



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 Northern circular walk from Haslemere. 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	HASLEMERE'S WELL	16 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

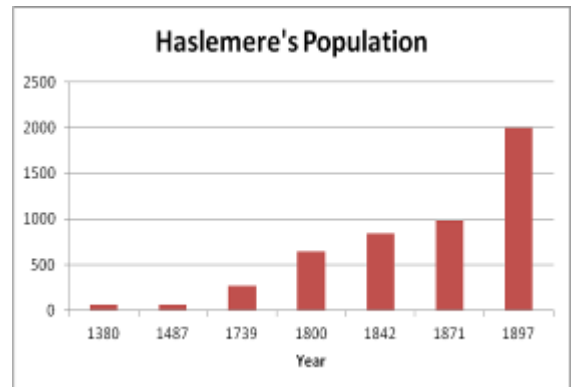
In 1828 there was a proposal to extend the railway to Haslemere, but it was "received with disfavour"; the town perhaps trying to preserve its exclusivity. In fairness the line from London down to Woking would not open for another 7 years; so they were getting ahead of themselves a bit.

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

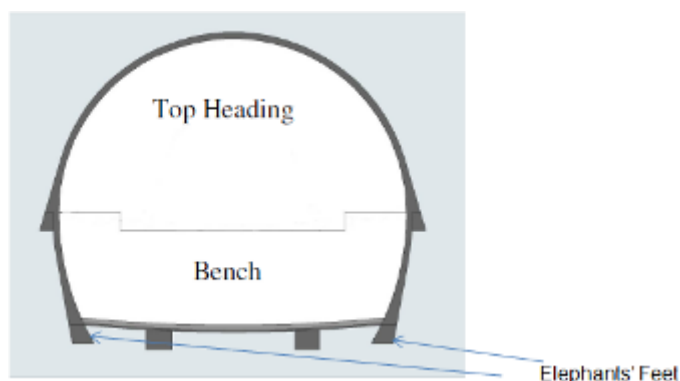
In 1920, the “older A3” officially became the A3 and no longer the London to Portsmouth Road. This was as a result of England getting a national road numbering system, rotating clockwise from Central London. After the Second World War, the road became busier and busier with commercial traffic and Hindhead 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



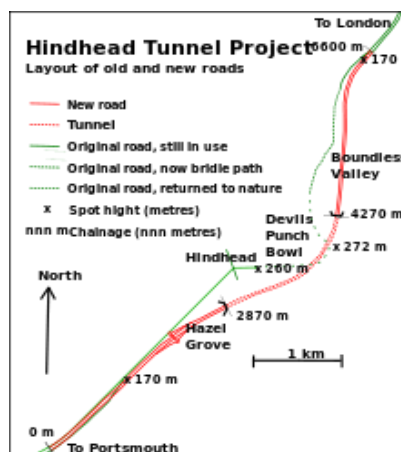
Well, was the tunnel project a success? Very much so from an engineering perspective, insofar as it finished on time and to its finally agreed budget, in July 2011



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

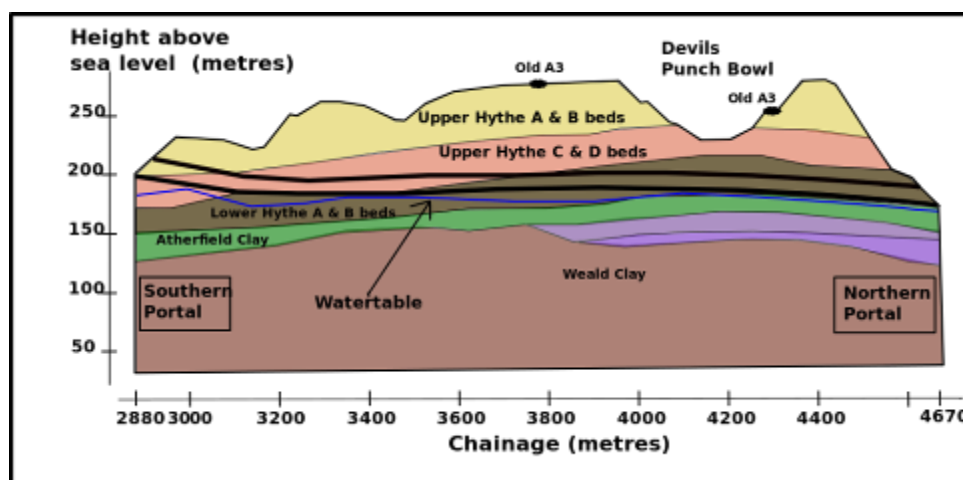
Well, there's a couple of theories about this and I am sorry to relate that one of them involves yet more violence and skullduggery.

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 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 !