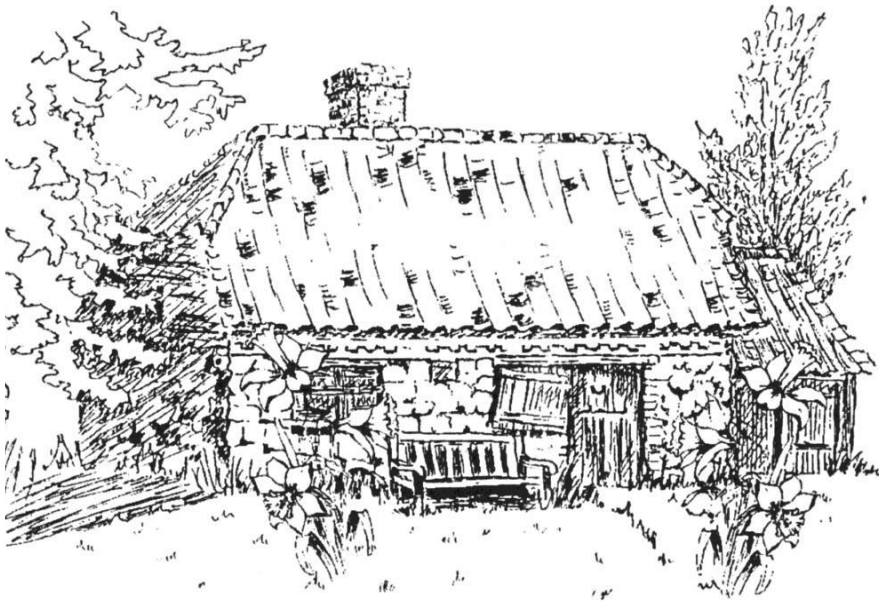


The Thriplow Journal



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EDITORIAL

A committee is a group of people who individually can do nothing, but collectively as a group can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

In February at a fund raising event for the Church Caroline MacDonald Haig (nee Shaw) spoke about her childhood spent in Thriplow in the 1950's & 1960's. The evening was most enjoyable and Caroline kindly agreed to give us the notes from her talk for publication in our journal and they are included in this issue.

Attendance at our AGM on 18th April was disappointing. However, it was very pleasing to be able to welcome two new committee members, Paul Rogers and Trevor Neeves, both of whom live in Sheralds Croft Lane.

A programme for the remainder of the year is included with this journal and the new committee is listed on the back cover of the programme.

Throughout the evening we enjoyed chocolates generously supplied by Richard & Jenny Taylor

A 'Local Knowledge Quiz' was held after the AGM. It was suggested that the questions could be included in the next issue of the journal so that all members can "have a go". See pages 18 & 19. The answers will be in the Summer issue of the journal.

Pat Easthope

Our Annual Subscriptions are now due - they remain at £15 per household. There is an envelope included with this journal which can be left at the shop or at 6 Lower Street. If you are paying by cash or cheque please ensure that you fill in your name on the front of the envelope so that we know who it is from.

If you prefer to make a bank payment the sort code is 20-17-19, the account number is 50 86 42 93 and the account name is The Thriplow Society. Please use your surname as the reference when paying on line.

Many thanks to those who have already paid.

SMITHY CLEANING 14.3.2026 READY FOR DAFFODIL WEEKEND



David Easthope, Geoff Axe, Shirley Wittering & Richard Taylor enjoying refreshments.

Thriplow Society members clean the Smithy twice a year – just before Daffodil Weekend and again in late summer/early autumn. All help is welcomed – even if you can only spare half an hour.

After this year's spring clean Hanna served tea, coffee & biscuits which was greatly appreciated.

Many thanks to all who helped with the cleaning and over Daffodil Weekend.

DAFFODIL WEEKEND



"Blacksmith at Work"

Grateful thanks are due to Kerstin Rivett for renewing our sign.

The display in our gazebo this year, prepared by Shirley, was on 'World War 1'



Jon & Aaron on Saturday

The Smithy was constantly busy with visitors who enjoyed seeing the blacksmiths at work

They were all brilliant and their interaction with visitors was very much appreciated by everyone.

As usual there was a good supply of horseshoes for sale over the weekend. Also for sale were the "50 Years of Daffodil Weekend" books

If anyone would like to buy one please ask a committee member.

Paul Earnshaw said that daffodil weekend shows "Britain at its best – people working together, being kind, helpful and having fun" and a report in the Royston Crow described it as a 'supersized village fete gone mad'



Peter & his apprentices on Sunday

Caroline MacDonald-Haig: Memories of a Thriplow Childhood

The speaker at our well attended February meeting was Caroline MacDonald-Haig who has kindly given us the text of her talk for reproduction.



Gowards House

75 years ago....**that's threequarters of a century**, John and Margaret Shaw and their two young daughters, Elizabeth and myself, came to live in Thriplow.

My father was an academic and had, in his late 30's, been appointed to a new lectureship in the university Engineering Labs. Why a small farming community, when most academic families lived in Cambridge itself?

My father had grown up on a farm in Berkshire. He felt that should there be another war we needed the space to grow our own food. It included keeping pigs.

Some family background.

In 1933 my father came up to Cambridge to read Electrical engineering. After university he went to work in a large engineering company in Rugby. At the outbreak of War he designed minesweeping equipment for the Navy. Based in a lab in Portsmouth it was where he met my mother Margaret who was in the Wrens.

After the war the University Engineering faculty was needing to expand and wanted lecturers who had experience in industry. My father could not have been more qualified for the job and thus we arrived at Gowards House in 1951.

Transport for the 8 miles into Cambridge varied between the family car, a Robin Reliant three wheeler and, best of all his preferred choice, a motorbike.

In 1951 Thriplow was primarily a farming community, more than 50 people were employed by Harry Walston at Thriplow Farms. Today I understand there are fewer than five workers at the farms with enormous machines to munch up the harvests.

Harry Walston had built the white clapboard New England style farm on the road out to Newton for his American wife. It had fine stables and a herd of pedigree Jersey cows – all very beautiful to look at. The stables were home to some pretty fine horses too, watched over by the groom, Mr. Bunton. I used to ride out with him on Peggy, my small black New Forest pony. Sometimes we got as far as the pub on the far Royston Road into Fowlmere from the A505. Bunton would go in for a beer. I had something harmless from Schweppes. I was a bit pony mad in those days.

For a while I went to Thriplow school which was one large room heated with a black, cast iron, coal fired stove. School was ruled over by Miss Grandjean – a large person with a taste for thick slices of bread and jam, which every morning at break time she brought into the classroom from her house next door. From my vantage point in the front row of desks I was close to where she sat, legs akimbo, with pink drawers which reached to just above her knees, into which she tucked her handkerchief. She kept order with a cane.

I cannot recall anything I learned there. I made a felt kettle holder for my mother edged with blanket stitch, but I did love the BBC schools morning music and movement programmes. We sang and danced to very English folk songs. I have never forgotten them.....Dashing away with a Smoothing Iron:-

Twas on a Monday morning
That I beheld my darling
She looked so sweet and charming
In every high degree
She looked so neat and nimble oh..
A washing of her linen oh..
Dashing away with a smoothing iron
Dashing away with a smoothing iron
She stole my heart away.

Attitudes have changed a lot since then.....but by Saturday the darling got to wear her linen, having starched it the day before....and on Sunday she was taking off her linen oh. I don't recall getting to the Sunday verses as we sang. The BBC supplied booklets, strikingly illustrated with black and white drawings and music and words on every page. So I did learn something – I have avoided dashing away with a smoothing iron ever since!

In the summer, going home along School Lane, there were tar bubble to pop, raised by the heat of the sun on the tarred and gravelled road. In winter the fields opposite the shop often froze and we could slide.

At school the village children were wary of my sister and myself. Our parents were not part of the farming community. The bullying could be gross and within two years we had been sent out of the village to be educated. Much later, in the 1980's, the school was in decline with fewer than 30 pupils.

Apart from that, Thriplow was a sort of paradise, in my memory there was the freedom to roam wherever my fancy took me, but I did not roam far. The houses I was in and out of were those closest to Gowards House on Middle Street. Not a child of my age among them. The people who lived there welcomed me - whenever - or so it seems to me now.



The Manor House

The youngest of my friends was Geoffrey Vinter at the Manor House, born in 1900. He and his wife Molly were great friends of my parents. There was a generous to and fro between the households.

Closest to Gowards House was Mrs Evans who took in washing. Her tiny cottage, two up and two down, now demolished, was where Shirley Wittering now lives. A chapel goer, Mrs Evans took in laundry for the Vinters at the Manor House across the road. Her cottage was fascinating to a small inquisitive, child, even then with highly developed antennae for the quirky and eccentric. Mrs Evans had a love for Victorian seaside souvenirs, porcelain Goss Ware and other knick knacks. She had a very out-of-tune piano which she sometimes played. Over the piano was a sentimental print of a young woman in a white frock who was clearly suffering pangs of unrequited or forbidden love.

Mrs Evans' husband had been killed in the First World War. Scarlet geraniums line the single window at which her cat used to sit, following the rats which scurried across the yard outside. By her front door was a big water butt painted a shiny green which in summer was ringed with flame coloured crocosmia. She was a terrific worker.

Water for the laundry was drawn from a hand pump in the garden and the laundry was washed in a copper in her scullery - there was no electricity. I have no recollection of how she heated the water.

The cast iron coal fired range in the single downstairs living room was where she cooked her meagre food and heated her heavy smoothing irons. It was the warm embrace of her house - think Beatrix Potter and Mrs Tiggy Winkle.

Pinned around the mantelpiece was a velvety green chenille pelmet, fringed with bobbles. She liked to keep her birthday and Christmas cards up all year round. Every week immaculate, carefully folded linen was taken across the road to the Vinters in the Manor House in a large wicker basket.

I once spent the night in her cottage. Up the narrow, twisting stair in the corner of the living room was her second bedroom with its huge brass bedstead and soft swallowing layers of feather mattresses. Under the bed was a pile of Edwardian ladies magazines - a little shocking. There were advertisements for corsets which moulded women's bodies into a sinuous S shape, held in place with whale bones and anchored with suspenders. In those days nice young girls like me were protected from anything to do with bodies with allure. They were naughty, but riveting.

I never saw Mrs Evans without a hat - brimmed black straw with faded poppies was what she wore. As the weather grew colder she simply put on more clothes. She loved reading and came to Gowards House often to borrow my great grandmother's copies of Dorothy Sayers Lord Peter Wimsey novels, and Zane Grey too, where she read about the American outback. She kept abreast of the news with a battery operated wireless; the batteries were huge and she replaced them with recharged ones from the village shop. She told stories of the times when families would take their roast dinners to be cooked in the baker's oven. As there was no bakery in Thriplow at that time this must have been in the 1920's or 30's.

She hated being moved out of her cottage when it was condemned to be pulled down. her new bungalow in Sheralds Croft was dismal to her - all the familiar rich texture of her life flattened by ideological modernity. When the Witterings moved into the site they found the footings for the outside privy. In the privy had hung a bunch of neatly cut small squares of newspaper, threaded onto string and anchored by a wooden cotton reel. No prizes for guessing what that was for!

Miss Lofts was quite different. She lived at the end of the lane which backed onto the barns, which were still standing at Gowards House from when it was a working farm - now Barnways. She was genteel. As with Mrs Evans, her clocks had stopped with the first world war when Miss Lofts fiancée was killed.

She had a black and white portrait photograph of a young man in uniform in her sitting room. She had been the village school mistress. I was fascinated by her ivory teeth. In those days many of the older population took their teeth out at night. In her sitting room we sat side by side on a chaise longue, upholstered in a rather prickly velvet, and she read me improving Victorian children's books. One I remember was called Stumps. Thanks to the wonders of E-Bay I have found a copy of Stumps printed in 1894. The author, Stella Austin, was a best seller in her day and Stumps, a story for children, was a cautionary tale of a self-willed little girl who was mean to her doll and would not be quiet for her sick mother lying on the sofa, racked with headache. Miss Lofts loved flowers and introduced me to that great late Victorian classic book, Flowers of the Field by the Reverend C A Johns. In his beautiful spare engravings we pondered the differences between the families of flowers. Was it Crucifery better known as the cabbage family, or Rosacea, the dog roses? She gave me an abiding love for wild flowers which I would search out in the grass verges along the sides of the road. Best of all were the tall spikes of yellow mulleins in the empty wastes of Church Street where it curves round to meet Middle Street. I also loved the froth of toad flax on top of the walls of the Manor House which attracted me on the way back home from school. When the annual summer fete had a competition for the best of these wild flowers I filled the biggest jam jar I could find for my untidy bunch. A devout Christian of an Anglican persuasion, Miss Lofts made exquisite embroideries for the Church to hang over the pulpit. Being rather deaf she always sang two or three bars behind the rest of the congregation.

Even then I loved history and looking at things and wanted to know their story. Geoffrey Vinter was my special friend who loved history too – an age difference of 45 years seems unthinkable now. He had a wonderful library.

My mother and Geoffrey's wife Molly used to play double dummy bridge in the afternoons. I would sit on the library floor, overlooking the walled garden, quietly pulling out the books. I recall finding that hot best seller of the late 18th century, leather bound, a second edition of Captain Cook's Voyages. The pictures of Tahitians and the Maori and their tattoos seemed so exotic.

The Manor House was full of Elizabethan and Jacobean oak furniture. Many of the rooms and the corridors upstairs were oak panelled. In the dining room was a huge refectory table and behind it an elaborately decorated court cupboard. On the door of Geoffrey's study was a map of the village showing the old field strip system which came to an end with the Agricultural Enclosures Act of 1840. Geoffrey loved the pre-Raphaelites. A great thrill was a Holman Hunt painting, I think it was of a shepherdess. He was thrilled with it and took pride in showing it off. It had cost him £300 – now no doubt worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The prize of his collection was the edition of William Morris's Chaucer, a great thump of a book, illustrated by Burne Jones and wrapped, as precious medieval books often were, in soft cloth-like white leather. A gentleman scholar, which meant he did not have to earn a living, Geoffrey had read history at Oxford just after the 1st World War. His passions, as well as history, were country pursuits, fishing and shooting. I used to go out on my little black pony, Peggy, to join the shoots on the big field south of Thriplow Bury. My scruffy pony grazed in one of the Vinter's fields. Our treat was on Fridays when the big fish and chip van drove through the village – a vestige of the fish on Friday Church tradition. Pony and I shared 3 pennies worth of chips.

When I went to boarding school in 1956 we had to write home once a week. I posted an envelope stuffed with grass with clear instructions for the contents to be fed to my pony. There was a blacksmith in Duxford who came to shoe her at the old Smithy on the Green. Hunting was humiliating. Peggy had a tendency to kick and a red ribbon on her tail was the warning. Grand meets in Trumpington Hall, on the Pemberton's home ground with the two Pemberton boys on their glossy horses, was an ordeal.

Opposite the Manor House was Rectory Farm, home to Bill Deller and his family. This was where we went for milk. The cows, probably no more than a dozen, were milked by hand. The practiced cowman, I think he was called Sid, propped himself on a three-legged stool, adjusted his cloth hat, rested his head on the cow's flank and held the pail between his knees to catch the stream of frothy milk after milking the cows were coerced back to pasture, splattering the road as they went. The milk was processed through a shiny stainless steel frame at the back of the old farmhouse, then bottled and capped with a card disc. Rectory Farm outbuildings included the enormous tithe barn, then very much a working barn, now Grade II listed thanks to the unrelenting efforts of Shirley Wittering. If the tithe barn could talk what tales it could tell. Constructed in the early 1300's it was still in use. I was allowed to help at harvest time. I remember sitting on a heap of grain, harvested on fields towards the A505, and being driven back, triumphant, to the barn where the grain was stored.

The barn came into its own at the Coronation in 1953. It was also used when the annual Summer fete, held at the Bury, was threatened with bad weather. There were competitions for home made jams and chutneys, Piccalilli was a great specialty. Its bright mustard yellow and orangeness, with vegetable clearly identifiable in the mix, was positively gaudy. Checking on line I discover that Piccalilli *"is a traditional British yellow mustard vegetable relish, delicious with cold meats, savoury pies and cheese...the British version of Indian pickle"* Its origins can be traced back to the 18th century when the country's far flung trade roots brought exotic spices and flavours into the country from India and the Caribbean.

I love it that the Thriplow households were so ahead of their game. Perhaps a piccalilli group to make and sell this traditional condiment at Daffodil weekend? I quote from Google “ *Piccalilli is a gut friendly powerhouse that supports your digestive health*”.

On one of these occasions in the barn I entered bowling for the pig, the prize being a young piglet. Aged about 9 I knocked over more skittles in the first round and very nearly won it – much hilarity all round. Bill Deller kept his pigs on the rising ground beyond the pond behind the barn: pig mothers burdened with so many piglets stumbling around snuffling noisily for their mothers’ milk were fun to watch.

What is now Thriplow Bury, then Thriplow Place, was home to Captain Dixon, who had lost both legs in the 1st World War and was looked after by two companionable Irish nurses, the Dunlevy sisters. He was generous with the brand new television set but we never saw him as he was too unwell. We would come through the side entrance and climb the back stairs to watch The Lone Ranger with his side kick Tonto and horse Silver. Often Bill Deller would arrive in his car, bringing with him the Cambridge Evening News. Walking home from The Bury after dark along the narrow path bounding a steep ditch which linked Lower Street and Middle Street could give you a shivery feeling. I clearly remember walking along Middle Street, with barely any street lights, making big strides in my farm boots so I sounded unassailable and looking up at the wonder of the Milky Way.

There was a lot of water in Thriplow. The Wash Pit in School Lane, where the sheep would have been dipped, was a great place for tadpoles. I loved finding them but never knew what to feed them with and they always ended up swollen, belly-up, floating on top of the water in the glass jar. Winters were harsh. The field opposite the shop flooded and iced over. No-one skated but we enjoyed hurling ourselves across the ice, sliding as far as we could. I rode out on my pony into fields and hedges thick with hoar frost.

Anticipating the Coronation, having a television set was much discussed in the village. My father built ours. He was, after all, an electrical engineer. It didn’t look at all like a modern TV set. Lots of little, brightly coloured, stripey electrical bits about the size of a wasp were linked with wires spread out on a large piece of horizontal ply which fitted into the wide red brick fireplace built into the house in the early 1600’s. In front, screening this maze of wires was another piece of ply, vertical, and in the centre a tiny screen. A group of neighbours came to watch and drank Riesling. Hanging on a beam over the fireplace was a soldering iron. When the picture failed or flickered my father went behind the screen and soldered together whatever needed fixing. The whole lot was swept away when we gave in and hired a TV set from Robinson Rentals.

On Saturday mornings Arthur Smith, who worked on Guy Smith’s farm opposite the Old Vicarage, used to come and help in the garden. A genial, powerfully built man with a great sense of humour. When he and my father came in for elevenses we were regaled with village gossip. He was rightly proud of his potent parsley wine. It was with Arthur, his wife, son and one or two other families, that I went to hoe sugar beet in the large field beyond The Bury, between Thriplow and Fowlmere. Throwing down our bikes under the hedge we set to work, stopping only to eat our sandwiches. I cannot think I contributed more than mere nuisance, but I remember loving being part of it, toiling across the fields and enjoying the chat and the evening sunlight. The field adjacent was planted with wheat. After harvesting we would go and walk along the lines of stubble looking for mushrooms, huge ones, nourished on the horse manure spread on the field in the spring – no chemicals then.

Very important to the sense of place was the builder, Hodge Sheldrick, also a church warden who, with my father, kept the church in good repair. A long time ago Hodge had built his own house in Church Street. He and I had bonded over building a pig sty between the two old barns still standing at Gowards House. The two pigs escaped and I stood wide eyed in the road, under the oak tree, to stop anyone who came by from going any further. The pigs, I said, were fierce and liable to attack. I was aged about 12 and away at school when Hodge became ill and was taken to Addenbrookes, then on Trumpington Street. I kept in touch with his wife and after Hodge died I wrote a letter of sadness to her. My father loved this old craftsman; they had a high regard for one another. Hodge was a familiar figure in the village, on his bike making his way to the Green Man pub at lunchtime. In his will he left my father his set of mathematical instruments. The brass, steel and ivory handled set is still complete and in its mahogany box lined with blue silk velvet. Inside the blue silk upholstered lid is stamped in gold the name and place of the maker... ‘Stanley Gt Turnstyle, Holborn & Railway Terminus London Bridge.’

Stanley, a Victorian polymath, became the largest instrument maker in the world. I have bought this set with me today – a reminder that there was a world of skill long before the advent of Computer Aided Technology. This box holds so many memories for me, not least for the cutting torn out by Hodge from a newspaper in 1945 – the year I was born. It was written about Harry Walston:-

“Harry Walston, who made a speech (at length) on farm workers’ wages last night, has come a long way in his 33 years. Eton and Kings College, Cambridge trained him. Lecturing at Harvard University developed his mind. A pathologist turned farmer, he is also a governor of Guy’s Hospital. Guy’s like him – he’s a worker. Walston affects tweedy suits, has five children. They live down on the farm in Cambridgeshire. He and his beautiful American wife also have

a house in London which is something of an institution. Here brains, beauty and the banal meet on equal terms. Harry Walston has most of the talents. It is worth seeing what he does with his share. Good farmer though he be, he will never bury them”.

Re-reading this text before this evenings’ talk I reflected.....this child, all over everywhere.....insatiable curiosity a complete menace! But insatiable curiosity was of great advantage to me when, at the age of 21, I came to work in London writing little set pieces for a glossy magazine at the beginning of the swinging sixties. This same habit of mind was to be vital many years later after my husband died when I was in my early 40’s and I went on to train as a London Blue Badge Guide. We had married in the church in 1976.

In 1953 & 54, .aged between 8 and 9, one of my most vivid memories is walking up the hill beyond the school and the church to where the University Archaeology and Anthropology department were excavating the burial mound. The site is the highest point in the village. Bronze age (2500 to 800 BC) it was believed to be the burial mound of Trippa, who gave us the name Thriplow. It would have been the local sacred site, once 80 feet high, capped with chalk which shone in the moonlight, making it visible for miles around. During the Napoleonic Wars it had been ploughed out. I loved being at the dig. I toiled up the hill day after day and was given a large sieve to sift earth, always hoping to find a piece of bone, or whatever. The undergraduates could not have been kinder.....or more tolerant. For this talk I checked with the Arc and Anth department in Cambridge. Yes, it had happened. It was close by Thriplow Church. Trippa’s burial mound was the village high place and sacred site.

Over 4050 years later my father with Sid Badcodk, both churchwardens, were up in the now highest place in the village, on the church roof to inspect the woodwork. AS they looked over the village with its gardens of cheerful daffodils and spring flowers they thought of the idea of opening houses and gardens to raise the funds needed for the church repairs. The seed of an idea was planted. Why not ask people who had nice gardens if they would be prepared to open them, for a small fee, and the proceeds would go to mend the church roof? In 1969, the first year of Thriplow Daffodil Weekend, a total of £204.56 was made for the Church.

Groceries were delivered by van, ordered from the Misses Dean’s shop in Fowlmere. But for sweeties, then still rationed, our weekly ¼ pound allowance came from the village shop. Huge jars full of multi coloured goodies were deliberated over, the delights of aniseed balls at 10 for a penny weighed against sherbet lemons or pear drops? Vegetables? Most people grew their own. Through the shop was the post office where big posters showing a steam ship mid ocean on its way to Australia offered passage for £10.00

This was the entry price for those emigrants known as the ‘Ten Pound Poms’. Between 1945 and 1972 to boost population and labour, a £10 ticket gave a one way passage to Australia. The deal was to stay for at least two years or return and repay the full fare. Over one million Brits took up the offer.....Kylie Minogue’s mother was a ten pound pom!

Almost next door to the shop at 6 Middle Street was where the Haslop family lived. Mr Haslop was a legend. He could carve and sculpt and had an instinctive feel for old buildings. Working for the college builder, Rattee & Kett in Cambridge, he did massive work on King’s college. A real craftsman in the tradition beloved by William Morris. When Gowards House needed major restoration he came and looked at it in its raw timber frame. He dated it to 1470, telling us that it was an old hall house and the red brick double backed fireplace and upper floors were put in during the early 1600’s. a simple leaf decoration on one of the great beams he recognised as being in London in the mid 1500’s – fancy decoration took time to percolate to the countryside.

With regard to the school, in the late 1980’s it had less than 30 pupils. These were seriously low numbers and it was threatened with closure. My father and a small group went up to the Education Authorities in London to plead for it to stay open. Success. That church school, founded in the late 19th century, now hugely enlarged and with a much increased catchment area is the life blood of the village.

My daughter went to a church school in London. The school motto was a verse from Psalm 16 v 6, which could just as well apply to Thriplow. The psalmist writes:-

“The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places, Yes. I have a goodly heritage.”

Indeed, Thriplow has a goodly heritage, rooted way back in the Bronze Age. Thanks to the School and now Daffodil Weekend, and with so many volunteers, that Goodly Heritage looks set to keep Thriplow for many, many more years.

Thank you for inviting me to talk about growing up in Thriplow in the 1950’s and 60’s. I am so grateful and I have learned such a lot. Not least that, “a childhood lasts a lifetime”.

*Caroline MacDonald-Haig
26.2.2026*

NEW CRICKET PAVILION



The pavilion to be demolished

Earlier this year the Cricket Club obtained full planning permission for a new pavilion to replace the existing one, which Thriplow resident David Jacklin remembers being built in the 1970's.



Outside the pavilion – Daffodil Weekend 2026



23.3.2026 Demolition work in progress

Demolition work on the old pavilion started immediately after Daffodil Weekend and the cricket club are aiming to have the new pavilion ready for use in June.

Many members passing or crossing the cricket meadow will have noticed that the work on the new pavilion is currently well under way

11.5.2026

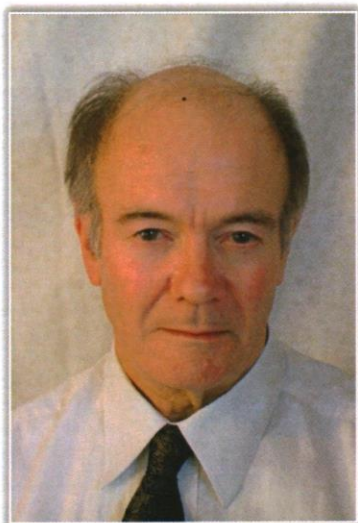
The new pavilion taking shape



Photographs reproduced by kind permission of Geoff Axe & David Easthope

COLIN FULLER

Eulogy reproduced by kind permission of Toni Charter



Colin Richard Fuller was born on 25th March 1942 in Myrtle Cottage, Middle Street, Thriplow. He was youngest of three children, and the only son of Richard and Margery.

At the age of five Colin started attending the village school. He was a quiet, polite pupil and was often trusted by the teachers to carry out tasks that required extra diligence.

In 1946 the family moved into the newly built council houses in Fowlmere Road. Colin continued to live here until 2024.

When Colin was still a young boy the doctor decided that his tonsils needed removing. This did not go down well with him, especially when told he would have to stay in hospital. When the doctor told him he would have to eat ice cream after the operation he agreed.

Colin went to the County School in Melbourn for his later education, leaving at fifteen in 1957. From here he was offered an apprenticeship by the Burlington Press in Foxton. Working as a machine minder, he stayed there for the rest of his working life.

Colin had a happy life growing up in Thriplow. He would set off on his bike around the village to see what adventures were to be had, meeting up with his school friends or his cousins David and Peter, round Bury Mead or playing in the chalk pit round 'the backs'

Whilst still a teenager Collin joined the Young Farmers, attending their weekly meetings and enjoying the many social events. He was an accomplished ballroom dancer and went to various dance venues in the area with his group of dancing friends.

Colin was taught to play the piano by Mr. Quarry, a family friend who lived on The Green. He then moved on to the organ and had lessons with Mr. Tony Chapman. He started playing the organ in Thriplow church when he was fifteen, and a few years later Fowlmere church too. He continued to play until December 2024. Sixty-seven years.

Colin's whole life centred around playing the organ. He had a constant desire to improve the Thriplow organ and was very happy to have a hand in finally getting a trumpet stop added. He also liked listening to the grand cathedral organs around the country, his favourite being Liverpool. He also enjoyed theatre organs, preferring the Compton to the Wurlitzer. He visited many venues to hear them, including The Plough at Great Munden, a pub that had its own Compton.

Colin had his own Hammond organ at home so was able to entertain the family and practice in slightly warmer conditions. He hosted lovely music evenings at home with his good friends Bill Mead and Ron Clark.

In addition to playing the church organ Colin was also on the P.C.C. for many years and locked the church every evening, carrying out his thorough search of the premises before locking the door. He also set out the nativity scene every year. Until recently he kept the stable at home and took it up to the church on his wheelbarrow.

Colin loved Christmas - eating, drinking and singing carols, but not necessarily in that order. One of the highlights for him was carol singing around the village. He would strap on his piano accordion, hook his Tilly lamp onto the clothes prop and off he would go. First stop would be The Bury for a mince pie and a glass of sherry, probably another glass somewhere else and finally sandwiches and, you've guessed it, another glass of sherry at the Manor. Colin enjoyed a glass of sherry.

Colin also enjoyed going on holidays around the country. His favourite destination was Scotland, a place he went to many times. He spent hours watching comedy on television. His favourites were The Two Ronnies, Morcombe and Wise and Dad's Army. There was always a cat not far from Colin, he had many over the years and adored them all.

He was taken ill and admitted to hospital in December 2024. He was discharged into the care of Symonds House Nursing Home in Linton, where he spent a happy and contented eleven months. He always had a cheerful, smiley face for his visitors and the staff were very fond of him. He also enjoyed two visits from the Church choir.

Colin was a big part of his family. He was greatly loved by his parents and his Aunt Joyce who lived with them, also his sisters Jean and Valerie, and nieces Toni, Debbie and Carolyn. Debbie's children and their partners provided very helpful support to Colin in the last two years of his life. The family also very much appreciated the help and support that Colin received from Liz. Thanks to her he was able to continue playing at both churches for as long as possible, and in Symonds House to play his keyboard almost to the end of his life.

QUIZ QUESTIONS

Points – multiple questions 1 point for each part

- 1 Many years ago some village houses and gardens were opened to raise funds for church repairs. This was a success and it was decided that it should become an annual event. In which year was the event first advertised as a “Daffodil Weekend”
- 2 When did mains drainage come to Thriplow - which year did the works start and which year did they finish
- 3 What were the reasons for Daffodil Weekend being cancelled on two occasions
- 4 In what year did the development of Duxford Airfield begin – *your answer can be within 5 years*
- 5 Who famously camped on Thriplow Heath
- 6 Which property did the Smithy belong to before its ownership passed to the parish council
- 7 In what year was the Thriplow Society founded
- 8 Name any 3 members of the very first Thriplow Society Committee
- 9 How many dwellings are there in Sheralds Croft Lane
- 10 Where, once upon a time, could you fill up your car in Thriplow parish
- 11 In what year was the Thriplow Village sign first erected
- 12 Who famously starred in a period drama filmed in Thriplow and where in the village was it filmed
- 13 What was the name of the film
- 14 Many years ago alcohol was sold from lots of private houses, however there were some proper public ale houses. How many pubs were there in the parish of Thriplow
- 15 Can you name them and, for extra points, where they were located
- 16 In 1975 there were two parliamentarians living in Thriplow at that time – who were they
- 17 In the joint TADS/ school / village production of Oliver in 1979 who played the part of Fagin
- 18 What were the original names of the 4 Manors in Thriplow
- 19 The winter 2024 issue of the Thriplow Journal had an article about a Thriplow Murder. Where and in what year did the murder take place

- 20 What was the name of the murdered person and where is their memorial bench sited
- 21 Before the parish boundaries were changed where was Little Thriplow
- 22 In the mid 1970's someone whose day job was in Thriplow was also a singer – mainly country & folk style. His first album was entitled “Heading Home” . Who was he
- 23 Shirley recently gave us a talk on the Thriplow Guildhall. What is this house now called
- 24 Where in Thriplow was the Congregational Chapel
- 25 Where in Thriplow is the building once known as The Reading Room
- 26 What is the date on the end of Anno Domini cottage in Church St.
- 27 According to the listed milestone just south of the Newton parish boundary, how far is it to Cambridge
- 28 At the foundation meeting of the Thriplow School PTA who apologised for not being able to attend the meeting and, in their absence, was elected to be its first chairman
- 29 Where is the listed building in Thriplow which is listed under the name of “Old Hall”
- 30 What famous trackway passes through or near Thriplow
- 31 Who opened the American Air Museum at Duxford and in which year
- 32 In 1977 who was Thriplow's Jubilee Princess
- 33 On 9th November 2019 many residents went on a coach trip to London. Who were we supporting and what was the occasion

Questions by Richard Taylor & Pat Easthope

Answers will be in the next Journal



GLEANINGS.

We were sorry to hear that Colin Fuller, who lived in Fowlmere Road, died in December 2025. Colin was for many years the Thriplow Church organist. Also for many years he cut the village green grass, keeping only his costs for petrol used and donating all costs for his time spent to Thriplow Church. The Parish council used to keep their sit-and-ride mower in the Smithy annexe but it was stolen and after that Colin kept the new mower in his garage and the Parish Council had to buy a road licence to allow the mower to be driven along the road from Colin's, house to the village green. Our condolences are sent to Colin's extended family.

Sincere thanks to Colin's niece, Toni Charter, for allowing us to print the eulogy given at Colin's funeral which is on pages 16 & 17.



We are also sorry to report the death of Lady Swinnerton Dyer (Harriet) who died peacefully in her sleep at her home in Lower Street during the night of 7/8 May. We have no further information at the time of writing this notice.



THANK YOU

To Linda Neeves for the gift of an aerial photograph of Thriplow, showing mainly Sheralds Croft Lane, dated approximately 1972.

To Caroline MacDonald-Haig for the text of her talk 'Memories of Thriplow from the 1950s and 1960s'.

To Shirley Wittering for an article which will be in a future journal as there wasn't room for it in this issue.

RECENT MEETINGS

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| January 15 | Shirley Wittering, who has a fount of knowledge at her fingertips in the Society Archives, entertained us with her talk about the building in Church Street that was once The Thriplow Guildhall. |
| February 12 | The title of John Keyworth's illustrated talk was "Cartoons & Caricatures of the Bank of England" Before John retired he was the curator of the Bank of England's museum. The amount of work in earlier cartoons was incredible and the longer you looked at them the more you saw. There were some very recognisable faces in the later cartoons. |
| March | No meeting. We do not meet in the same month as Daffodil Weekend as this is a very busy month for everyone. |
| April 18 | AGM
A disappointing turnout, but enjoyable for those who did attend. The meeting was followed by a 'Local Knowledge Quiz' and throughout the evening we enjoyed a selection of chocolates generously supplied by Richard & Jenny Taylor. |



Every day that passes, passes into history