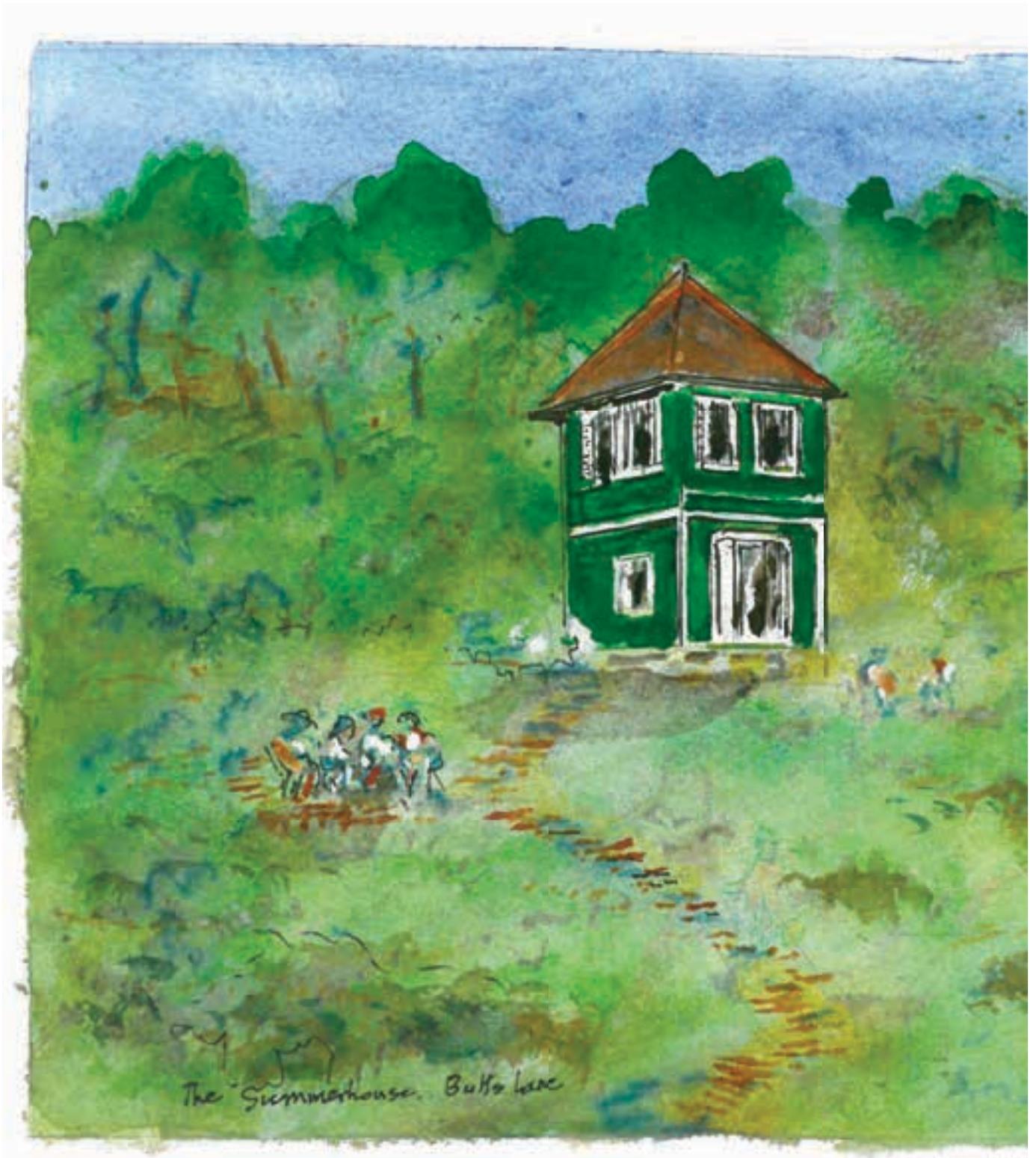
In 'Pictorial History of Godalming' Nigel Carter says the Red House is "FORMIDABLE".

Jane Ridley wife of Lutyens. "daringly modern" and one of his most inventive & unusual designs. also she says it was edited out of the Official Record for its flirtation with modernism.

The Appeal Inspector for its Demolition. wrote in his report. rejecting demolition.

"Being in his earlier period, it has a delicate touch, a free translation of the 16<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> manner, Preceding a tendency to fossilise into the Classical Georgian tradition."







The Summerhouse, shown above, was built in 1835 on the side of Holloway Hill in the garden of The Croft.

Its owner generously donated the summerhouse to the Godalming Trust in 1979 and a year later, it was listed Grade II and The Trust has over the years restored both the buildings and garden.

It commands views over the town centre and can also be seen from many locations in Godalming.



#### The Cricket Pavilion, Holloway Hill, Godalming:

The Pavilion was built in 1883 and in 1997 Godalming Cricket Club successfully applied to the National Lottery for funding, for its replacement.

Fortunately, there was concern from Godalming people and as a result, The Rural Life Centre, Tilford agreed to save this delightful building.

With the result of that, in spring 2000, it was opened and has now become the centrepiece of a wide variety of very interesting structures which might otherwise have been lost. The Pavilion displays sporting and groundsmanship artefacts.



from Hamworth  
Middleton  
24/3

Veterans' Cycle Club - Mr Gray -  
also from Ripley - Les Bowman

Charterhouse



Stout Cycle Club 24/3/25

M.B.

# 'Preserve our town'

**A NEW road on the south of Godalming High Street was proposed as part solution to the town's traffic problems in a report issued by the Godalming Trust last week. The report defines the extent of the town centre which, in the trust's view, should constitute a conservation area under the new Civic Amenities Act.**

**The trust says that traffic proposals should aim to remove traffic from the High Street without drawing in any more traffic from the bypass.**

**Any plan to build a relief road between the river and the High Street, say on the line of the existing service road, would in their opinion be seriously harmful to the proposed conservation area. It would cut off the church and the green area of the Phillips Memorial Park from the town and would split Church Street in two.**

Such a road, the report continues, would require the widening of the service road, and this, with the heavy traffic it would carry, would completely spoil the riverside walk. Nor would it be easy to link back such a road with the Ockford Road without the demolition of listed buildings in the Mill Lane area.

The Godalming Trust believes that it is because of the grave danger of serious harm to the most valuable amenity areas of the town that the conservation areas should be designated without delay.

The report goes on to say it is realised, of course, that constructive ideas must be put forward for the solution of Godalming's traffic problems. This has led the sub-committee to propose a new road to run to the south of the High Street, which, as the map drawn by Mr. Michael Blower, an architect member, shows, bounds the southern edge of the conservation area. Such a road would, states the trust:

- (a) Avoid the destruction of buildings important to the conservation area;
- (b) Give access for vehicles servicing the shops on the south side of the High Street;
- (c) Be best placed to cater for the main traffic flows: the traffic census showed clearly that, apart from traffic passing along the High Street, the greatest amount of vehicles came from the Hascombe area on their way to Guildford.

#### Service roads

Two further elements in this scheme would be service roads or

inlets to the north of the High Street and behind Church Street with access from the existing service road, and better parking facilities, particularly at the Ockford Road end of the town. Such facilities would need to be provided whatever road pattern is adopted if a shopping precinct is to be realised, maintains the Trust.

In putting forward these suggestions the Godalming Trust have had very much in mind Prof. Buchanan's proposals in "Traffic in Towns" for putting environment before the vehicle—proposals which were taken into account when the Civic Amenities Act was drafted.

The recommendations originated 12 months ago, when a sub-committee of the Godalming Trust was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. K. F. J. Ennals to survey the town with a view to making positive proposals for its future development. The survey set out to discover how the various residential, commercial, industrial and recreational areas were, in fact, constituted, how they related to each other, what made each area visually distinctive, how trees, individually or in groups, contributed to this, and what historically or architecturally important buildings each area contained.

With the completion of their examination of the central area of Godalming and the imminent consideration of the country's proposals for a town centre ring road, the sub-committee decided to make an interim statement of its views.

In this it was considerably helped by the work of Mr. Keith Powell, an architect member, who made a special study of the possible application of the new Civic Amenities Act to the central area of Godalming.

#### Conservation areas

Under the terms of the 1967 Civic Amenities Act local planning authorities have to determine conservation areas which are defined as "areas of special architectural or historic interest, the character or appearance of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance."

The most ancient settled part of Godalming lies to the south of the river on rising ground roughly in the area of Bridge Street, High Street, Church Street and Mill Lane. At present within this area there are 107 buildings included in the

official "List of Antiquities in the Administrative County of Surrey." In the sub-committee's view a further 56 buildings substantially contribute to the overall scale and character of the area. A combination of old buildings and attractive setting by the river, excellent road and rail communications, lovely surrounding countryside will, in their submission, ensure continuing growth and prosperity for the town.

As it at present stands the proposed conservation area contains listed buildings dating principally from the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries, the whole depicting clearly the growth in prosperity of the town as the one-time centre of the ancient Surrey wool industry. The parish church with its famous spire is linked to the town by the mediæval Church Street closed visually at the other end by the old town hall, locally called the Pepper Pot. This building, dated 1814, also dominates the High Street itself, which contains many buildings that originally served as inns for the traffic passing along the then main road between London and Portsmouth. The Mill Lane area, probably once a centre of cottage industry, is still substantially residential with smaller buildings similar in age and style to others in the rest of the proposed conservation area.

The main problem is that the proposed conservation area for Godalming already bears an excessive burden of traffic, states the report. "These narrow, crowded streets cannot be properly enjoyed by the pedestrians because of the noise, fumes and even danger from vehicles."

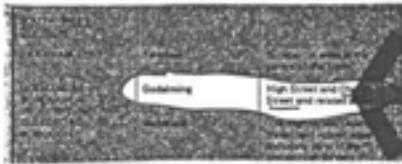
"The sub-committee considers, therefore, that the conservation area should be transformed into a shopping precinct and that traffic plans should be based on this objective. The advantages to the shopper in Godalming are immediately obvious, and experience in other parts of Britain shows that traders themselves can reap considerable advantage from traffic-free precincts with a heavy increase in turnover."

The Trust goes on to say that any positive proposal for the banning of traffic from the conservation area depends on a thorough knowledge of what the traffic actually constitutes. "The Surrey County Council conducted traffic censuses in the Godalming area in 1965 and 1966 and a study of these shows that more than 65 per cent of traffic was through traffic. . . . Any attempt to improve town centre road for through traffic would be self-defeating, as it would attract yet more traffic from the A3."

Six months ago, under the title *Conservation in Surrey*, the Surrey County Council published a provisional list of Conservation Areas, indicating, one would suppose, their intention to take the Civic Amenities Act seriously.

## Aspects of conservation: 2

TOWNSCAPE  
Kenneth Browne



# WORD AND DEED

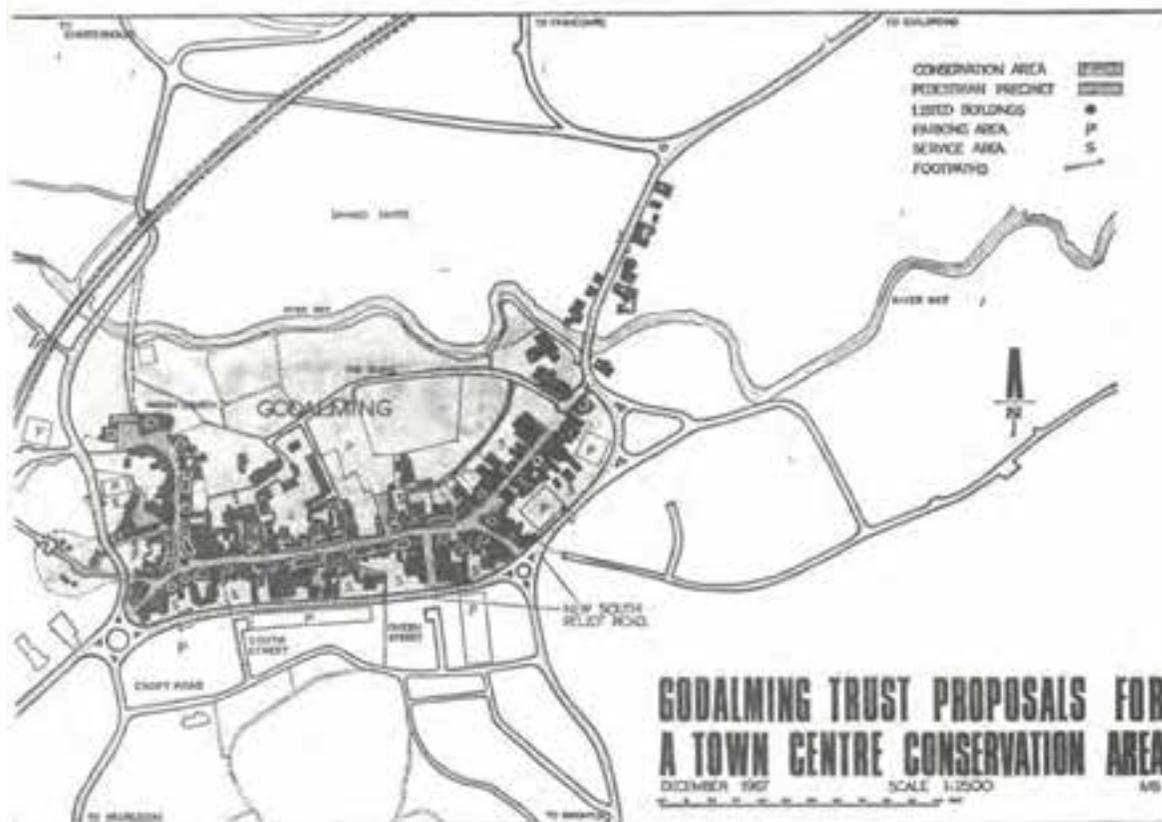
Under GODALMING we read 'High Street and Church Street and related areas' and a look at Church Street, 1 to 3, shows how worthy of conservation it is. A winding, medieval street of considerable charm and rich in listed buildings, it unfolds in a double curve. Beginning with the attractive Town Hall, topped by its distinctive cupola, at the junction with the High Street, its culmination is the uplifted spire of the parish church which visually blocks its end. In the list, under 'Statement of Policy', the Planning Committee say that 'the County and District Councils will consider ways of enhancing the areas and controlling the traffic in the interest of the amenities they possess. Every effort will be made to preserve the best buildings and groups upon which the character of Conservation Areas depends'. Admirable sentiments, but hardly can the ink have been dry on them before the local papers headlined an announcement that Godalming Borough Council had approved a Surrey County Council plan, A, for a one-way ring road, 40 ft. wide (to relieve the High Street), which would smash right across Church Street immediately in



Plan A showing the Surrey County Council's proposals for a Godalming ring road (heavy broken line). This would cut right across Church Street (shown in brown) which would then look like 5, below.



Church Street, Godalming, as it will be if the ring road is built.



## Godalming example

A live amenity society should not be content merely to oppose planning authorities and developers; it should also initiate positive proposals to preserve the good features of the urban or rural environment. At best it may produce ideas which help to shape the decisions of the local authorities; at the least, it will have provoked debate, stimulated public thought and opened the public's eyes.

Congratulations, therefore, are due to the Godalming Trust for producing a plan for the town, defining the areas which should, in the Trust's view, be designated as conservation areas under the new Civic Amenities Act, and suggesting a new road route which would leave them unspoiled.

It remains to be seen whether the Surrey County Council, as the planning authority, will define conservation areas on the same lines, but at least initiative is with the body which first had suggestions in the field. In Guildford, Farnham, Dorking, Leatherhead, Haslemere and other of Surrey's old towns the amenity societies would be well advised to follow this example—if only to spur the county council to act quickly in implementing section one of the "Sandys Act," which (despite the usually controversial figure of its sponsor, who introduced it as founder-president of the Civic Trust) went through Parliament with the support of all parties and received the Royal Assent on July 27th.

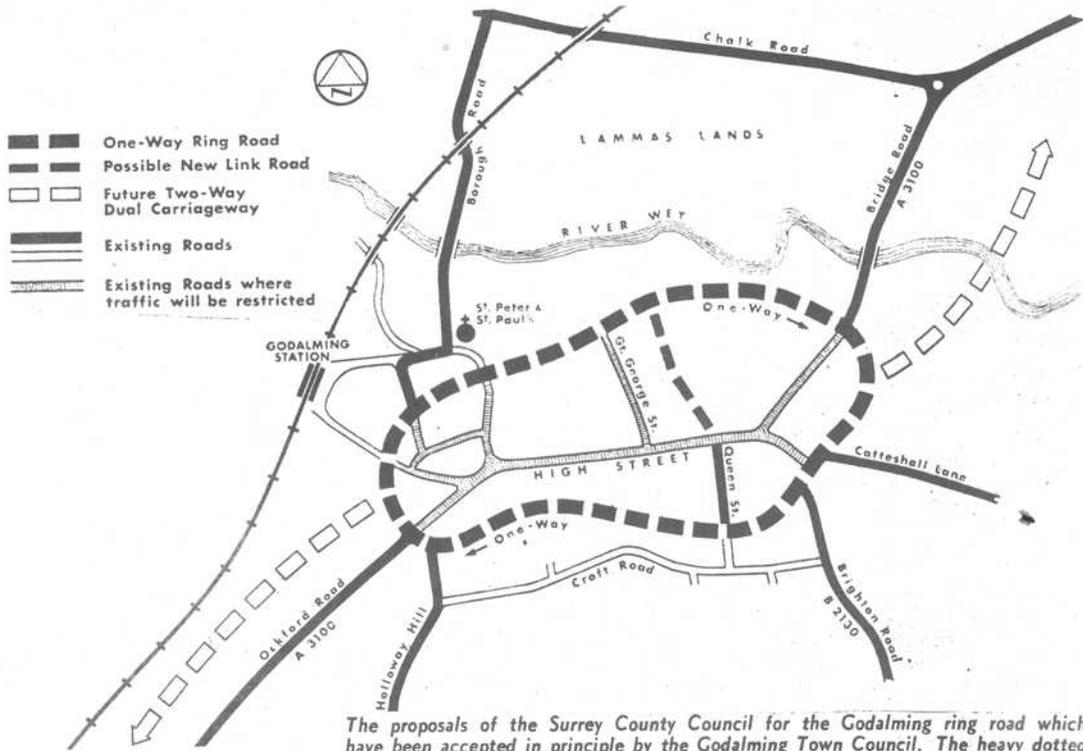
There is, in fact, general agreement among all who care for grace and character in the physical environment in which they live and work, that the Town and Country Planning Acts were not strong enough to save towns from rapid deterioration. Far more damage has been done since the war by developers, often the local councils themselves, to Britain's fine old cities and towns than was done by Hitler's bombs. The common denominator of the chain-store shop-front has imposed a harsh uniformity on High Streets, and the juxtaposition of cubic masses with elegant groups has destroyed the effect of both. It has been possible to prevent the demolition, without vast public expenditure, of only the buildings of obvious historic importance, because a building's particular contribution to the vista or street scene has counted for little.

That is now changed. In a conservation area, every building will be considered on its merits as part of the general picture. This does not mean, of course, that there can be no changes—indeed the definition in the Act of a conservation area is "an area of special architectural or historic interest the character or appearance of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance." It is the character of an area, not each of its individual buildings, which section one of the Act empowers the planning authorities to preserve, by the simple procedure of designation and advertisement. Enhancement implies a certain amount of re-building, but it will have to be re-building which is not in conflict with the scale of its surroundings, and does not rob them of dignity and charm.

As in all such matters, taste and judgment will be decisive; there can be no rule-of-thumb. Applications for redevelopment in the designated areas will be, perforce, publicly advertised, but the section will be effective only if the county authority works in the closest co-operation with the borough or district authority, if both are well-advised, and if both are prepared to listen to the professional and informed by opinion of the towns and villages concerned. Indeed, the Civic Trust has argued the case for new types of local authority committees, reinforced by co-opting additional members of varied experience.

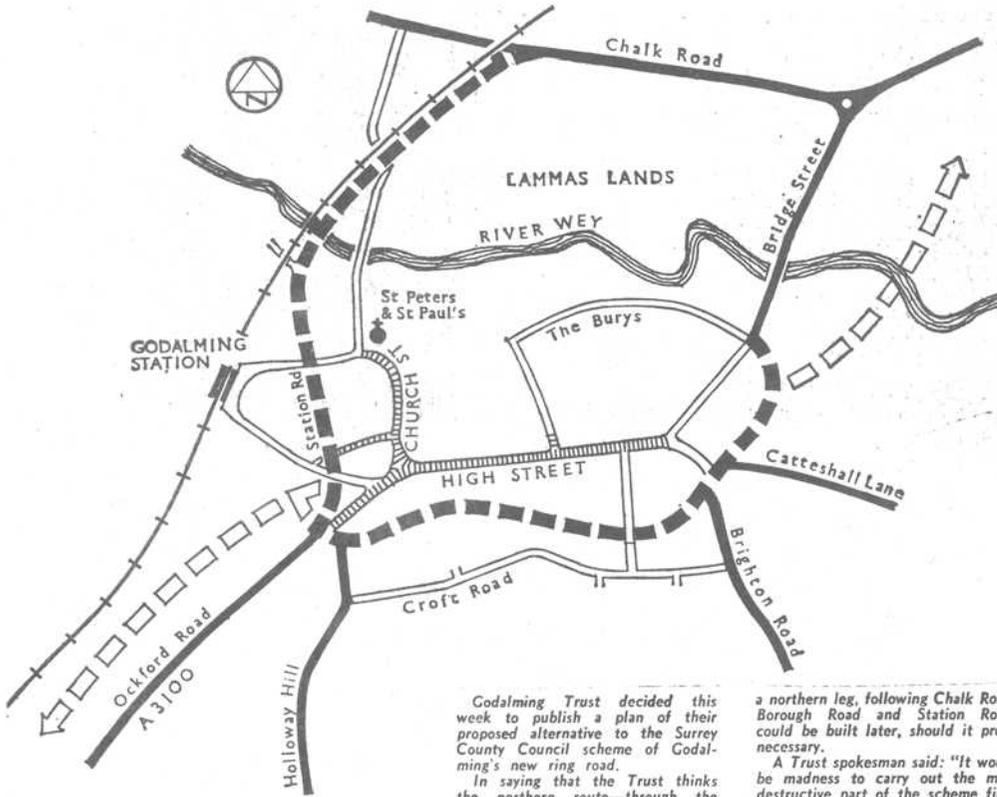
This kind of positive planning will also make demands on public funds. If we want to preserve the individuality and character of our particular town or village, the price must be paid. Sometimes the authority itself will have to set an example in restoration work.

The important thing is that the designated areas, particularly in the old towns, should be defined as soon as possible. To turn a new concept into practical reality is, of course, neither easy nor straightforward. There will be differences of opinion in the border-line cases. But work such as the Godalming Trust has done can only be of value. Planning, in fact, is something which should concern all people who wish to stem the still-rising flood of squalor.



RING ...

The proposals of the Surrey County Council for the Godalming ring road which have been accepted in principle by the Godalming Town Council. The heavy dotted line shows the route of the proposed ring road and the boxed line shows future plans for dual carriageways entering and leaving the town. The roads in solid black are existing ones that form a link between the extremities of the town, the ring road and the town centre.



OR  
RELIEF?

-  Relief Roads
-  Future Dual Carriageway
-  Existing Roads
-  Restricted Traffic

Godalming Trust decided this week to publish a plan of their proposed alternative to the Surrey County Council scheme of Godalming's new ring road.

In saying that the Trust thinks the northern route—through the Bury's, across Church Street and up to Ockford Road—is out of scale with Godalming it raises no objection to the southern route which would run from Holloway Hill to Wharf Street, between Croft Road and High Street.

The Trust, however, wants to see this southern route built first, and

a northern leg, following Chalk Road, Borough Road and Station Road, could be built later, should it prove necessary.

A Trust spokesman said: "It would be madness to carry out the most destructive part of the scheme first, only to find later that it could have been avoided."

"Long before any new roads are built a great deal could be done to make better use of our existing roads by sensible traffic management and we have also put forward to the county council a proposed scheme for this."



## Afterword

The spirit of this age is the rediscovery of the truth that architecture is not solely about buildings, but also about places, landscapes, spaces, light, weather, movement and people. A concern for providing nurturing environments is what we all share and that should be truly expressive of the times we live in.

Celia and Richard Sanders, The Chairman Alan Gavaghan, the committee and members of The Farnham Society, as well as other friends and colleagues in PLACE GROUP FARNHAM, have given me great encouragement and I owe them my thanks for their activism in promoting place and design at the heart of considering change in the town we live in.

Michael Blower, Runfold House, 2020

In recognition of Michael Blower's 90th birthday and for his MBE for 60 years of public service in and around the market towns of Surrey and Hampshire.

To the memory of Bernadette Blower (1933-2019) and 60 years of married life. To my brother David (1937-2020) who helped and supported me through his long life, also to my children; Patrick, Robert, Catherine, Françoise & Damien. Finally, in memory of my sister Patricia 'Baba' (1926-2020).

To celebrate 125 years of Stedman Blower Architects, first founded by Arthur Stedman in Farnham in 1895 and now in its 4th generation, and which continues to value buildings of all ages and their significance to the places we share.



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