



THE HAMMER BOTTOM HIKE



SUPPORTING NOTES



1 INTRODUCTION

This document is merely a background to the places in and around our event. It is not designed to be taken with you on the day (there will be some Route Notes for that). It just attempts to provide some hopefully interesting insights into the places you will pass through and near.

The order is for people doing the whole circular walk from Haslemere in an anticlockwise direction. The sections of the document are shown below, together with the distance covered from the start.

I hope you enjoy it; you should learn a lot. I did !! It's probably best to read it well before the event, to whet your appetite, encourage your money raising activities and galvanise your training regime. You can of course read it post-event to remind you of the day. However, I would not recommend using it on September 5th.

2	HASLEMERE - THE EARLY YEARS	Mile 0
3	THE GREENSAND WAY	0 to 1.4 Miles
4	MISS JAMES	2.4 to 4.3 Miles
5	CONAN DOYLE	4.4 Miles
6	HINDHEAD	4.7 Miles
7	GIBBET HILL	5.3 miles
7	THE SAILOR'S STONE	5.0 Miles
7	THE CELTIC CROSS	5.3 Miles
7	THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL	4.7 to 5.3 Miles
8	TEMPLE OF THE FOUR WINDS	5.6 miles
9	HIGHCOMBE HIKE	7.4 to 10.2 miles
10	WAGGONER'S WELLS	14.6 miles
11	THE CANADIANS AT BRAMSHOTT	15.6 miles
12	HAMMER BOTTOM	18.2 miles
13	THE SUSSEX BORDER PATH	19.4 miles
14	BLACKDOWN & THE NATIONAL TRUST	23 miles
14	TENNYSON	23 miles
15	HASLEMERE'S WELL	27 miles

2 HASLEMERE - THE EARLY YEARS – Mile 0

The history of the town is obviously a huge topic, even for a little place like Haslemere. I have just concentrated on skimming across the earlier part of the place's existence, most of which I didn't know before I sat down to research and write it. I hope you find it:

- Mildly to rivetingly informative
- With a few "Oh that's interesting" moments
- Sprinkled with a few nuggets that will impress your friends down the pub.

HASLEMERE - THE VERY EARLY YEARS

Nothing of any great substance is known about before the 1200's, because nothing is written down before then. But we do know a bit from other forms of evidence. People were living here over 10,000 years ago, with their flints and arrowheads now safely secured in the town's marvellous museum. If you've not been; do go there, it's definitely worth a visit. The tool-makers didn't live in Haslemere itself, but on the hills away from the wild beasties. Besides, downtown Haslemere was a lake back then, as the watertable was significantly higher.



Where the High Street is now, eventually became a cause way, surrounded by marshy, boggy areas. The fact is even reflected still today; the address of the Bookshop is 2 Causewayside, High Street. The town is actually a watershed. To one side the river **Wey** rises, (by Cotchet Farm up at Blackdown) and runs in a big arc West and then North East, to Tilford, Godalming and Guildford. The largest Eastern flowing tributary of the **Arun** starts in a spring just by the High Street.

Various groups came and went as the millennia rolled by and we moved through the Bronze and Iron Ages. The "Brythons" were familiar with iron smelting and left names such as "Wey", "Marley", "Critchmere" and "Camel". What did the Romans do for us? Well very little as it turns out. There is some evidence of small villas in neighbouring areas, but the closest Haslemere got was two batches of 27 burial urns dating to 40 – 80 AD and 80 to 120 AD. They were found on the site of what might have been a farmstead, towards Grayswood, but as no one has ever found evidence of the farmstead, no one can be too sure of that.

The Italians were called home on more pressing business; so the Saxons turned up to be followed by the Danes. So for 9,000 years or so, flooding, coupled with unsolicited visits from Continental Europeans was the order of the day; all sounds very familiar, doesn't it ?

Piperham was perhaps, the earliest recorded name linked to the town. In 1180 the Chapel of Piperham, (situated where St Bartholomew's Church now is) was stated to belong to the Church of Chiddingfold. Some debate rages about where Haslemere really started, not from a lake in today's High Street that's for sure. Some say the area round the Church, others suggest Haste Hill and others nearer Grayswood where that farmstead might or might not have been; because these are all on higher ground.

The derivation of the name "Haslemere" is not clear cut either. Most people would opt for the lake (mere) by the hazel wood. But another very early local family name of the period is "Heysulle" and they were around for over 200 years. This theory is espoused by the town's official web site, no less (<http://www.haslemere.com/hds/>) – Section 7

HASLEMERE - RECORDED TIME

If you have been paying attention, you will recall I said that the 1200s were quite important. Haslemere became a Market Town, with a weekly market and this by Royal Command. It achieved this lofty status well ahead of some of its neighbours, apparently. It's worth digressing a moment here to explain some ancient terms and the way England was parcelled up and managed in those times.

Land was chopped up into Hundreds, but that is not why they are called that. There were more than a hundred of them. Various theories abound; land to support 100 families or households, land equivalent to 100 hides.(effectively the same thing, as a hide was the land quality needed to support one family and nothing whatsoever really to do with skin). Hundreds were divided into tithings (ten things in Scandinavian); 10 males over 15, being another definition. There were therefore hundreds of hundreds in England and logically thousands of tithings and all this before slide rules, let alone calculators. Actually no such thing as a "thousand" existed; The next level up from a hundred was a shire, (so we have Hampshire Cornwallshire, Surreyshire, Sussexshire). I remain far from convinced they thought all this through.

Surrey had 13 and a half hundreds; half a hundred was not called a "fifty" but a half hundred. Godalming was one of the full-blown Surrey Hundreds and Haslemere nestled under Godalming as a tithing as the map below infers. But it wasn't quite as simple as that; remember we are now dealing with local government here.



Haslemere

Godalming

From as early as 1370 Haslemere paid burgess rent to the Lord of the Manor in Godalming, via burgesses, (from which we get burghers). It claimed this right and also something known as Ancient Demesne. This meant Haslemere could be considered an Ancient Borough, together with its attendant privileges; more of this anon.

A burgess was a householder who held his tenement, cascaded from the King, via Godalming. Burgess rent was paid in settlement, or in effect in lieu of all feudal services and was to all intents and purposes a freehold tenancy, and properties could be willed to descendants. So a bit different to serfs, villeins and "Git orff moy land"

In 1368 permission was granted for burial at Piperham Chapel; previously your last journey was to Chiddingfold; quite a trek, if not for you, then for your mourners. Towards the end of the century there were 62 people over the age of 15 in the town and in 1393, Richard II granted the right for Haslemere to hold an annual, 5 day fair, on top of the weekly market.

The 15th Century seems to have passed without anything of much significance. Just the typical spats and quarrels recorded in the courts at Godalming. A bit more happened in the 1500s. The Ancient Borough status was important; perhaps the main reason being it allowed a place with said status to return 2 MPs to parliament. Haslemere did this from 1584 to the much needed Reform Act of 1832.

There was an explosion in the wool industry to the detriment of more traditional farming. There were tales of villages becoming deserted, churches "down" and people replaced by sheep. Haslemere seems to have escaped all this; probably due to the different rights to the land that its inhabitants enjoyed.

Victoria exhorted her subjects to consume cake. Elizabeth had a bit of a thing for fish; she decreed that all Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and holy days were to be fish days (200 per annum). Specifically to Haslemere, she pops up again at the end of the century. The town issued a petition for a market and **two** fairs, which was duly granted by Her Majesty in May 1596. The sealed charter made reference to Haslemere as a "very ancient borough" no less and the burgesses had returned two MPs since "a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary". Associated with the charter was the marvellously named court of Pie Powder.

This is simply a bastardisation of the French *pieds poudrés*, which means "dusty feet". The magistrates or equivalent were not on a bench, but walking around the town where the market or fair was. The idea was to deliver justice swiftly, on the spot, given that a lot of people were only in the town on a short, temporary basis.

Moving to the 17th century, one can picture Haslemere as a secluded, self-contained spot. You could infer that it is a reasonably prosperous place, as 12 of the 80 houses in the Borough are inns. Of course you could infer something completely different, relating to the inhabitants of the time. A number of different skills and artisans are documented: blacksmiths, carpenters, mercers, glaziers, shoemakers, clothworkers, tanners, tailors, bakers butchers, and so on.

Secluded, because quite a lot passed Haslemere by in those days, if not now as well. The London to Portsmouth traffic for example, (remember at this time, there is still no road leading North out of Haslemere to the more populous parts of Southern England). The peasant uprising – Watt Tyler, also missed the town, (not enough peasants presumably). Sadly smallpox knew where Haslemere was. 23 people died in one month in the Summer of 1636; 43 in the year, when the annual average mortality was 11 souls.

But on a brighter note, the town produced some astonishing health statistics for the time. In the first half of the century there were 5 people recorded as being over 100 years old, 2 over 90 and 3 over 84 years of age.

18th Century. Returning for a brief moment to Haslemere's MPs, I think my favourite is this character who makes John Prescott look like a shrinking violet

James Edward Oglethorpe (1696-1785) was a soldier for 12 years before becoming an MP. He had a duel in Haslemere High Street two days after his election in 1722. He ran his opponent through the stomach with a sword and even wounded the hand of someone who had tried to intervene and stop the fight. One month later he killed a man in London who had robbed him of a guinea. He then took his seat in Parliament. The Town House, opposite the museum, was just one of his residences. He then went on to found the colony of Georgia in America. History does not reveal what physical havoc he wreaked upon its inhabitants.

William Morley's maps of 1758 (there were two editions), show the High Street ending at Pound Corner and then later in the year, the turnpike extension of the road to Grayswood, on its present line. The main access route to the town up to that point, must have been Lower Street, which is why it's so narrow.

19th Century

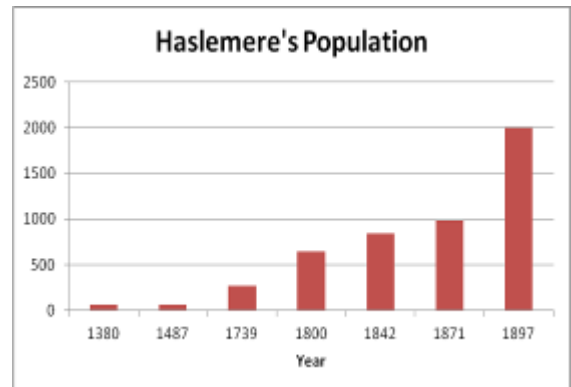
In 1828 there was a proposal to extend the railway to Haslemere, but it was "received with disfavour"; the town perhaps trying to preserve its exclusivity. In fairness the line from London down to Woking would not open for another 7 years; so they were getting ahead of themselves a bit.

4 years later there were much more important things to consider. The 1832 Reform Act, disenfranchised Haslemere, it lost its borough status and with that, its MPs. Haslemere was about the smallest place in England (by population) returning more than one MP and one of the 57 rotten boroughs.

Sunday 29th July 1855 was also an inauspicious day for the place. The day before was pay day for the navvies building the railway. They spent a significant percentage of it at the King's Arms, quenching their thirst at the end of a hard working week. Inspector Donaldson and Constable Freestone were the sum total of Haslemere's law enforcement in the mid 19th century. Things got out of hand as Donaldson tried to clear the public house just after midnight. A gang (led by one Thomas Woods) turned on the policemen, hitting Donaldson from behind with a large iron bolt. He died of his injuries in the early hours of Sunday. He was the first policemen in Surrey to ever lose their life in the line of duty.

Woods got 20 years transportation for manslaughter, the others locked up here in England, for up to 6 years. Donaldson got a plaque on the wall of the Town Hall – 140 years later !.

The single track railway opened on New Year's day 1859 and was eventually doubled between Godalming and Havant in the period 1875 to 1878 and you can see the effect it had on the town, merely by looking at the jump in population. A local GP (G.R.Rolston) wrote that the town "was no longer a lost borough decaying in the Surrey Hills" – seems a bit harsh, George.



In 1868 Haslemere finally became an independent parish in its own right; having been subservient to Chiddingfold for over 700 years.

In 1877 Charles Bridger managed to form the Volunteer Haslemere Fire Brigade, which received its first call out a year later, to a brewery. Staying with water, the Town is still somewhat incredibly relying on two wells for its water supply. Just before the end of the century, two standpipes were installed in the town centre

Around this time the area was a bit of a magnet for the great and the good. Some are mentioned later on in the document; I will deal with one or two others now.

Professor John Tyndall



A bit like Conan Doyle (who you meet in a moment) Tyndall got through quite a bit in his unnecessarily shortened 73 years. Born in Ireland he started work with the Ordnance Survey. He moved with them to England and then became a railway engineer. He then went into academia and became one of the foremost physicists of his time.

He discovered that water vapour absorbs much more radiant heat than the gases of the atmosphere and argued the consequent importance of atmospheric water vapour in moderating the Earth's climate—that is, in the natural greenhouse effect. Tyndall also studied the diffusion of light by large molecules and dust, known as the Tyndall effect, and if you ever needed to know why the sky was blue in the late 1800s and you couldn't get a Wi-Fi connection, then Prof Tyndall was your man.

Using his expertise about radiant heat absorption by gases, he invented a system for measuring the amount of carbon dioxide in a sample of exhaled human breath (1862, 1864). The basics of Tyndall's system is in daily use in hospitals today for monitoring patients under anaesthesia

If that wasn't enough, he also discovered the basis for destroying bacterial spores that caused food to go off (boiling kills the bacteria but not their spores). He proved ozone was 3 atoms of Oxygen and nothing to do with Hydrogen (as was the conventional wisdom of the day).

He was the first to ascend the Weisshorn (1861). Tyndall climbed to within a few hundred feet of the top of the Matterhorn in 1864, and would have been the first so to do, the year before Edward Whymper succeeded. He would have made the summit but, when at the Matterhorn's penultimate peak, he grudgingly took the advice of his guide to turn back as a storm loomed. The penultimate peak is named in his honour – 'John Tyndall 1864' is engraved on a stone upon it. He got to the top in 1865



He married late in life. He was 55 and Louisa was 30. He indirectly came to Hindhead, I suppose, as a result of his discovery of things Alpine and of climbing. He declared the air around the Punchbowl to be "as fine as that of the Alps". He originally built Tyndall's Hut and lived in that in 1883, whilst Hindhead House was constructed; a snowball's throw from Conan Doyle.

On December 4, 1893, Louisa accidentally gave him an overdose of chloral hydrate- a drug which he took for his insomnia. His last words were, reputedly, "Louisa, you have killed your beloved John." I think most of us might have managed something a little more robust and admonishing.

He lives on in Tyndall's Wood at Hindhead, (the house is now flats), a Martian crater and an asteroid as well as all his scientific achievements.

George Bernard Shaw

He was in Hindhead for the briefest of periods, arriving on his honeymoon in 1898. He stayed at Pitfold and then rented Blencathra which later became St Edmund's School. He left the area in 1900 due to its remoteness from London and moved to near Stevenage. !! And one of his many quotes for you:

**"Which painting in the National Gallery would I save if there was a fire?
The one nearest the door of course"**

In a similar way that Newquay is a magnet for artists, then the vicinity of Hindhead:Haslemere seemed to hold an irresistible draw for those of a literary bent. If this subject interests you then "The Hilltop Writers" by local historian John Owen Smith might be worth a look. It covers over 60 individuals and is in the Haslemere Library or can be purchased via the traditional routes, including 2 Causewayside, High Street..

3 THE GREENSAND WAY –0 to 1.4 Miles

You are only on this for less than an hour covering a mere 2% of its distance, so it gets but a brief reference. It used to be a trans-Surrey footpath (hence the 55 mile sign at the start). However, it now goes through most of Kent, finishing at Hamstreet, about 10 miles West of Dover. It broadly tracks below the North Downs **4 MISS JAMES – 2.4 to 4.3 Miles** Way, following a very rural course

The path does what it says on the label and basically follows the Sandstone Ridge that contains glauconite, a green iron:potassium mineral used in fertilisers and to increase the acidity of soils. It is one of the country's official Long Distance Footpaths. If you want to explore more of it, visit this excellent website and inspect some of the very helpful pdf files available for download

http://www.ldwa.org.uk/ldp/members/show_path.php?path_name=Greensand+Way

Born in 1831, as a young woman Miss Marian James had been a musician of limited means who became a lady's companion to the Hampstead based Miss Coates, sole survivor of an East London family of wine merchants. Miss Coates left her entire estate to Miss James in 1888.

Now in her mid-fifties, she moved to Hindhead, acquired a large land holding south of Grayshott, and built Westdown, the black and white house now visible from the A3 Hazel Grove junction, where she lived.



As a keen supporter of the fledgling National Trust she generously gave land at both Nutcombe and Bramshott Chase in 1908. At the same time she was instrumental in securing a second major land acquisition for the trust, Ludshott Common, also making a generous personal donation.

A benefactor of many local causes, Miss James raised and contributed substantially to funds for the building of St Luke's Church, Grayshott and gave Whitmore Vale Cottages to the village. Retaining her musical interest, she also organised annual Chamber Music recitals and built The Hostel (now Shannon Court) as a retreat for theatrical and musical professionals.

Miss James died on November 15th, 1910 aged 79 and lies buried in the churchyard of St Luke's Church.



5 CONAN DOYLE – 4.4 Miles

He lived in Undershaw, only yards away from the North-West corner of Miss James' walk. He commissioned the house as it was felt the Hindhead air would be good for his first wife, Mary, who suffered from tuberculosis. He crammed an impressive amount into his 71 years. Here are some things you may not have known about him:

- Conan was one of his forenames. He concatenated it with his surname to "create" Conan Doyle
- He was knighted, not for his literary works, but for a small non-fictional pamphlet he wrote about the Boer War
- He was a qualified Doctor and served upon a ship during the Boer War; he was apparently considered too overweight to fight.



- He was a keen and accomplished skier, even though his technique looks a little suspect
- He was goal-keeper for Portsmouth Association Football Club, who were amateur in those days; no cruel jokes please. This was when he was running a medical practice in Southsea.
- In the Summer he played cricket, for the same team as Peter Pan's creator, J.M. Barrie and occasionally to a first class standard with the MCC. He did take one first class wicket, a certain W.G. Grace
- He "killed off" Holmes in 1893, in the Final Problem to "concentrate on more important things". There was an outcry from the public, his publishers and his Mum. "You can't, you won't, you musn't" she exhorted on learning of his plans.
- Holmes was resurrected, but only 8 years later, when Doyle was in Hindhead, making his comeback in the "Hound of the Baskervilles", which was penned at Undershaw.
- He was a prodigious writer. Whilst surprisingly there were only 12 Holmes novels, there were 21 others, 14 non-fiction works, 4 sets of memoirs and 123 short stories. Plus a smattering of poetry and opera.

6 HINDHEAD – 4.5 Miles

Hindhead was described by William Cobbet as "certainly the most villainous spot that God ever made,"; he (WC) clearly didn't get out much. Actually he got out an awful lot and wrote Rural Rides after he toured Southern England and the Midlands. He also travelled around, and wrote books on, Ireland and Scotland. Whether or not he had done all that before damning Hindhead though, I don't know. In fairness, Hindhead Common was a location much feared even before the dreadful shenanigans of 1786 (see below). The route was indeed a dangerous one, with highwaymen and footpads waiting to relieve the unsuspecting traveller of their belongings and lives, with strange lights and unexplained shadows lurking to frighten even the hardiest soul who strayed there after dark.

I cannot cover Hindhead without exploring its main road(s). This is partly because they are key in defining the evolution of the place and also because the very recent improvements have transformed it into a spectacular rural setting. Hindhead is therefore inexorably linked with the A3 or the London:Portsmouth road as it was previously known and the Northern part of our event literally touches on its 3 generations. I define these as follows:

"The A3"	the current road, including the tunnel (2011 to now)
"The Old A3"	the road from 1820 to 2011
"The Older A3"	the original coach road

"The Older A3". It's difficult to tell how long a track or thoroughfare ran across the top of the Common. We know that a coach service started in 1688. Samuel Pepys travelled the route in the 1660s on a number of occasions. Everyone knows he was a diarist, (someone with a chronic bowel disorder), but you may not have realised he was also Secretary to the Admiralty. So it was quite reasonable for him to be on the direct Admiralty to Royal Navy route; evidenced by local names such as Telegraph Hill and Beacon Hill when a faster "overland" method of communication was needed. There are also references to the Navy's mail being usually sent via Southampton, except in emergencies when it went via Hindhead. One of these emergencies cropped up in 1588 when we had a disagreement with the Spanish.

So we know the route was being used before 1600, but it will have been hosting traffic for many hundreds of undocumented years before that, one suspects, . However, as traffic built up on England's arteries, the state of the roads became intolerable if not impassable, in places. The Turnpike Act of 1663 enabled Trusts (in effect companies) to bid for sections of road and charge their users with a toll. In return the Trusts , needed to keep the roads in good repair and keep their verges clear for a 100 yards each side, to dissuade highwaymen and other undesirable.

The Petersfield to Portsmouth turnpike came in in 1710 and the Kingston to Sheetbridge, (Petersfield) one (incorporating Hindhead), not until 1749. Perhaps this gives some indication of the relative importance, or lack of it, of this stretch of road and of Hindhead at the time.

A few facts and figures for you. By 1770 there were 500 Trusts; this grew to 1119 by 1829 with 20,000 miles of roads covered. In 1800 the cost of getting to Edinburgh on a coach was £37 and I think that was one way. The journey time from London to Portsmouth would have taken 2 days when Pepys did it; in the early 1800s it was down to 10 hours. By 1838 the Turnpike Roads generated £1.5 million per annum for their owners, but they were £ 7 million in debt. They only covered 20% of the roads in England and Wales. Then the railways arrived; turnpikes ceased and local authorities became responsible for making tourist attractions out of the potholes.

Due to the relatively small volumes of traffic over Hindhead, there was one watering hole there at this time. The Royal Huts Hotel, which became the Happy Eater at Haslemere cross roads and then very expensive flats; it originally used to look like this:



Note policeman in centre, struggling to control traffic

Milestones were a common feature of turnpike roads, placed (somewhat unsurprisingly) at mile intervals to guide travellers. From 1767, they were compulsory on turnpike roads to help coaches keep to schedule.

In 2010, while working on the new A3 Hindhead tunnel, an old milestone was discovered down a bank of the Punch Bowl, just off the A3. This was confirmed as milestone No.41 from the old Portsmouth turnpike road. The stone is clearly inscribed 'Hyde Park Corner 39, Portsmouth 30'. Its original position can be found on an Ordnance map dating back to 1811. You will see the real thing if you do the "Hidden Hindhead" walk.



“The Old A3”. This came into existence when a lower road was cut into the hillside beneath the older one. This happened in 1820 and halved the gradient (we mustn't say slope) at the steeper points from 10% to 5%; a much kinder challenge to a horse-drawn carriage. Apart from a bit of tarmac, barriers, paint and general maintenance, things didn't really change much, in terms of the road itself for nearly 200 years. The same cannot be said of the traffic volumes it supported and the effect that they, (and one or two other factors) had on Hindhead as a place.

This rather dramatic and splendid postcard very clearly illustrates the difference between “older” and “old”, helped in no small measure, by something that has eaten the trees. You are looking North, from near the Gibbet



In the late 1830s there were 24 stage coaches a day going through Hindhead. Obviously there would also be numerous commercial and agricultural carts, riders on horseback and pedestrians. By 2010 there were over 28,000 vehicle movements a day past here.

The railway came through Haslemere in the latter half of the 19th century and that changed things hugely in terms of making Hindhead accessible. It meant people could come here for the day, then the journey time to London was 1 hr 20 minutes; (presumably you didn't always have to stop for 10 minutes outside Woking, like you do today). People could live here and commute to the capital; a hobby that endures to this day. Eminent Victorians such as Conan Doyle and Professor Tyndall (see elsewhere), effectively promoted Hindhead, for its healthy Alpine-like air and winds (it even became known as Little Switzerland). Then of course came the motor car and a bracing day out amongst the firs and heathers was just the ticket.

This frenzy of activity, fuelled also no doubt by the Victorians' insatiable desire to get out more and explore, made Hindhead now a safe and friendly place to visit. All these factors compressed themselves into a 40 year period and it experienced a traffic and tourist boom. We can see the evidence for the “Hindhead Gold Rush” in this little collection of photos and post cards:



Early 1920's looking North. Note policeman (looking South), continuing to struggle with traffic



1930s The struggle overpowers the constabulary
Traffic lights are installed. Note queue waiting to go South



The Golden Hind Cafe, now Drummonds – 1920s



The PunchBowl Inn 1906, not to be confused with the Hotel, which you can see further North.
The Inn became the petrol station which disappeared a couple of years back



Moorlands Hotel 1890s. Now demolished, turned into the Lloyds Bank Training centre, then British Car Auctions and now overpriced retirement homes



Yet another Hindhead Hotel – Beacon Hill. The chimneys were used as anti-aircraft batteries in the Second World War

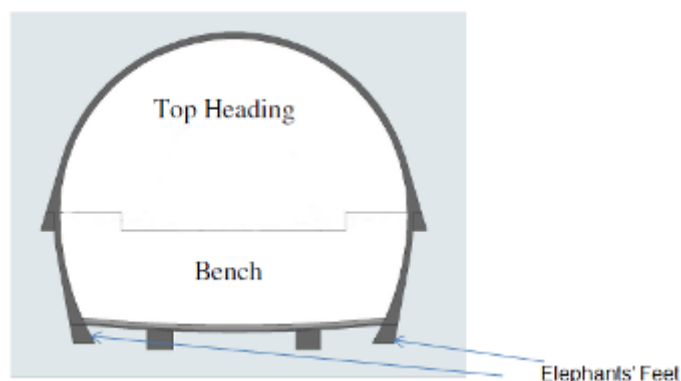
In 1920, the “older A3” officially became the A3 and no longer the London to Portsmouth Road. This was as a result of England getting a national road numbering system, rotating clockwise from Central London. After the Second World War, the road became busier and busier with commercial traffic and Hindhead must have lost some of its attraction and celebrity status. The cafes and hotels mostly closed down and Hindhead became a place you went through, rather than visited.

I have driven the A3 on virtually a daily basis since the early eighties and from personal memory, Hindhead became the only piece of single carriageway between Putney and Portsmouth at around that time. It remained so for about another 30 years until the Summer of 2011.

“The A3”

Much has been written about the Hindhead Tunnel, so we can cover all we need to here, in half a dozen pages or so. Here are some facts and figures about the project and I suspect you won't have known most of them:

Total Cost	£ 371 million, (in 1993 the figure for a tunnel was £90 million and in 2001 was £107 million) Oops !! So, if digits had been extracted earlier, the country would have saved a few bob. As you will recall there was a lot of running and jumping etc planned for London in 2012 and therefore a lot of construction to do and that with inflation was why it went up so much. Apparently
Length	1.2 miles for the tunnel; a total of 4 miles of extra dual carriageway. Tunnel component cost £ 155,000 per metre
Record	The longest non-estuarial road tunnel in the UK
Wood	2,173 tonnes of wood removed; 200,000 trees planted
Volumes	28,400 vehicles passed through Hindhead per day just before it was built. That has now increased to 40,000 a day as it has “attracted” traffic from surrounding areas, even the M3 and around Wrecclesham.
Soil	26 million cubic feet of earth was excavated from the tunnel
Concrete	10.2 million cubic feet of concrete was used
Big Brother	there are 104 CCTV cameras supported by some of the 156 miles of cable used
Not Boring	Tunnel Boring Machines were not used; the tunnel needed to be 0.4 miles longer to make that viable. So conventional excavators were employed and that is why it is horse-shoe shaped and not circular. As a result 20% less soil needed to be removed.



Courtesy of the British Tunnelling Society

Safety	1.4 million person hours were worked without an accident
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However, I wanted to explore some of the more environmental and ecological aspects of the undertaking, because that is what our event is all about.

Elephant's Feet	As you can see from the previous diagram, these are a key component in the tunnel's structure. This was all kept very quiet at the time and I have no idea how many they used
Bat Boxes	171 were installed
Mammal Tunnels	4 now exist
Dormouse Rope Bridges	7 were installed during the course of the project

I had no idea what the last thing was but as three of them were designed to survive the completion of the project, they are still here and they look like this. Dormice as we know are tiny and these bridges are huge. An orang-utan could use them; in fact orang-utans have increased fourfold in the Hindhead area since 2007



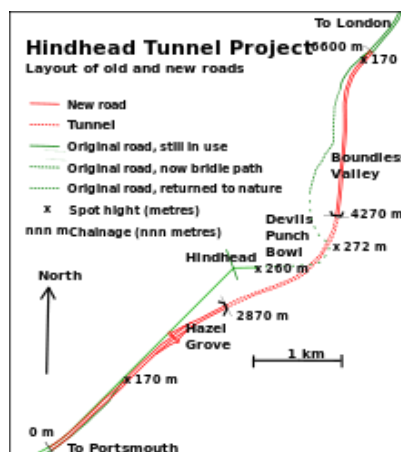
Well, was the tunnel project a success? Very much so from an engineering perspective, insofar as it finished on time and to its finally agreed budget, in July 2011



A Bore



Traffic flowing South



The old and the New

Regrettably some of the environmental aspects haven't quite turned out as planned. I discovered this from reading the Highway Agencies "one year after" (OYA) review. Not available from good bookshops but accessible here:

http://assets.highways.gov.uk/our-road-network/pope/major-schemes/A3-Hindhead/POPE_A3_HindheadOYA_Final_web_version.pdf

Firstly the heather hasn't grown back over the "old A3" as anticipated. The National Trust shed some light on this in the report when they state that they were "disappointed that the topsoil used was not fit for purpose and that many tonnes of imported soil from outside the UK were shipped in to rectify the problem". They note that "not enough was available".

The Highways Agency then make a robust rebuttal to this and other comments from the NT, saying that no soil was imported. Hmmm. This conjures up bizarre images of hundreds of Balfour Beatty engineers walking quietly over the site night after night, pulling strings in their trousers and releasing thousands of thighfuls of non-imported soil. Anyway the heather hasn't come back the way it was supposed to; not yet anyway.

I now quote directly from the report; I couldn't improve on it:

"The bat boxes have been monitored by a licensed ecologist between 26th and 28th November 2012. None of the boxes were found to be used by bats. Only 80 of the boxes were found and most were in poor condition being wet inside and therefore unsuitable for bats. Many of the boxes contained evidence of long term usage by invertebrates such as woodlice, slugs and snails"

"Of the 156 dormouse boxes, 84 could not be found. 10 of the 72 remaining contained some evidence of dormouse habitation; the rest (62) contained birds nests"

"There are no records to show whether dormice are using the dormouse bridges, and generally there is no data from any UK highways scheme of usage of dormouse bridges of similar design being used by dormice".

Interestingly no mention is made of the fourfold increase in orang-utans as they presumably think this may frighten the locals. You will not be surprised to know the mammal tunnels weren't used by their intended traffic, either. It's thought someone from the ramblers association may have got lost shortly after the road tunnel opened and took shelter in the Northerly mammal tunnel, perhaps during a severe downpour. Evidence of a beard, and small "droppings" of gala pie were detected and DNA profiling indicated the person probably came from Guildford or possibly Byfleet

So, in conclusion a £371 million tunnel was constructed, as opposed to a conventional overland bypass, in large part to protect a habitat which is SPA, AONB and most importantly a SSSI (Site of Special Scientific Interest). The bats have buggered off, presumably because of the noise and disruption and taken half of their houses with them. The dormice have followed suit (probably without ever using any of their bridges), and we have merely introduced some slimy invertebrates which are the bane of any gardener.

But you can get to Guildford and Byfleet much more quickly.

7

GIBBET HILL (whilst you encounter the Sailor's Stone before Gibbet Hill, it is more logical to deal with them in "reverse" order; as you will see !). 5.3 miles

With a name like Gibbets Hill, it's going to have some history; isn't it. And it certainly does. Nearly 229 years ago, on 24th September 1786, an unnamed sailor stopped at the Red Lion Inn, Thursley, for rest and refreshment. He was travelling on foot along the coach road, from London to Portsmouth, to rejoin his ship at Spithead

Whilst enjoying his drink, he made the acquaintance of three men; James Marshall, Edward Lonagan and Michael Casey. They were happy to accept food and drink paid for by the generous traveller, and the man eventually left the inn with his three new friends, heading in the direction of Hindhead, on of course the older A3.

Later that day, a shepherd boy tending his flock on the Common spotted a ragged bundle on the ground in the distance. On closer examination he discovered it to be the unfortunate sailor, now stripped of his clothes and belongings and with his throat cut. The boy raised the alarm, and the three men who had accompanied the victim were apprehended a short while later, attempting to sell the dead man's belongings further down the road at an inn at Rake, Hampshire.



19th Century painting of the crime, artist unknown

Six months later, Marshall, Lonagan and Casey were tried and declared guilty before the courts in Kingston. On 7th April, 1787, they were hanged on a gibbet in Hindhead, close to the scene of their crime. Along with drawing great attention from the surrounding area, the occasion drew the dubious boast that it was the only gibbet in the country at the time to have held the weight of three bodies. The unknown sailor himself was buried in Thursley Churchyard, where his grave can still be seen today.

A gibbet if you don't know is "an upright post with an arm on which the bodies of executed criminals were left hanging" *Source = OED*

The bodies were left in chains for several **years**, a grisly reminder and deterrent to anyone considering committing a similar crime. It is reported that the gibbet was damaged by a

storm in 1790 but it is unclear how long it remained intact after that point, or exactly how long the bodies remained there. The main wooden post was still standing, however, in 1827.

This anonymous painting and complementary poem sum up the cheery state of affairs and do nothing to dispel the reputation of Hindhead as a bit off-putting, especially at night. Personally, I think the new A3 tunnel is a huge improvement with its bright and friendly illuminations and dearth of decomposing bodies, swinging from the ceiling.



Placed in chains, and there close by
The London Road to be hung on high,
Where travellers by coach or van
All hear the tale of the murdered man,
As they near the gibbet tree –
A sight more loathsome none could see

Hanging there both night and day,
Till piece by piece they dropped away,
where the foul deed was done
Can now be seen by everyone,
And on that spot the travellers know
No heath nor grass doth ever grow.

The murder retained a hold on the popular imagination and has been referred to by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*, S. Baring-Gould's 1896 novel, *The Broom-Squire*, and was the inspiration behind a painting by J.M.W Turner, no less. The gibbet can be seen in the distance, on the top....of well....Gibbet Hill.



Hindhead Hill, by J.M.W Turner c.1808

Interestingly Baring-Gould's novel tells the tragic story of Mehetabel, supposedly the daughter of the Unknown Sailor, and of her ill-treatment at the hands of Bideabout, one of the Broom-squires

7 THE SAILOR'S STONE -5 Miles



A less gruesome reminder of the murder was a stone erected on the coaching road (older A3) to mark the area where the murder took place, bearing the following inscription:

*In detestation of a barbarous
Murder committed here on an
unknown sailor, on September
24th, 1786.*

*By Edward Lonagan, Michael
Casey, and James Marshall, who
were all taken the same day and
hung in chains near this place.
Whoso sheddeth man's blood by
man shall his blood be shed.
Genesis ix, verse 6*

On the reverse of the stone is the later addition of:

*This stone was erected by order
and at the cost of James Stillwell,
Esq of Cosford, 1786. Cursed be the
man who injureth or removeth this stone.*



Sometime after all this the Ordnance Survey decided to chisel their benchmark; onto the stone. Why?; I have no idea. It's also on the triangulation point at Gibbet Hill, and on the 5499 other trig points in Britain, but obviously that's not enough for the OS.

The curse actually relates to local politics involved with the stone's location. In 1826 a section of the coaching road through Hindhead was moved, and an ongoing feud between the Turnpike Trustees and Mr Hawkins, Mr Stilwell's nephew, began. The Sailor's Stone was renovated and moved to the side of the new road, whereupon, after a great deal of argument, it was returned to its original location at Mr Hawkins behest. It was at this time that the "curse" was added to the back of the stone, along with some additional and long-since removed insults aimed at those who had moved it in the first place. In response to Hawkins' obstinacy, a replica stone was erected by the new road instead. This stone was abused and vandalised and although it is not known when, by 1889 there was again only the original stone remaining. It was returned to the new road, but moved for a final time to the original site in 1932, where it has remained since.

But what of the curse? When the stone was moved to its final resting place, opinion was divided. Amongst all the rumours and hear-say however, there are some verifiable cases of ill-luck for people involved with the moving of the stone.

Rupert Chandler, manager of a local garage, laughed at the curse and volunteered his employee, Charles Harris to help move the stone. Well Done, Rupert, clearly no stranger to the art of delegation. Well Chandler died in January 1937 after a short, unexpected, illness. Charles Harris himself broke his shoulder when he fell from a ladder, the injury so bad that it prevented him from ever working again. An unnamed worker also died of a heart-attack a short while after helping move the stone.

Were there others? Or were these just coincidence, the story a convenient way to keep vandals at bay and discourage any further dispute over where the stone was to rest?

As for the identity of the poor sailor himself, Edward Moorey has posited that he was an Edward Hardman, brother to Hussar Samuel Hardman of Lambeth. He also provides the gruesome addition to the story that the bones of the middle fingers of the perpetrators were removed and turned into gold tipped toothpicks, mementos that remain in Hardman's family to this day.

7 CELTIC CROSS – 5.3 miles

In 1851 Sir William Erle erected an imposing granite cross on Gibbet Hill, with an unusual Celtic design, to help dispel local fears that the hill was haunted by the ghosts of highwaymen. So nothing directly related to the heinous goings on of September 1786. There are four Latin inscriptions one on each side of the base, as follows:

Post Tenebras LUX Light after Darkness

In OrbitU Pax Peace in Passing Away

In Luce Spes Hope in Light

Post OrbitUM Salus Salvation After Death

So all nice and jolly and accompanied by a bright breezy, colour photograph of the edifice, on a lovely sunny day.



7 THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL- HOW DID IT COME TO BE ? 4.7 to 5.3 Miles

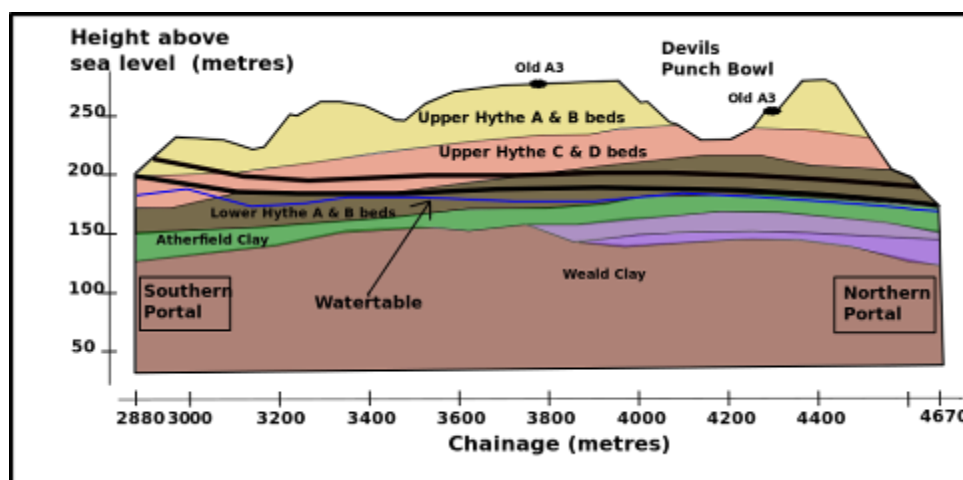
Well, there's a couple of theories about this and I am sorry to relate that one of them involves yet more violence and skullduggery.

Local legend has it that the Devil lived at the 'Devil's Jumps', three small hills near to Churt, (about 2 miles as mythological ordnance flies). He would often torment Thor, the God of Thunder, who lived at nearby Thor's Lie (Thursley), by jumping from hill to hill. Thor would try to strike the Devil with thunder and lightning and once (possibly fuelled by an afternoon session at the Three Horseshoes in Thursley), by scooping a handful of earth and hurling it at the Devil. The depression that remained is the Devil's Punch Bowl. I can only conclude, (due to the size of the hole), that Thor must have had to sit outside at the pub and had his drinks brought out to him.

The other theory is grounded (if you'll excuse the pun) in the science of Geology. Now, I've done a few courses with the Open University on the topic and can tell you that geologists are not averse to the odd drink or two either. But I am happy to relate that their musings are quite peaceful, (no earthquakes, landslips, or volcanoes spewing out lethal red hot lava). To see where they come at it from you need a smidge of appreciation about what you are walking on.

A way to orientate yourself with the diagram below is to imagine you are in Grayswood, (so South East of Hindhead) and looking back to Hindhead. The land has been sliced down vertically, through the bottom of the punchbowl and everything between Grayswood (you) and Hindhead removed. So, you are looking at the rock layers that make up Hindhead, at the Western edge of the Weald, (he said showing off).

Imagining driving from Guildford, the "Old A3" (right in diagram) is effectively coming straight at you (South East) and as you will recall it travelled briefly in that direction around the rim of the bowl. Climbing about 20 metres or so it completed its course across and around the bowl then headed off in a South Westerly direction, to Hindhead. That's the Old A3 to the left of the diagram, (imagine that going away from you). You don't see any more of the old A3, because you are looking at a slice, or cross-section, if you will, so you are only looking at 2 points of the "Old A3".



Note to Self: The tunnel (2 black parallel lines) appears to go very close to the watertable. Ensure wellies in boot of car, if going to Guildford or beyond

In the diagram on the previous page there are lots of "Hythe Beds". I know what you are going to ask "Why are there so many of the damn things?" In truth, I don't know, but I have my own personal theory. A geologist discovers a new band/layer of fine grained sandstone and calls it "Hythe"; perhaps he or she came from that part of Southampton. Then someone else discovers another one close by which is very similar, albeit slightly different. Too similar to give it another name. Then someone else finds one somewhere else, which is as far as they can see is identical, but is older, because they work out its lower down than the others and so we get "Lower Hythe". You can see how quickly these things get out of control and we end up with 6 Hythe Beds.

Another real dilemma for them is they find a rock layer in say Blandford Forum but never see the like of it again until someone trips over a rock just outside Huddersfield. Now the one in Huddersfield may have been subjected to a vastly different set of temperatures, pressures, neighbouring rocks, erosion etc, so is it the same as the one in Dorset? You can now appreciate perhaps, why geologists enjoy a tippie ?

A slight diversion possibly, but it is actually a diversion which formed the PunchBowl. Rain percolates through the sandstone (the Hythe beds - all of them) and ultimately meets the Atherfield Clay level. It can't get through that so comes back up through the Hythes, erupting as springs. They (the springs) then progressively erode the sandstone eating it away, creating the bowl. Apparently if you know where to look in the bowl you can still see the process at work.

The whole thing is known as "spring sapping" and the Punchbowl is the largest spring sapped feature in Britain. Another first for "Three-Gibbet" Hindhead

Why don't the springs form in other parts of the cross-sectional diagram ? I don't know; ask a geologist. In fairness it actually looks like they are starting to in two other parts of the picture.

Anyway, it is thought, that whichever theory (mythological or geological), you go with, it became known as a 'Punch Bowl' from the way the mist lies in the bowl and appears to flow over the rim as if it were boiling over.

How did the Devil's Punch Bowl (& Hindhead Commons) come to be in the hands of the National Trust ?

In 1899 there were grave concerns over what was going on at Hindhead. As the *Surrey Times* put it on 13th May in an article headed **Despoiling Hindhead Common**: "Many residents of Hindhead are not a little annoyed, and certainly very much grieved, at the poor respect which the new lord of the manor (Whitaker Wright) is apparently showing for the natural beauty and adornments of Hindhead Common and the Punch Bowl

Soil was being taken to landscape Lea Park (now Witley Park) where Wright lived. The paper noted that "It is believed Mr Whitaker Wright has no personal knowledge of what has been and is being done, and it is hoped that when he is informed, no further spoilation will take place."

Whether or not the work stopped is not recorded, but five years later dramatic events of a completely different nature occurred. Whitaker Wright, (born in Cheshire), emigrated to America in 1866. He made a fortune there - and lost it, returning to England in 1889 because of "some trouble with his companies." But eight years later he had become a millionaire again and acquired, among other things, the Manor of Witley which included Hindhead Common and the Devil's Punchbowl.

It is said that he kept more than 500 workmen busy with the "improvements" he made to Lea Park. These included a set of three artificial lakes with an underground room under one of them. However, he began to have more "trouble" with his companies over here, and was denounced at an AGM in December 1900 for misuse of invested funds. By this time, sensing trouble, he had gone to live in Paris, and on hearing the news, he took a boat direct from Le Havre to New York, travelling under an assumed name. But the warrant for his arrest preceded him, and he was arrested on landing. He managed to delay extradition for several months, but in early September 1902 he was brought back to England to face trial.

The trial was held in January 1904, the verdict went against him, and he was given a seven year prison sentence. Prepared for this, Whitaker Wright excused himself, went to the lavatory, and while there slipped a cyanide capsule in his mouth". Another source states that he also had a loaded revolver on him — obviously he was taking no chances.

As a result of Wright's death, his property was put up for auction in fifty lots, since it had not been sold as a whole. Lot 47 was "the manorial rights over Hindhead commons, including Devil's Punch Bowl, Gibbet Hill, etc.: 750 acres, timber included." The Commons Preservation Society appealed to the neighbourhood and their appeal met with a warm and ready response." A local committee was set up, and by the time the auction was held, in Godalming on Thursday 26th October 1905, they had received promises totalling just over £2,200.

The biddings started at £2,000 and went up very quickly to £3,000, Mrs Thackeray Turner at once said she would be willing to guarantee an additional £500 rather than see this splendid opportunity lost. Upon the basis of that offer the committee proceeded with their bids, and they succeeded in securing the lot at £3,625 — a little over £4 10s per acre.

8 TEMPLE OF THE FOUR WINDS (Hidden Hindhead). 5.6 miles



The Temple of the Four Winds was built around 1910 by Viscount Pirrie, a leading Irish shipbuilder and businessman. The Viscounts Witley Park estate included a deer park over this area and many elaborate picnic lunches were held at the lodge for his hunting friends.

Sadly the lodge gradually fell into disrepair and was vandalised in 1959. By 1966 it had become a hazard and had to be dismantled. Now only the stone base remains, and over the years scrub undergrowth has begun to obscure some of the magnificent views

9 HIGHCOMBE HIKE – 7.4 to 10.2 miles

As you will see from the monument shortly after you start your circuit of Highcombe Hike, this area of the common was donated by a Mr Robertson in memory of his two brothers killed in the First World War. The inscription reads:

**"HIGHCOMB COPSE WAS BEQUEATHED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST
BY W.A.ROBERTSON IN MEMORY OF HIS BROTHERS
NORMAN CAIRNS ROBERTSON CAPTAIN 2ND BATTALION HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT
WHO DIED 20TH JUNE 1917 AT HANOVER GERMANY AND OF
LAURANCE GRANT ROBERTSON 2NF LIEUTENANT 2ND BATTALION KING'S OWN
SCOTTISH BORDERERS WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE DURING THE BATTLE
OF THE SOMME IN OR NEAR DELVILLE WOOD 30TH JULY 1916"**

Local people used to graze their cattle on the Commons and Broomsquires made besom brooms from the heather and birch. The Broomsquires lived in cottages on the heath and sold their brooms to grand establishments like Windsor Castle and Hampton Court.



George Mayes, (pictured), the last broomsquire to live at the Devil's Punch Bowl, also delivered milk to Hindhead until his death in 1939. He lived at the original Highcombe Farm situated on Sailors Lane (the ruins can still be seen today). He is alleged to have only left the area once and that was for a day trip to hospital in Guildford. The "replacement" farm is on the other side of the valley. There are only a handful of dwellings at the bottom of the Punchbowl and 2 of these were in such disrepair at the beginning of the last century, they were used for grenade practice !!

10 WAGGONER'S WELLS – 14.6 miles

These lakes are all man-made; constructed by the Hooke family in the 17th Century, as hammer ponds to support the iron smelting process. The iron master was a man by the name of Wakener and if you look on the current OS map (25000) you will see the alternate name of Wakener's Wells, given to the area. There is some doubt as to whether the whole thing ever went into production.

The site was acquired for the National Trust in 1919, by public inscription and dedicated to the memory of Sir Robert Hunter, a local co-founder of the National Trust who had died a few years earlier. There is an inscription on Iona granite to him near the top pond. The water from the site empties into the River Wey very near Lindford.

If you want to inspect the Wishing Well itself, go to the far South West end of the area, (as far away from the Car Park as you can get and on the other side). If you don't make it, you'll miss this little gem :

At this Wishing Well in 1863 Alfred Lord Tennyson, composed the poem:

"Flower in the Crannied Wall

I pluck you out of the crannies (don't worry this is a family publication)

I hold you here root and all in my hand

Little flower – but if I could understand

What you are, root and all and all in all

I should know what God and Man is"

11 THE CANADIANS AT BRAMSHOTT – 15.6 miles

Canadian Armed forces were stationed in the area during both World Wars. In the Great War, there were over 10,000 of them in the vicinity, including on either side of the A3 at Bramshott. The latter camp, built originally for British troops, effectively turned into a small town. The top diagram shows the overall arrangements, with the Southern side of the A3 enlarged and with more detail, in the lower diagram. These were originally drawn from memory in 1986 by Sgt "Billy" Campbell. Given the first contingent arrived in October 1915, Billy had quite a memory. (CASC is Canadian Army Service Corps)

There were 25 men to a hut with a coal stove in the centre. Beds were three planks of wood on trestles and the bolsters were filled with straw by the visitors.

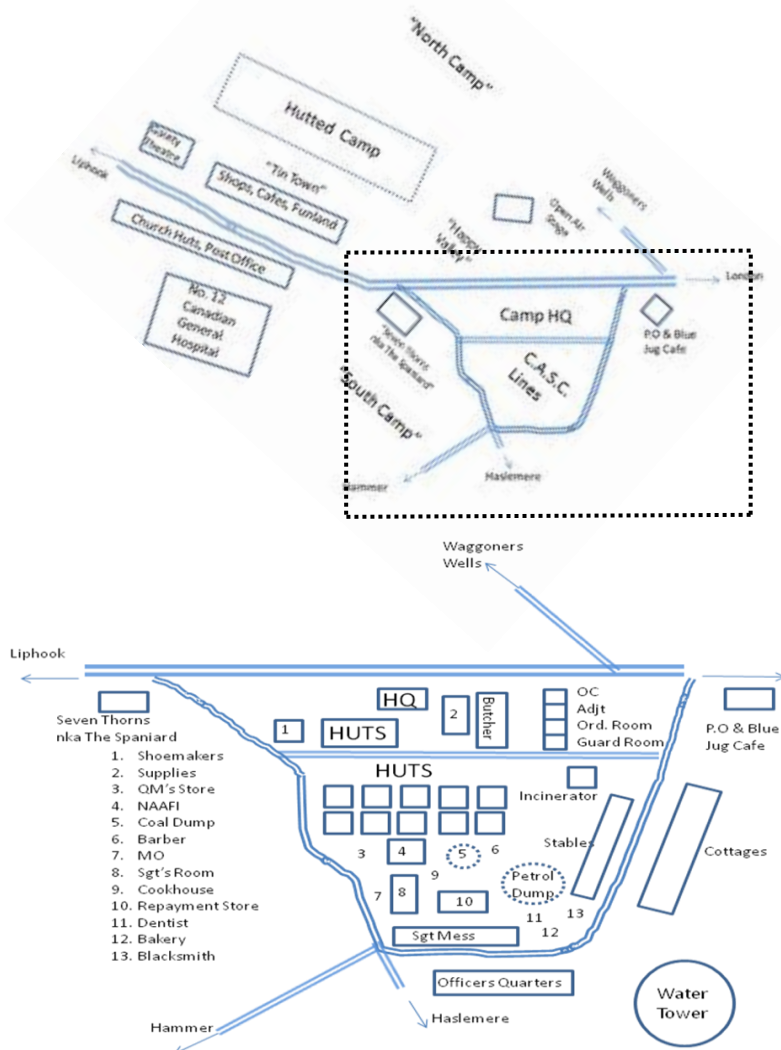
"Tin Town" (North of the A3) was a collection of corrugated iron huts. A Mabel Chitty ran the cafe and her 5 year old son had an ID pass, declaring him to be

"Butterfly collector to the Canadian Army" Tea/coffee 1d; cake or a sandwich 2d

"Funland" (part of Tin Town) had slot machines, a miniature rifle range and billiard tables; next doors was a "threepenny cinema".

It wasn't all fun and games though. The British had built a 630 bed hospital to take advantage of the previously discussed "mountain air". It opened in November 1915 and the Canadians took it over in September of the following year. 1,000 war casualties were treated there, but most patients suffered from the English climate and the dreadful Pan-European influenza pandemic of 1918. One day in November saw 12 Canadian funerals and services were also having to take place at night, such was the demand. 318 are buried in Bramshott churchyard and a further 95 Roman Catholics at Grayshott church. The Bramshott graves with their attendant maples are a poignant reminder for this part of our local history and if you have never been, you should pay it a visit.

Whist here the Canadians set up a saw mill along the Longmoor road and during their stay, they shipped 1.4 million cubic feet of timber to the Western Front; some of it from Hollycombe.



The camp was completely dismantled after the War and recycling isn't a 21st century fad. One hut ended up as the cricket pavilion at Highfield School. Some of the officers pre-fab quarters emerged as 35-43 Haslemere Road.

The Canadians returned to the area, during World War II, in a more scattered configuration; due in no doubt to German bombing raids. Bramshott was home to Huron Camp (South of the A3) and Ontario Camp, to the North. Cpl McGhee wrote that "Huron Camp was a good place, there was a back-way down to the Prince of Wales; many a good evening we had there."

A Light Anti-Aircraft unit was set up in Bramshott. Gunnar Laffin (later to marry a Liphook girl), tells of an evening when he was on sentry duty and was told that a German pilot had baled out nearby. "We were all issued with Bren guns; I heard my pal call out "Halt!" three times and then blaze away with his weapon. We rushed to the spot to find him firing at 2 hedgehogs. The German arrived, very nervous, with his hands up, from another direction".

The British built another 600 bed hospital on the exact site of the previous one and again the Canadians took it over, in mid 1940. They somehow squeezed in another 300 beds to deal with the "very heavy sickness" caused by the damp winter of 1940/1941.

The British "retrieved" the hospital in 1945 and it was known as Connaught Hospital, until its ultimate closure in 1962, treating TB patients amongst others. Huron Camp became a Canadian repatriation Centre and then from 1947 to 1996 was a school of instruction for the Women's Royal Army Corps

As well as the Bramshott church and churchyard, there is a further memorial to the Canadians just south of the A3, by the underpass that some of you will use. It reads:

"In Remembrance. This plaque was previously mounted on the butt of a Sycamore which formed part of an avenue of trees along the A3, planted to commemorate the Canadian servicemen, who were trained locally and died at Bramshott during the 1st and 2nd World Wars. The 418 men who gave their lives in the First World War are buried in the church at Bramshott and Grayshott. Those in the Second World War were laid to rest at Brookwood Cemetery, Surrey.

The original avenue was removed as it was becoming a danger to the travelling public and was replaced by an avenue of Maples imported from Canada, as a continued memorial to those who gave their lives in defence of freedom."



As a footnote, the Blue Jug Cafe (to the right of both diagrams) may be recognisable to some of you. After ceasing to be a cafe (that sold blue jugs incidentally) it eventually became the antique shop "Second Hand Rose" on the corner of Sandy Lane and the old A3.



12 HAMMER BOTTOM - HASLEMERE'S INDUSTRIAL HEARTLAND – 18.2 miles

Firstly, it really is Hammer Bottom as this earlier edition of the Ordnance Survey map reveals:



It now seems an appropriate place to stop and cover one of the area's biggest industries in the locality, namely the production of iron. Its importance to the area is evidenced by the legacy of related names that have survived and can be seen scattered all over the relevant Ordnance Survey Sheets. Examples are:

- Furnace Place Estate
- Furnace Moor and Furnace Place (near Lythe Hill)
- Manpits Copse
- Iron Hill (near Hollycombe)
- Colliers Copse
- Furnace Wood
- Hammer Hill and Hammer Bottom

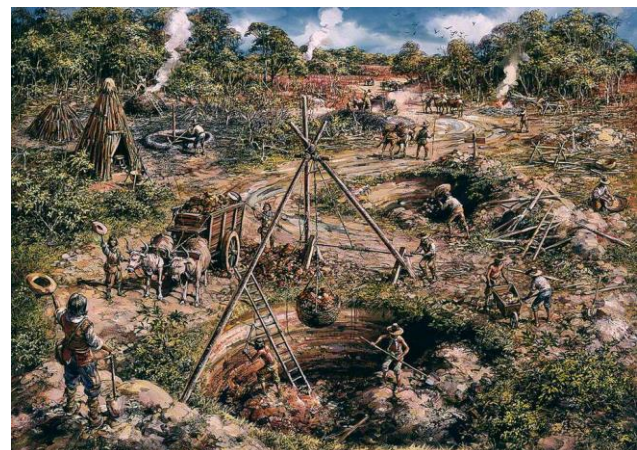
You will also find numerous Pit (Dis.), *Ironworks* (site of) and "Pond Bays", all indicative of iron production. Iron has been produced in some form or another for over 2,500 years in Britain and for around 500 years in the Weald. The attraction of this part of Southern England was that it had all the vital ingredients, ore, trees, (Sussex reputedly the most densely forested county in England at the time), water and access to markets.

To appreciate the place that Hammer Bottom held in the overall scheme of things and the impact that the industry had on the environment, it helps if you have some understanding of the basic processes at work.

Very simplistically it breaks down into 3 stages , mining and preparation of raw materials, smelting and smithing (forging). Going into each of these in a little detail:

1. Mining

The deposition of iron ore happened little and not that often, in geological terms. The subterranean forces that created the Alps rippled out over Europe, raising thin (15cm) iron beds towards the surface. These then had to be excavated from pits as this rather romanticised painting shows; it's probably available in jig-saw format as well. Note layers in foreground pit and what look like 2 musketeers saying "Hail Fellow well met", to each other



You also needed to mine trees; lots of them, to produce the vast amounts of charcoal required. Charcoal was used as it's rich in carbon, largely devoid of water and therefore burns at high temperatures. However it's fragile stuff and will disintegrate if transported over large distances, on bumpy tracks. And that's no good, because when you try and burn it, it will collapse under the weight of what it's trying to burn and the fire will go out.

2. Smelting

In essence this is taking your input (iron ore) and turning it into its metallic state (iron). The two key components needed to do this are heat and carbon and both of these came from charcoal. The hot gases are rich in Carbon which is active. This drives the oxygen out of the ore, shovelling Carbon Monoxide and Dioxide out of the smelter and leaving behind a combination of slag (waste product) and iron.

At relatively low temperatures the slag will be liquid and the iron a spongy solid mass or bloom, coming from the Old English "bloma", meaning lump.....or solid mass. There will still be quite a lot of iron left in the slag, but the iron will itself will be relatively pure, with no carbon in it.

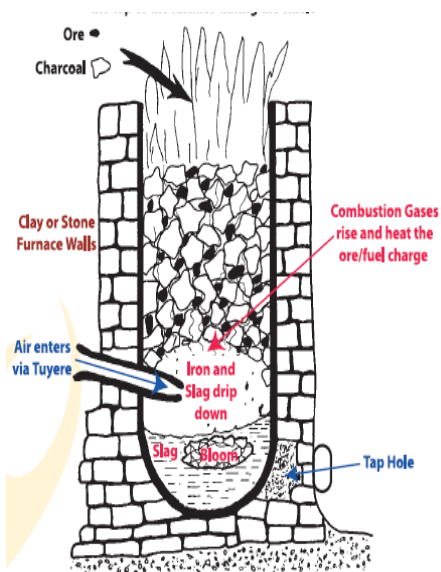
At higher temperatures both the slag and the iron will be liquid and you can put the latter it into moulds – hence cast iron. It liquidises when it has about 3.5% carbon content.

3. Smithing, (or forging)

Simply put, this is the process of turning your smelted output into something useful, such as cannons, horseshoes, nails, firebacks, railings etc. If you were working with a low temperature bloom, you bashed it with a hammer to:

- Remove holes and gaps left by the departed oxygen
- Remove impurities (i.e. the slag that had remained in the bloom)
- Obtain the shape of the thing you wanted

Methods of iron production varied with time and it is worth spending a moment or two on those. Before 1500 in England iron was created from a somewhat basic apparatus called a bloomery furnace, which looked like this.



A Bloomery furnace

This thing was a metre across and up to 2 metres high, made from clay. In one sitting it made a bloom about the size of a football. In later years water powered the bellows that drove the air into it; but that was a sophistication, absent in the first few hundred years. (A tuyere, by the way is French for tube, nozzle or pipe). When you were done you let the liquid slag (mainly molten rock) run out and then extracted your spongy bloom, through the same hole, if you were lucky. If the bloom was too big, you waited until everything had cooled down a little and extricated it through the chimney. Otherwise you had to bash a hole in the furnace wall and then started all over again for batch two.

The whole thing worked but suffered some disadvantages:

- Cast iron was out; the iron never got hot enough to melt.
- It didn't produce much iron
- It was a stop: start affair
- The slag still contained a lot of iron

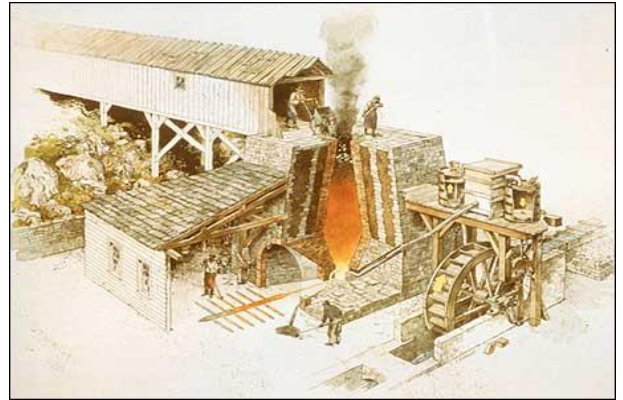


Quaint drawing of a bloomery – note operation of bellows

High Temperature Smelting



This is what a blast furnace looked like



And here's another one that doesn't look like it's come straight out of *The Lord of the Rings* or the *Book of Revelations*.

Compared to the bloomery, the blast furnace used the same raw inputs and they both produced iron, but there the similarity ended. The blast furnace produces iron that can be cast into moulds and on the left they are producing cannons. The furnace runs 24 hours per day and they used water power to drive the bellows from Day 1. Two types of bellowing arrangements are shown here with a piston-like assembly on the right. If you look carefully on the left you will see cams on the drive wheel connected to the water wheel, which raised and lowered the bellowing apparatus on each revolution.

If the blast furnace wasn't making cast iron objects it was making ingots called pig iron. So-called because the sand casts consisted of a long runner with smaller castings at 90 degrees to it (the ingots) and when filled with liquid iron the whole thing took on the appearance of piglets suckling on a sow; apparently.

And better yet, here is a model of the blast furnace that existed betwixt Lynchmere and Fernhurst. The whole sight was excavated in 1989 and if you get yourself to Grid Reference 877283, you can see what's left of it. If you want to learn more call the Fernhurst Furnace Group (no really) on 01428 654088

If you want to see a half-scale Iron Age Wealden blast furnace in action, go to the Rural Life Centre in Tilford, but do check first as they appear to only open on a frequency comparable to police stations.
<http://www.rural-life.org.uk/>



Blast furnaces had a number of advantages over the bloomery. They made much more efficient use of their inputs and could produce a reasonably sophisticated finished output without too much fuss, like a cannon (cast iron poured into moulds). They operated continuously and the higher temperature, caused both the slag and the iron to liquidise and because one (iron) sank below the other, they were easier to extract from the device. The slag contained virtually no iron.

So where are we ? Well, we've either got a finished cast iron product or some liquid iron which has got loads of Carbon in it; so we haven't really finished. The latter needs purifying and turning into something useful and for that we need a smithy or forge, more charcoal, more forests, more people, more water and a big hammer.

So the pig iron and possibly the sow would be transported to a finery or forge. Here it is heated and turned into wrought iron; (wrought coming from the ~~Old~~ ~~English~~, to work). The pig iron will have around 4% carbon (driven back into the iron as the temperature rose) and wrought iron should have around 0.1%. Clearly there was no scientific way of measuring the reduction in the smithy; that was up to the skill and judgement of the blacksmith or forger. Wrought iron could be hammered into a finished product or turned into a small ingot called an ancony.

Why bother do to that, you ask ? Well, remember value has been added, because nearly all the carbon's gone and we have something that can be wrought. And, of course it gives you the opportunity to let it cool down, take it somewhere else (a chafery) chop down some more trees down and heat it up all over again. Think of a chafery as a mechanised Blacksmith shop producing tools and a wide variety of other small ferrous items for everyday use. In fairness, some fineries were co-located with chaferies under the one roof, but not in our particular story.

Home to Hammer Bottom

Now that you appreciate the intricacies and convolutions of the Wealden Iron Industry, let's investigate the part Hammer Bottom played. It had a forge or finery, hence "Hammer"; it wasn't a furnace. It happened to be a two hammer installation. It was known as Pophole at the time and behind the sluice gate (still readily visible just a few feet away from Hammer Lane), was a 3 acre pond, to drive the hammers. It started operations in 1573 and ran for over 200 years.

It would have taken most, if not all of its pig iron from the Fernhurst Furnace, up the road and may have used the chestnut woods of Lynchmere to make its charcoal. It re-heated the pig iron, and created anconies from them, which it despatched to the chafery at Sicklemill (Shottermill), for manufacture of final products. Pophole ceased production in 1777 as its owner (who also owned the Fernurst Furnace), was bankrupt and no takers came forward. It was still productive in a strange way over 200 years later when Haslemere Urban District Council removed some its slag, broke it up and used it to repair footways and pavements.



Environmental Impact of the Wealden Iron Industry

This final section hopefully gives you some idea of what effect the industry had on the countryside and the environment and how the Wealden iron industry finally gave way to the Northerners. By the mid-16th century there were 50 furnaces in the Weald, and by the end of the century there were 100. Then of course there's all the finerys and chaferys to consider.

One thing I neglected to tell you was that the ore goes through an initial process before entering the furnace. That's called ore roasting and guess what; that means setting fire to it. The idea was to drive the water from the ore, fragment it and make the furnace's job a bit easier. So, more trees needed, please.

Charcoal burners (colliers) were restricted to harvesting coppice wood once every 15 years for the purpose of ironmaking. Between the furnace and the forge they would need 4,000 acres of coppice over this period. Looked at another way that's 25% of the land within a 3 mile radius of the furnace:forge. And remember you don't want to be transporting charcoal far as it falls to bits and is useless..

Water was important to drive both bellows and hammers, as well as cooling wrought iron. If you look on "our" Ordnance Survey map you will see "Pond Bays" all over the place. These were essentially man-made ponds to act as reservoirs to fill the main furnace or hammer pond. In the winter you were probably OK as rainfall filled rivers and ponds fast enough. In the summer, if it was dry and you were striving to run both night and day you could run short. One mitigating strategy was to build your ironworks as far below the water level as you could; increased pressure meant reduced volume, in order to keep everything working

The hammers struck once a second, day and night in a number of places. In the 13th century (before blast furnaces arrived), Henry III looked to Sussex alone to provide thirty thousand horse-shoes, sixty thousand nails and thirteen hundred iron tyres for cartwheels for the Army. And so it continued during the 16th Century, marked by virtually continuous warfare with Europe, (charcoal was also required for the production of gunpowder), and continued growth in things agricultural.

The demise of the Wealden industry came about for a number of reasons:

- a) Cheaper imports from abroad (things don't change much)
- b) In 1705 someone in Shropshire worked out how to turn coal into coke, (a far more efficient alternative to wood and charcoal)
- c) Other industries were making demands on charcoal making it even more expensive for iron production.

With coal being in somewhat short supply in Surrey and Sussex the industry in Southern England collapsed quite quickly; Pophole, Hammer and Haslemere went back to sleep and Hammer Bottom waited a century for something to come thundering through the valley, periodically disrupting the peace and quiet.

13 THE SUSSEX BORDER PATH – 19.4 miles

This is billed as a 150 mile path following the inland border of Sussex. Curious as it starts off by taking you on a circuit of Thorney Island, albeit on the dry bit. After that it is true to its word and we cover about 3 miles of it on the longer walk and a few yards on the Southern one.

Its website is slightly curious as well as it thinks/states it is showing you a Google Map of the route, when in fact you are looking at part of Palo Alto in San Francisco. But don't be put off by this; the site is full of useful information (including accurate maps) if you wish to explore the path further.

<http://www.sussexborderpath.co.uk/>

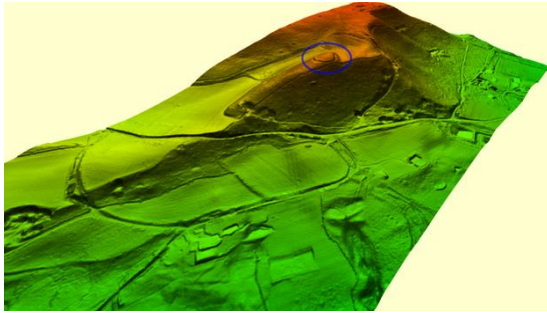
14 BLACKDOWN & THE NATIONAL TRUST – 23 miles

It is the highest point in the South Downs National Park and the highest spot in Sussex at 919 ft. It is the third highest piece of ground in South East England, surpassed only by Leith Hill in Surrey (965 ft) and Walbury Hill in Berkshire (974 ft).

One of Britain's rarest butterflies the silver-studded blue is making a come back at Blackdown, thanks to 12 years of restoration work in the area to help encourage a habitat to its liking. Its population in the UK has plummeted by over 70% since 1995.



I spoke earlier about people having lived in the area for many thousands of years. Some recent work using newish technology has sparked some renewed interest in our ancestors.



This technique known as "LIDAR", (Light Detection and Ranging), uses airborne laser scanning to produce a Digital Terrain Map of an area, with all the spurious "clutter" like trees, vegetation and buildings removed. Here is a map that someone prepared earlier and it's of Blackdown. Note blue ellipse please.

"We are particularly interested in some circular earthworks near the Temple of the Winds, which may indicate Bronze Age burial sites" said Tom Dommett, the National Trust's archaeologist when addressing a standing-room only audience in February 2014 at the Haslemere Museum.

Now, this is where I start to lose the plot. Study the image below



This is a drawing made in 1790 of Blackdown house looking back up towards Blackdown. Towards the top right of the sketch is a very obvious "structure". It's circular and although I am no expert in these matters, I would say it's "fortish" in appearance and pre-dates the house by many generations.

So, we must know that it is very close to the Temple of the Winds and using the house as a landmark, the "fortish" thing is facing South West. So we have basically known where it is for the last 224 years. I somehow think it is still there. I find it hard to believe it got bored with the view one day, upped sticks and left. I can't quite understand why we need airborne drones bombarding the countryside with lasers to "find" it.....again. Anyway next time I am up at Blackdown, me and a trowel are going to go and look for it. I'll report back.

If you can, cast your mind back to Bonfire Night in 1967; actually Saturday 4th November was when most people celebrated the event. If you can't, this is 4 years after Kennedy was assassinated; 18 months before Americans walked on the Moon and about 18 months after England won the Football World Cup. So a long, long time ago.

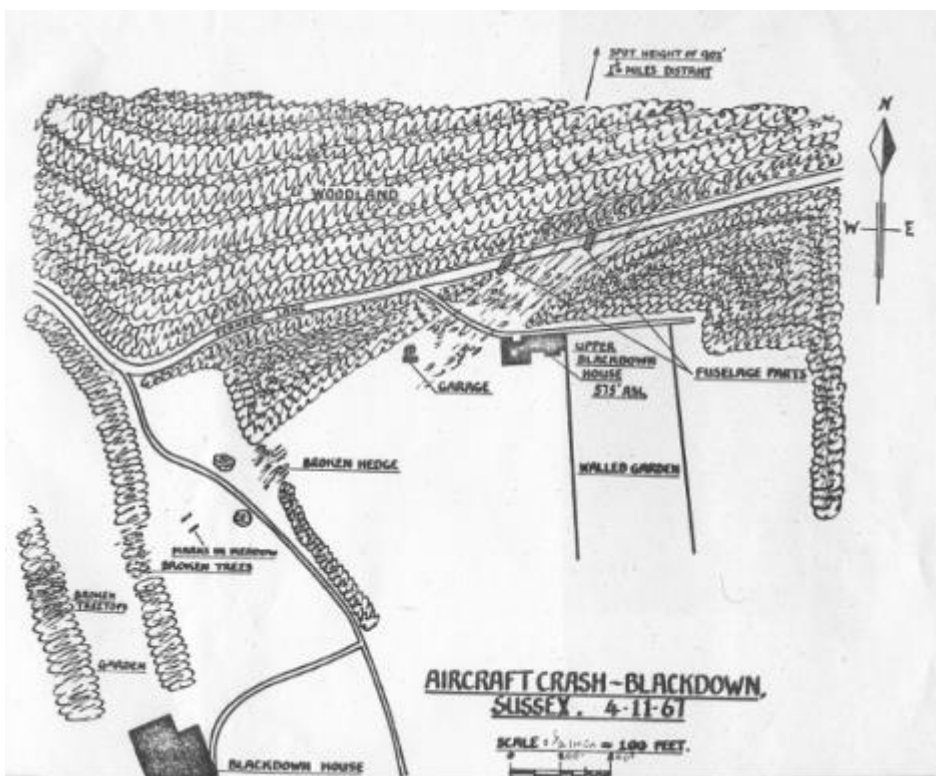
Brian Moore, the then landlord of the Prince of Wales in those days was collecting glasses from the car park just after 10 pm as revellers had been enjoying a free display(s) from local houses. He heard a very loud firework and told me many years later "Strewth, Andy. I thought at the time, that's a biggun". Tragically it wasn't a firework Brian heard but a commercial airliner crashing into Blackdown Hill, some 3 miles away. The police report from the time was as follows:

"About 10.02 p.m. on Saturday, 4th November, 1967, a Caravelle Airliner No. EC-BDD, owned by Iberia Airlines of Spain, crashed at Black Down Hill, Sussex (map reference 919289). This Hill at its highest point is 902 ft. above sea level. The aircraft was on a scheduled flight from Malaga, Spain, to Heathrow Airport, and was piloted by Captain Harnando Maura [Pieres], 37 years, an experienced Pilot. It left Malaga at 7.30 p.m. G.M.T. and the estimated time of arrival at Heathrow Airport was 10.10 p.m. G.M.T. The weather at the time was slightly misty with intermittent drizzle but there was reasonable visibility.

The plane, initially struck trees in the grounds of Black Down House, then continued for hundreds of yards, "passing across a meadow where it killed 65 grazing sheep and injured 23 more which were subsequently destroyed".

All 37 souls on board perished. The inevitable inquest and investigation discovered there was nothing wrong with the aircraft, the undercarriage was stowed and the engines were operating at normal power for the approach to Heathrow, scheduled for 8 minutes later. As

the police report notes it was slightly misty with reasonable visibility. The fact that no person on the ground was killed was a miracle. A garage was destroyed and the Pathe news reel of the time shows parts of the aircraft "draped" over the roof of Upper Blackdown House. Parts of the fuselage were on Fernden Lane, the same lane you walked on having crossed the Haslemere:Midhurst road earlier.



14 TENNYSON – 23 miles

(Related to Stephen Fry ?)



Following the death of Wordsworth, one Alfred Tennyson became the poet Laureate. He had visited the area in the mid 1860's and clearly liked the place. He already had a big country place in Farringford/Freshwater on the Isle of Wight, but tired of the invasion of his privacy. Letters in his memoirs reflect his Lordship's frustration perhaps:

"I am not flying from the cockneys here (IOW), to tumble in the cockneys there (Haslemere), I hope"

"My wife has always had a fancy for the sandy soil and heather-scented air of this part of England and we are intending to buy a few acres and build a little home here, whither we may escape when the cockneys are running over my lawns at Freshwater"

He did have strategies for dealing with his "visitors" on the Island, but they were clearly becoming very irksome. When they began coming up the drive his wife Emily would blow a whistle around her neck to warn him. If he were in his library he would run down the spiral staircase, out of the door and into the shrubbery and across the wooden bridge he had built, and onto the downs.

Having taken rooms at Grayshott Farm, the foundations for his house "Aldworth" in the lane named after him, were laid in 1868 and he appointed an architect he met at Haslemere Station. I note the "little home" was up for sale some 5 years ago for a cool £10 million.

NATIONAL TRUST

You may be wondering why the National Trust itself has anything to do with this document. And you may have wondered why so much of what you will be trampling on in this event is owned by and cared for by the National Trust, (approximately 3,500 acres in the local vicinity). Well there's probably one answer to both questions. Sir Robert Hunter.



He was both a local resident and one of the co-founders of the Trust which became a legal entity in 1895, but had been active for some time before. He came away from University with firsts in Logic and Moral Philosophy and started professional life as an articled clerk in Holborn. He got so bored he did a Masters Degree while continuing to work at the solicitors practice. In 1866, he won a prize for an essay on "Commons and the best means of preserving them for the public". The Commons Preservation Society made him their Honorary Solicitor shortly thereafter

Here he achieved many successes in saving common land from enclosure, most notably Epping Forest, which Queen Victoria declared open as a public park in 1882. In that same year, he was recommended for the position of Legal Adviser to the Post Office, where he stayed for the rest of his working life, though he still regularly assisted the Society in its work.

In 1883, he and his family moved to Three Gates Lane in Haslemere, where he joined the growing band of rail commuters employed in London. The following year, Octavia Hill enlisted his help in trying to save Sayes Court in Deptford. The owner wanted to give the property to the nation, but no organisation existed to accept the gift. Hunter felt a new 'Company' should be established for such purposes, and so began his idea of a 'National Trust.'

The idea lay dormant for nearly 10 years until 1893, when Hardwicke Rawnsley sought help to buy some land in the Lake District which was under threat from speculators. This time the seed grew, and in January 1895 the National Trust was founded, with Hunter as its first chairman and Hill and Rawnsley as the other founders. Hunter's legal brain told him there was more to do though; and in 1907 he got an Act passed in Parliament, which in effect meant that the National Trust had to hold its assets in perpetuity. Given current building pressures and all the fracking nonsense we have to put up with these days, what an insightful move that was 108 years ago.

Knighthood the previous year for his services to the Post Office, he also became chairman of the first Haslemere Parish Council, formed in the same month as the Trust. This diligent, quiet man retired from the Post Office at the end of July 1913, but by early November had died of septicaemia.

No Relation

You may well have noticed an inscription on the curved bench at the Temple of the Winds at Blackdown. It reads **"This seat was erected in memory of Mabel Elizabeth Hunter, wife of Edward W Hunter who gave Blackdown to the National Trust in 1944"**. Absolutely nothing to do with Sir Robert who had died some 31 years earlier. Our second Mr Hunter (a printing magnate) had heard the Cowdray Estate was planning to sell Blackdown to a developer who was going to build a cafe/restaurant on the Southerly viewpoint, with a nice metalled road to get you there. Outraged by such a desecration, he personally acquired the land for £1600 and promptly handed it over into the safe keeping of the Trust.

15 HASLEMERE's WELL – 27 miles

This is to be found right at the end of your little adventure today and somewhat intuitively in Well Lane. This dipping well was one of the two sources of water for the folk of Haslemere, from medieval times to the end of the 19th Century. Hannah Oakford was the Town's last public water carrier, charging a "penny ha'penny" per bucket for delivery, until her passing in 1898.

Surprisingly, the well is still in use today; well I saw a frog in it !