

Editorial

*Like most of those who study history, he (Napoleon III) learned
from the mistakes of the past how to make new ones.
- A. J. P Taylor*

A Happy and prosperous New Year to all our members. And all our readers as quite a few non-members read the Journal too.

2018 will be quite a year for the Daffodil Weekend Festival for it will be celebrating its 50th anniversary. The Committee is planning a fun-filled day for the village on Saturday 6th May 2018. As part of this celebration, the Society was asked if it would write the definitive history of the Weekend. Tim Holmes contacted Shirley Wittering and she asked for offers of help in researching the book. Geoff Axe, Bernard Meggitt and Judy Murch offered and a team was born. With such expertise it was decided to divide the book into three parts; Shirley would write the history, Judy would produce charts and graphs of facts and figures from over the years and Bernard would write about the natural history of the Daffodil. Geoff, who has produced an Exhibition in the Smithy every year for many years will produce a special display to compliment the 50th Book.

We meet every month and the book is progressing helped by Kerstin Rivett's skilled page setting and editorial expertise. We plan to have the book ready by next Daffodil Weekend, when a copy will be given to every household in Thriplow.

Any photos, old programmes and posters you have will be most welcome to add to our growing pile of historic documents.

On 25 June 2017 the Tithe Barn at Rectory Farm, Middle Street, Thriplow became a listed building Grade II. We are delighted that this building, probably the oldest domestic building in the village has been recognised as having some architectural and historical importance.

See

<https://historicengland.org.uk/sitesearch?terms=Thriplow&pageSize=undefined&searchtype=sitesearch>

The new programme for 2018 – 19 is being prepared and we hope you will enjoy it.

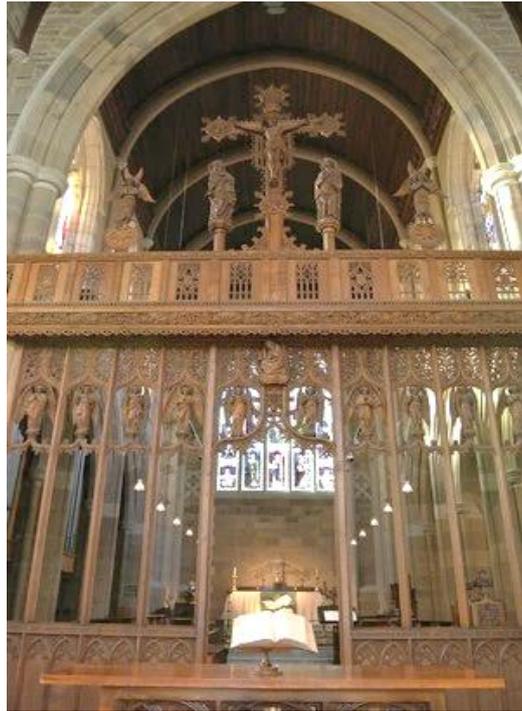
This is the last Journal of the current year, advance notice that your subscriptions will be due in April, £8 per household as usual.

Bernard Meggitt, Angela Rimmer and Shirley Wittering, Editorial Team.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPEARING ROOD SCREEN.

Introduction:

Rood screens – "rood" was the Old English word for cross or crucifix. Designed as a spiritual barrier separating nave from choir or chancel, the public part of the church from that of the priest, the crosses in East Anglia were systematically removed in the Reformation. The effect of the rood screen was to create a barrier and enhance the mystery of what was going on before the altar. There are more than five hundred surviving examples of screens within the historical dioceses of Norwich and Ely.



This rood screen in St David's Cathedral, Wales shows what Thriplow Screen may have looked like before the Reformation. It shows the Rood or Cross flanked by St Mary and St John, standing on the Loft with the lower half just visible filled in.

From the 14th century until the mid-16th century, rood screens and lofts were prominent features of churches in England and on the European continent. These elements, especially the openwork screens, provided artists with an opportunity for the creation and display of elaborate carvings and paintings. After the reformation the paintings of saints on the lower boards were often replaced with the ten Commandments, but enough survive to give us some wonderful examples of medieval painting.



Lower panels of rood screen, Ranworth Church, Norfolk.

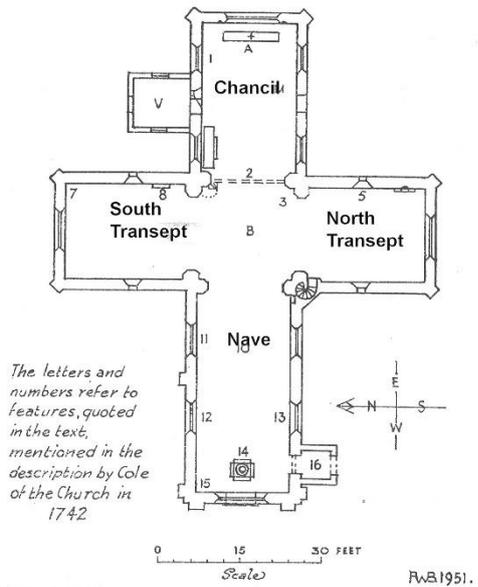
Late Renaissance church architects preferred an unbroken view into the chancel from the nave, so by 1800 the rood screen and loft had become virtually obsolete throughout Europe. Nonetheless, in the 19th and early 20th centuries, churches in the Gothic Revival style frequently reintroduced rood screens as at Saffron Walden.



Restored rood screen at Saffron Walden

In 16th-century England, with Henry VIII's establishment of the Anglican church, it was decreed that the rood and everything else above the rood beam had to be removed. Rood screens were allowed to remain, but thereafter they were more often called chancel screens. Some English rood screens have escaped destruction, and some have been restored.

Thriplow Church



For more details see Mr Vinter's Guide book to Thriplow, available in the Church.

No. 2 is the 14th century rood screen

New Evidence:

Last September I went to Kirtling, Suffolk, to a talk given by Dr Lucy Wrapson of the Hamilton Kerr Institute affiliated to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. ¹

The talk was based on Dr Lucy's PhD thesis 'Patterns of production: a technical art historical study of East Anglia's late medieval screens.' On talking to her during the tea break, I happened to mention that it was thought that the rood screen in Thriplow had been moved from the Nave side of the Church to the Chancel side. Her reply really surprised me – it is now thought that there were probably two rood screens. In her reply to an email asking for more information she replied: -

'At Great St Mary's in Cambridge, the front side of the screen was commissioned to resemble Thriplow (Cambs), and the back Gazeley (Suffolk). The indenture states:

And the briste of the seyde new Rodde Loft schal be after and accordyng to the briste of ye Roddelofte within ye parisshe Chirche of Tripplow in all maner housings, fynyalls, gabeletts, formes, figures and ranknesse of Werke as good or better in every poynte...The bakkesyde of the sayde Roddeloft to be also lyke to the bakkesyde of the Roodloft of Gasseley or better with a poulpette into the mydds of the quyer. And all and every of these premysses schal be after and accordyng to the Tremer, the Voute, the dores, the percloses and other werks of the Roodloft of the Chirche of Gasseley in the county of Suffolke as good or better in every poynte, and to agre and accord for the rumme of the seyde Chirche of Seynt Mary after the best workmanschippe and proporcion in every poynte. [\[1\]](#)

¹ The Hamilton Kerr Institute was established in 1976, it was given to the University of Cambridge for the Fitzwilliam Museum by the late Sir Hamilton Kerr, Bart, MP. It is situated at the edge of the village of Whittlesford,

The screen at Thriplow survives and is probably of fourteenth-century date.^[2] It seems strange that a 1520 screen would copy a simple fourteenth-century structure, which is likely in its original site, as the masonry has been hacked back to receive it. The secret may be in the wording of the contract and in the specifics at Thriplow: it is likely that the Great St Mary's indenture is referring to another object, a separate rood-loft placed in front of the transept, at the chancel arch. The evidence from the position of the rood stair is that the loft was set before the transept, and it is much more likely that it was this lost fifteenth- or sixteenth-century loft that was the model. At several Cambridgeshire churches, Thriplow, Cheveley, Fowlmere and Ickleton, rood and loft appear typically to have been placed at the chancel arch, before the transept, there being a separate screen. The loftless chancel screen was placed at the entrance to the chancel.

Gazetteer entry

Dedication: St George

Place: Thriplow

County: Cambridgeshire

Object type: Rood-screen

Previous date: Medieval [Pevsner 2002 (471-2)]; c. 1350 [Bligh Bond 1908 (289)]

Date: c. 1360-80

Basis of date: The screen has a square-sectioned transom and simple tracery

^[1] Sandars and Venables 1869 (67).

^[2] Bligh-Bond 1908 (289).

Rood Screens originally had a rood loft, a wide platform for choir boys to stand on especially at Easter when early in the morning of Easter day, the church would be dark with the congregation waiting expectantly. At a given moment all the candles would be lit and the choir boy on the rood loft would cry 'Christ is Risen', a dramatic moment of theatre. The rood screen at the chancel end is too narrow to ever have had a loft wide enough to support a boy, therefore it seems logical as Dr Wrapson states that there was a more substantial loft and screen at the nave end. The tower stairs and blocked up doorway being proof of there being a rood screen and loft there.

Evidence

The first mention of a second rood screen is in several wills from the late 15th and early 16th centuries.

WILLS OF THRIPLow WHICH MENTION THE ROOD LOFT.

1494 – Isabell Pypylle:

‘...to the payntying of the Rode loffte 26s 8d to be payed in 2 yeres when they be disposed to paynte it.’

1501 – John Adam:

‘I will that John Dyer shall pay or cawse to be payed within 4 yer after the decease of Issbell my wyff 30s to the priest for to syng for me and 10s to the Rod loft of Tryplow chyrche.’

1519 - Nicholas Thurlow:

‘I bequeath 5 quarters of malte to the sustentaion of 6 tapers, every taper conteynyng 2 pownde of Waxe whereof 2 before Allhallows in the Chancell, 3 before our Lady in the body of the church and oon (1) before the Roodelofte perpetually to be maynteyned with the said malt and the increase of the same And this to be doon by the wardens of the saide church yerly for the time being.’

All the wills before 1540 leave either Barley (for making beer) or money to the High Alter, torches (candles), repair of the Bells, the Guild of All Hallows and the Sepulchre Light but only the above mention the Rood Loft. There are six wills dated between 1489 and 1494 but they are in Latin and very faint so I have not got around to translating them yet.

So it rather looks as though the second rood screen and loft was being built between 1494 and 1519 just before the Great St Mary’s rood screen which was built in 1520.

When was the nave rood screen removed?

William Dowsing when he visited Thriplow in 1644 makes no mention of a rood screen, but then he was only looking for evidence of popery such as paintings, stained glass and cherubims.

Excerpt from description of Church by Rev Wm Cole 1742

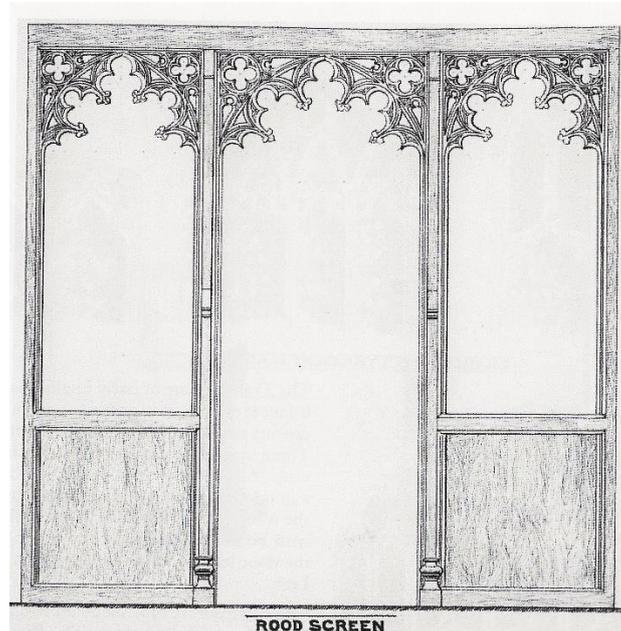
‘The Nave and Chancel are divided by a screen on which are the 10 Commandments, and the Pulpit stands against the first south pillar and under the bells.’

This a confusing description. If the pulpit stands against the ‘first south pillar’ it cannot be ‘under the bells’ but if he means it is more against the pillar than in the centre then it rather looks as though the nave rood screen was no longer there.

Report dated 1866 of condition of Church By R R Rowe.

‘There is a good roodscreen that might be restored without much difficulty or expense.’

The Antiquities of Cambridgeshire by Charles Lingard Bell (1881), edited by Mike and Val Cowham.



This drawing by Charles Lingard Bell in 1881 shows the chancel rood screen.

Bell's visit is a few years after the restoration of the Church in 1875 and gives a good description of the church as it was then, but there is only the following description of the rood screen. 'In the South Transept is the door leading to the Belfry staircase and the Rood Loft.' He doesn't mention a nave rood screen and it is fairly certain that at that late date it is no longer there. He continues, 'The Rood Screen is of good design of three conquefoiled arches, probably dating from the later part of the 14th century. The Screen in its present state is extremely plain and doubtlessly has lost decorative adjuncts in the form of finials, gablets etc. mentioned in the Indenture of Great St Marys.' This description matches the chancel screen.

The Banner of Faith Magazine – Thriplow January 1884

In the Vicar's description of the decorations for the Church at Christmas 1883 he says '...The deformities of the Screen being completely hidden by matting and trellis work of evergreens and Texts attached.'

Compare this picture with a photo taken recently of the chancel screen, note the lower boards are missing and the points of the carvings are missing



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Conclusion:

It would seem that the nave screen was built between 1494 and 1519 as in 1520 the churchwardens of Great St Mary's in Cambridge ordered their new screen to be a copy of that in Thriplow or better. As Dr Wrapson says, it is unlikely that they would want to copy a screen built a hundred years previously.

But the puzzle is, when was it removed and why?

As historians are always saying, 'Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.' Rood crosses were removed under orders by Henry VIII, more removals were instituted under his son Edward VI, and the puritans under Cromwell removed any idolatrous images that were left. It is a puzzle as to why the chancel screen remains and the nave screen is no longer there, but the fact it was there seems fairly substantial.

Shirley Wittering

<https://www.hki.fitzmuseum.cam.ac.uk/projects/roodscreens>

Sean Hogan

Sean studied HND illustration under the tutorship of Martin Salisbury at Anglia Ruskin University followed by a BA (Hons) in Illustration at Norfolk Institute of Art & Design. He is passionate about illustration and an advocate of it. He has never lost that childlike sense of awe and wonderment of the world around him which suffuses into his work. His favourite genre is Folklore and Fairy Tales and is eager to hear from writers who feel his style would complement their work. Private commissions have been a re-occurring theme throughout his career and have been a source of great pleasure and he has work in private collections in the UK and USA.

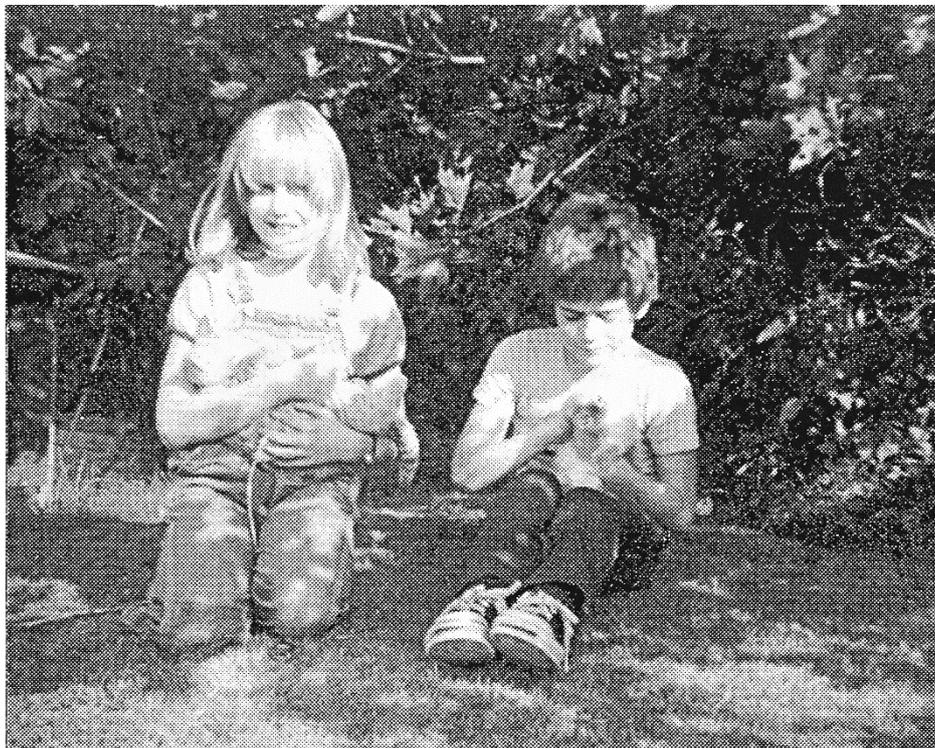
Sean's interests include early music, Baroque, medieval and Georgian history, the Environment, surreal humour, cooking and Megadeth.

Sean Hogan wrote this two-part article for the Journal in the Summer of 2000, and we are reprinting it in memory of him.

Walking in the Shadow of Childhood Part I

By Sean Hogan

By the time this article is published I will have been a resident of Thriplow for 30 years, with the accolade of being here both man and boy. As I write this I reminisce that I am one of the few of the 1970s generation of Thriplow School children still in permanent residence here. My colleagues have inevitably gone, though now and again they return and we casually acknowledge one another in the Green Man. I would like to think that in the mind's eye of the few remaining elders of the village, I could now be considered a 'local'!



Sean (R) with a school friend and kittens

My childhood in Thriplow was not without incident. I have always been reticent about talking openly of my illness for fear of joining that overburdened bandwagon known as “How I survived adversity”, but it has played a very significant and substantial role in my life and continues to do so.

I have a rare condition known as 'Allgroves Syndrome', the understanding of this condition in the medical profession is still very much in its infancy, so those of us with it are like gold dust; I am also part of a world-wide study group. In medical jargon it is known as the 3A Syndrome which stands for Achalasia. I have difficulty in swallowing, Alachrymose, an inability to produce tears and sufficient saliva, and A.C.T.H. which is an adrenal deficiency, re: Addison's of which I mentioned previously in my profile (Vol.8/2 Winter 1999) of this Journal. Those of us who have this condition vary from person to person and I have a fourth facet which is a neurological problem which affected the development of my muscles, especially in my legs and arms.

When one is born with a relatively serious illness which affects one's ability to do what everyone else takes for granted, then one's life inevitably goes off on a different tangent. Much of my childhood was spent in a dreamy fatigue as my young body acclimatised to taking steroids which have some pretty nasty side effects. Ignorance of other peoples' disabilities is the worst enemy and I was often shown the ugliest aspect of human nature which hounded me throughout my schooling and again now, as an adult. I find it curious to reflect that I once could circumference this village with relative ease and go around rowdy with the best of them, but today this is far more difficult.

We now arrive at what is for me the most poignant part of this article and holds a sacred place in my memory, because it represents the starting line of my life in Thriplow. As I write this piece it is 1st May 2000 – this will be my 30th summer here and it is those pictures of summer which are the most vivid. From my workroom window I look out over 'the View'. For those unfamiliar with Thriplow's geography, 'the View' is the meadow to the east end of Middle Street adjoining Barenton's Manor. As a child I remember it being owned by Geoffrey Vinter, a man who seemed ancient to my young eyes, and is now owned by the Braithwaite family. It was here roughly 23 years ago that I watched, engrossed on a cold November afternoon, Mr Vinter's grandson, Christopher Melesi, plant two svelte ash saplings which are now stout young trees, marking for me in a very profound way, the passage of time.

Here too I was laid on my back in the soporific heat of my fourth East Anglian summer, to smell the musky rye and cocksfoot grass which grows here, and through my juvenile eyes I traced a fleeting swallow through a cerulean sky. I still feel a sense of diminutive stature when standing at the top end of the 'View' looking towards Chishill and the Barkway Hills beneath

such an immensity of sky. But that is not why I have drawn your attention to the ‘View’, it is the six mature trees which grow within, especially one of them, an ancient, monumental, fan-shaped sycamore, whose weathered bark reads like Braille and is steeped in our childhoods. This tree has lingered in my conscience for 30 years; every day I have looked over to it. As a scuff-kneed child, roaming in a nomadic posse which fluctuated seasonally, our chiefs being Christopher Speak, (the editor’s son), Angus Crawford, (now a presenter on Radio 4), and Jason McGinty with his brother Tom and the Smith lads, this tree became the focal point of our aimless wanderings. We would crowd into its crown of branches, perch for a while and come home covered in green lichen, much to the annoyance of our parents. Many a dusk was spent listening to Cambridgeshire’s breath whisper and ripple its canopy and sway its branches to the ever-present accompaniment of the blackbird. If we felt daring enough we would all straddle along one of its branches, like sailors, our legs dangling like wet washing, all much to the irritation of Geoffrey Vinter who often chastened us for climbing his trees! This was of course, like water off a duck’s back to us!

This is a tree of fermenting childhood dreams; in the winter those branches form an intricate filigree, for only the moon to climb, and in the brilliance of summer, beneath its dappled shade it is still a tree of therapeutic nuances, but in adulthood, I find there’s something eerily symbolic in the fact that, that very same branch has withered and died, as if adult cynicism has broken the spell.



The View

The ‘View’ with its sheep trails and petrified ash, its trees immersed in an autumn mist, conjured up notions of ghost stories and tales of witches and demons. In our pre-pubescent

minds folklore was made on the spot and lasted a night, but nothing lasts forever and naivety drifted in those last years of childhood as secondary school beckoned. Increasingly we would shamle off to the chalk pits, now entitled 'Nature Reserve', to be rowdy and to secretly smoke and drink what was then smuggled exotic brews. Then there came a short period when the Girl Guides camped in the 'View'; this was open season to us and our ever-expanding tribe would go round letting tents down, providing us with instantaneous puerile laughs, until the day one of our number was caught.

One of the effects of my illness was that I developed more slowly than my contemporaries, mentally and physically. A distance developed between us. It soon became obvious 'testosterone' was abroad and my friends' attentions wavered from that rough and tumble world, our posse fractured and evaporated. I was soon to be alone.

I was not immune to the lures of the opposite sex, they seemed another continent away! Having two older sisters and a mum meant that my environment was dominated by girls and one just seemed to have had a basin full! However, three years before the dismantlement of childhood, in 1977 the only new housing development in Thriplow was sited in School Lane, (I remember the water-logged field before they built the houses) and with it came my first excruciating crush. If it is possible to be spellbound, then I was. Here carried along and harboured in that summer of Tizer lemonade, daisy chains and games of "Do you like Butter?" came an ash blond, bobby dazzler whose iridescence was intoxicating! This was the era of ample, free and easy time, where adult commitments seemed a life time away. My generation would ambivalently witness the dying embers of a 'Genuine Rural Community' pre the building of the M11.

My first encounter with this disappearing bucolic world was the village shop, under the ownership of Ray Hill. The shop in my eyes was a universe of dust and gloom, melting lollypops, nooks and crannies and a magpie's paradise. Largely untouched since the turn of the century, I recollect the arthritic clock that seemed to tick in a vacuum of time, and at that impressionable age, it seemed to reflect the pace of life around me. The shop was pungent with tobacco odours; I recall a meat slice with which flies held courtship. The only observation of health and safety that Ray seemed to observe was his white 'patisserie' overall! Although I didn't realise it at the time, those shuffling figures who towered above me and spoke in soft mantras of a farming world which, in time, I would become indoctrinated, were the last of

Thriplow's indigenous population, though to my impatient eyes, they just seemed to add to the clutter and chaos. Ray Hill was one of the founding fathers of T.A.D.S. the Thriplow Amateur Dramatic Society whose other founder members were; Lewis Stone, Janet Hackett, Ian King, Sally Bone, John and Joyce Luckham and Barbara Pointon. Their phenomenal sets would often share our assemblies at school and appear as if by magic overnight!

To be continued

We are repeating this article written by Michael Moule in 2008 as a tribute to his memory.

THRESHING COMPARED: Early 1940s and 1970s

The first threshing machines were introduced around 1830. They caused much unrest as agricultural labourers feared losing their winter work; before then grain had been thrashed by hand using a flail and winnowed by tossing the grain in a winnowing basket by the open door of the 'threshing floor' to allow the wind to blow away the husks. Fear of losing their winter wages resulted in the 'swing riots' which occurred over the southern half of England during the 1830s.

By the 1940s threshing machines were in general use and this machinery will be used to compare with that of the 1970s. A steam threshing engine used one hundredweight of coal an hour and 10 gallons of water.

Although the steam machines of the 1940s reduced the need for labour, they still needed a large workforce. The number of workers needed varied between eight and twelve, as follows:

1. Engine Driver/attendant (would give general assistance)
2. Two men to fork the sheaves from the corn stack to the drum platform.
3. One man to take off the grain which would be discharged into large, so-called, 2 hundredweight heavy-duty sacks. Different grains weighed different amounts, oats weighing 12 stone, barley 16 stone, wheat 18 stone and beans 22 stone, weighed on platform see-saw scales with balance weights added as required. A sack barrow and sack lifter would be available to assist in manhandling the sacks. An 8 hour day would produce a total of about 12 tons of grain.
4. One man to cut the string from the sheaves and carefully feed them into the drum, an important and skilful task. As the work progressed a large and neat bundle of string would form magically in the free hand.
5. One man to take off the chaff (probably the least skilled and certainly the dirtiest task and usually given to the youngest employee). So-called gas-goggles were much coveted for this job. Chaff from the drum was low quality husk and broken straw making the sacks light and easy to handle. Not to be confused with the quality feed chaff produced by cutting up the straw. An even lower quality dusty material would build up under the drum and was usually ignored as not worth collecting.

6. Straw with the grain removed was discharged from the rear and could be dealt with by one of the following operations;

A – Discharged into an elevator (sometimes called Pitcher) hopper to form a straw stack requiring two men to build the stack.

B – Discharged into a chaff cutter needing two men, one to feed and one to take off the sacks of quality feed chaff. Oat straw in particular, was important as horse feed. Horsepower during the 1940s was still very much in evidence, there being up to 25 horses shared between Cochranes and Manor/College Farm.

C – Baling: the baler was a hefty piece of equipment, hopper fed and needing four men, one feeding the needles (sometimes called boards, which they were), one threading through wire, one tying or joining the wire and one taking off the bales. If the stack was made on site two more men were needed. We had no lifter or elevator, stacking required ledges to be formed as the height increased. Wheat bales were particularly heavy, (great for producing muscular arms). The large amount of wire ties could create absolute hazard and menace around the farm, if it was carelessly discarded after scattering the bales, but came in useful for temporary, which could become permanent repairs.

A typical working day started at 7am. There would be a break for breakfast from 9 to 9.30am, lunch from 1 – 2pm and the day would finish at 5pm. Threshing was often a winter job and could be delayed by the weather. If it rained the operations would be halted and all the machinery and stacks covered by sheeting (sheeting tended to be an important factor for agriculture), wooden ladders were always much in evidence. The sheeting or tarpaulins were universal green or blue heavy woven linen, a large stack cloth required fitness and muscle to carry it up a ladder to cover a stack.



Threshing on Mr Pumfrey's farm in the 1930s

Summer threshing took the sheaves carted from the field straight to the drum; experience was needed to ensure the sheaves were fully ripened and dry. No extra drying was available and grain with a high moisture content could grow mouldy and overheat. If this occurred the sacks

had to be tipped out and spread. Grain produced from the threshing drum was fairly clean, there was also a lower quality product called 'tail'. Grain needed for a seed sample etc required a much smaller hand-operated machine called a 'dresser'; this was a popular job in the winter, as it was always carried out in a large, dry, cosy barn.

The 1970s – A self-propelled laser steered combine needed one operator/driver, this machine could also do the cutting and gathering which was a separate operation in the 1940s. The amount of grain produced in an 8 hour day would be at least 300 tons compared with the 12 tons of the '40s. This would include the straw cut up and scattered if needed for ploughing in. A yield of 4 tons per acre (2,560 bushels) would equal 75 acres cleared in a day. Compare this with a modern Thriplow Farms combine capable of 60 tons an hour, 480 tons for our 8 hour day and 120 acres cleared a day. (*Compare this with the 1840s, when the yield per acre was 24 bushels. – ed*).

Some of the people I remember – Bob and Sid Pumfrey owned College and Cochranes' Farms, Bob was a mechanical genius and could extract the maximum effort from a steam engine or tractor. He was very much hands on and much admired by his men; Sid was also involved amongst the men; he was good with horses and organised shoots. George Moule, Farm Foreman, hovered everywhere, directing his workforce to their daily tasks. He had almost veterinary skills for sick animals, acquired after a lifetime of practice. He also had a natural aptitude for troublesome machinery.

Charlie Warner was engine driver and during the war captain of the Home Guard, (see Vol 7.2, 1999). Fred Arbon made the threshing drum his own, cherished and protected it; very few others were even allowed to adopt the delicate feed position. Charlie Pettit and Fred Smith were stackers; they would have built nearly all the corn and straw stacks. These names are mentioned to give some realism to the period; many others made a valuable contribution to the life of the farm and village.

In retrospect, village life may be considered somewhat hard and primitive, but a real community spirit burned within, centred almost entirely on the farming year. Dirt on the roads, damage by heavy machinery, noise and smells were all accepted as a way of life and complaints were non-existent, though problems could occur from irate housewives if lines of washing were covered in sooty smuts from the smoke stacks of the steam engines!

Self-preservation and protection was a natural instinct. However accidents did occur, yet no-one thought of compensation or suing. Charlie Warner lost fingers in the chaff cutter; Mr Neeves a finger in a cutter blade. A Fowlmere man lost a leg by contact with the leather drive belt on the threshing machine caused by the metal belt fastener. Mr Sid Pumfrey received a peppering by someone shooting down the line but was saved by his heavy top coat.

The fear of losing your job when there was no sick pay was always present. You were more likely to be accused of carelessness rather than any Health and Safety responsibility. Despite all this a real community spirit existed with farming and village life being totally integrated.

Life has changed somewhat in this relationship. Recently I was embarrassed in front of a lady guest, reprimanded and advised on country matters for strolling across a field in which as a young boy I had driven game to eagerly awaiting guns and had carefully steered a beloved Allis Chalmers Model 'U' with 3 furrow plough attached at a time when there was a shortage of men owing to the war (no rules for youth protection then).

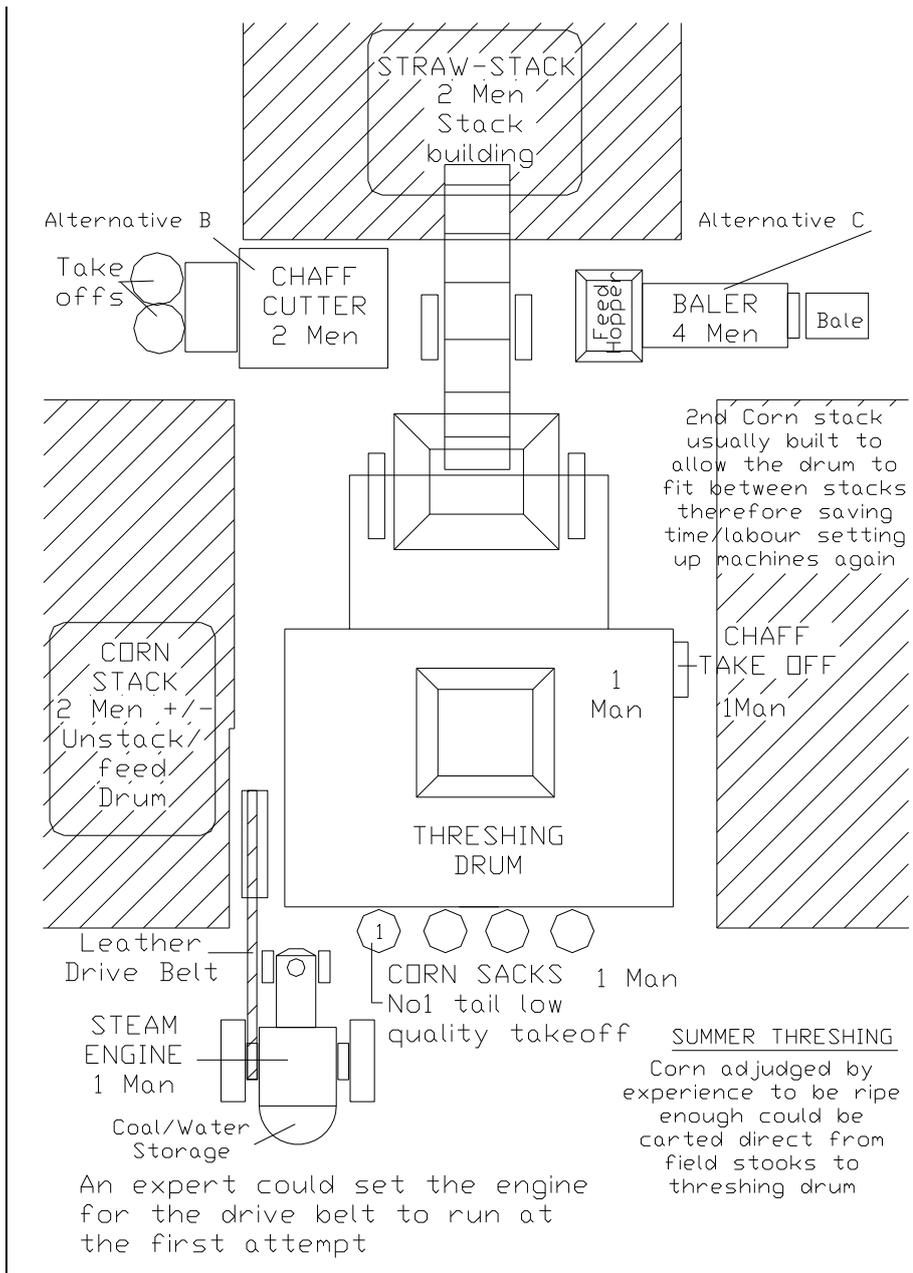


Diagram of Threshing area.

Thriplow is particularly blessed with wonderful countryside, accessible to the public. Thriplow Farms under Oliver Walston more than play their part, including the recently extended area which must be observed and appreciated for its contribution to maintaining diminishing wildlife. The polite welcoming notices displayed need to be fully adhered to by all.

These concluding paragraphs are an attempt to set the previous and the current farming scene within the setting of Thriplow village.

PS I leave to our readers to convert into metric figures, our ton being 2,240 lbs, 160 stone or 20 cwt. 32 bushels = 1 cwt.

Michael Moule

The Village Christmas Tree

We hope you all enjoyed the Christmas Tree outside the Village Hall. The Society started in 1992 and in December of 1993 the Committee decided to put up a Christmas Tree for the benefit of the community. Cliff Parker, our then Treasurer, offered us a tree that was growing in his garden in Church Street. It was dug up and taken to the garden of the old Village Hall. The Parish Council contributed £50 towards the lights and that year the tree was also decorated with stars and moons cut out of flattened tin cans, but these quickly rusted, so in following years we just put up the lights.

As the supply of members trees dwindled the Committee bought a tree each year.



Putting up the first Christmas Tree in the Village Hall garden,
From L. Bill Wittering, Peter Speak and Cliff Parker

By 2012 trees were becoming increasingly expensive and Angela Rimmer suggested getting an artificial tree which would last many years. Jean Tomlinson gave a collection of baubles to hang on the tree so that it looked pretty by day as well as by night.

The tree we have now has integrated lights which save many minutes standing in the cold trying to string them up. Geoff Axe and David Easthope put up this year's tree and Jean supplied the baubles. Geoff also added lights along the front of the Smithy on the Green, this added to the lovely decorations people had put up on their houses, and gave the village a very festive air.

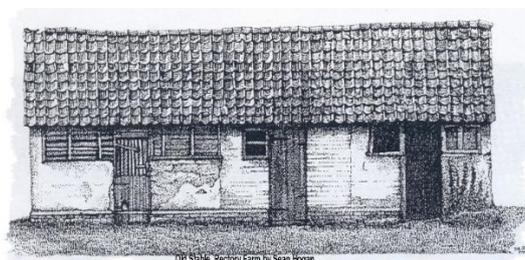
S.A.W.

GLEANINGS

We are very sorry to report the death of Sean Hogan on November 2, 2017 at the age of 48 years. Sean was a gifted illustrator and designed several Daffodil Weekend programmes and posters. He also made some beautiful drawings of old houses in the village, notably Rectory Farm and Cochranes. Sean lived in 30 Middle Street with his two sisters and his parents, Keith and Lorraine. Lorraine, an art teacher designed the Daffodil Weekend programme from 1990 – 1997 and Sean took over the design of the programme and posters from 1998 – 2007.

Sean had been asked to design the front cover of the 50th Daffodil Weekend History Book which a small team from the Thriplow Society had been asked to produce. Sean had made a couple of draft designs before he died and in his memory, we shall be using his work helped by Kerstin Rivitt. We are very grateful to Kerstin for being so helpful.

We send our condolences to his father Keith and to his family.

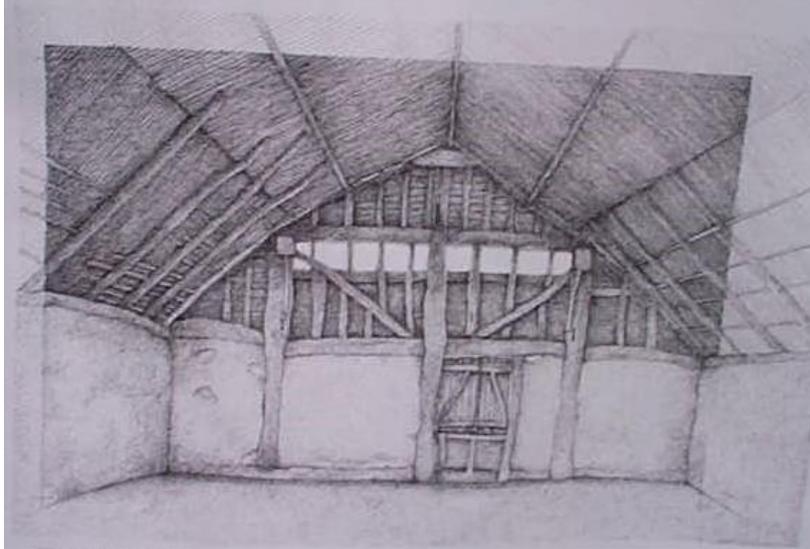


We are also so sorry to announce the death of Michael Moule on Monday 18th December 2017. Michael was born in Cochranes in Lower Street and grew up surrounded by the farming workers of Thriplow. His mother Rose Moule lived to be 100. His memories of his childhood were clear and extensive and he wrote many pieces for the Thriplow Journal about farming life in the 1930s and 40s. Michael was a member of the Thriplow Society Committee from 2001 – 2003 and was consistent at Society meetings and a keen supporter of Daffodil Weekend. He will be much missed and we send our condolences to his wife Margaret and his family.



2002 committee – Ken Joysey, Arthur Rowe, Peter Speak, David Easthope, Shirley Wittering, Geoff Axe, Peter Yates and Michael Moule.

Back Cover



Drawing of Tithe Barn, Rectory Farm, by Sean Hogan