

Editorial

*What we remember, we can avoid,
What we forget, we can repeat.*

Chief Rabbi, Jonathan Sachs.

‘The Queen's Remembrancer (or King's Remembrancer when the monarch is male) is an ancient judicial post in the legal system of England and Wales. Since the Lord Chancellor no longer sits as a judge, the Remembrancer is the oldest judicial position in continual existence. The post was created in 1154 by King Henry II as the chief official in the Exchequer Court, whose purpose was 'to put the Lord Treasurer and the Barons of Court in remembrance of such things as were to be called upon and dealt with for the benefit of the Crown', a primary duty being to keep records of the taxes, paid and unpaid. The first King's Remembrancer was Richard of Ilchester, a senior Civil Servant and later Bishop of Winchester. Thereafter the King's Remembrancer attended all the sittings of the Court of Exchequer until it was abolished in 1882. The post of Queen's Remembrancer is held by the Senior Master of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court. The present holder of the office is Master Steven Whitaker’.

This entry from Wikipedia reminds us how easy it is to forget things that have happened even fairly recently and how important it is to record events for the future. The Thriplow Society is the ‘Remembrancer’ for this parish; today’s events are tomorrow’s history and it behoves us to record them now.

I’ve lost count of the number of people who have old family photographs with no names or dates on the back; this is a small service we can do for our descendants.

In January the Society is having an ‘Open Day’ to show off our records and to record any photos or other memorabilia people like to bring and show us. Do look out your old pictures of Thriplow people and places so that they can be saved for the future.

We are very grateful to the Daffodil Weekend Trust for a grant to go towards buying a generator and some tables and chairs. The furniture will go into our museum room in the new cricket pavilion when it is built. The generator is to provide light in the Smithy so that visitors can see the amazing collection of agricultural and domestic bygoners that we have housed in there.

Shirley Wittering and Anthony Cooper, Joint Editors.

Derek Green 1931-2009

Passing of a village son.



The Thriplow cricket team winners of the Webber Cup 1945

Back row from left - George Hall, Charlie Pettit, Frank Hulyer, Frank Neeves, Derek Green (aged 16), Dick Green, Doll Fuller (scorer)

Front row - Tim Pettit, Sid Badcock, Vic Freeman (Captain), Reg Hulyer, Arthur Flack

Derek was the only child of Dick and Edith (nee Pettit) Green, an advantage in the days of large families and restricted incomes. He was born on June 11th 1931 and raised in what would now be considered an idyllic thatched cottage in Lower Street, now known as Peck's Half Acre. Later they moved to a somewhat unique dwelling up the Whittlesford footpath, which was due to his father's determination for a privately owned home, almost unknown then for a village working man.

Derek was a fine example of a man shaped by his environment; Thriplow forming his attitude to life. He was fit and active with thick black hair and a dark complexion inherited from his mother's side of the family. Fitness came naturally from a country diet, walking, cycling, work and sport. The huge commercial growth of Diet Experts, Health Foods and Gymnasiums were just not required.

He attended the local school and acquired a good grounding in the three r's, making friends with his fellow villagers, though an entry in the school Log Book records an incident when 'A

pupil jammed Derek Green's finger in the door. The doctor has attended to him.' A few entries later the headmistress reports that, *'This afternoon I caned Derek Green. This boy has been making himself a general nuisance for a long time, making rude noises in class and in the lobby when sent out of class. He is always muttering under his breath and is generally insolent. His books are a disgrace and are usually minus covers, he seems thoroughly out of hand.'* (Ed.)

Derek's own self-development continued with country sports and pastimes. He inherited his ability at sport, cricket in particular, from his father. This was an age when a person's skills and abilities were much admired and academic achievement was not so important. In later years he became a flower and vegetable grower. Derek's way of life seemed to foster a ready smile and sense of humour plus a readiness to get involved and assist without looking for reward. His life was natural and not prompted by financial gain.

He enjoyed pub life; drink whilst important was almost secondary to meeting friends, playing pub games such as darts, dominoes and shove ha'penny. Local gossip followed national sport; food was not a factor then, darts night might involve bread and cheese with pickled onions; pubs were not restaurants.



Derek's house in The Drift, (Whittlesford footpath) where Alan and Anne White later built their house.

When Derek was young, Thriplow provided the freedom to roam and enjoy nature with little restriction. Everyone understood and complied with the Country Code, in short the village was a playing field.

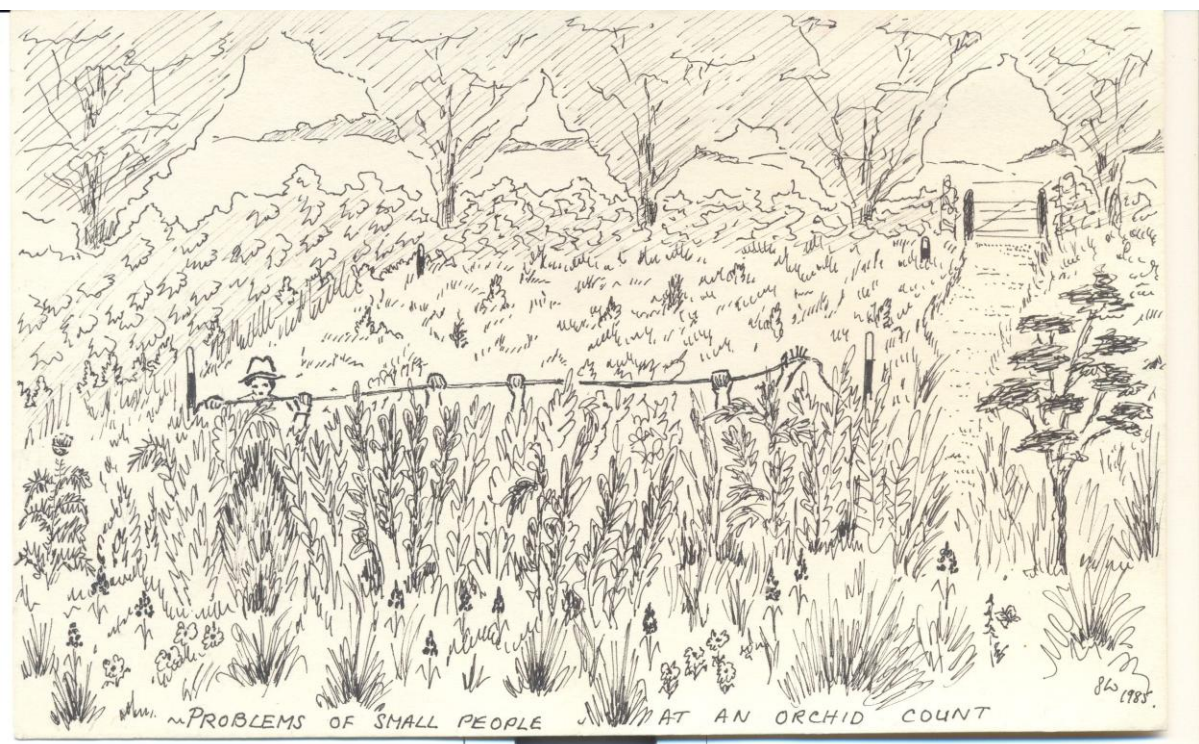
Thriplow's concentration on Cricket (Football was left to Fowlmere, then as now) became an outlet for Derek's naturally inherited skills. Dick Green, Derek's father, was an outstanding opening batsman partnered by Charlie Pettit (from Derek's mother's family). Derek was accepted from an early age into the hallowed ranks of the Thriplow First Team and became a major contributor, outstanding as an opening bowler and an athletic fielder. (See picture)

Mention of cricket must include another Pettit, recently lost, Ernie. Formed in the same village mould, Ernie was possibly the best and most powerful cricketer of his time. A great batsman and a fearless wicket keeper standing up to quick bowlers, which was unusual in the days of unpredictable pitches. Cattle often grazed the grounds and the boundaries were usually hedges and tree lines. Scores of 50 plus for the whole team were satisfactory and batsmen who reached double figures were applauded. Ernie was an exception as a six hitter.

Derek worked for the Dellers of Rectory Farm and one of his early duties was delivering milk using a tradesman's bike. He was well known for his tuneful whistling and singing of the current popular songs and war-time favourites. Weather conditions were not a problem for this fit country individual; unions, Health and Safety controls did not exist. Once when he was delivering milk on his bike down Mill Lane (Line) he collided with Arthur (Soot) Smith on his bicycle, Soot Smith was considered the strongest man in the village so conflict was avoided though much milk was spilt.

I have written this purely as a recollection of Derek's early life and how Thriplow formed his development. He, of course, had a later much loved family life, as was self-evident at his funeral.

Michael Moule



Drawing made by Shirley Wittering of counting the orchids in the orchid meadows.

This recipe was sent to me some years ago by Janet Melesi, after we had published a couple of old recipes in the Journal.

PLOUGH PUDDING

Line a fairly large basin with suet crust pastry, then line this with sausage meat. Fill with chopped green (unsmoked) bacon, onions, Demerara sugar and sage. Cover with suet lid and steam for 4 hours. Serve with sieved tomatoes made into a sauce and with cabbage or sprouts.

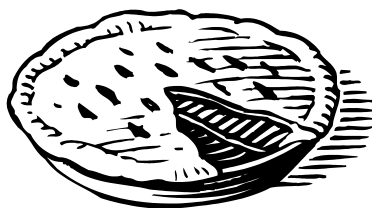
This dish was traditionally served on Plough Monday, which is the first Monday after Twelfth Night. This was when the plough boys were meant to return to work in the fields but instead they dragged a plough round the village in order to raise money for themselves. The tradition dates back to the fourteenth century and is still carried on in some villages, Balsham being the nearest.

When Peter Speak was a child in Yorkshire he remembered eating 'DOCK PUDDING' in the early spring:

1 quart of young Dock leaves (*polygonum bistorta*)
1 pint young nettle tops
1 finely chopped onion
1 handfull of oatmeal
Small knob of butter
Bacon fat

Clean and remove the thick stalks from the docks and nettles, and boil with the onions in a little water until tender. Add some seasoning and sprinkle in the oatmeal. Boil again for 10 minutes, stirring all the time. Add the butter. Leave overnight. Next day, fry large spoonfuls of the mixture in hot bacon fat and serve with bacon.

Shirley Wittering



Talk given to Thriplow Society by Les Millgate on May 21st 2009

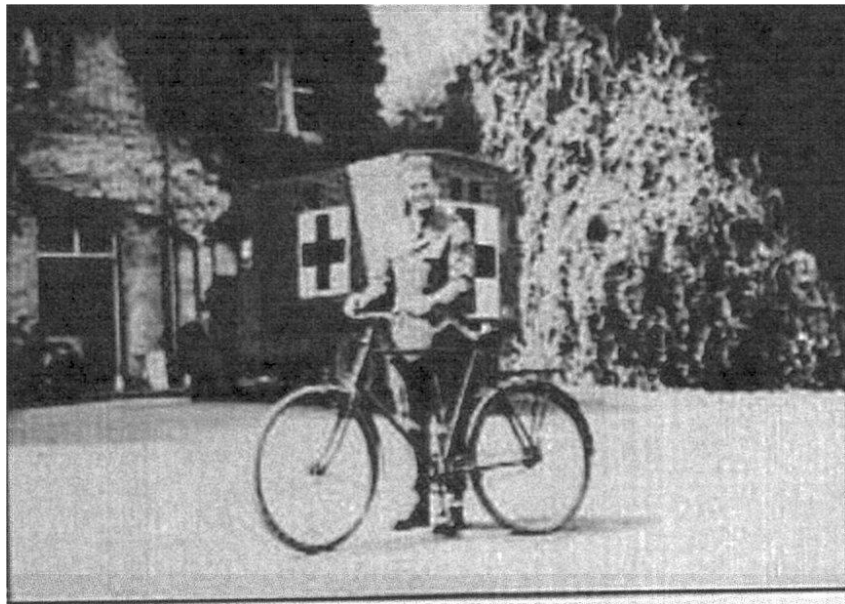
The Royal Flying Corps was formed in 1917 as a branch of the Army; the first hanger at Duxford was built in 1918, with a span of 100 feet, it was one of the largest spans in the country and is now a listed building. Fowlmere airbase was built to the same pattern and cost £50,000.

During World War 1, Duxford was used for training airmen both British and American. In 1918 the Royal Air Force was formed as a separate branch of the armed forces. The Cambridge University Air Squadron was formed in 1933 and came to Duxford to fly in an Air Tutor.

Empire Air Days started in 1934 and in 1936 the King visited Duxford and was treated to a flypast. In 1939 Spitfires were introduced and a year later Douglas Bader visited the Air Base; despite having two artificial legs he flew many air raids over Germany. New fighters were sent to Duxford for testing and captured enemy aircraft were repainted and given British markings and flown by British pilots with Spitfire escorts. Once again the base was also home to American airmen – injured and ill airmen were sent to Thriplow House which was used as a hospital for the duration of the war.

The Airbase was closed in 1949 to enable a concrete runway to be built, as jet planes which were now coming in, couldn't use a grass runway. Les Millgate was a pilot in Meteor Jets. The 'Battle of Britain' Film was made mostly at Duxford. As the hangers were listed buildings they were not allowed to be blown up, but nevertheless, the film crew did nearly as much damage as the Luftwaffe would have done.

Shirley Wittering



American service man outside Thriplow House

THE LEAST KNOWN BUILDING IN THRIPLOW



In the early days of telephones, the sound level would be lost through overhead wires extending over long distances. This was cured by providing repeater stations at intervals. Between Royston and Cambridge exchanges, for example, there were Melbourn exchange to the south of Melbourn, Fowlmere exchange which still exists in the form of a wooden shed on the Newton end of the village, and a small repeater station along the Fowlmere to Newton road at the point where the track from 'Tatlers' in Foremans Road meets it. This little building (built in the style of so many Post Office buildings between the wars) went out of use many years ago and fell into a dilapidated state, became overgrown by vegetation, and eventually became dangerous and was subjected to misuse by tramps etc. Hence it was demolished towards the end of 2008. With it went a tiny part of the Thriplow story

Bill Wittering

Oliver Walston has written a fascinating and historical book about his thirty five years in farming. 'Thirty-Five Harvests, 1974-2008. It is available at the shop with a percentage going towards the shop. The illustrations will bring back memories to many villagers.

TREES OF THRIFLOW

9. The Hawthorn



The Common Hawthorn (*Crataegus monogyna*) is probably the most common tree species in Thriplow or indeed any village in this area. The reason for this is the enclosure of farmland which took place in Thriplow in 1840. The three fields, Heathfield, Churchfield and Westfield, divided into many strips as they were, belonged to the big landowners. These strips were amalgamated and converted into large fields divided by “a hedge, a ditch and a stout wooden fence”. The species commonly preferred as the hedge was the hawthorn (also known as the May because it bloomed in May), the Whitethorn, the Quickthorn, or just 'Quick' because it grew quickly. Hence many thousands of these trees were planted; 'quick' hedges along the roadsides and between fields are still extremely common to this day. My front hedge is hawthorn because, I suppose, my predecessor wanted something to fill the gap quickly where a pair of cottages had been.

Because of the many thorns it has, the hawthorn is proof against animals getting out of the field and people getting in. Sometimes these hedges are made even more impenetrable by the art of layering. Each stem is cut about half way through just above ground level, bent through about 60 degrees and kept in this position by thin woven stems laid across the top. This system is not much used in South Cambridgeshire but one example can be seen just before the first house on the left as you enter Newton from Thriplow and there is another good one at Wandlebury.

Further north, the Midland Hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacanthoides*) was used and these can sometimes be found hiding amongst the Common variety – I have one in my own hedge.

Several unusual hawthorns are growing in Sheraldscroft; these are the plum-leaved hawthorn, (*Crataegus prunifolia*). Another variety of hawthorn, the pink-blossomed (*Crataegus oxycantha*) (known as Paul's Scarlet) is growing on the verge outside the late Cath Pettit's house commemorating her mother's (Catherine's) 100th birthday on 10th July 1990.

Bill Wittering



THE NEWDITCH PLANTATION CHARITABLE TRUST.

‘It is the duty of us all to speak up and protect wildlife and their habitats, to treat the land as though we will live for ever, so that future generations may enjoy the beauty we have had the pleasure of knowing.’

Wildlife Rangers Handbook.

On the south west corner of Thriplow lies a wood known as Newditch Plantation. It was originally planted in the mid 19th century. The new ditch of the name was dug in the 1770s around the estate known as The Bury. Since that time, additional land has been acquired and further tree planting has taken place; most notably between 1990 and 1994, when over two thousand new trees were planted by the owner of The Bury at that time, the late Sir Patrick Browne.

The 7 hectare wood is an important habitat in an area of South Cambridgeshire with little in the way of woodland cover. It is comprised mainly of deciduous trees, including beech, hazel, oak, horse chestnut, ash and willow. Elderberry and hawthorn provide cover at a lower level. In spring, large areas of the woodland floor are covered in snowdrops. The remains of the original drainage ditches can still be seen, and there are two ponds and an area of open pasture within the bounds. Needless to say, the wood provides refuge to a variety of birds and mammals.

In 2001 large areas of the wood were flooded, resulting in a significant number of trees being lost. The effects of this flood are still being felt, with older trees continuing to die. To compensate, many native trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the wood.



Trees in the wood showing the white marks of the flood level 2001

In 2005, Newditch Plantation was made a Charitable Trust (Reg Charity No 1107652) by the late Lady Browne, with the aim of managing it for wildlife. Trustees with skills in woodland management and wildlife were appointed and a ten year plan was drawn up.

As well as replanting, a range of other work is underway in Newditch Plantation. This includes formative pruning of the younger trees, the control of Himalayan balsam (*Impatiens glandulifera*) a notifiable alien spreading species, and the protection of trees against deer and rabbit damage. Future projects include the placement of bat and bird boxes and the introduction of native wild flowers to the meadow. In addition, the trustees are looking to obtain grants to enable more significant work, such as the relining of one of the ponds. It is also hoped that a new survey of the flora and fauna of the wood will be implemented together with a photographic record of the wood throughout the year.



The New Ditch dug in 1774; much tree root damage has been done by the rabbits

Public access to the wood will be available by prior agreement with the trustees and probably will be limited initially to specific open days, in an effort to minimise disturbance of the wildlife.

The membership of the Trust is small so we have started a support group called 'The Friends of Newditch Plantation'. We hope to have days when working parties can enjoy a day in the fresh air helping create a wonderful habitat for wildlife. Anyone who is interested in volunteering to help with some of the activities, should contact Jan Butchers (Hon Sec. 01763 260105) or Bill and Shirley Wittering (01763208269).

Peter Butchers
Chairman

Kathleen Florence Pettit, (1994-2009)

We have reprinted this profile of Kath Pettit which was printed in the Journal in 1994 as a memorial to her



Kath Pettit and Peter Speak outside Kath's house in Sherald's Croft in 1994

I was twenty years old when I arrived in Thriplow with my parents, sister and brother in 1934; my elder brother staying in London. My father, Percy Charles, was born in a village near Peterborough but moved to London where I was born on 18 December 1913 in Hornsey opposite the Alexandra Palace. He was the manager of two hardware stores in High Road, Wood Green. My Mother did not go out to work, as in towns it was not the recognised thing in those days. We later moved to Muswell Hill but my parents kept in touch with relatives in Fowlmere and on one visit discovered that the Green Man in Thriplow required a new licensee. My father was offered the job by the Brewers, Phillips of Royston, and so we took over the pub. There was no electricity (we had to light nine oil lamps each night), and no running water (the beer glasses had to be washed each time in a bowl). My mother nearly packed up on the spot and returned to London. There was a large garden that went all the way down to the cricket meadow where we could grow vegetables and we remained there for seventeen years. The Tap Room was floored with flagstones and there was a separate Saloon Bar and a passage leading straight from the front door to a Jug and Bottle for offsales. The staircase went straight up from the front door but was changed in 1939 after a big fire. I used to hear strange footsteps running up the stairs and along the corridor, but never heard them after the stairs were changed.



Kath's father, Percy Buckerfield with American airman in 1943

During the war there were beer shortages and my mother would hide some bottles in my son's pram for the British troops who came regularly from the airfields. Although we were often crowded there was never any trouble. Beer was 4 pence per pint for mild ale and 6 pence for bitter and for a nip of spirits. We served no food; closing time was 10.30 pm during the week and 10.00 on Sundays. We were obliged to open every day of the year, unless someone had died.

When I left school in London I was apprenticed to dressmaking at Bourne and Hollingsworth in Oxford Street and managed to find employment on coming to Thriplow at Madame Elizabeth in Rose Crescent, Cambridge. I had to cycle in to work each day and cycle home after the shop closed at 6.00pm.

Shortly after I married John Pettit who lived in Thriplow Heath, in 1935, I started to work as a dressmaker for the village and my husband once calculated that I had made over 6,000 dresses as well as settee covers, jackets etc. I wish that I could still do it. John worked at first for Jack Smith at Church Farm and later for Thriplow farms. We moved to live in a cottage in Church Street (now number 47) in 1937 and managed to buy it in 1953 for £110. Over the years I had it modernised and my son Eric did a terrific amount of the work on the cottage.



Kath's house in Church Street before and after alteration.

Although I did not know anyone when I arrived here I became involved in village life and attended the Church regularly and also joined in events at the Chapel. I was a member and Secretary of the Women's Institute, one time secretary of the British Legion's Fete and a long-serving member and secretary of the Village Hall Committee. I was responsible for writing to the Brewery of the old Red Lion (Wells and Winch) proposing that if the premises be sold the village should have them as a Hall. I also took over the running of the Saturday night Whist Drives in the Hall for very many years. We distributed the profits at Christmas time to the pensioners of the village. I can remember plenty of activity in the place: there were dances at the School, the annual St.George's Fair on the green in April, parties at the Green Man, and the occasional hop in a barn behind the Black Horse in Fowlmere. We shopped at Thriplow Stores run by Mr.Softley but mostly at Jacksons in Fowlmere. They sold everything you could need.

In London I played netball and tennis and did gymnastics and ballet. I really would have liked to have been a gym instructress and once I had the opportunity to join a group dancing in Pantomime at the Wood Green Empire, but my parents did not approve of these things. I cannot sing or paint and I am not at all domesticated, though I do like cooking and sewing. Material things do not bother me



Kath and Bill Skipper 1996

The village has changed in recent years and I hardly know any of the new folks in the place. It is a pity that there is no Sunday School and that we do not have our own vicar. There should be more smaller houses to keep the young people here. I do not think the youth of today are any worse than they have ever been: we only hear more about it through the media. My father died in 1963 and in 1981 I came to live here, in Sherald's Croft to look after my Mother, Mrs Buckerfield, who died two years ago aged 101. I like living in Thriplow, it is a good place to be.

William Cobbett

William Cobbett was born in 1763, the son of a farmer and innkeeper. He was in the army between 1784 and 1791, but blowing the whistle on military corruption forced him to flee to America. There he began his career as a journalist, publishing 12 volumes of attacks on American democracy and becoming known as Peter Porcupine. He returned to England in 1800 and began publishing a weekly newsletter, the *Political Register* in 1802. He saw himself as a champion of traditional rural society against the transformation due to the Industrial Revolution. Philosophically deeply conservative, he was active in grassroots radicalism and supported labourers' riots in 1830, leading to him being tried for sedition but acquitted. He was elected to Parliament in 1832 but died in 1835.



Medal of William Cobbett

Excerpt from *Rural Rides*:

Tuesday morning, Jan . 22, 1822.

Royston is at the foot of this high poor land; or rather in a dell, the open side of which looks towards the North. It is a common market town. Not mean, but having nothing of beauty about it; and having on it, on three of the sides out of the four, those very ugly things, common-fields, which have all the nakedness, without any of the smoothness, of Downs.

Immediately upon quitting Royston you come along, for a considerable distance, with enclosed fields on the left and open common-fields on the right. Here the land is excellent. A dark, rich loam, free from stones, on chalk beneath at a great distance. The land appears, for a mile or two, to resemble that at and near Faversham in Kent, which I have before noticed. The fields on the left seem to have been enclosed by act of parliament; and they certainly are the most beautiful tract of *fields* that I ever saw. Their extent may be from ten to thirty acres each. Divided by quick-set hedges, exceedingly well planted and raised. The whole tract is nearly a perfect level. The cultivation neat, and the stubble heaps, such as remain out, giving proof of great crops of straw, while, on land with a chalk bottom, there is seldom any want of a proportionate quantity of grain. Even here, however, I saw but few swedish turnips, and those not good. Nor did I see any wheat drilled; and observed, that, in many parts, the broad-cast sowing had been performed in a most careless manner, especially at about three miles from Royston where some parts of the broad lands seemed to have had the seed flung along them with a shovel, while other parts contained only here and there a

blade; or, at least, were so thinly supplied as to make it almost doubtful whether they had not been wholly missed. In some parts, the middles only of the ridges were sown thickly. This is shocking husbandry. A Norfolk or a Kentish farmer would have sowed a bushel and a half of seed to the acre here, and would have had a far better plant of wheat. About four miles, I think it is, from Royston you come to the estate of Lord Hardwicke (Wimpole Hall). You see the house at the end of an avenue about two miles long, which, however, wants the main thing, namely, fine and lofty trees. The soil here begins to be a very stiff loam at top; clay beneath for a considerable distance; and, in some places, beds of yellow gravel with very large stones mixed in it. The land is generally cold; a great deal of draining is wanted; and yet, the bottom is such as not to be favourable to the growth of the *oak*, of which sort I have not seen one *handsome* tree since I left London. A grove, such as I saw at Weston in Herefordshire, would, here, be a thing to attract the attention of all ranks and all ages. What, then, would they say, on beholding a wood of oaks, hickories, chestnuts, walnuts, locusts, gum-trees, and maples in America! Lord Hardwicke's avenue appears to be lined with elms chiefly. They are shabby. He might have had *ash*; for the ash will grow *anywhere*; on sand, on gravel, on clay, on chalk, or in swamps. It is surprising that those who planted these rows of trees did not observe how well the ash grows here! In the hedgerows, in the plantations, everywhere the ash is fine. The ash is the *hardiest* of all our large trees. Look at trees on any part of the sea coast. You will see them all, even the firs, lean from the sea breeze, except the ash. You will see the oak *shaved up* on the side of the breeze. But the ash stands upright, as if in a warm woody dell. We have no tree that attains a greater height than the ash; and certainly none that equals it in beauty of leaf. It bears pruning better than any other tree. Its timber is one of the most useful; and as underwood and fire-wood it far exceeds all others of English growth. At an inn near Lord Hardwicke's I saw the finest parcel of dove-house pigeons I ever saw in my life. Between this place and Huntingdon is the village of Caxton, which very much resembles almost a village of the same size in *Picardy*, where I saw the women dragging harrows to harrow in the corn. Certainly this village resembles nothing English, except some of the rascally rotten boroughs in Cornwall and Devonshire, on which a just Providence seems to have entailed its curse. The land just about here does seem to be really bad. The face of the country is naked. The few scrubbed trees that now and then meet the eye, and even the quick-sets, are covered with a yellow moss. All is bleak and comfortless; and, just on the most dreary part of this most dreary scene, stands almost opportunely, "*Caxton Gibbet*," tendering its friendly one arm to the passers-by. It has recently been fresh-painted, and written on in conspicuous characters, for the benefit, I suppose, of those who cannot exist under the thought of wheat at four shillings a bushel. Not far from this is a new house, which, the coachman says, belongs to a Mr. Cheer, who, if report speaks truly, is not, however, notwithstanding his name, guilty of the sin of making people either drunkards or gluttons. Certainly the spot, on which he has built his house, is one of the most ugly that I ever saw. Few spots have everything that you could wish to find; but this, according to my judgment, has everything that every man of ordinary taste would wish to avoid.

William Cobbett

Recommended web site www.visionofbritain.org.uk

GLEANINGS'

In Memoriam: – We are very sorry to announce the death of Lady Lena Browne, our first President. Lena died on 26th April 2009. She became our president at the inception of the Thriplow Society and hosted, with Sir Patrick, many wonderful social occasions, including, Musical Soirees, a 1920s Cocktail Party in the Spanish Garden, a Woodland Walk conducted by Peter Speak, Barn Dances in the Barn and after Sir Patrick's death, a Gypsy Party in the garden of the Lodge, into which she had moved. She loved all wildlife and recently had set up the Newditch Plantation Charitable Trust to run the land that she had been left after the breakup of the estate. The Plantation is run as a nature reserve but has an interesting history which Shirley will talk about at the next AGM.

We send our sincere condolences to her family and to Josephine Johnston her close friend.

In Memoriam: - We were also saddened to hear of the death of Kath Pettit on May 24th 2009 aged 95. Kath was a loyal supporter of the Thriplow Society and her Profile was featured in the Journal Vol. 3/1, 1994, which for those members who have not lived here for so long, we reprint in this issue.

We are also very sorry to hear of the death of Derek Green. He was born in the village and lived here all his life. There is an appreciation of him by Michael Moule elsewhere in this Journal.

We are also sorry to hear of the death of Ernie Pettit on 28th June 2009.

Thank you to Kevin and Carol Clark, Angela and John Rimmer and Geoff Axe for their help and time at our Smithy Open Day. Also thanks to Jimmy our Blacksmith for coming along and working at the forge. We had a happy and industrious time, cleaning the smithy, and washing half our collection of old bottles, the other half we hope to do next year. Angela and Shirley brought along a picnic and a great time was had by all.



The Bottle Ladies! Angela and Carol washing bottles watched by Polly nee Wittering



Back gate design at Cochranes.