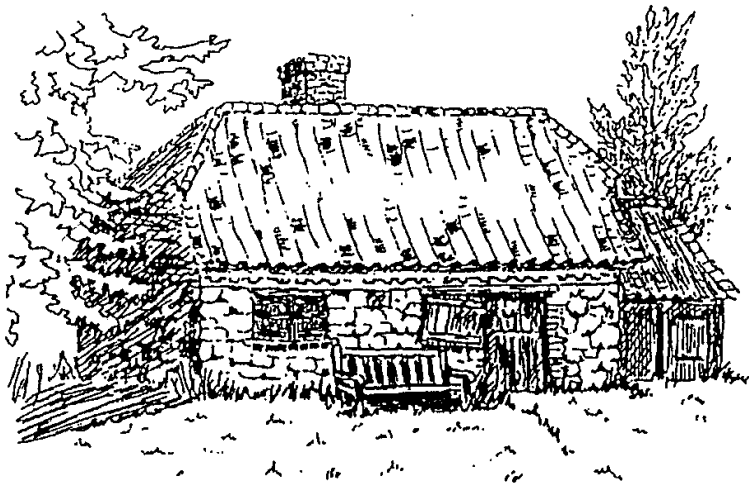


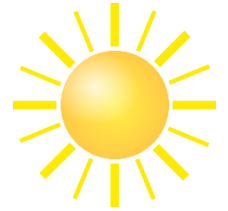
The Thriplow Journal



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EDITORIAL



Wednesday 29th July

I hope everyone is managing to cope with the extremely hot weather we've been having. I have just been looking on line and see that there could be potential highs of 36C in parts of East Anglia and the south-east this afternoon. I look forward to finding a shady spot with a good book, a long, cold drink and, hopefully, a bit of a breeze!

I enjoy watching Wimbledon and this is the first time that I can remember where the tennis has not been held up by rain.

The sun shone for the Village B-B-Q subsidised by Daffodil Weekend as a thank you to all who helped with Daffodil Weekend 2026. The afternoon started off with games for the children which were very popular and caused much excitement. An excellent array of food was enjoyed by all and the evening ended with disco music for those with energy left to dance.

I'm hoping that we will have some photographs of the new cricket pavilion for the next journal. It appears to be coming along nicely and should be finished soon.

Over the next few months the committee are aiming to make contact with other local history groups with a view to exchanging information, details of potential speakers, etc. In this journal there is a report of a meeting with the Chrishall Archive Group and Sharon McGinty, a member of that group, has now joined the Thriplow Society – Welcome Sharon.

Our July speakers were from the Haverhill History Society. They would welcome a visit from us and it is hoped to arrange something in the not-too-distant future. If anyone reading this has connections with other local History societies please let a committee member know so that we can follow it up.

Finally, if anyone can contribute an article or some interesting snippet that can be used in the next journal (due out in early December) I would be delighted to hear from you.

Pat Easthope
Journal Editor

Message from our members in Tasmania received 19th May



Hi Pat and David

Thanks for emailing the newsletter - I was only looking at the website last night to see if there was a new issue out.

We are heading to the mainland on Thursday in our motor home via the ferry from Devonport to Geelong, and then up to the Dandenong hills in eastern Melbourne to our daughters' home at Belgrave Heights. After a few days there with our 3 grandchildren we'll work our way up to Tumut in NSW to our eldest daughter. They live 25 km out of Tumut up a narrow valley at the foot of the Snowy Mountains. They are down to one grandson still at home, the eldest joined the navy 12 months or more ago. After that we'll head to Brisbane to see our son and partner - no grandchildren there unfortunately, as his partner suffers from muscular dyspathy. Kingaroy is next to see Sue's brother and wife. 27 years after we left the Sunshine Coast to move down to Tassie, they have finally had enough of the coast too, and moved inland earlier this year. The Sunshine Coast north of Brisbane is another Gold Coast, which you may have heard of - sky scrapers everywhere, every inch of land is built on or if it isn't, it's in the process of doing so. Yuk! When we left Melbourne in 1979, there were no traffic lights, roundabouts, high rise etc on the Sunshine Coast. Now it's worse than living in Sydney or Melbourne, there is so much hustle and bustle. Much prefer the rural life.

Sorry to bore you. We'll come home early August to see how our other daughter is in town nearby.

Do you have many members living in various parts of the world? Could be interesting to see where Thriplow has spread its tentacles to. Photo is of 18 Banks Place where we live. Taken a year or 3 back, but colours are the same right now.

Cheers for now,

John and Sue

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Hello John & Sue,

Many thanks for the super photo and your message which was certainly not boring. We spent some time looking at a map of Australia to see where your travels would take you. We hope your journey is going well and that you are enjoying some special times with family.

In answer to your question the Thriplow Society has members in Florida. USA -- Memphis, USA – Dunedin, New Zealand - Junortoun, Australia - Wanniasa, Australia – and, of course, Tasmania.

Pat & David

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TURNPIKE TRUSTS AND THE POTHOLE CRISIS

In a copy of my CAM magazine a comment by Arthur Young, the great agricultural reformer is quoted a saying – “Execrable ! Insufferable ! Vile ! Full of Ruts ! Breakneck ! Totally Impassable ! “ Young was describing the roads in the 17th century. He could have been describing the roads in the 21st century.

A recent photograph on Facebook shows a pothole in Great Shelford so large a woman said she could lie down in it.

The Turnpike Trust of 1663 was adopted between 1751 -1772 when over 11,500 miles were adopted, taxing all parish inhabitants who used the parish roads. This was a toll which paid for the upkeep of the roads and the surplus went into keeping the roads in good condition.

Ultimately the roads became safer and the whole of society benefitted, allowing people to move around more, and money and ideas to circulate better.

Shirley Wittering

Lady Harriet Elizabeth Walston Swinnerton-Dyer

13th May 1937 – 7th May 2026



Eulogy given by Harriets' daughter Catherine

My mother was born in Kensington 89 years ago and her ties with Thriplow began at birth. Her grandfather had bought Thriplow Farms in 1910 and her mother was brought up at Newton Hall. Her parents bought The Dower House as their weekend retreat in 1951 and it became her permanent home in 1968. She met my father, her first husband, as an undergraduate at Cambridge, one of the most exciting periods of her life.

She loved Cambridge: punting down the river while a psion of the Darwin family read poetry to her, flirting with rebellion by voting Liberal instead of Conservative, taking up smoking Sobrani cigarettes with an amber cigarette holder.

After marrying my father, she moved to Fife where we were all born. Despite the limited expectations of mothers of her generation, she was still determined to pursue her passion for Middle Eastern archaeology, something she owed in part to the legacy of both grandfathers, Edward Granville Browne, the orientalist, and Charles Walston, the classical archaeologist. So, with two small children to look after and regular field trips to my father's dig in the Outer Hebrides to manage, she embarked on a PhD. Her supervisor was Max Mallowan and she remembered the thrill of meeting his wife, Agatha Christie, reclining on a sofa at their London flat and genning up on the competition by reading Ngaio Marsh's latest novel.

After the birth of my younger brother James she made the decision to move back to Cambridgeshire to be close to family and to find an academic job. George Sheldrick stripped the Dower House back to its essentials and restored it while we all lived at Thriplow Bury. She found a job at a new institution, then not yet a fully fledged college, Lucy Cavendish, which was founded to give women, who had paused their academic careers to marry and have families, the chance to study for degrees. She worked to establish a college library in a Victorian villa on Lady Margaret Road. We were all roped in during school holidays to stick labels on books and reorganise stacks. We were even commissioned to paint the college fence with creosote and spent a happy week high on toxic fumes.

The 1970s were a hard time for her. She had no money, her marriage was a disaster and she was professionally frustrated. She was, however, determined and diligent. She began to go away for extended periods to work on archaeological digs in Syria and then Iraq. She also began to publish articles and books, encouraged by her sister, Louisa, who worked in publishing. She finally got divorced, and in 1983, married Peter. She left Lucy Cavendish College for the Institute of Archaeology at University College London. There she published her most successful book, *Sumer and The Sumerians*, which is still recommended reading on courses around the country. She loved her life with Peter. She loved their foodie holidays on the continent, where she couldn't resist a French market, and their river cruises in later years. She loved teaching her students in London, who tell us how caring and humorous she was. She loved keeping her hand in with field archaeology on expeditions to Bahrain and the Gulf.

She was horrified by the Iraq war, the more so as she had worked closely with colleagues at the National Museum in Baghdad who saw their national heritage looted. She was occasionally called upon afterwards to try to identify seals and other stolen artifacts as they appeared in sale catalogues. As a trustee, she was a great advocate for training museum curators from around the world through the British Museum's International Training Programme, which the Thriplow Charitable Trust – the grant-making trust she founded with Peter – funded over many years. She continued to be interested in the politics of the wider world right up to her last day, worrying about Ukraine, Iran and Palestine.

As her professional life slowed, she was able to spend more time with her children and grandchildren, who were a source of joy, amusement and endless fascination as they crashed through the minefield of childhood and adolescence. She continued to support the village, opening her garden for Daffodil Weekend, supporting the shop, the church and the pub. The loss of Peter in late 2018 was a terrible shock, coming in the midst of her own battle with mouth cancer, but she derived comfort and pleasure from her dog, her garden, her regular afternoon chats with Lou, and the loyal support of friends. Despite the difficulties of the last year, we are so grateful that she was able to attend the wedding of her eldest grand-daughter, Alex.

My mother was modest to a fault and her own worst critic. She never felt she had done enough. Not long ago she told my brother that she felt she had let Peter down by not being sufficiently successful to merit an obituary. I look at this lovely church where she worshipped for many years, filled with friends, neighbours, colleagues and family and I am immensely proud of who she was.

And I am so grateful to you all for coming to say goodbye to her.

Whether you knew her as the tiny, friendly neighbour, in the yellow jumper, with her friendly little dog, or as the exacting, but kind academic colleague - or as a friend, a mother or grandmother - I am here to tell you about some of things you may not know about. She was full of surprises.

Then visiting with my boys, talking about the recent Iran war she idly said that she remembered going for a trip to Karg island - at that very moment being bombed by the US. Both young men getting a slightly different take on Grandma.

We looked through some photo albums the other day - there she was wearing hijab in Saudi, touring ruins in Libya and walking up a mountain in Armenia. What may be surprising to some was that her favourite phrase about travelling was that it was "great to be back home". Deeply anxious at the prospect, she put on her sensible shoes and just got on with it.

Kind? Definitely. But at times surprisingly direct. The stage whisper at a family gathering to celebrate a newborn - "what a plain baby" or loudly ordering Turkish coffee in a Greek restaurant. The stuff of family legend.

She obviously loved her garden - but you might also be surprised that she seemed to constantly be at war with most of the animals in it. Muntjac, moles, blue tits - It was a fight to the death - and her language could be on what you might call the fruity side.

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Family and friends, neighbours and former colleagues - that today this church is full - that is absolutely no surprise.

CHRISHALL ARCHIVE GROUP

Displays of information at the time of our visit were well presented and included a spreadsheet showing all the tradespeople over the last 150 years with the years they were in business. This information was derived from researching Kellys Business Directories.

They are in the process of digitising their records and have a website ChrishallEssex.co.uk with records accessed by special arrangement. Open days are held monthly at the pavilion during the summer months.

The Archive Group cooperated with local school children on World War 2. They also have developed numerous walks around the village following themes, with information boards at points along the routes.

It was a very interesting and informative visit.

Richard Taylor

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

Have you ever wondered where the names of places in Thriplow come from? Many older houses were named after people, but it is not only houses that were given names. Pieces of land were also named and one such piece in Thriplow is Peck's Close (now usually known as Peggs Close) which leads from Middle Street to Narrow Lane, the footpath between Middle Street and Lower Street, and 'Peck's Half Acre', the house at 7 Lower Street.

So what do we know of Peck's Close and how did it get its name?

It was named after Francis Peck, whose name has survived in a piece of land for over 350 years?

We do not know when he was born but he married Martha Godfrey on November 6th 1628. Martha gave birth to a daughter Ann on September 29th 1629 and the following day Martha died. Francis himself died November 11th 1633 leaving his daughter of only four years old. He was Churchwarden from 1619-21 and again in 1631. He is described as 'Husbandman' and 'maltster'. He held quite a large estate as he left his daughter what is now 'The Green Man' and all the land on that side of Fowlmere Road where the houses now are.

What more can we find out about Francis Peck? Before 1858 most wills where the deceased had goods worth more than £5, were proved in an ecclesiastical court. The Thriplow Society has copies of all the wills proved in the Consistory Court of Ely but Francis Peck's is not among them. The Public Record Office in Kew has digitised all wills in its keeping and these can be down-loaded for a small payment. This is an amazing undertaking comprising over a million wills dating from 1384 to 1858. These are wills that were proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury (PCC), and include the will of Francis Peck who died in 1633, but why should a man living in Thriplow have his will proved in the Canterbury Court rather than the Ely Court? Well, if a man had property in more than one diocese then it had to be proved either in the Prerogative Courts of Canterbury or York.

The will is fairly short but it does mention the gift of six shillings to the poor of Thriplow, this money being obtained from five acres of land managed by his daughter Ann and her heirs. This amount was mentioned in the churchwarden's accounts every year as payment to the poor. But what has happened to the six shillings, is it still paid to the poor of Thriplow yearly?

Francis Peck is mentioned again as one of the ringleaders of a riot against Edward Lucas and his mother in 1603. The Lucas memorial is on the East wall of the North Transept in the church. But that is another story!

Shirley Wittering

THE WILL OF FRANCIS PECK DATED 1633

In the name of God Amen the twentieth day of November in the ninth yeare of the Reyne of our Souvraigne Lord Charles by the grace of God King of England Scotland France and Ireland defender of the Faith Anno Dom 1633

I Francis Peck of Triplow in the County of Cambridge yeoman beinge weake in body but of perfect memory laud and praise be given to Almightye God doe ordayne and make this my last will and testament in manner and form following

First I commit my soule unto Almightye God my maker and Redeemer and my body to the earth from whence it came and for my worldly and transitory goodes I do dispose as followeth

First I will and bequeath to my sister Stoone and to my sister Kinge either of them five shillings And to all their children twelve pence a peece

Item I will and bequeath unto William Pecke of Trumpington five shillings and to every of his children twelve pence

Item I will and bequeath unto William Stary the Smithy of Great Shelford twelve pence and to all his children twelve pence a peece

Item I will and bequeath unto Roase Casboults my kinswoman twelve pence and to all her children twelve pence a peece to be paid unto them and to the friends of the said children under age within one halfe yeare next after my decease I will and bequeath unto my man and my maide twelve pence a peece

Item I will and bequeath unto the poore of Thriplow aforesaid six shillings a year yearly for ever at Michaelmas and for the sure payment thereof I doe give unto Ann my daughter and her heires my five acres of customary land belonging to the Manor of Barrington and for fault of payment to the use of the poor to be disposed by the Lord of the said Manor I give unto the Ringers two shillings

Item I will and bequeath all the rest of my goodes and chattels whatsoever my debts and legacies and funerall charges paid unto Ann my daughter And I doe ordayne and make High Harvey sole Executor of this my last will and make gardian for my said daughter. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale these being witnesses the mark of Francis Pecke, Richard Goodwyn, Richard and Thomas Clarke

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Thanks to Shirley for providing the above translation with the original spelling. There were various charitable donations which, including that from Francis Peck became amalgamated into the Thriplow United Charities which were wound up in May 1999. There is a fuller article about the Thriplow United Charities in the Summer 2021 Journal, Vol. 30/2.

*Pat*

## HENRY PERKINS 10 December 1832 – 6 May 1916

### Extract from “The Cricket Field” May 6 1893

*After the cricketer who thinks he has discovered a particularly knotty point in cricket law has consulted his friends and his enemies without success, and has obtained a decision which seems to him absurd from the papers, he remembers that he still has a court of appeal in the form of the Secretary of the M.C.C. He therefore writes to Mr Perkins, and receives such a clear explanation of the point, that he has no option but to be convinced if he is himself wrong, and no hesitation in exalting his own judgement if he is right.*



*It is now nearly 20 years since Mr Perkins, who was following the legal profession with every prospect of success, first began to help the previous secretary, Mr Fitzgerald, in his work. When Mr Fitzgerald ceased to be secretary, Mr Perkins, much against the advice of his legal friends and of the judge on his circuit, decided to throw up his profession and undertake the duties which he has since carried out with the greatest tact and with such eminent success. He was already well known in the cricket world for, as captain of the famous Cambridgeshire eleven from 1858 to 1864, he made his mark with the bat and in the field.*

*The experience which he gained on circuit, both as a barrister and as the holder of a responsible position on the staff of the Times, has been of the greatest use to him in his present work, which brings him into connection with people in every part of the world. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a cricketer of any importance at all who has not at some time or other been in direct communication with him. When asked about the correspondents who write to him on points of cricket law Mr Perkins said “I suppose that about two or three hundred letters come to me every year.”*

Henry was born in Sawston. His father, who was the curate of Sawston, died on 24 December 1838 when Henry was just 6 years old. In 1843, following the death of his uncle Ambrose Hope Perkins, Henry inherited substantial estates in Thriplow, including The Place (now The Bury) and various plots of land. At the time of the Inclosures Act in 1846 Henry, still a minor, held c.1000 acres in the parish of Thriplow. He later added to his holdings by purchasing Rectory Farm. In 1872

He was educated at King Edward VI school, Bury St. Edmunds and Trinity College, Cambridge. He left Cambridge in 1854 with a Bachelor of Arts degree – converted to a Master of Arts in 1857.

He qualified as a barrister at the Inner Temple and was called to the bar in 1858 practicing on the Norfolk circuit where he handled cases in courts across eastern England. His work focused on agricultural and property law, areas aligned with his family's landed interests in Cambridgeshire, where he served as a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant. This regional emphasis allowed him to address disputes common to rural estates, drawing on his personal knowledge of such matters through the ownership of his Thriplow lands and properties.

In 1855 he married Blanche Fiddey, the daughter of Charles Fiddey of London, with whom he shared his life until he died over 60 years later.

In a Deed dated 10 October 1863 Henry gave to “*The ministers and Churchwardens of the Parish of Thriplow*” a parcel of land on which “*.....all buildings to be erected thereon to be for ever hereafter appropriated and used as and for a School...*” The School still exists although it has grown somewhat.

Henry played intermittent first class cricket matches from 1856 – 1868, playing most regularly for the Cambridgeshire County team. He was a right handed batsman and a right-arm underarm slow bowler. His best bowling was in 1862 when Cambridgeshire played Nottinghamshire. He took 5 second innings wickets (out of 7 that fell) for just 48 runs.



*Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the M.C.C.*

In 1859 in a match between the “Gentlemen of the North” and the “Gentlemen of the South” he scored 36 in the first innings, which was his highest first-class score.

Henry served as secretary of the MCC for 22 years and on his retirement in 1898 he received an annual pension of £400 a year and was given life membership. Whilst he was secretary the membership of the MCC doubled from 2000 to 4000.

Throughout his long retirement Henry remained a familiar figure at Lord's and up until his death at his home in New Barnet he was one of the MCC auditors.

*Pat & David Easthope*

## RECENT MEETINGS

**May 14** Alan Osborne – Ada Lovelace, the Enchantress of Numbers”

Alan was our speaker in May last year and it was good to see him again.

Ada was born in London in December 1815 and given the names Augusta Ada by her parents, Lord & Lady Byron. In 1835 she married William King, a Baron, who in 1838 was created Viscount Ockham and 1st Earl of Lovelace, making Ada the Countess of Lovelace although she was generally known simply as Ada Lovelace.

Her interest in mathematics dominated most of her adult life and she became an accomplished mathematician, chiefly known for her work on Charles Babbage's proposed mechanical general-purpose computer, the analytical engine. She was the first to recognise the machine had applications beyond pure calculation and is often considered to be the first computer programmer. Ada died in November 1852 shortly before her 37<sup>th</sup> birthday.

**June** No meeting

**July 9** Brian Thompson from the Haverhill History Society, ably assisted by his wife, gave a well illustrated talk on “The History of Nursery Rhymes”

The first rhyme we heard about was Baa Baa Black Sheep which historians believe alludes to the medieval wool tax that existed in England from 1275 up to the 1500s.

Next was Jack & Jill . The small village of Kilmersdon in north Somerset claims to be the home of this rhyme. We were given 2 other possible histories from which we could choose which one we preferred!

Mary Mary Quite Contrary is believed to have a macabre history referring to Mary Queen of Scots and the many executions that were carried out during her reign.

It is thought that 'Georgie Porgie' was actually the Prince Regent, later George IV. He weighed in at more than 17½ stone with a waist of 50 inches (Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie), and as such, he became a constant source of ridicule in the popular press of the time.

Humpty Dumpty was not a person at all, but a massive siege cannon that was used by Royalist forces (the king's men) during the English Civil War that raged between 1642 and 1651. During the siege of Colchester in 1648, the Royalists hauled Humpty Dumpty to the top of the church tower of St Mary-at-the-Walls, and for eleven weeks Humpty (sat on the wall and) blasted away at the attacking Parliamentarian Roundhead troops, defending the town.

Humpty's great fall came when the church tower was eventually blown up by the Roundheads. He couldn't be put together again as he had fallen, and subsequently become buried, deep into the surrounding marshland. Without the mighty Humpty Dumpty to defend them the king's men, led by Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, were soon overrun by the Parliamentary soldiers of Thomas Fairfax.

It is believed that Little Jack Horner was a satire aimed at a real Tudor figure, Thomas Horner, who was said to have been steward to Richard Whiting, the last abbot of Glastonbury before Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries. According to this tale, the abbot sent Horner to London carrying a grand Christmas pie—inside which were hidden the deeds to twelve valuable manors, intended as a secret gift to the King to spare the abbey's lands. During the journey, however, Horner supposedly "put in his thumb" and pulled out one deed—the manor of Mellis in Somerset—for himself.

Finally, Little Boy Blue. This rhyme has possible allusions in William Shakespeare's *King Lear* where a character references a sleeping shepherd boy in a manner echoing the theme of neglectful duty.

This was a thoroughly enjoyable “evening with a difference”

[illegible]

## FUTURE MEETINGS

There is no meeting in August, however, as usual, there is a Smithy Cleaning Day on Saturday August 22<sup>nd</sup>. Meet at 10.30 – any help will be most welcome.

September 10 Liz Taylor, a jewellery maker will be talking about the History of Silver. It is understood that she will also bring along some of her work. This is another “evening with a difference” and it is hoped will be well supported.

October 8 Laura Allen will be telling us about The Great Fen – 25 years On

November 12 David Martin, a Little Shelford historian, will tell us about Fanny Wale who was Little Shelford's first Historian.

December No meeting

The committee are now working on the programme for next year. If anyone would like to suggest a speaker or subject for a meeting please let a committee member know. We would be delighted to hear from you.

## MAN OF KENT OR KENTISH MAN?

I was born on 8<sup>th</sup> March 1940 in Harrietsham, Kent. In 1939 my mother and brother Malcolm, who is two years older than me, were evacuated from Bexleyheath in north-west Kent to Chatham in mid Kent. Harrietsham was the nearest hospital with maternity services and is to the east of the River Medway so tradition has it that I am a Man of Kent.

Soon after I was born my brother was evacuated again to live with a family in Sheffield and my mother and I moved back to Bexleyheath with occasional stays in Abbey Wood.

Bexleyheath seemed to be on a direct line from Germany to Woolwich Arsenal which at that time was of great interest to Germany. Close to our house in Bexleyheath was an anti-aircraft battery and a mile away, on the same line, was my grandmothers house in Abbey Wood and another mile or so further on from that was the Woolwich Arsenal where my father and several of my uncles worked.



June 1945



With Malcolm, June 1940

My fathers job at Woolwich Arsenal was a reserved occupation which meant that there was no call up for him in the early part of the war but eventually he joined the army in 1943. During this period my mother became ill with tuberculosis as well as other complications and towards the end of the war she went into hospital and was there for some considerable time, dying in 1947

Malcolm and I had been tested for TB and my test was positive. There was no NHS at that time but fortunately the family was insured and at the age of six I was sent to a sanatorium in Abergele, North Wales, where I spent the next 15 months.

Fresh air was the cure then and luckily it worked for me. I can honestly say that I never felt ill in all the time I was there and when I was told I could go home the sanatorium still had the clothes that I arrived in but I had grown more than a little in the meantime. I clearly remember forcing my clothes on, especially my shoes. I thought that if I couldn't dress properly they wouldn't let me go home.

The sanatorium had been built by the Manchester Corporation particularly with TB sufferers in mind and most of the patients there were from Manchester with broad Mancunian accents which I soon picked up. On my return home I was ragged mercilessly by Malcolm for my accent so I soon learned to speak "proper" English again.

Children were not generally allowed to visit hospitals in those days but a special concession was given to Malcolm and I and we were allowed to visit our mother once before she died.

My mother had four sisters, two lived in Bexleyheath and the other two in Abbey Wood and during that period Malcolm and I were largely brought up by our aunts. My father was demobbed in 1948 when Malcolm, my father and I moved back to our house in Bexleyheath which had only been slightly damaged and whilst we slept at our own house we had to walk to an aunts house for breakfast and after school went back there for dinner before going back to our own house for sleeping. We were so lucky to have such generous and loving relations. My father remarried in 1950 and from then on we all lived as a family in Bexleyheath.

On my return home from the sanatorium I was sent to Charlton Open Air school in south east London. Charlton was very industrialised down by the river but the school was located up towards Blackheath and was surrounded by parkland. I stayed at that school until I was 11, commuting on public transport night & morning.

The school was a series of huts that looked rather like those we see on films of Japanese prisoner of war camps! They were timber buildings elevated above the ground, single storey with hipped roofs and very wide eaves. They were timber boarded from floor level to approximately 3 feet high and above that was completely open although it was possible to draw canvas curtains that left gaps all the way around the building. There was no door and certainly no heating. We sat at our desks in our overcoats with gloves and hats on "enjoying" the fresh air. It didn't seem to do us any harm.

I took the 11+ on my own and was then sent to Bloomfield Road Central School which after about a year was downgraded to a secondary school. Not having had much formal education up to that time I soon caught up and enjoyed school which I found pretty easy. I would have liked to have stayed on but at the age of 16 I was expected to leave and go to work.

In 1956 I started as a lad in an architect's office in Lee Green, south London, cycling to work each day. I had to do several nights a week at night school to achieve the necessary GCE's to start studying architecture. I was working at Lee Green when Pat & I had our first date – Christmas Eve 1958. I then did about 5 years of day release and night school at the Brixton School of Building which became much posher after I left and I believe it is now called the London South Bank University.

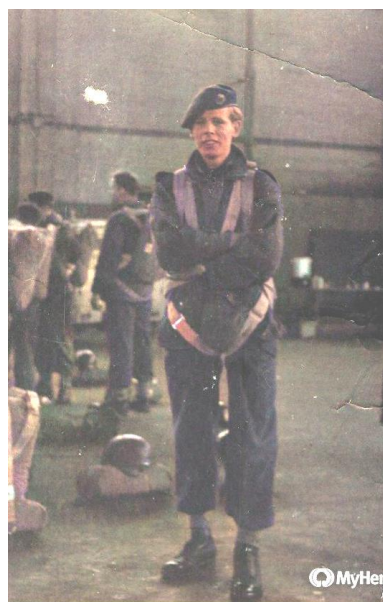
In late 1957 or early 58 I was expecting a letter inviting me to take part in National Service, however it never arrived.

It was about this time that National Service was no longer a requirement and I was disappointed. I knew that National Service would open up opportunities for sport and travel and had been looking forward to it.



Pat & I married on 19 September 1964 and moved into a flat in Welling, Kent. We had found a housing development in Paddock Wood, Kent and were waiting for the second phase of the development to be released. We had been saving for the deposit but spent the money on our honeymoon in Guernsey. Just a few days after our return a letter arrived saying that the second phase was being released and inviting us to choose our plot. Luckily Pat worked for Barclays Bank in Woolwich and the manager agreed to lend me enough for the deposit. We moved to our new house in 1965 and Pat was transferred to Barclays in Maidstone.

At that time the GLC was the greatest housing authority in the world with people coming from all over the world just to work there and it was an incredibly interesting time. Soon after I joined there were two very significant changes. Firstly, the Council had been experimenting with heavy industrialised building and then made a decision to move most of their housing into this form of construction. Secondly the government prepared a report on housing standards which every local authority was obliged to accept, the GLC being no exception. At the housing development group we did not do any building but worked to provide information for the building sections. At first I was put on to preparing standard details for items such as refuse roundabouts for tall buildings – a very hum-drum existence. However, we were given a great deal of freedom on the work that we did and I chose to investigate the possibilities of combining the new standards within the discipline of the industrialised building programme. This work came to the notice of Cementation, a building company who were doing their own investigations into industrialised building using a combination of heavy concrete and timber frame. Cementation asked a colleague and I if we would set up a group to continue the investigation on their behalf so we started to work for them in a small office in South Kensington. They were at that time building new offices for themselves in Croydon and about a year later we moved to offices there.



I had also wanted to learn parachuting and the cheapest way of doing this was in the Army so in 1958 I joined the Territorial Army and became a part time Royal Engineer in a parachute engineer regiment. In the four years that I was in the T.A. we did not do any sport or any reasonable travel but in between the parachute jumps we did drink a lot and had a jolly good time.

During this time I had changed jobs and was now employed by the London County Council where I was appointed to the housing development group. Soon after I joined reorganisation in London meant that the LCC became the Greater London Council.

After a year or so commuting to Croydon we were approached by Fosters, a building company based in Hitchin, who had done a lot of work on heavy industrialised building. They asked us to take over the development of this project.

Our move to Royston was very sudden. We had lived in Paddock Wood for a year when I announced that I was starting a new job in Royston "in two weeks time". We immediately put our house on the market and Pat stayed in Paddock Wood to deal with the house sale while I moved to a flat in Melbourn. It was some 3 months before the sale was completed and Pat joined me in November 1966. She was lucky enough to get a transfer to Barclays in Royston.

The reason we moved to Melbourn was because Fosters had a subsidiary company, Jacklin Hale, who were based in Queens Road, Royston, where we were offered office accommodation. As soon as we knew we would be moving we spent a day in Royston looking for somewhere to rent until we could sort ourselves out. At that time rent controls were pretty strict and few people rented out houses or flats and our trawl of the area turned up two properties – one in Arrington at £3.10s per week and one in Melbourn at £2.10s. Both were awful so we took the cheapest one. We were only there for a few months before we found a house in Aspenden where we spent a couple of years until the owner retired and wanted his house back. We then rented a bungalow in Melbourn for the next year or so until the owner of that property retired and wanted his house back.

In 1970, just a couple of weeks before we were due to move out of Melbourn, our accountant telephoned me asking if we were still looking for a piece of land. His client wanted a quick sale of some land in Thriplow. We had never heard of Thriplow but that evening visited the site in Lower Street and the following morning agreed to buy it.

We moved to Thriplow in March 1970. This was our sixth move in the 6 years we had been married. Building our house took a year and we lived in a caravan on site during that time. We were both working so most of the building work was carried out mainly during evenings and weekends.

In April 1971 we moved into 6 Lower Street and we are still there, although the house has grown somewhat over the years, but that's another story . . . . .

*David Easthope*

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ QUESTIONS IN THE LAST JOURNAL

1. 1969
2. Started summer 1973 & finished in 1974 – last hole filled in the Friday before Daffodil Weekend
3. Foot & Mouth and Covid
4. 1917
5. Oliver Cromwell
6. The Bury
7. 1992
8. Peter Speak, Bill Wittering, Shirley Wittering, Ken Joysey, Arthur Wragg, Arthur Rowe, Geoff Axe, David Easthope
9. 37
10. Flacks Garage, Cambridge Rd, Fowlmere
11. 1978
12. Marlon Brando - the Churchyard
13. The Nightcomers
14. Five
15. The Fox Inn, Church St. The Red Lion, Middle St. Saracens Head, Fowlmere Rd. Shoulder of Mutton, Little Thriplow The Green Man, Lower St.
16. Lord Harry Walston & Betty Boothroyd
17. Rod Halls (School headmaster)
18. The Bury, Barrentons, Crouchmans, Bacons
19. Post Office/Shop in 1984
20. Doreen Smith, Recreation Ground
21. West of Thriplow from the right hand turn towards Foxton up to the stream just before Meads house in Fowlmere High St.
22. Rob Crompton (School headmaster)
23. Daffodil Cottage
24. Fowlmere Road
25. In the garden of 23 Middle St. (home of Graham & Georgina Tindall)
26. 1687
27. 8 miles
28. David Easthope
29. 11 The Green (Merrythought Cottage, home of Stuart & Karen Broom)
30. The Icknield Way
31. H.M. Queen Elizabeth II - 1997 (1<sup>st</sup> August)
32. Jane Butterworth
33. William Russell - The Lord Mayor's Show

## GLEANINGS

### CONGRATULATIONS

To our new chairman, Paul Rogers, who has recently become a grandfather for the first time.



### THANK YOU

To Lady Harriet Swinnerton-Dyer's children – Caroline, Angus and James, for giving us copies of eulogies given at Harriet's funeral. They will each be given a copy of this journal.



To Daffodil Weekend for organizing an excellent Village B-B-Q.

And an extra big thank you to all who help to deliver our Journals



### REMINDER

Many thanks to all who have paid their subscriptions using the envelopes provided in the last journal. Many thanks also to all who have paid on line - everyone doing so remembered to use their name as the reference.

There are still several members who have not yet paid. If you still have the envelope from the last journal you can use it to leave your subscription in the shop or at 6 Lower Street. Subscriptions are an important source of income for the Society and at our AGM in April it was agreed that they should remain at £15 per household for this financial year.



*Every day that passes, passes into history*