

# Thriplow Journal Vol.20/1 Summer 2011

## EDITORIAL

*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.*

*Psalms 16:6*

On Saturday July 16<sup>th</sup> 2011 probably the most important event to happen in Thriplow occurred. The Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, who directly represents the Queen, presented the Thriplow Daffodil Weekend Committee with the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service'. The citation commended the Committee for 'Managing a community event raising funds to benefit other local charitable groups' for over forty years. He reminded us that the award was the equivalent of a MBE for an individual.

Over £300,000 has been donated to outside charities since Daffodil Weekend started in 1969. Of course the money raised comes from the hard work and dedication of the whole village, but the organisation is done by the Daffodil Weekend Committee. Congratulations and well done to all of us! Mary Duff, who nominated the Committee for the award, will be depositing her papers with the Society shortly.

On the day of the presentation Saturday July 16<sup>th</sup> it poured down in the morning as our doughty helpers put up the gazebo for the Smithy open day which coincided with the presentation of the Queen's Award by the Lord Lieutenant of the County. But by the time he arrived at 4.30pm the sun was shining and a great time was had by all. He presented the beautiful glass award and a citation to Tim Holmes, current Chairman of the Daffodil Weekend Committee and then photographs were taken including one of Daffodil Weekend Committee members old past and present.

In the smithy, our new farrier, Simon, worked willingly all day making horseshoes and chatting to visitors and we hope to see him again next Daffodil Weekend. The Shop also under the smiling guidance of Kevin Clarke was dispensing free Pimms and strawberries.

I'm sure you'll all be pleased to know that Bill and Shirley Wittering have also been given an Award for Services to Local History by the Cambridge Association for Local History. The presentation took place on a lovely sunny afternoon at Denny Abbey. For those of you who have not been to Denny Abbey, it is well worth a visit, especially with children. See <http://www.dennyfarmlandmuseum.org.uk/history.htm>

*Angela Rimmer and Shirley Wittering, Joint Editors.*

**Thriplow Church in the 1950s**  
Mary Cooper Gallo



When I was small, going to St. George's church on Sunday was the high point of the week. Usually we children went three times, to morningsong, sunday school and evensong. Most women wore hats, men wore jackets and children were freshly scrubbed. After the morning service, the grownups would collect in little groups in front of the porch, men talking about events of the previous week before some went down to "The Green Man", and women would chat before they had to go home and prepare lunch. Children would look for pretty paper confetti that had been scattered after a bridal party, or play among the older headstones before they were called back by their mothers.

Thriplow church has a very special atmosphere. Over nine centuries have passed and generations of villagers have been buried in the simple, quiet churchyard so that little by little it has risen above the surrounding countryside until it is several feet higher than the original hill. Even when I was a child, I felt that the RIP on the headstones meant just that; - Rest In Peace. The cruciform church is solidly built with Norman features and a rather stubby bell-tower. Inside, there is a carved rood screen defaced with swordcuts from Cromwell's time and on the back left wall next to the screen, there is a carved Elizabethan memorial stone, with a knight kneeling in prayer in front of his lady, their sons kneeling behind their father, their daughters behind their mother. I always thought it was childlike in its simplicity. In the entry, there was a granite slab with the names of one of the Victorian vicars. There is a board inside with the names of the vicars going back centuries.



Tomb of Edward Lucas of Bassets 1601

Sometimes after school, I would go into the churchyard, first turning left behind the church where I would put my finger in a fossil shell imprint on the flint facing, and then go inside. Once I found the door of the bell-tower ajar, and being curious, I called up the stairs to see if I could go up. I was told to come up but be very quiet and careful. The stone stairs curved up to the first platform. There were the bell-ropes which passed through holes in a sort of platform. Then a ladder made of unpainted wood, and there were lots of bats and bat messes. From the slatted windows I was so high that I could see far, far away. When I got to the bell-loft where the bells were hung, I was amazed to see how big they were, much bigger than I was and they seemed to fill all of the space. The blacksmith from the forge on the village green was changing the heavy rope on one of the bells. He lay his finger on his lips and indicated a dark corner. There was a beautiful owl with two white fluffy babies of different sizes, blinking and turning her head. I sat and watched them, then we had to go down. On the way down I found a baby bat on the ground, pink with white wings, and took it home, but it died.

The five bells of Thriplow were not just tolled but were rung with changes. To ring the changes, the bell-ringers must pull the ropes strongly so that each bell is balanced upside-down on the beam. They are then released in a given order beginning with 1-2-3-4-5-, swing in the opposite direction and again are balanced upside-down, then the ringing order is changed again. I don't remember the name of the usual bell-ringer, but he used to handle three at a time, a big bell in each hand and the treble bell which was manoevered with his foot in a loop of the bell-rope.\* Sometimes Robin and I were allowed to help, though the ropes, covered in dusty red velvet sleeves to stop rope-burn, seemed awfully long. We were always afraid to be left dangling. On special holidays like Easter or Christmas, teams of bell-ringers would occasionally come from other towns they would ring special changes, sometimes "Plain Bob" or usually "Stedman", ending in a full peal.

Robin and I were members of the choir at Thriplow, learning to sing both in harmony with descant, in Plainsong and in Gregorian chant, Robin had a very pure treble, but since there were few contraltos, I had to sing contralto as a child together with the other women. Before the organ could be played, the big bellows in the side room had to be pumped for a long time, at least 15 minutes, because the church didn't have electricity. When the organ started to slow down and wheeze, the bellows had to be pumped again. The choirmaster was very good and enthusiastic, and I remember going to a choral festival at Trinity Church, Cambridge. The festivals at Thriplow church were a lot of fun, very much in line with the agricultural nature of the village.



**Harvest Thanksgiving.** Everybody participated. Villagers brought all kinds of produce, from fruit like apples, plums and pears, to cabbages, potatoes and marrows, baskets of eggs, jars of honey or home-made jam, bunches of wildflowers,- anything that could stay overnight in the church, because the day after, it would all go to an Old Peoples's Home. Every possible surface was brightly coloured, onions, carrots and beet next to baskets of flowers.

Most women and children pitched in to help decorate, and during the service, couples of strong farm workers brought in sheaves of wheat and barley which were placed in front of the altar and blessed by the vicar, because the flour made from that wheat would make the bread to be used for Holy Communion during the year. After the service, the vicar, followed by the entire congregation would go out to the wall overlooking the countryside and from there, he would bless the fields and the village.

**Beating the Bounds.** I think that I only participated once in this ceremony in which the vicar dressed in his surplice and carrying the cross, accompanied by his acolytes carrying lighted candles and by parishoners, walked to set points on the parish boundary. One place was at a stile, I remember. These boundary markers were beaten with sticks then blessed with holy water.

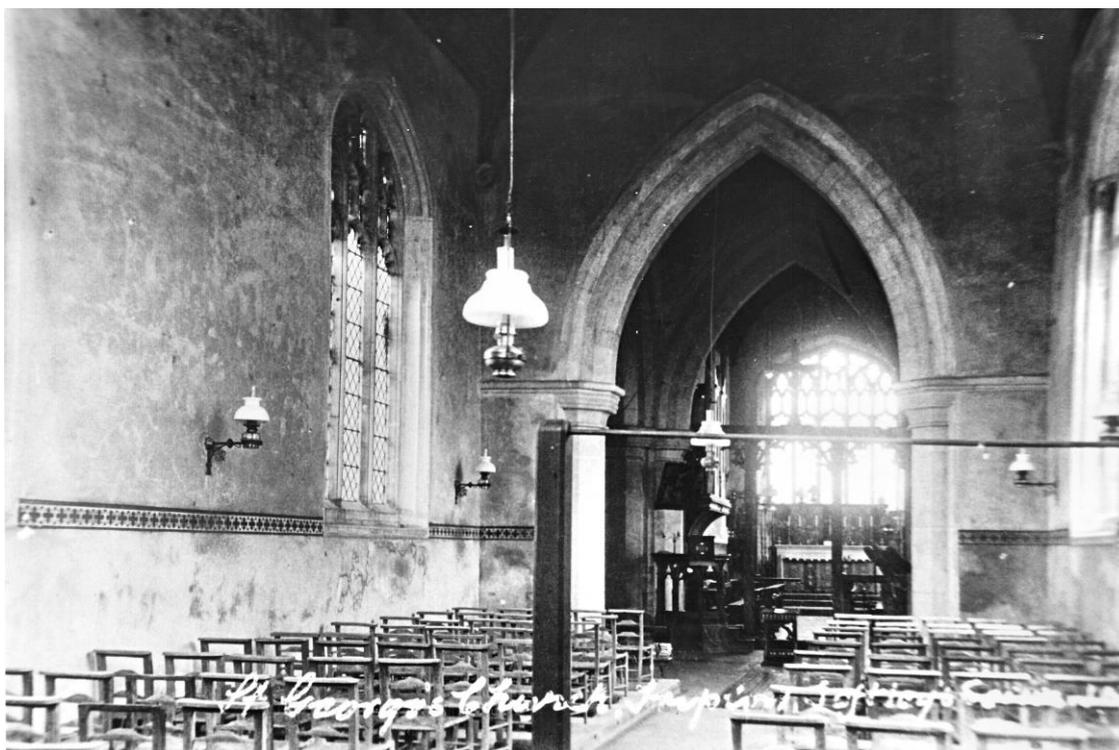
**Rogation Days** This was a spring festival 3 days before Ascension and 5 weeks after Easter. God's blessing was asked for seeds to grow and flourish and for a safe and abundant harvest.

**Mothering Sunday** I remember that all the children sat together apart from their mothers, each holding a bunch of flowers. At a certain point, the children went up to the altar, probably were blessed, but I am not sure, - then each child went to his or her mother, and gave her the flowers. The special cake for this day was Simnel Cake, which wasn't as tasty when made with dried egg.

**Christmas.** This was another favourite festivity. The choir had been practicing Christmas carols for a month, so a week before Christmas, depending on the weather, we would start out from the church, well wrapped up against the cold, with several grownups carrying hurricane lights on poles, shielded candles or torches so as to be able to read the words of the carols. Each evening we would sing carols along a different street of the village. It was cold, of course, often snowy and dark, especially since electricity only came in 1950, but there would be candles in the window of every house to light our way, and many people offered refreshments. After we finished on the last evening, we went to a large manor house where we sang the last three carols and here in the vast entrance hall, we were offered mulled cider or punch and mince pies.

The church itself was decorated with pine branches, holly and winter flowers. Poinsettias had not yet arrived in Europe, and the colours would seem muted by today's standards.

The bellringers from another town had already played carols on Christmas Eve, so now on Christmas morning there were our usual bell-ringers ringing peal after peal to welcome worshippers to church. The Christmas celebration probably has not changed much. People will still be dressed in their best, carols will still be sung, but at least the organ won't start wheezing because it runs out of air!



## Easter -

During Easter week there was a festival commemorating the last supper. I don't remember the vicar washing anyone's feet though.

**Good Friday** - Traditionally, one eats fish on this day and spicy Hot Cross Buns.

**Palm Sunday** - Probably this festivity hasn't changed much over the years. On Palm Sunday there was a procession around the outside of the church with everyone waving olive or willow branches and singing hymns, like "*All glory, laud and honour...*"

**Easter Day** - Bells were rung in changes; the church was aglow with spring flowers brought from cottage gardens and the choir, which had been practicing Easter hymns, sang enthusiastically. Women wore Easter hats to church and people who could afford it wore something new. At home, there were no chocolate Easter eggs of course. We decorated and coloured ordinary hard boiled hen's eggs. Sometimes we wrapped them in onion skins then in old rags before boiling them, so they turned out a beautiful golden colour.

Occasionally we were lucky enough to have a goose egg from the Sheldricks next door and maybe a chicken. At that time few people could afford to eat lamb.

*Mary Cooper Gallo*

\*Editor's note: That bell ringer was Sid Badcock  
A sixth bell was added in 1995, see Vol. 4/2





*Elizabeth R*

**Elizabeth the Second,**

By the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland  
and of Our other Realms and Territories Queen, Defender of the Faith, to

*Thriplow Daffodil Weekend Committee*

*Managing a community event raising funds to  
benefit other local charitable groups.*

Greeting!

We being cognisant of the said group's outstanding voluntary work in the community,  
and being desirous of showing Our Royal Favour do hereby confer upon it:

**The Queen's Golden Jubilee Award  
for voluntary service by groups in the community 2011**

for such period as the group continues to provide its current service and do  
hereby give permission for the authorised emblem of the said Award to be  
displayed on the group's letterhead and other public material.

Given at Our Court of Saint James's under Our Royal Sign Manual this  
second day of June 2011 in the sixtieth year of Our Reign.



The citation with the Queen's signature.



The Lord Lieutenant of the County presenting Tim Holmes, Chairman of the Thriplow Daffodil Weekend Committee with the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service 2011.

From left:- Paul Earnshaw, Martin Arthur, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Hugh Duberley, Tim Holmes, Alison Starr and Ann Robertson.

*Photo by Geoff Axe*

## LADYBIRDS VISIT THE SMITHY

‘By Hammer and Hand,  
All things do stand.’

On a lovely sunny afternoon of 20<sup>th</sup> May, the children of the Ladybird Playgroup with their carers visited the Smithy on the Green. Michael Moule and I were there to greet them and show them how the Blacksmith lit his fire, heated the iron shoes to put on the horses that worked the farms in Thriplow. They handled the heavy horse shoes, tried on the horse Lawn Shoes that were worn to protect the grass when they pulled the lawn mower and exclaimed at the large syringe that was used to put medicine down a sick horse’s mouth. Michael had made a list of horsy terms to help the children and we thought you might enjoy it too.



**SMITHY** – A Blacksmith’s workshop

**BLACKSMITH** – A person who works iron, (a skill going back at to the Iron Age, over two thousand years ago). There were also silversmiths, goldsmiths and tinsmiths. A smith also treated ill and injured horses.

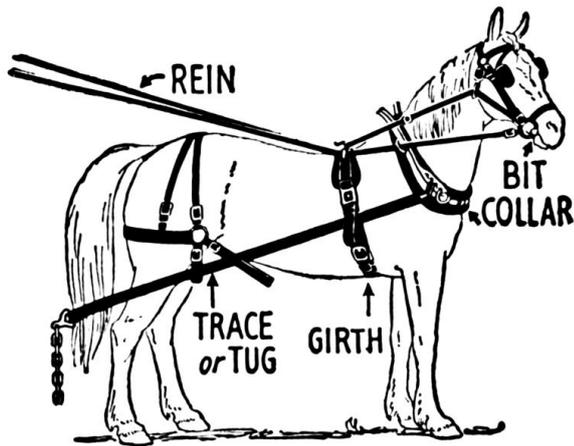
**FARRIER** – Makes horse shoes and fits them on the horse.

**THE FORGE** – The fire kept hot by bellows pumping air into the fire. The metal is heated in the fire to make it soft enough to hammer into the desired shape.

**ANVIL** – Block of iron with a flat top, concave sides and a pointed end, this is used as a base to shape the metal with a hammer.

**HORSE** – A horse is a solid hoofed, plant-eating quadruped with a flowing mane and tail.

HORSESHOE – A U shaped iron made to fit the horse's hoof. Modern shoes, especially racing, are made of aluminium. Horses do not need shoes on soft ground.



They are replaced every 4-6 weeks as the hoofs grow and the shoes wear. Today a pony costs about £50 to shoe and a larger horse up to £100. In 1960 a pony cost £1.50 (£22.95p) and a horse £2.00 (£30.60p). These days the Farrier travels to the horse instead of the horse going to the Farrier.

SUPERSTITION – Farriers showed horse shoes pointing down so that the bad luck will fall out. Smiths hang horse shoes upright to capture the evil spirits.



Coat of Arms of the Worshipful Company of Farriers

Horse brasses were also hung on the harness of a cart horse to repel witches and evil spirits, they never showed Spades as they attracted witches.

The Daily Mail has purchased all the horse shoes used on the Royal Wedding horses, a total of 748.

*Michael Moule*

## **VISIT TO THE GREEN BY THE SCHOOL GARDENING CLUB.**

On June 27<sup>th</sup> the School Gardening Club under their leader Kay Horseford visited the Green to look at the trees. Bill Wittering, the Parish Tree Warden, helped them identify the various trees growing on the Green. Michael Moule, whose idea it was, told them of his childhood memories of learning to identify all the trees in the village.



Bill Wittering talking to the children of the School Gardening Club.

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### **Recent Talks**

For those of you who haven't managed to get to the Thriplow Society's talks we thought you would like a summary of the most recent ones.

Our AGM talk by Paul Nevett was on William Tyndale and the making of the English Bible. He brought along an exhibition of over one hundred different Bibles and used Eden Harbud and Kirsty Hall to read excerpts from the Bible to show how the language has changed over the last six hundred years. Yet so many expressions from that early work we still use today – *The salt of the Earth; a sign of the times, filthy lucre and the powers that be*. Tyndale first translated the New Testament from the Hebrew and Greek in 1525 taking advantage of Guttenberg's invention of movable type. In 1535, Tyndale was arrested by church authorities and jailed just outside Brussels for over a year. He was tried for heresy, strangled and burnt at the stake in 1536. The Tyndale Bible, as it was known, continued to play a key role in spreading Reformation ideas across Europe.

The fifty-four independent scholars who created the King James' Version of the bible in 1611 drew significantly on Tyndale's translations. One estimation suggests the New Testament in the King James Version of 1611 is 83% Tyndale's, and the Old Testament 76%.

**The next talk** on May 19<sup>th</sup> was a visit from Mr Michael Lazarus of the Evacuees Reunion Association. Mr Lazarus was evacuated in 1940 from a poor Jewish area of London when he was five years old with his three brothers. They had no idea where they were going and after a 12 hour journey by train, arrived at St Austall in Cornwall, having been diverted via Bristol because of bombing in Portsmouth. His brothers were sent to other houses and he and his twin brother were taken to the Manse where the Minister and his son, who was a shoemaker, made them very welcome. He found life very strange as he had had no contact with Christians before and had never been into the countryside either, but was very happy and was amazed at Christmas to receive presents. Unfortunately one of his brothers mentioned that he had been given pork to eat and another mentioned that he had learnt to love Jesus, which upset his parents who insisted on them being returned to London.

By 1943 the bombing of London was becoming very fierce and Michael began to stammer, so he was sent to Norfolk, to a couple who had no children and who beat him. He was teased at school and was extremely unhappy. But he always remembered the kindness he had received in Cornwall and in later years returned there to visit.

Thriplow had its share of refugees from London and I will, one day, write up their story too.

*Shirley Wittering*

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## **Thriplow Manor, Middle Street The late Georgian and Victorian years**



We have lived in this beautiful house for over twenty years and over the years people have called, to see the home where their ancestors lived and died. Experts have identified and explained features of the house that give a good idea about how it grew, declined, and ultimately became a modest dwelling almost equipped for modern living.

The House came into the possession of the Vinter family in 1914, and we have owned the property since 1987. Geoffrey Vinter restored the House in 1924/5; he lived in the house for all of his married life. He must take great credit for saving the fabric of the house in the best spirit of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, and for developing the garden in an Italianate style, reflecting what might have been Sir Christopher Hatton's garden. This was a time when our ancient buildings and town centres were given short shrift by 'forward looking' architects and planners. Geoffrey Vinter researched the history of the Manor (Manors). He contributed to the latest edition of the Victorian History of this County, a useful document for anybody interested in the History of the village and its surroundings. Let us start with his history of the house; it begins with that remarkable Norman document of Saxon England, Domesday Book:

- The Manor was held at the Norman Conquest by Sigar the Server of Algar the Staller, who held it in 1086.
- About 1100 it was granted to the BARENTON family (in the fee of Manderville) which family had served Emma, the Queen of King Ethelred.
- During the 1400's the chimney stack was put in, with the outer fireplace. The last member of the BARENTON family to hold the house was ELIZABETH BARENTON, who sold it in 1560 to
- RICHARD PRIME who altered it from its medieval condition (1563 as shown on a carved beam) and inserted the Tudor-type fireplaces.
- Prime held it until 1652, when it was sold to MEAD.
- COMES, 1657.
- MALLET, 1663.
- In 1681 it was sold to SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, who built the red brick and flint wall round the garden.
- In 1681 he sold it to the master of John's College, Cambridge, DR HUMPHRY GOWER, whose portrait by Virtue is over the Hall fireplace.
- It was occupied by subsequent Masters until 1781, when it was reported to be in a ruinous condition. The greater portion of it was then pulled down and the rest converted for tenant farmers.
- In 1914 it was sold to Harold Skelsey Vinter who rented the House to Harry Ison his farm manager, and in 1924 gave it to his son Geoffrey on his marriage.

The History of the occupants after 1781 was something of a mystery, but in 2001 we received a visit from Mr and Mrs Rex Clark who were visiting the UK on Holiday from New Zealand. It transpired that the Clark family were the tenant farmers mentioned in Geoffrey Vinter's history. Rex Clarke's Grandfather was the last Tenant of the farm. The first member of the family to live in the house was William Clark he lived in the locality and was born in 1720. He moved into the House in 1771, aged 51. William's signature is scratched into a pane of glass in the dining room. In 1796, aged 76 he married Elisabeth Maris.

Another William Clark was born in 1800 and married Hepsibar Lambert. He is recorded as giving evidence to a select committee on Rural Poverty. Their son William John Clark was born in 1835, he died in 1914, aged 79 with no issue. His aged wife died in poverty, after the farm had been sold by John's college to generate funds, possibly, for the Great War.

This genealogical data needs careful checking as I suspect some inconsistencies but it provides a start. Did William take over the farm before 1781 when the old house was still standing, and was the William that died in 1914 really Rex's grandfather? We already have some clues as to why the House fell into disrepair and became a farm, but that is part of another story.

What was the historical and economic background to this story? At its peak in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century the farm was prosperous and large at 410 acres. This was a consequence of enclosures (1840) and advances in agricultural technology. It was rented from the college of St John's.

Towards the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century the country suffered from the first impact of globalisation. We invented railways, but others learnt fast. Steamships and a growing network of railways in America allowed grain to be shipped from America at very low prices; it spelled great suffering for those who worked on the land including the Clarks. The longevity of the family is of some interest; genes would have played a part, but people in the country even in the medieval period could live long healthy, but hard lives. It was in the cities of the industrial revolution that life was short.

The story ends well; Members of the family emigrated to New Zealand and Arizona, USA, Rex became Chairman of the New Zealand Insurance Company.

We met, in the same year, Jane Clark Douglass, from the American branch of the Family. Jane's Grandparents had passed down stories of the beauty of the trees that surrounded the farm, and she was delighted to visit the Church where so many of her ancestors had worshipped over the years.

In the next instalment, I will attempt to go back to the earliest days of the House a story prompted by a visit from one of the descendents of the Barentons

- The Victoria County History is now on-line: <http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=66759#s2>
- Manderville was the Earl of Essex, and we are led to understand, a man not to be crossed.
- Sir Christopher Hatton, was a descendent of Elisabeth's Chancellor. It was the first Sir Christopher who advised the Queen to sign the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots. The Family funded Drakes voyages, and a representation of the Golden Hind is to found in the Garden of the House

*Michael Braithwaite.*

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## The Last Bus to Royston

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The last bus from Thriplow to Royston ran on Wednesday April 13th 2011. The picture shows Bill Wittering getting on the bus for its last run.

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### GREAT STORM OF 1868

Peter Stevenson who is researching his family tree of Ambrose Benning, Lord of the Manor of the Bury, sent us this report of the great storm of 1868. He thought members might be interested. He says - I just came across a reference to an 1868 storm and the damage it did to Thriplow. You probably know all about it already... but just in case...

*.....the singular atmospherical disturbance, that occurred at Tuddenham in 1868... According to the Bury and Norwich Post, "a narrow strip of country, extending from Thriplow to Cherryhinton, especially suffered. At Thriplow, a whirlwind passed through the centre of the village from south to north, completely devastating everything in its path; its ravages were most apparent at the National Schools, and on the property of Henry Perkins, Esq. In the schoolroom, which is quite new, upwards of sixty children were assembled, when both ends of the room were blown outwards, and the materials scattered in all directions. At the same instant, the trees surrounding the building were torn up by the roots. At Mr. Perkins's, (the Bury) four magnificent elms were rooted up, and a large spruce fir was twisted like a corkscrew. In all, upwards of 400 trees were blown over. The whirlwind also swept over an off-farm of Mr. Ellis's, tearing the buildings to pieces. In passing from Little to Great Shelford it crossed the river, on the banks of which was a plantation of about sixty trees, belonging to Mr. P. Grain, which were entirely swept away. A little further on is another small plantation, divided by the Great Eastern Railway. Through the opening, the storm seems to have passed, just touching one side of the passage, and breaking off a fir, which it carried about 100 yards, and dropped on the road on the bridge over the railway. The whirlwind had the*

*appearance of an immense column of dense smoke, mixed with leaves, dirt, and branches of trees. It was about 100 yards across, appeared to reach from the earth to the clouds, and made as much noise as a heavily laden train at full speed."*

Peter Stevenson,  
Toronto, Canada.

*From the Thriplow Journal summer 2007, vol. 16/1:*

But what about the past? The days too far back for people to remember but which they may have heard about from parents or other people? Such a gale was that of September 27<sup>th</sup> 1868 and recorded in *The Times* on 9<sup>th</sup> October in a letter to the editor written by a John T Athawes on 2<sup>nd</sup> October. He, quoting from a friend of his, wrote:

*"A circular storm or whirlwind visited the village of Thriplow in Cambridgeshire on Sunday the 27<sup>th</sup> September. In the course of three minutes it destroyed 400 trees, blew out both ends of a handsome new school and shook the building so violently that it is thought to be permanently injured. [The building of the school was completed late in 1863] On Sunday for the first time this year, we had a thunderstorm with vivid and incessant lightning and terrific thunder which seemed to come from all quarters. There was no wind to speak of and the storm was getting over, we thought. We were waiting with the assembled morning school for the arrival of the superintendent when suddenly there was a sharp rattle of hail against the windows. I looked up and saw a cloud of dust and leaves whirling in the air and, with an indescribable roar and crash which filled the whole air around us, the tall poplars on the opposite side of the road were dashed to the ground and we all huddled in the passage as the large and costly window with its stone mullions was dashed out and every brick blown out up to the apex of the high-pitched roof. We had a most providential escape.*

*The storm swept through the lower part of the village, breaking off some trees and tearing others up by the roots, but not a twig was injured on either side of its path. Some damage was done in neighbouring villages but, at Foulmire, close to us, they knew nothing of it until they were told. The roads were blocked up on Sunday with fallen trees; the high road was cleared directly, the whole male population turning out and working with a will. We had no morning service; in the afternoon special thanksgiving was offered up."*

Mr Athawes adds in a second letter (dated October 6<sup>th</sup>): "On Sunday last (the 4<sup>th</sup> inst.) the village was literally thronged and hundreds of working people availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the scene of the storm."

(Ed) Strangely, I have so far been unable to find any record of this storm in school documents or in local newspapers.

For more storms see Vol. 16/1, 2007

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## Gleanings

**In Memoriam,** We were saddened to hear of the death of Diana Seagon. She was a familiar figure in the village and liked and respected by all who knew her. We send out sincere condolences to her husband Joe and all her family

**In Memoriam,** We are very sorry to hear of the death of Myrtle (Billy) Grant of Alderley, Church Street. She had reached the magnificent age of 95 and was well known in the village together with her daughter Penny Grant for her delicious cooking. We send our condolences to Penny

**Many thanks to Michael Moule** for the loan of several photos, some of which were included in the 'Transport in Thriplow' exhibition at Daffodil Weekend. Also to Michael for bringing his wonderful collection of Bikes, electric bikes and Motor Bikes to Daffodil Weekend, they aroused a lot of interest.

**Many thanks** to Geof Axe, Angela Rimmer, Jean Tomlinson, David Easthope, Kevin Clarke, Anthony Cooper, Peter Yates, Brian and Hanna Roberts, the Witterings and Michael Moule for all their help in getting the Smithy ready, putting up the Gazebo, getting the exhibition ready and for stewarding during the weekend. The Thriplow Society took £101.50 mainly from selling postcards and horseshoes. The two Blacksmiths, Peter Allen and Jimmy did a wonderful job showing our visitors the art of Blacksmithing and we are very grateful to them for coming. Our next open Smithy day is Saturday July 16th. This is a day for cleaning and repairing items but also to show the Smithy to villagers who were too busy at Daffodil Weekend to come and see us.

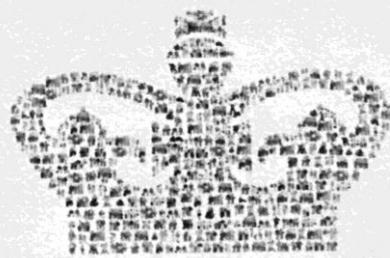
**Web Site** – [www.ccan.co.uk](http://www.ccan.co.uk) the Cambridgeshire Community Archives website, nearly 50 villages have put their archive material on it, including photos, videos, audio recordings and text. Thriplow has 8 pages and will soon be adding more.

**Thank You to** Graham Tindall for giving us some interesting bottles that he had dug up. We are always interested in local items for our collection in the Smithy. We are particularly looking for any local milk bottles, especially Deller's Dairy. Graham also gave us an old tobacco tin which he had found with live ammunition in, probably from the days of the Home Guard during the war. The Police took the ammunition but we have the tin and some wadding for cleaning the guns.

**Thank You** to Jean Tomlinson for some very good photos taken at Daffodil Weekend.

**John and Sandra Lord** are leaving Thriplow and have given us some spare copies of the Journal, mainly early ones. We wish John and Sandra well in their new life and are delighted to welcome June and Jim Rowley back to the village after a gap of eight years.

*Back Cover*



**The Queen's Award  
for Voluntary Service**

*The MBE for volunteer groups*