

EDITORIAL

'Landscape was here long before we were even dreamed of. It watched us arrive.

Robert MacFarlane, 'The Wild Places' 2007

Our landscape is well suited to growing grain, without grain we would not have needed barns in which to store it. Without barns would we have had barn dances? Although we now dance in Village Halls, they are still called barn dances. Our barn dance on February 20th was a great success and we all had a wonderful time. Many thanks to the Committee members and their spouses who help set up the hall and provided the tasty supper. Thanks to all of you who came and enjoyed yourselves and helped the Thriplow Society. Thanks too to Clive the Caller, we hope you can return next year.

Before the Barn Dance we had our Open Day on January 31st. We all worked hard to display our archives and a steady stream of people passed through the Village Hall doors throughout the day. Photos were brought and people on them identified. Old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made. Once again the landscape dictated the type of work people did in the past and many of our pictures are of the land and the people who worked on the land. Many thanks to all the Committee and members who helped make the day so enjoyable.

The landscape also featured on the following day, February 21st, when a group of us were given a conducted walk around the Newditch Plantation to see the Snowdrops. Pete Butchers, the Trust's Chairman, explained the workings of the wood and its aims to conserve and encourage wildlife. We also mentioned the need for help to plant hedges, trees and eventually when the rabbit numbers have been reduced, wild flowers to encourage insects and butterflies. We hope people will enjoy coming to our Working Party Days when they are advertised.

At the AGM on 15th April, Shirley Wittering will be talking about the historical side of the Newditch Plantation and tracing its changing uses over the years. Just a reminder that your subs will be due in April, still only £6.00.

We are very pleased to have an article in this edition of the Journal from Neville Potter of Canberra, Australia, most of the Ison family that Neville is tracing were shepherds and he became interested in the type of life they led here in Thriplow.

The Thriplow Society has been given various items by the Daffodil Weekend Trust over the years and we are happy to lend some of these out to village organisations for a small donation. They include a Gazebo, Display Boards and a Generator. The committee are now planning next year's programme, if you have a particular talk you would like, please let us know.

Angela Rimmer and Shirley Wittering joint editors.

LIFE-CHANGING DECISIONS AND THEIR IMPACT ACROSS THE CENTURIES

Neville Potter

If you lived in Thriplow 170 years ago, you would probably be very worried. Unless you were part of a landowning or farming family, you would have been an agricultural labourer, or the wife, son or daughter of one. By 1846, people in Thriplow were beginning to feel the impact of enclosure, which was completed that year in the village. For enclosure took away the access to the common fields which many villagers had traditionally enjoyed, to grow a few crops, graze livestock and gather wood and other necessities. The once wide open fields that were previously divided into small strips and rented out to labourers were turned into hedged fields that were privately owned, to allow their wealthy owners to practise more efficient methods of agriculture. The owners also now had a plentiful supply of labourers who, having lost the right to supplement their incomes from the commons, were now forced to become wage earners in an industry which could not always provide work all year round.

In fact, enclosure brought to a head changes which had been happening in the English countryside for some centuries, and which had reduced the need for agricultural workers, as agricultural productivity increased. In the early 16th century, for example, some 76% of England's population was engaged in agriculture, but by 1700, this had dropped to 55%, and to a staggering 22% by 1850, the smallest proportion for any country. And while the number of farm workers was falling, the total population was increasing - from 5.7m in 1750 to 16.6m by 1850. This meant that whereas an English agricultural worker in 1500 had to feed 1.3 people, by 1800 he had to produce enough for almost three people.

Enclosure changed people's lives for ever, as England was now firmly set on the path to becoming the most industrialised and urbanised nation in the world. In Thriplow, those villagers who had common rights (which were usually attached to houses) to till land on the commons, were compensated with extra land. But those who had traditionally used the commons to gather fuel and graze animals received nothing. The VCH gives the sad statistics: by 1841, all of Thriplow's 1,920 acres of open and common land was allotted, with 95% of it going to the 4 large landowners and the remainder, just 97 acres, distributed among 23 small farmers. For the poor, a recreation ground of just 2 acres was set aside.

As a result, agricultural labourers in Thriplow, who in 1841 had made up 64% of the village workforce, had ten years later declined to 52%. Although this was higher than the national average, it also meant that the impact of enclosure in Thriplow was greater.

On the positive side, Thriplow men were no longer destined to become agricultural labourers, and by 1851 new occupations had appeared in the village. Thriplow now had three sawyers, two bricklayers, four thatchers, three grooms, two bakers, three grocers, a cattle dealer, a “proprietor of houses”, four “Farmer’s Sons” (a position so important it was listed separately), and one farmer’s bailiff. There were also five publicans (and five pubs), and one huckster or peddler. Women also benefited: in 1841 the only occupation for women was that of female servant - of which there were ten, but by 1851 the village had a cook, a dressmaker, a sick nurse, a governess, a school mistress, and one woman “employed at home”. The work all these men and women did had of course previously been done by people at home, but the increased number of occupations meant that a wider range of goods and services was now available, thereby lifting living standards.

Apart from a paper and parchment factory in Sawston, there were no local factories providing jobs, for industrialisation bypassed Thriplow and surrounding villages. Enclosure had come late to Thriplow, and although the railways in the 1850s brought factory-made goods, they also stifled any local industries. Nor did the railways bring much employment. Just one Thriplow man, Alfred Ison, was a railway worker in 1851, and by 1861 he had resumed his original occupation of agricultural labourer.

If you couldn’t find work, you would have had to take your family to London or another city to find work, for there were few jobs in the countryside. It was an appalling prospect for country folk to be forced to move into this alien England, described by J.B. Priestley as a land of “coal, iron, steel, cotton, wool, railways; of thousands of rows of little houses all alike, sham Gothic churches, square-faced chapels, Town Halls, Mechanics’ Institutes, mills, foundries, warehouses, ... back-to-back houses, ... Grill Rooms, railway stations, slag heaps and ‘tips’, dock roads, Refreshment Rooms, doss-houses, Unionist and Liberal Clubs, cindery waste ground, mill chimneys, slums, fried-fish shops, public houses with red blinds, bethels in corrugated iron, ... a cynically devastated countryside, sooty dismal little towns, and the still sootier grim fortress-like cities”. If you find the thought of this repugnant today, in the mid 19th century you would have faced the real prospect of being swept along by these uncontrollable economic forces.

Some people however were unwilling - or unable - to go to the cities, and managed to remain on the land, but others, encouraged by the blandishments held out by the authorities, took the plunge and emigrated. The colonies were anxious to recruit skilled agricultural labourers, and some, like Henry Ison, left Thriplow with his family in 1848 for Australia. Henry was unusual, for few farm labourers followed his example, cleaving stubbornly, as one contemporary observer wrote, “to their native soil like ivy to oak”. And who could blame them for choosing life in the cities over leaving family and friends for an uncertain future on the other side of the world?

The great urbanisation of 19th century England is today an accepted fact of history, so much so that it is remarkable that a few like Henry avoided the fate of most of his countrymen. Even more remarkable is the fact that Henry's decision allowed his descendants to maintain a life on the land for another four generations. It was only in the late 20th century that the last of the Isons in Australia abandoned farming, having put off for a century and a half their coercion into the industrial workforce. Even more curiously, having left the land, Henry's descendants have all become teachers, often in rural areas, thus raising the question of whether Henry's spirit lives on in his descendants.



Farmworkers in Australia

The Pongs of the Past

We can reconstruct with some accuracy the sights and sounds of the past, especially since the invention of photography and sound recording. There is, however, one major feature of the past for which no evidence survives, except in the memories of those still living who lived in that time. Smell or, more properly, stink. I am sure that if any of us were transported into a past time the first thing that would strike us would be the stinks.

My mind takes me back over 60 years, and I can still recall not only the sights and sounds of that time but also the stinks. Anyone now the sunny side of, say, 60 will have little idea of what town and country smelled like at that time.

As a child and as a young man I divided my time between town and country, between London and Northamptonshire. In London, as in all other towns, the all pervading stink was of coal smoke. You were only free of it in high summer, unless you were down wind of a railway. In the streets there were also the exhaust fumes of motor traffic which were leavened with the aroma of horses and of their droppings. Exhaust fumes were richer in those days as they contained soot, unburned fuel with, no doubt, a dash of lead.

Apart from the churches¹ and the law courts all public rooms were thick with tobacco smoke. Open fires would contribute coal smoke and dust. Despite the introduction of carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners homes would still smell of dust.

In the country farm and draught animals were not kept in the relatively clean conditions of today, so that farm yards and stables were pungent with the rich smell of manure so rich, in fact, that it could be overwhelming to those not used to it. The country roads and lanes were also covered with a rind of droppings as it was the practice to move farm animals on the hoof. Until the introduction of detergents and washing machines in the 1950s washing clothes and soft furnishings was such a labour intensive performance that it was not carried out as frequently as today. Outer garments, usually dark in colour to hide the dirt, were usually brushed clean of obvious grime but dry cleaning, which had been available for some years, was used only occasionally. Personal hygiene was somewhat neglected, bathing being a weekly ritual, so that in addition to the smell of stale clothing people would have exuded a mixture of sweat, stale tobacco smoke and much else. The use of deodorants was unknown but ladies would have used scent. A man who used it would be regarded as effete, or worse. A generation before it was quite common for the children of poor people to be smeared with

¹ I believe that smoking in church was banned because the noise of people using their tinderboxes interrupted the sermons

goose fat and to be sewn into their underwear for the winter so that to teach a classroom of them would have been a memorable experience. You can imagine what it must have been like in a pub, especially in the winter.

To me one of the most pleasant aromas was that of leather, something which has almost entirely gone, except where it is artificially induced, for example in new cars.

I fancy that there was more boiled food in the past so that, for example, kitchens would produce the unmistakable aroma of boiling greens. The English have always had the habit of boiling their food until it long ceases to be nutritious! Without modern detergents cookers could be thick with old grease and the wooden draining boards slippery with fat dissolved in washing soda. Before refrigerators became common – and my family did not own one until the mid 1950s – most food was “off”, especially fish. I was always put off by the stink of a fishmonger’s slab.

It’s not surprising that people liked to go to the seaside, although what they fondly thought was the healthy smell of seaweed probably came from the local sewage outfall!

So were we all a crowd of stinking tykes? Probably by the standards of today, but we were brought up to it.

Anthony Cooper

Tales of Thriplow 5

M.O.T. Test at Dick Flack's Garage



Old Shoulder of Mutton pub and Flack's garage.

Dick Flack ran a garage in Little Thriplow (now part of Fowlmere). The garage was next door to the former inn called *The Shoulder of Mutton* where his mother lived. The garage had been established by his father sometime after the First World War. It had changed little over the years except for one major innovation; it was equipped to carry out MOT tests. I used to take my Volvos there for their annual test working on the principal that it was better that they should be tested at an independent garage rather than at a Volvo agency.

Having your car tested by Dick was quite an experience. You very quickly learnt that it was best to ask for an early appointment rather than a late one. The reason was that Dick enjoyed a good chat and appointments got later and later as the day wore on. Dick always had plenty to talk about; after all, he had been a member of Thriplow Parish Council for many years and knew the goings-on in Thriplow, Fowlmere and the surrounding area extremely well. When you took your car there for its test, you didn't sit in his "viewing area", which was practically impossible to enter anyway, but you assisted with the test. "Drive it up onto the ramp", "Try the lights, please", "Put your foot on the brakes" These were all part of Dick's repertoire. It was an enjoyable experience.

On one occasion, Dick disclosed that he was expecting a car in to test and he wasn't looking forward to doing it. Apparently, it was a kit car which the owner had made himself and Dick

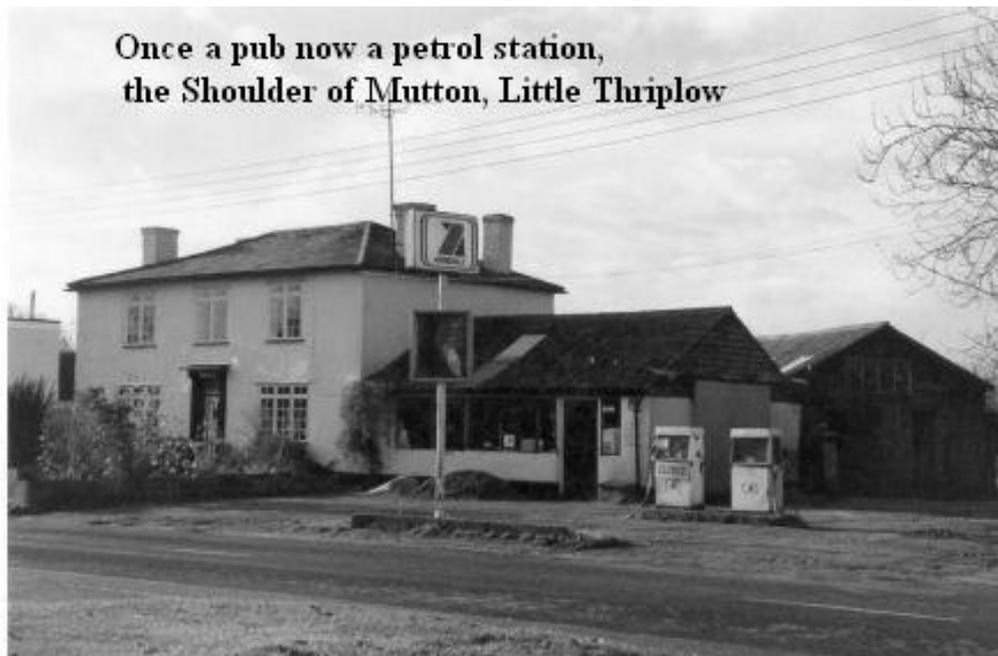
had never seen another one like it. This was to be its first MOT. When my car's test was over, I drove it down off the ramp, paid my bill, and left. As I drove out of the forecourt, I noticed an unusual vehicle, with engine revving, waiting to enter.

Next time I went to Dick's garage, I asked him how he got on with the test on the strange vehicle."Oh", said Dick, "I didn't have to test it. The exhaust fell off as the owner was driving it up the ramp!"

When Dick retired, the garage and *The Shoulder of Mutton* were demolished and replaced by a pair of elegant houses. Dick moved to Isleham where he died aged 75 on 19th February 2005. Part of the Thriplow story had died with him.

For more on the Shoulder of Mutton pub see Journal Vol. 5/2, 1997

Bill Wittering



THE CONTROL OF TREE FELLING IN THE U.K.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO TREE PRESERVATION ORDERS

Until the advent of the First World War (1914-1918), the U.K. produced very little of the timber it used; by far the greater part was imported from Scandinavia, across the Atlantic from Canada and the U.S. and from various parts of our extant empire. The German Navy built up a fleet of 134 operational U-boats during the war which sank 192 of our ships killing more than 5400 people and playing havoc with our food and timber imports. Vast quantities of timber were used in the trenches.

At the end of the war, the Government decided (by Act of Parliament dated 1919) to set up the Forestry Commission, charged with creating a reserve of standing timber to guard against a timber shortage if ever another war should occur. Until 1919, the state owned only 15 forests in the whole of the U.K. including such forests as the New Forest in Hampshire and the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire; by 1965, this number had increased to 436.

In spite of its valiant efforts, the Commission wasn't to know that only 20 years would pass before World War II. True, substantial areas had been planted but trees take considerably more than 20 years to mature and we were having to face a much larger U-boat menace; there were over 1000 in the German Fleet in WWII. It was obvious that we could not continue to rely on the traditional overseas sources of supply of timber; we had to look to the big estates of this country where the stocks of mature timber lay. We had to control the felling on these estates and this was done by establishing a Home Grown Timber Production Department under the Ministry of Supply.

With the advent of the 1967 Forestry Act, the Commission became responsible for felling licensing throughout Britain. Under this Act, it is illegal to fell trees without a licence; the main exception being that woodland owners can fell up to five cubic metres per calendar quarter without a licence. Other exceptions are:

- lopping or topping (which usually includes tree surgery, pruning and pollarding),
- the felling is in accordance with an approved plan of operations under one of the Forestry Commission's grant schemes,
- the felling of fruit trees (as a commercial operation) or the trees are in a garden, orchard, churchyard or public open space,
- the trees are all below 8 cm (3") in diameter measured 1.3 m (4'3") from the ground; or, in the case of thinning, 10 cm (4") in diameter; or in the case of coppice or underwood, below 15 cm (6") in diameter,
- the trees need to be felled for the purpose of carrying out development authorised by planning permission or for statutory works by public bodies,
- the felling is in compliance with an Act of Parliament,
- the trees are dead, dying or have become dangerous,.

It will be seen that the 1967 Act was principally aimed at forestry which after all, is the main responsibility of the Forestry Commission. A single tree in a town or village which is

regarded by the public as a boon to the village is not protected unless it is very large. For that reason, the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 introduced the Tree Preservation Order; the current regulations are the Town and Country Planning (Trees) Regulations 1999. These regulations are administered by the Local Planning Authority, in our case, South Cambridgeshire District Council.

The TPO is made to protect specific trees or a particular area, group or piece of woodland from deliberate damage or destruction. TPO's can be made very quickly sometimes taking less than a day. If you see work being carried out on a tree which you do not think should be happening, you can report it to the Trees & Landscape technician at SCDC (Tel: 01954 713057).

There are, at the moment, five Tree Preservation Orders in operation in Thriplow:

- A block of woodland containing elm, ash, sycamore and hawthorn in Lower Street opposite the Green Man, Reference No.: C/11/17/091/01 – 44/72,
- A horse chestnut fronting No. 2 Fowlmere Road, No.: C/11/17/091/02 – 18/73,
- A willow tree on the green at Pigeons Close, No.: C/11/17/091/03 – 17/80,
- A yew tree in the grounds of the Old Vicarage, Church Street, Ref No.: C/11/17/091/04 – 14/89,
- 1 beech, 2 ash and 1 sycamore on the frontage of “Redbricks”, No. 1 Foreman’s Road, No.: C/11/17/091/05 – 01/08.

If you wish to carry out any work on a tree or trees protected by a TPO, you must apply on the appropriate form to the District Council giving eight weeks notice of your intentions. The District Council will most likely visit the site and will notify the Parish Council who will probably seek the views of their Tree Warden. If you do not hear from the District Council within the eight weeks, you should assume that the proposed work has been refused though more usually, you would hear from the Council stating reasons for refusal or giving the conditions under which the application would be accepted.

A number of exceptions exist whereupon trees covered by a TPO may have work carried out on them without the owner having to seek formal consent:

- the tree is dead, dying or dangerous,
- the tree requires tree surgery or to be felled in order to accommodate works to be undertaken by a utility such as the electricity supplier, British Telecom, Highways Authority, etc.,
- The Regulations do not cover trees with a stem diameter of less than 7 cm at a height of 1.5 meters from ground level or fruit trees or hedgerows.
- Where a tree is damaged or destroyed in breach of a TPO, a maximum fine of £20,000 can be imposed and the District Council can insist on replanting with a suitable species.

If the trees stand within the village Conservation Area, the rules can be somewhat different; the limitations applying to trees covered by a TPO apply to ALL other trees in a Conservation area. Persons proposing to undertake work must give the District Council six weeks notice.

This is to give them time to consult with the applicant and discuss possible amendments with them. They are not empowered to refuse works in a Conservation Area other than by imposing a TPO on the tree or trees.

The Thriplow Conservation area was set up by SCDC in 1992 and covers nearly all of the village with the exception of most of Fowlmere Road, Foremans Road, Sheraldscroft and Brook Road. A map showing the area in detail is held by the Clerk to the Parish Council.

There are also regulations relating to work on hedgerows (see The Hedgerow Regulations 1997) but these are unlikely to affect hedges within the village. If in doubt, consult SCDC.

I would like to thank Rosalind Richardson, Trees & Landscape Officer of the South Cambridgeshire District Council for her help in the preparation of this article. I must point out however that it is published by way of guidance and interpretation of complicated rules. For precise guidance, it is wise to consult SCDC.



This Horse Chestnut standing in Fowlmere Road opposite the “Green Man” is subject to a Tree Preservation Order.

Bill Wittering, village Tree Warden.

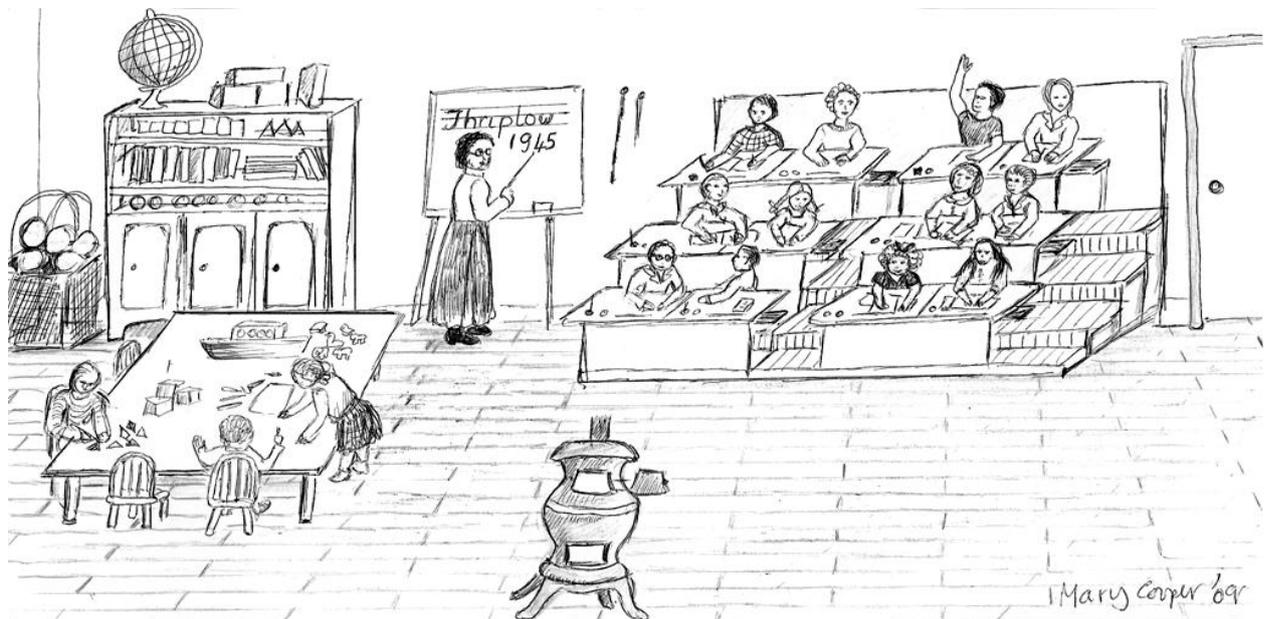
Mary's School Memories

After having gone to school at Narborough where I was evacuated during the war, and later to the Mora school in Cricklewood, London; I was admitted to Thriplow school on the twelfth of September, 1945 at five and a half years of age. Robin started in April, 1948 when he was just five, Frances in 1949 and 1950, at five and six years, because she had been hospitalized for a long time with scarlet fever. Our little brother Peter was also admitted twice, because of mother's illness, so began school in June 1952 and again in September 1953, just after the Coronation.

The first day I went to the school at Thriplow, I remember a long room in a church-like building with a wide low table with tiny chairs at the far end. There were only about 19 children in the whole school at that time. I was told to take my baby brother Robin to the infants' section whilst my father talked to Miss Kennedy. There was a wonderful Noah's Ark made of painted wood with many little animals. I wished that I were small like Robin so that I could have played with them. He doesn't remember them, and possibly the Noah's Ark was only pulled out to impress new parents.

I do seem to remember that halfway down the room, under one of the tall windows there was a black pot-bellied stove which must have burned coke, because there was a coal bunker outside.

In 1945 the school still had the original seating arrangements. These were tiered benches like church pews, each tier on a wooden platform set above the previous tier. In order to reach the top benches, you had to climb up unpainted wooden stairs which echoed hollowly and squeaked when you stepped on them. If you dropped your pencil, you had to crawl underneath the tiers to look for it, and I was always scared the whole thing would have collapsed on me.



sketch of Gallery by Mary Cooper Gallo.

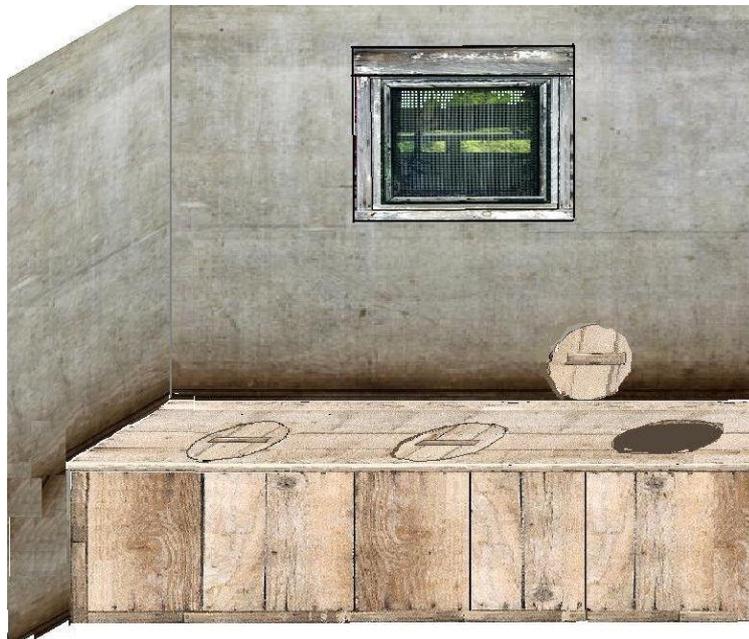
The desk tops were dark, ink-spotted and hinged, with holes for two inkwells, red and black (though we only used black) and three grooves for pencils, rubbers and pens. The younger children only used pencils, whilst pens were used by older children. Good handwriting was very important, and we made repetitive patterns using groups of letters and then reversing them.

In order to write, you dipped the pen-nib into the ink, and it was very easy to make blots on your paper or exercise books, or to break or cross the nib. No-one had money for fountain pens in those days, and Bic pens or Biro's were not yet available. That's why there were 'rough' books, and 'fair copy' books.

Of course, having a child's head right in front of you made for all sorts of trouble. I remember one boy who dipped a girl's blond plait into the inkwell! You can imagine the mess it made!

By the time Robin started school in 1948, there were regular desks and chairs.

The boys' and girls' lavatories in the school were 'three-holers'. These were made of long thick planks of wood, hinged at the back with three child-sized holes in it, each with a wooden lid. There was a tremendous smell of creosote or Jaye's Fluid, and I remember being afraid of sitting down in case rats would jump up and bite my bottom. Every month or so, a tanker-tractor with a long smoky funnel would pump out the underground container.



Girls toilets

Each school day, a crate of "ministry milk" arrived. These were 1/3-of-a-pint glass bottles with aluminium tops, usually already pecked open by bluetits; little blue acrobatic birds which were greedy for the thick cream that had risen to the top of the rich whole milk.

The school was required to save the aluminium foil and even old wool for recycling. In autumn, British schoolchildren had to gather wild rose hips, which were collected by the 'Ministry' and processed into vitamin-rich rose-hip syrup, compensating for the lack of vitamins during the war.

In May of 1946 Miss Grandjean from the Channel Isles took up her duties as the new teacher.

She always had a cigarette in the corner of her mouth which bobbed up and down as she talked, liberally decorating her ample bosom with cigarette ash. I always waited for it to fall, but it never did. Her dark and scruffy dresses were spotted with old food stains, and her house was as dark and scruffy as she was.

She had two canes hung on the wall, a short hard pointer, and a long swishy one. She used the cane quite often on me and on several others. I often had to stay in school after hours to write lines on the blackboard, and once, because I pronounced the word "machine"

incorrectly, I had to stand on my desk for a whole lesson while the boys sniggered at me because they could see up my skirt. I never forgot the awful feeling of humiliation.

I don't know why, but my brother and I, "the Londoners" had to clean her home, the 'school house' which was attached to the school. We also had to take her yappy snappy Yorkshire terrier for walks. It bit both me and Robin, and Robin had to have stitches. Dad was not at all pleased.

Miss Grandjean tried to teach us music, without much success. I remember lining up whilst she gave out instruments from a large painted box kept in a corner. There were triangles, tambourines, drums, which were banged with more enthusiasm than precision, and recorders,

I know there were hand-held castanets because she snatched one from my hand and broke it over my head for not keeping time.

We made table mats with string and wool, made pom-poms of wool and wove place mats and a shopping bag with coloured raffia for our mothers. We also decorated the school with paper chains at Christmas and glued coloured foil, saved from sweets, inside bottles.

I don't remember particular fights in the playground, but I do remember the games that we used to play outside, or inside with the chairs pushed back if it rained.

Some of the games we played were "***The farmer in the Dell***" which I hated because I was always chosen to be the 'bone' "*We all pick the bone!*" they would sing, pinching me and laughing. We were outsiders, "Londoners".

"In and out the rustling Bluebells", ***"The good ship sailed down the alley alley-O"***, ***"Oranges and Lemons"***, ***"I sent a letter to my love"***, ***"Blind Man's Buff"***, ***"Fox and Geese"***, ***"Grandmother's Footsteps"***, ***"Statues"*** were some of the games we would play. We girls liked "jacks" and "five-stones" while boys played marbles. Hopscotch was another favourite.

In autumn, we collected horse chestnuts, known as 'conkers'. The boys would suspend them from string and have 'conker fights', trying to break other boy's conker. The winner was the boy who smashed the most. We girls used conkers for making dolls' furniture, - a flat one and four pins would be a table, chairs and other furniture were made using pins and wool.

Wooden cotton-reels were useful too. With four small nails and wool, we could make long coloured woollen tubes, good for doll's clothes or tea cosies. Robin used cotton-reels to make tanks, cutting ratchets on the side and using elastic bands. They sounded just like real tanks.

We children also saved and exchanged paper 'gollywogs' from inside Robertson jam-jar lids. Once we discovered stamp collecting, we would also write away for 'proof sets'

There was an old wall surrounding the playground, covered with lichens, wall-flowers and toadflax. Looking over the wall you could see the so-called "devil's playground", a hummocky area of overgrown ruins. Sometimes there were cows at pasture there, - not, of course Walston's prize Jerseys, but some more common reddish breed. I tried to ride one, but cows have a very sharp backbone and are most uncomfortable.

When I was studying for the so-called eleven-plus exam, I was only nine. There was an older girl who took it with me. Miss Grandjean liked her much better than me, and I remember how angry she was when I passed and she didn't. Dad made me cry so much with studying - how could I possibly understand algebra when I was only eight years old? (I never did get to understand it).

After I won the scholarship, Daddy had to fill in several forms including the Means Test. I was present at a violent discussion between Dad and Miss Grandjean. He said it was none

of her business how much he earned. He would happily inform the school authorities, but not her.

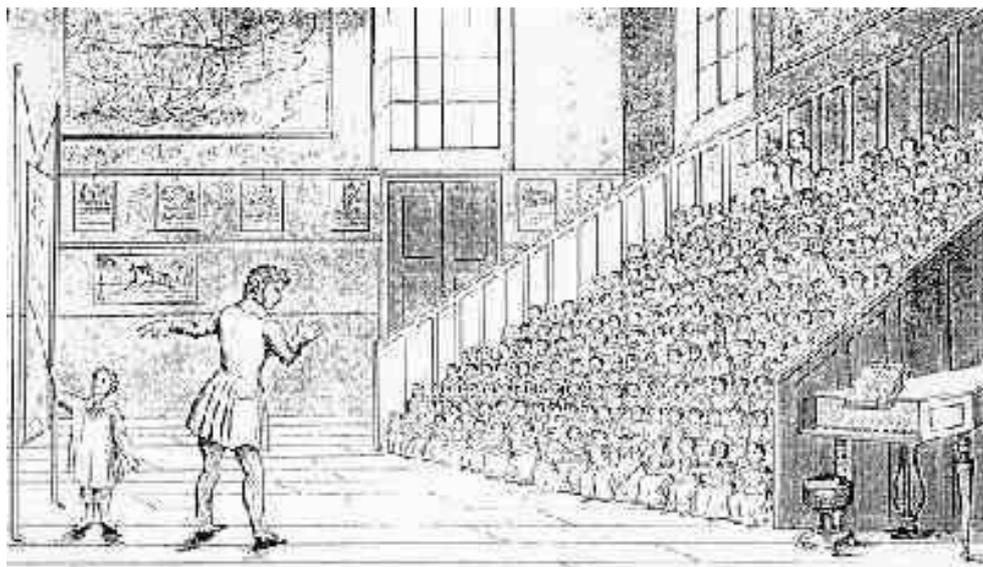
I went to the Cambridgeshire High School for Girls when I was nearly ten, then had to stay down a year at the new school because I would not have been allowed to take the GCE at fourteen. Therefore, I must have left Thriplow school at the end of June, 1949, since I turned ten at the end of the year, whilst Robin was seven, Frances six and Peter only two.

In fact I remember the sheer pleasure at being able to use the bathrooms at the new school, where real water flowed from real taps. We still did not have electricity at Thriplow, which finally arrived in 1950.

Editor's note: A notice from the Education Department dated 4th August 1874, requests that the *'Main room be provided with parallel desks, a gallery should be placed in the class room, the approach to the Boys' Offices should be altered and improved and the platform removed.'* After several reminders the work was eventually done. Can anyone remember the gallery as Mary describes it?

'The School Gallery was designed by Samuel Wilderspin (1791-1866), he was one of the founders of modern schooling. His work had a profound and far-reaching impact on educational practice and on the design and furnishing of school buildings and their grounds. He pioneered infant schools and invented the school playground, the teaching gallery, the classroom and new ways of teaching that still continue today. His approach - developing a child's feelings as well as their intellect, encouraging a spirit of enquiry, learning through experience, arts and nature, group activities and play - has proved to be remarkably far-sighted and long-lasting. Wilderspin's influence was international - as well as establishing infant schooling throughout the UK, the first infant schools in Europe, the Commonwealth and America were all modelled on his system, and his innovations had a transforming effect on education of children of all ages throughout the world.'

<http://www.bartonuponhumber.org.uk/school>



Good handwriting was very important,

Drawing of Wilderspin's Gallery (slightly exaggerated!) from northlincs.gov.uk

Excerpt from Thriplow School Log Book

A Hundred Years Ago

June 11th 1908 – Summary of H M Inspector's Report.

Premises and Equipment: - The following matters need consideration:-

1. The School is quite as full as it ought to be. The attendance in the main room being at present at just over the accommodation calculated on the 10 square feet basis, and the attendance in the infant's room just over the accommodation as calculated on the 9 square feet scale.

2. It is doubtful whether the school is properly warmed and ventilated. The warming depends upon two open fire grates, one in each room, of an old and extravagant type. The ventilation depends almost entirely upon the windows, and of the 'panes in the Main room that will open, all but one are on one side of the room, and far below the ceiling. On the afternoon of June 11th the air in this room was close and foul.

© *sic* Some of the desks in the main room have been turned so as to obtain side lighting, but the children in one class still sit facing the windows.

(d). The closets ? with a pit which has no kind of cover; the offices are situated close to the School, and the whole arrangement, whether unsanitary or not, is offensive.

(e). Much of the furniture is bad, i.e. calculated to damage health and eyesight. In seven cases in the Main room, the 'difference' is about 12 inches, in one case it is more, and in three cases where it is less, there is a 'distance' of about 4 inches. In a general way, therefore, the children's eyes are too near their work.

'In connection with this report, I am to direct attention to Rev Francis B Sandberg's letter of 17th September last and to inquire what steps the Managers are taking to effect the improvements which are so urgently needed in the premises of the above named School.'

L.A.Clark

Correspondent March 31st 1909

February 26th 1909 Summary of H M Inspector's Report

Instruction: - The School is steadily conducted: reading though somewhat hurried is distinct. Handwriting is neat, and the attainment of the children seems generally to reach the level usual in similarly situated schools. One or two suggestions have been made orally, e.g. a definite scheme of 'object lessons' might be improved and the amount of work exacted from the infants might be reduced.

If slates – which are disused in most good schools – are to be used at all, they should always be cleaned with clean water and not with saliva.

Premises and Equipment –

Since June 1908 when the last report was made, various desks have been adjusted for 'difference' and the furniture is now tolerably satisfactory though even now the infants occupy seats which are not furnished with backs. One or two panes of glass, also, have been made to open, but nothing else has been done to improve the premises. The open pit connected with the offices is eminently objectionable and probably insanitary, and the arrangements for warming the Main room are unsatisfactory. At 10am on at least 24 days during the present civil year, a temperature below 50 degrees has been recorded in this room, and at no time non the morning of the 26th February did the temperature rise much above 45 degrees. It must be noted also that the Girls and Infants lobby, though of ample size, is badly provided with pegs, and that hats and garments are crowded together: a small porch is the only 'cloakroom' available for the boys.

4th October 1910. Report made by H M Inspector, Mr Newton.

Premises and Equipment.

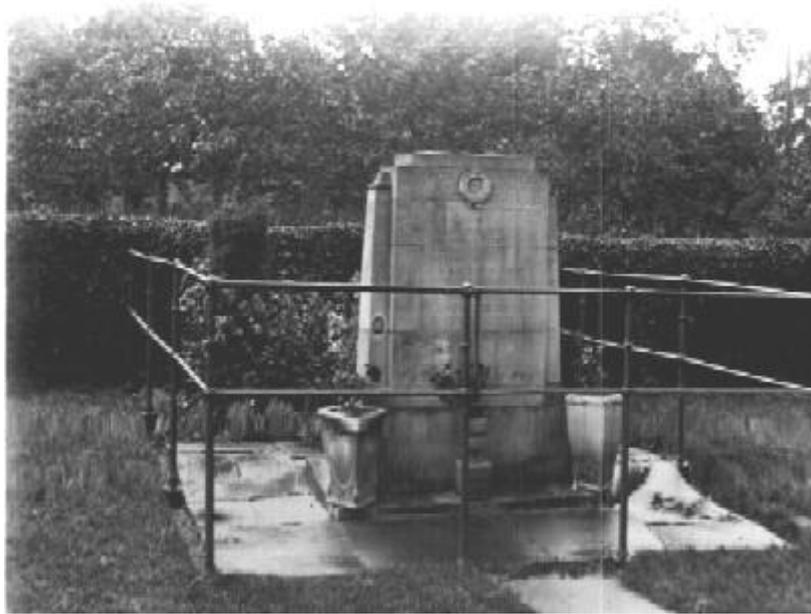
1. The Main room has been lengthened. This enlargement is useful, not as much because of the insufficient area of the unenlarged room as because of the shape.
2. The Pit connected with the Offices has been filled up and a 'Pail' system, which is doubtless sanitary introduced.
3. The Main room has been provided with a second fire-place; the old fireplace is of a wasteful and rather insufficient kind but it may be that proper temperatures can now be secured.
4. A Porch which serves as a cloakroom for the boys has been provided.

Garments in the Girl's Lobby are still unduly crowded together: the place is of a sufficient size, and, were the door at each end made to open outwards, the pegs could be arranged at proper distances.

L.A.Clark

Correspondent December 30th 1910

WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM



Thriplow War memorial from web site /www.roll-of-honour.com/Cambridgeshire/Thriplow.html



HORACE GAMBIE – Private 15607 11th Btn. Suffolk Regiment who died on Wednesday, 7th February 1917 age 23. Son of Caroline and the late John Gambie, of Thriplow, Cambs. Buried in WIMEREUX COMMUNAL CEMETERY, Pas de Calais, France. Grave II. C. 16A.

CLEMENT PETER SOFTLY – Rifleman 393689 “B” Coy. 1st/9th. Bn. London Regt. (Queen Victoria’s Rifles) who died on Saturday, 14th April 1917. Age 33. Son of John and Martha Freeman Softly of Thriplow, Cambs. Commemorated on the ARRAS MEMORIAL, Pas de Calais, France. Bay 10.

HAROLD ISON – Private 328071, 1st Bn. Cambridgeshire Regiment, killed in action Tuesday 31st July 1917. Age 22. Born Quy, enlisted Cambridge. Son of Josiah Ison, of Stow cum Quy, Cambs. Commemorated on YPRES (MENIN GATE) MEMORIAL Ieper, West-Vlaanderen, Belgium. Panel 50 and 52.

THRILOW WEATHER IN 2009

2009 will be remembered for its snow, its precipitation generally (equal to 2008 and 26% above average), its dull days and its lack of high temperatures. The hottest days were 1st and 2nd July at 88°F and the coldest night was 6th January when the thermometer dropped to 16°F.

2009 – Temperature and Rainfall

	2009		Mean 1980-2009	
	°F	°C	°F	°C
Daytime temperature	60.5	15.6	58.4	14.7
Night time temperature	45.3	7.4	47.8	8.8
Average day/night	52.9	11.5	53.1	11.7
	2009		Record 1980-2009	
Hottest day	88 (1 & 2 Jul)	31.1	97 (3.8 90)	36.1
Coldest night	16 (6 Jan))	-8.9	10 (31.1.87 & 12.12.91)	-12.2
	2009		Annual Mean 1982-2009	
	Inches	Mm	Inches	Mm
Rainfall	29.2	741.7	23.2	589.0

Precipitation

Rain fell on 125 days in 2009 compared with 189 in 2008. The driest month was September with only 0.4" with July and November the wettest with 4.4" and 4.5" respectively. 2009 will be noted for its snow with significant falls in the first half of February and in the second half of December. The last frost of Spring was on 30th March (51 days earlier than 2008) and the first frost of winter was on 1st December (33 days later than 2008).

Guy Fawkes Night

November 5th was dull and cold with a temperature of 52°F, not one of the best.

Daffodil Weekend (28th and 29th March)

The Saturday saw sunshine and showers some of hail giving 4.3 mm of rain. The daytime temperature reached a mere 40°F one of the coldest on record for Daffodil Weekend.. The Sunday started with frost with the temperature managing to reach 51°F with some sunny intervals. There was 1 mm of rain.

From a gardener's point of view, it was a good year for most things. From my own point of view, I have never had such a good crop of walnuts. One tree produced

about a half a hundredweight of nuts completely overwhelming the squirrels. In the fields, I have never seen such a showing of poppies; they were everywhere. Where do all the seeds come from in, for example, wheat fields?

Nearly every year something interesting happens in the sky and 2009 was no exception for we had a blue moon on December 31st though only occasionally do we see this sort of event for the sky so often remains cloudy and that was the case this time. A blue moon has two explanations; firstly, when there are two full moons in the same month, the second one is called a blue moon but the moon does not actually turn blue!. That was the case in December and, on average, it occurs every 2.4 years. The other meaning is when the moon actually appears to be blue because of smoke from a volcanic eruption for example.

Global warming still gives the world's experts cause for concern and representatives of most nations got together in Copenhagen in November/December to discuss the climate situation though I think it is generally accepted that no legally binding conclusions were reached. One correspondent to the *Telegraph* wondered whatever had happened to the ozone layer!

Bill Wittering



Snowdrop day February 2010

GLEANINGS

Correction: In our article on the Church Lamp, we said the PCC bought the new church lamp, in fact it was bought by Peter and Mary Duff.

Many thanks to Geoff Axe and David Easthope who put up the Christmas Tree outside the Village Hall and thanks too, to Bill Wittering for giving the tree from his garden. And too to Geoffrey Axe, David Easthope, Kevin Clark and Derek Pinner, who, on a very snowy and cold Twelfth Night, took the tree down. The Thriplow Society has given a Christmas Tree to be enjoyed by the village since the beginning of the Society in 1992 and hope to continue to do so. If anyone else has a spare tree to give next year, we would be very happy to know of it. Plant your tree for the future.

Thanks to Neville Potter of Canberra, Australia, for the gift of copies of the Censuses for 1841, to 1901, they will be very useful to us. Neville is researching his Ison roots and would be happy to correspond with any members of that family.

Many Congratulations to Graham Wynne, of Middle Street, who has been awarded a Knighthood for services to Nature Conservation; Graham is Chief Executive of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Thanks to Peter Allan for repairing the forge and for the gift of some items from the old smithy at Guilden Mordon, we look forward to seeing Peter and also Jimmy at Daffodil Weekend, working the forge and making the sparks fly.

Robin Cooper's book, *Tales of Thriplow*, is now on sale, the price £5. It has four of his stories from his childhood in Thriplow in the 1950s and is illustrated by his sister Mary with some pictures from the Thriplow Society archives. It can be obtained from the shop; it is a lovely addition to our growing collection of publications. Another story from Mary is in this edition of the Journal, 'Thriplow School'.

In Memoriam – We are very sorry to report the death of Peter Lomas of Lower Street on Tuesday January 12th. Peter and his wife Diana were long-standing members of the Thriplow Society. He was a kind and gentle man and will be missed.

Many thanks to all the Thriplow Society Committee for making the Open Day Exhibition on January 31st so successful. Without them and their spouses the day would not have run so smoothly. Thanks too to the many people who brought pictures and documents for us to scan and return, especially Diana Lomas, Rita Denison, John Fuller, Linda Neeves, Helen Augar, Jo Ramsey and especial thanks to Oliver Walston for lending us his extensive collection of photo albums and giving us some postcards for sale.

Web site, see <http://www.abc.net.au/news/stories/2009/03/16/2517219.htm> , British Blacksmith's Association

