



Hinxton Life

The magazine for people who love Hinxton Autumn 2020



HISTORY PEOPLE GARDENING FOOD EVENTS VILLAGE LIFE

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Hinxton Life is an independent village magazine established and run by volunteers.

Our mission is to inform residents of local issues and to maintain and promote community spirit.

Delivered free to approximately 170 Hinxton households.

Whilst the Wellcome Campus Reprographics department is shut the printing is being carried out by the friendly team at **Falcon Printers** in Linton.

Dear Readers,

This edition contains a few 'firsts' including the winning entry to the Short Story Competition by **Chloe Brown**. This poignant tale has set a very high bar for next time.

'**LIGHT up HINXTON**' on December 5th is the brainchild of the Village Hall committee and will be an opportunity to enjoy a friendly stroll through the village, inspecting all the lights with a glass of mulled wine from the hall.

We can announce that Hinxton will be participating in the **National Garden Scheme** in May next year with a tour of a variety of large and small gardens dotted around the village. Hopefully, this will be a busy day and a great opportunity to raise valuable funds from our visitors.

Our front page is adorned with house doors from the village. If you don't recognise them all, a full list will be published in the next Hinxton News. Our thanks go to **Emily Torrens** for her care and time taking the pics. It is also appropriate for us to thank all our contributors over the year.

I hope you enjoy reading about our extraordinary village and the interesting people who live here.

Mike

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In the Spotlight

Your earliest memories of Hinxton and any outstanding events since.

House-hunting in 1996, I asked a vendor: 'What's it like living in Hinxton?' 'Very friendly, we have each other's keys and feed each other's cats' was the reply. 'I'll buy it' I said. 'But don't you want to look round the house first?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I'm still buying it'. I have never regretted that; Hinxton is such a friendly, supportive village. I went to a Parish Council Meeting as I thought it would be interesting. They said 'we do have a vacancy'. I have just retired after 23 years on it. This gives me time to write my book 'Why Conserve Nature: meanings, motivations and actions' for Cambridge University Press.

Tell us a bit about yourself I grew up in Norwich in a house full of paintings, music and books, many from my nature-loving Quaker godfather. My father was Manager of Jarrolds Colour Publishing, producing postcards, calendars, guides and books on local nature. I knew local photographers and naturalists, especially Ted Ellis and others from the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists Society. Janet Smith our local librarian provided Arthur Ransome and nature books. I loved growing things, working in market gardens in the summer. I grew pine trees from cones, having to trim quite a few in Mum's garden years later. I've since helped to run Nature Reserves, especially Slapton NNR in Devon.

My father was from a local family talented in arts, crafts and music; my grandfather was interested in local history. I drew and painted, with encouragement from my father who published his drawings in local newspapers. He had art exhibitions, one in Norwich Castle Museum. My mother came from North Norfolk - her father was a farm steward. We frequently went back to there, binoculars in hand, to places like Blakeney, Cley and Morston - where an ancestor ran a pub. I cycled to the Broads and went to Breydon Water to birdwatch. I loved reading 'My family and Other Animals' by Gerald Durrell (while my literary brother Peter read Lawrence Durrell). It all fitted - with Ted Ellis as my mentor as Dr. Stephanides was for Durrell. Later, I ran family natural history courses in South Devon. Recently, one participant, then a 9 year old boy, found me out and said how formative that experience was - and how he too loved the Durrell book and I had taken the role of mentor for him.

Your career Geography, Botany and Zoology at 'A' level. University of Bristol Geography, Geology and Sociology. PhD on Aldabra Atoll, Indian Ocean with a Royal Society team of geologists and biologists. Lecturer Environmental Geography Strathclyde and Sheffield then Cambridge lecturing on nature and conservation and also Geography Director of Studies Robinson College - now retired.

What are your interests and leisure pursuits? Speleology (caving), cycling, walking, painting, making up crosswords, gardens, nature. I still enjoy being on the Genome Campus Wetlands Committee.

Do you have a favourite plant in your garden? The wisteria was stupendous this year.

Favourite music, book and film. Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto; Lord of the Rings; Lawrence of Arabia.

Do you like holidays? I always wanted to go to Venice and Florence and happily I have been painting and visiting art galleries in both. I loved all my summers cycling in France and Spain.

If you had one gift or power, what would it be? Being able to get rid of

rancid political claptrap, economic catastrophes and viruses...

Who would you invite as your ideal dinner guests? Anybody who appreciates my cooking.

What do you feel have been your greatest achievements? Helping to educate young people about nature, especially as a member of the Executive Committee of the Field Studies Council (<http://www.field-studies-council.org/about/fsc-stories/1960s/1966-steve-trudgill.aspx>) and raising money for the FSC Kids fund: <http://www.field-studies-council.org/about/fsc-kids-fund.aspx> to get inner city children out in the field. I am pleased to have been made an Honorary Vice-President of the Field Studies Council in recognition of this work.

(more on Steve's book, other environmental work and publications online)

Is there anything else you would like to share with us?

Apart from village life - especially garden and allotment - I'm still very active academically. I am now an Emeritus Fellow in Geography at Robinson College Cambridge where I am Chair of the Gardens Committee, Acting Chair of the Visual Arts Committee and President of the Alumni Association. I am Archival and Historical Editorial Advisor *Progress in Physical Geography* Journal. The new book is about the meanings of nature which lead to motivations to want to conserve nature. There are sections on the varied meanings of nature, climate change, ecological science and nature in literature and art. The personal meanings of nature feature highly, especially the therapeutic aspects in wilderness, nature reserves and gardens. The psychological importance of nature to our well-being is a key theme. The book ends with a contribution from a younger co-author on his research into why people conserve nature.



Rosemary's Ramblings

Just when you think it's all over, October brings wonderfully colourful fruits and berries. Raking up leaves is one of those tasks that can take you back to childhood. Collect them all up into a black plastic sack, punch holes in it and leave alone for a year or so, you will find the best soil conditioner for free.

Other jobs are sharpening tools, trimming beech hedges and netting the pond.

November is the time to plant tulip bulbs, how about packing them into a planter for a show in the spring. Garden furniture should have a good clean and be protected from the worst of the winter, also check arbours, trellises and fences. The lawn will benefit greatly from a rake and feed for the autumn.

Protect tender plants from frosts with fleece or cloches and give yourself time to enjoy browsing catalogues for next year's additions.

From December birds need us to boost their food stocks. Scrub bird tables to avoid spreading diseases and wash feeders, you will be rewarded with lots of company on a cold morning. Finish the winter pruning of trees and shrubs while dormant remembering to remove any branches that are dead, diseased or damaged. Roses can safely be pruned anytime between now and early spring.

Above all enjoy this quiet time in the garden and make exciting plans for the new year.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Nurseryman

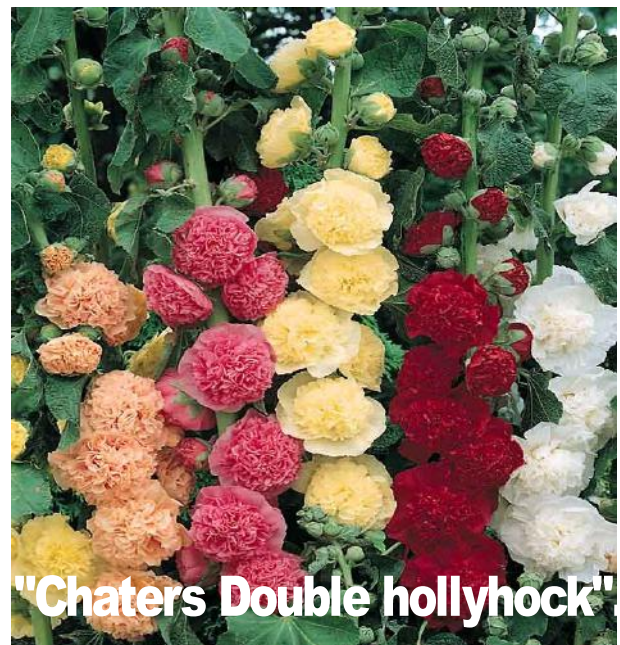
William Chater (1802 - 1885)

David Chater's great great grandfather, developed and grew the double hollyhock at his nursery next to the common in Saffron Walden, where he also laid out the maze beside what is now known as Chaters Hill.

The next road going from Ashdon Road to Radwinter Road is known as Hollyhock Road.

He also laid out Bridgend Gardens for the Gibson Family which have recently been restored.

Most garden centres and seed merchants sell.



"Chaters Double hollyhock"

Phil's Veggies

Despite being too hot, too cold, too wet and too dry 2020 is turning out to be a bumper year on the plot. Early germination failures led to over generous emergency sowings which all came to fruition. There were so many insects around that I netted diligently and this has brought dividends with my brassicas leeks and onions. I am particularly pleased with the leeks this year as the last couple of years onion fly has been very damaging causing brown streaking and near instant transfer from kitchen to compost bin. This year they are clean and have grown so well we started on them in August.

Tomatoes particularly liked the hot weather and did well inside and out. I had two beef heart heritage toms that weighed just over a kilo between them. Great grilled for breakfast with olive oil and thyme on them.

Of my experiments Kakai pumpkins grown for their seeds cropped well. The large green seeds just need removing and roasting as is for around 20 minutes, and that is about as long as they last as they are very moorish. My edamame beans were terrific, ask the mice. They ate pretty much the whole, quite substantial, crop leaving just about enough for a salad to make us aware of what we had been robbed of.



NATIONAL GARDEN SCHEME

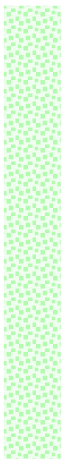
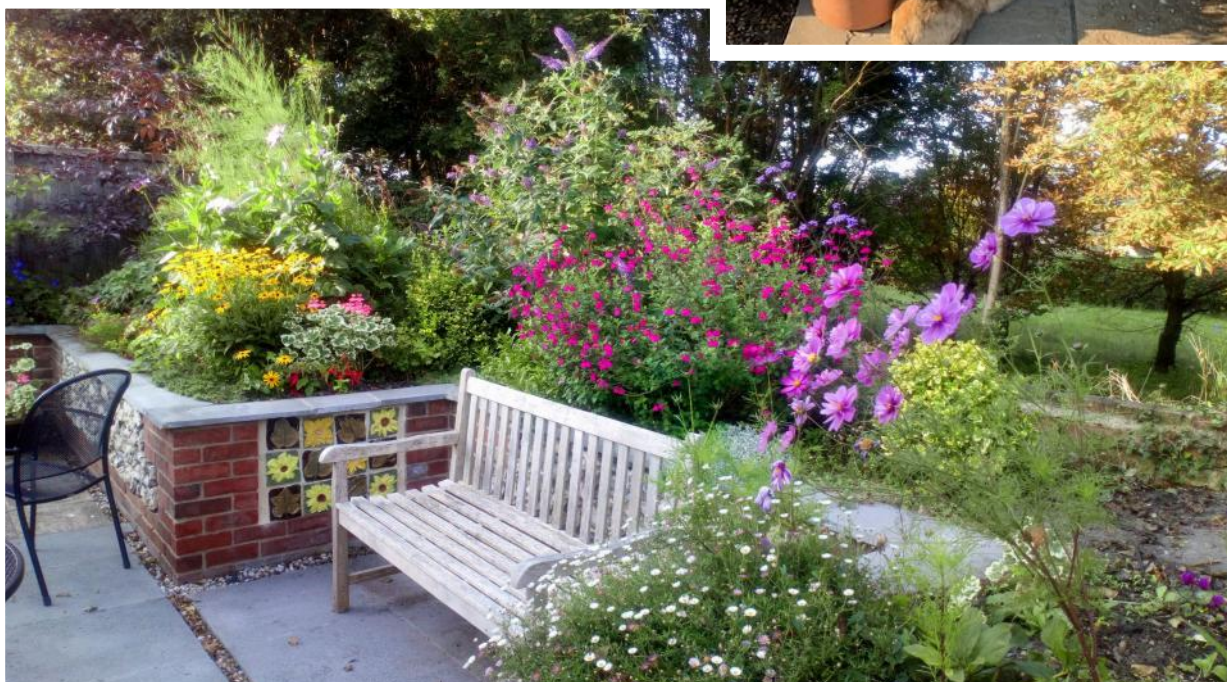
30th May 2021

Several Hinxton gardens will be open to view
on 30th May 2021.

More details will follow but please direct any
questions to Sara Varey

sara.varey@gmail.com

The photos are of three of the gardens
featured in the event.





Under the Purple Beech Tree

Written by Chloe Brown

"Didn't she ever throw anything away? We should have offered to take her to the tip more often when she was alive!"

Martin and Jenny had been clearing out their mother's flat in north-east London for the past four months since her death, and no weekend seemed complete without multiple trips to the recycling centre and charity shop. Their mother, Anna, had kept her two bedroomed flat immaculately tidy, but there was so much packed into it. Everything was labelled and, in its place, but going through her affairs was like playing Russian Dolls, with every box or container concealing several others within. It was starting to get to Martin's soul, and he was looking forward to moving on.

"Jenny, are you OK?"

She had not made any reply to his comment, but now he heard convulsive sobs coming from the master bedroom.

"Oh, my goodness, this is so sad. I knew Mummy wasn't good at sharing her feelings, but why did she not tell us about this?"

Jenny was looking through the contents of a box file that she had found tucked in a small space between the wardrobe and the wall. It was labelled "Cambridge Days".

Their mother had been an undergraduate at Girton College, Cambridge in the mid-60s. She was proud of having been a strident in the first institution where women could get a university education in the UK and had spoken fondly of those times to her children. She had told them about the quality of female friendships in the haven of Girton College, chatting for hours over endless cups of tea in one another's rooms. They knew she had developed her love of cycling in Cambridge, using her bike daily to go up and down the Huntingdon Road

between Girton and the lecture theatres in town, "sometimes going back again in the evening to "formal hall" with a friend at one of the men's colleges or go to ballroom dancing classes. Anna had met their father, whom she divorced after twenty years of marriage, at the firm of accountants in London where they both worked in the early 70s. He had never seemed particularly interested in the stories of her time at Cambridge University, sometimes even appearing a little jealous. However, on a couple of occasions during Jenny and Martin's childhood, they had gone as a family for a day trip to Cambridge and their mother had enjoyed showing them around and telling them tales, probably expurgated, of her adventures including midnight punting while a little tipsy, memorable concerts in college chapels and outdoor Shakespeare plays in college gardens with strawberries and Pimm's served in the interval. When Martin joined Jenny in the master bedroom, she had some of the contents of "Cambridge Days" box laid out on the bed. A photo of the most enormous and splendid purple beech tree, magnificent with its boughs spreading out and reaching to the grounds: a programme of a performance of 'As You Like It' held in the Fellow's garden at Emmanuel College in the summer of 1967; a champagne cork; a jewellery box containing a ring fashioned from a ring pull of a can; a small notebook; an obituary page from the Cambridge Evening News in 1968. She had been quietly taking the information in and piecing it together. The small notebook had a string through the ring binding with a little pencil attached.

"So you remember Mummy lecturing us about the good old days, when nobody had phones, planning was important and telling us at the 'ladies' at Girton had a notebook on the outside of their door, where callers could leave messages if they were not in?"

Sure enough inside this notebook were short notes from callers including an entry in a confident hand.

*"Saturday evening was exquisite, the setting, the play, your company. If it was 'As You Like It', meet me by the Duck Pond at 10pm tonight.
Love, Rupert."*

On the back of the photo of the purple beech tree they recognised their mother's handwriting; "Come woo me, woo me for now I am in holiday humour and like enough to consent. Your Rosalind."

The obituary was of Rupert Travers, who had graduated in English from Emmanuel College, Cambridge in 1967. He had died tragically in a road traffic accident while on a trip to Italy as part of his postgraduate work researching the work of Byron. Jenny and Martin decided that the following weekend, instead of having another weekend clearing their mother's flat, they would pay homage to her memory and young love with a trip to Cambridge. They went straight to Emmanuel College, showed the programme of the 1967 performance of "As You Like It" to the porters and explained a little about their wish to visit the Fellow's Garden, realising it

was closed to visitors. An affable porter walked with them through Front Court, past the Wren Chapel and through the Paddock next to the duck pond, leaving them at the gate to the Fellow's Garden.

"Take your time and enjoy your visit."

As Martin and Jenny turned into the Fellow's Garden, their jaws dropped as they took in the splendid purple beech tree, every bit as majestic as it was in the photo taken by their mother 50 years before. They walked to the space created by the boughs of the tree falling to the ground.

"So, I guess Mother drank a bottle of champagne with Rupert here by candlelight and he gave her the home-made ring as a token of his love."

"Wow, I could learn from that" said Martin, still a bachelor in his forties.

Jenny had tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat.

"How beautiful, and how sad that he died so young. Poor Dad, he could never have lived up to that. No wonder Mummy always had a wistful look when we came here."



Congratulations to Chloe Brown on winning the prestigious

Hinxton Short Story Competition 2020.

Sponsored by Alex Clarke at The Red Lion, seen here applauding as Sara Gregson, representing Hinxton Book Club presents the winner's cheque to Chloe for her poignant story


"Under the Purple Beech Tree".

Hinxton writers will be challenged again next year.

Other entries can be seen in the Hinxton News in November and the rules for the 2021 competition will be announced in the winter edition of Hinxton Life in January 2021

Celebrate the wonder of grass
with grass-inspired gifts

grassy
& green
gifts



Sara Gregson at www.talkinggrass.co.uk
Online shop. Save on delivery – pick up in Hinxton.
Also 'Cash on Collection' options at checkout.

The race to sequence SARS-CoV-2

High throughput science needs high-throughput computing. The DNA pipelines production software development team is well practiced, with some of the largest genome sequencing projects in the world up and running at the Institute – projects like UK Biobank, the Human Cell Atlas and the Cancer Genome Project. But software for these big data projects was carefully developed, tested, built and scaled up over time, a luxury that didn't exist for sequencing SARS-CoV-2 genomes.

Steve Inglis is a Senior Software Developer. "I do remember thinking that working from home after the Campus closed might bring a nice change in pace, as much of the science was shutting down, we might have less to do. But a few days before we were due to leave site, we were told we were working on a new project to sequence coronavirus samples. We weren't going to be slowing down."

Together with other institutes across the UK, the Sanger Institute joined the COVID-19 Genomics UK Consortium – COG-UK. The group is sequencing the genomes of virus samples, enabling researchers to follow the evolution and spread of coronavirus. The viral genome data is combined with clinical and epidemiological datasets to help guide UK public health interventions and policies.

Katy Taylor is also a software developer in the team that supports DNA pipelines at the Sanger Institute. "In the early days of the project, the biggest challenge was trying to pin down what the first version of the

software would do, when they were still trying to design a process in the first place. So we were doing it very much concurrently. It is normal for requirements for software to change, but the process we were trying to build software for has been constantly changing. Even now they are still making

improvements. This is good for output – we can do higher throughput and we are prepared if there's a second wave – but it means we've gone through a lot of iterations of the software already."

For Steve, the challenges of the project are those shared by many during the pandemic. "From a personal perspective – though I think everybody's the same – being in lockdown was hard enough, but being in lockdown under a massive amount of pressure to deliver something in probably half the time we would normally be expected to deliver it was tough. Especially early on. But everyone was in a similar place. Not seeing people in person meant it was harder to work things out than it would normally have been. Just getting through the day sometimes, was hard. But we started living life on platforms like zoom and slack, and found new ways to communicate and collaborate, probably with a wider group of people than we ever have before."

A key part of the team's job is to securely keep track of the thousands of samples as they flow through the Institute. Samples of DNA or RNA for sequencing start off as a physical entity, usually invisible to the naked eye, suspended in a tiny volume of liquid at the bottom of a tube or in one of hundreds of wells sunk into a small rectangle of plastic. Coronavirus samples are no different.

The samples arrive frozen in 96-welled plastic plates. The difference is the volume – at one point there were 20 boxes a day, each containing 80 plates. Depending on where the sample is from, it undergoes different processing. Samples are received by laboratory teams who enter their tracking numbers into laboratory management systems, then inactivate them and prepare them for sequencing. Steps include replicating the virus's genetic code, adding a molecular tag to each sample, pooling them and loading them ready for the sequencing machines.

Read by the sequencing machines, the samples then become digital versions of themselves. The data are transferred to a temporary storage area and quality control processes and primary analysis algorithms are run. Finally, the data are automatically transferred to a centralised portal for analysis by scientists in COG-UK. Every single step requires software.

"When the DNA sequencing team first came to us about the new pipeline for coronavirus samples, they initially presented it to us as something

that we had all the parts for already. There was a diagram of our existing pipelines and we thought maybe you can go along this route and then pop over to this pipeline and carry on. It was a nice idea but didn't quite work out that way. We did use existing software, but there were a few extras. We had to figure a new route. We had to build new software to cope," said Katy.

One of the new pieces of software meant that laboratory staff didn't have to scan the barcode on every plate in every box, whilst standing in the -20°C freezer. "We were massively reducing the person-hours needed to get the job done. Automating as much of the process as possible has been crucial. And actually preventing frostbite," Steve said.

"One of the interesting things that has come out of this is that we probably implemented some new features which will be used after the project. We've introduced automation into parts of our other pipelines to make life a lot easier for the users, and projects more efficient. Because we weren't able to cope using the existing software, we had to repurpose it to make it faster and better," added Katy.

Others across the Institute agree: "We've been extremely excited by a recently completed piece of work delivered by the team. It is a game changer for our COVID sequencing work and also for our wider research sequencing processes," said Emma Gray, a team leader in DNA pipelines.

"Over the past few months the work they have done on the COVID

pipeline has been so valuable and hugely appreciated by the operational teams. The speed at which they have brought in new functionality really has been a game changer in this project – which is very fluid. There has been no additional difficulty in communicating what we need with the team working remotely – which is a significant accomplishment in itself.

WELLCOME GENOME CAMPUS

Most noteworthy functionality for me has been the 'Sentinel cherrypicking workflow' which has resulted in significant time savings. Work that would have taken two people a day to complete can now be done in under two hours by one person," Emma added.

The whole team of 13 software developers shifted to work on the new COVID sequencing pipeline back in March.

Katy reflected: "I was working on a few different projects before – everyone was. There were a lot of feature and process improvements. This has been a much more coherent project. We're all working on the one same thing. It's very focused."

"As a team not only have we survived but we thrived. We had to – there was no choice," Steve laughs. "We haven't really worked as closely together as a team like that before."

"I think the other thing is that it's changed how things for us work, and how we will work in future. Before, I would say our processes were quite rigid. But now we've had to throw all that out of the window to cope. And I think that works. We might carry on doing that."

Despite the stresses, both Steve and Katy agree that working on the project has been rewarding.

Katy said: "The best bit for me was at the start of the project, even though it was probably the most stressful part, it was also quite exciting. We built a pipeline really, really quickly. I think we got the first version out in two weeks. Designing that process in the first place was quite interesting.

"Also I think we all felt like our work was contributing. A lot of people's work was stopping due to lockdown. But it was good to have lots of work to do, and for it to be relevant to the crisis."

Steve agreed: "Realising that I was part of something that was so important was good. I've always felt like being at Sanger our work is quite important. To be part of something that could make a real difference to the global pandemic I think was quite satisfying and scary and exciting all at the same time, especially when we were finishing things. I remember thinking yes this is actually going to be used, and it might help."

Sailing Days in the Solent

By Margaret Malcolm



The LucyAnne

Virginia's article 'My Childhood Town' in the Summer Hinxton Life caused me to do some reminiscing about my sailing exploits in the Solent. I had married a sailing enthusiast and it soon became apparent that his ambition to be an owner of a yacht would one day be realised and I'd better get used to the idea. Over the years we had several adventures with dinghies which I endured, although not being a very good swimmer, I always found rather terrifying.

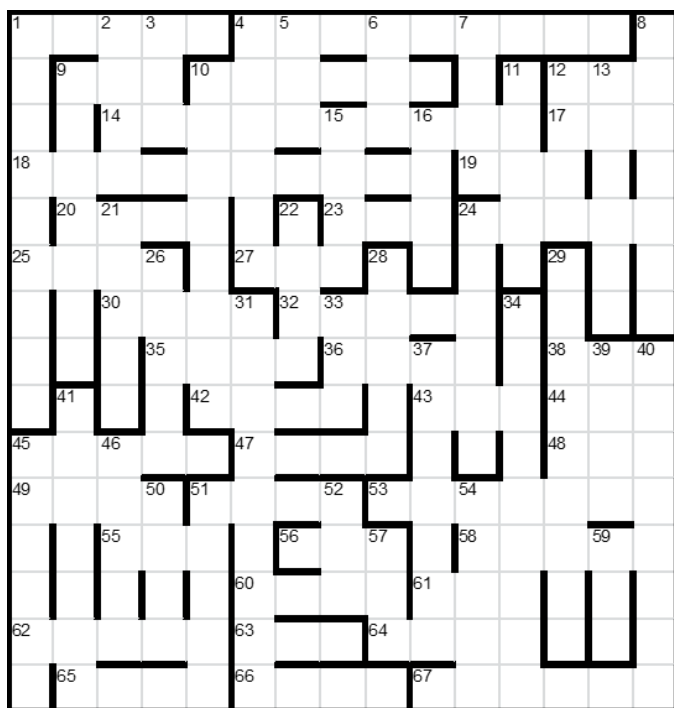
Inevitably the day came when we could afford a second-hand 28 foot sailing boat and the Solent became our weekend playground. We got to know it well in fair weather and foul; and thus days of bliss with a benevolent wind and sunshine, alternating with episodes of darkening clouds, rising wind, horizontal rain and mounting panic.

On one occasion as we were sailing out of Southampton Water we suddenly found ourselves in an unwelcome fog bank, with all navigation points obliterated. It was an anxious moment as sound is dampened and large ferries can suddenly appear, seemingly out of nowhere. However, there to the north west was Fawley Flame which burns atop the chimney of the Power Station to which Virginia referred. The chimney itself was completely obliterated but above the fog bank the flame burned brightly.

The great thing about the Solent is that there are many places to visit along its shores and plenty of activity from other boats, from small dinghies to ocean liners. I learned a huge amount about tides and navigation – both of which are

essential knowledge for all sailors. Halfway between Southampton water and the Isle of Wight is a large sandbank called the Brambles which has caught out many an unwary sailor. For those who get caught on it there is the indignity of sitting in your boat as the tide disappears beneath you and there you sit at a bizarre angle until the tide returns. However, there is just one occasion every year when the tide is so low that a large expanse of sandbank is visible – and that is the moment when enthusiastic yachties-come-cricketers don their whites, climb out of their boats and a game of cricket ensues on a rather soggy pitch. The rules wouldn't be acceptable at Lords as dogs and spectators are permitted to retrieve the balls, which nowadays are pink, but it's one of those quintessentially English oddities. How bizarre it looked to see people running around, apparently in the middle of the Solent!





*Hinxton Autumn Crossword 2020 on a theme of 1ac
(with some repetition) by Steve Trudgill with Jenny Goodwin &
Steve Theobald*

ACROSS

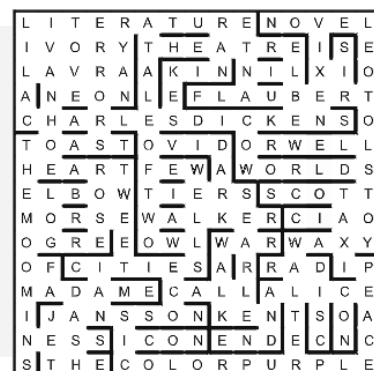
- 1 12th Greek letter and 'thus' in Latin give a sound which made Maria's hills alive (5)
- 4 Starting to heat in root vegetable cooking device, produced 24ac and 10d (9)
- 9 Often asked "What's up?", at first diagnosis often careful (3)
- 10 Outcast father starts really irritating awful hobby (6)
- 12 Jamaican 1ac having origins in south Kingston alley (3)
- 14 See 34d
- 17 19th Greek letter found within Great Aunt's message (3)
- 18 See 61ac
- 19 In Adelaide, much bigger flightless bird found (3)
- 20 It is only fair (4)
- 23 Line dancing, not English, comes to nothing (3)
- 24 Lost Legion, as in much of 15d with one definite article swapped for most of another breaks into song at the end in composition by 4ac (5)
- 25 Jennifer in a hurry to perform 'The Power of Love'? (4)
- 27,66ac London Museum is back in Rilke composition for German keyboard, well-tempered according to 65ac (7)
- 30 Premières of heavenly airs romantically played, with Irish motif (4)
- 32 Sebastian's nemesis in Cockney version of public school (5)
- 35,29d Idle crank sang in a strange way: a caper perhaps on the way up, by 8d,40d (4,9)
- 36 Palindromic singers seen in drab bar (4)
- 38 Right-hand half of old Speaker makes low sound (3)
- 42 Left half of Capital on the cord of 61ac, extensive (4)
- 43 Vase from Namur, near Brussels (3)
- 44 Priest from Babel, Iraq (3)
- 45 Norwegian composer has starters of regional ingredients in scrambled egg (5)
- 47 New Yorker native embraces American composer of song – for senior fluvialist? (4)
- 48
- 49 Acronym for designated attractive landscape in Cumbria on Borders (4)
- 51,40d His woman, Jill, composed for guitarist who often played 34d, 14ac (4,8)
- 53 Competitive music display on TV makes father sound lazy (3,4)
- 55 Earliest doubling up occurs only when two play together (3)
- 56 Van Gogh lost one and 4ac in effect lost both within years (3)
- 58 Johanna Spyri's creation referring to a male Ugandan leader (5)

- 60 Moon not applicable on Scottish island (4)
- 61,18ac Arrogant, I sing badly the song on 7th cord by 65ac (3,2,1,1-6)
- 62 What Cotman's Bridge, Garbo and a climate icon have in common – great confusion! (5)
- 63 Scrape a living from vegetable kebabs (3)
- 64 Insect has sharp taste reversal (4)
- 65 Arts Degree given to Switzerland composer (4)
- 66 See 27ac
- 67 Frankish King who with his wife is in Bizet's least known but early prize winning composition made from 5 coils (6)

DOWN

- 1 Lemon sliced and mixed with a drop of whisky brings heightened emotion to a performance (9)
- 2,3 So, a dice is rolled to accompany drinks (4,3)
- 3 See 2d
- 4 Composer is foremost from Budapest and Romania, tinkling on keys (6)
- 5 Age from bygone range (3)
- 6 Crowning glory is made from just a jewel (3)
- 7 Shaped moulding in loge enclosure (4)
- 8,40d A disgust expressed in vehicle at the swill I am slopping around – from which 35ac, 29d arises (7,8)
- 9 Play with Joan Dun, hunter for women? (3,4)
- 10 Former viva was rural idyll by 4ac (8)
- 11 Anatolia city earliest in Zoroastrian movement in religion (5)
- 12 Hazel's back! A knockout! (4)
- 13 Kimono alternative for tunic Asians needed from the very beginnings of Hippie garb (6)
- 15 Singer Simone is Number 1 in Northern Ireland and North America (4)
- 16 Hybrid fruit unusually good looking in first appearances, though not by the sound of it (4)
- 21 Theatre guide Raymond is American singer, songwriter, actor and dancer (5)
- 22 First showing of fairly likeable actor kyboshed by criticism (4)
- 24 Noah's fresh craft lands in Delaware home of symphony Orchestra (6)
- 26 Manchester's orchestra has the French after computer 9000 (5)
- 28 Early Pope defines built up area (5)
- 29 See 35ac
- 31 Romeo and Juliet's composer, provoke if possible (9)
- 33 Uneven rhythm around Georgia in origins (3)
- 34,14ac Azure jade concretion broken up by Rodriguez (9,2,8)
- 37 Bank duo changed Dylan's Japanese recording arena (7)
- 39 A tasty mixture of ravioli origin (4)
- 40 See 8d
- 41 Allow dough to rise, then rub heartlessly, as the saying goes (7)
- 45 Electronic 1ac in place for car (6)
- 46 Unaffiliated 1ac, in beginning of dance, that is (5)
- 50 Broken but still head and shoulders above the rest (4)
- 51 Genesis revelations: journey onwards – Nineveh and home for prophet(5)
- 52 Flat bread from Yunnan (3)
- 54 Genesis singer carries a small sealed glass bottle (5)
- 57 Rather a ghastly first addition to time for 1ac (3)
- 59 Laurel and Hardy, for one, start darning unconventional outrage (3)

Solution to the last crossword. The missing clue was the Eloï – a people, along with the Morlocks, in H.G.Wells' Time Machine



My Collection

With Lesley Mills

I'm not usually a collector but, in a way, this collection was started for me in 1994.

We were invited to an annual dinner, and there was a gift of an enamel pill box for each lady. This first one started what was to become my collection and over subsequent years the number which I was given from these dinners, grew. Each one was inscribed with the year on the lid and they were all different colours and patterns. As usual all good things come to an end but by chance I saw one for sale on eBay so was able to add some years as they became available.

I now have 29 that are dated plus some very pretty ones which have been given to me but have no date. My collection is complete, I think, but I have bought some with the year of their birth painted on them for my three granddaughters and maybe they will add to those in time?



William House, No. 66 High Street (King William IV Beer House)

William House has been the home of **Andrew & Virginia Walker** since September 1981 when they arrived with their children Matthew & Rachel. In 1987, Andrew's career took the family to Canada and then Spain for eight years and while they were away **Jet & Piet Kouwenhoven** were tenants. Tragically, Piet was killed while in Venezuela in 1992.

In 1994 Jet moved to Elmdon.



After a spell in Cumbria, Andrew and Virginia returned in the autumn of 1998. During their years in Cumbria, **Pauline Plummer** was a part-time tenant. She was an art conservator who was responsible for the renovation of the 'Pompeii Parlour' at Hinxton Hall. Andrew & Virginia had originally purchased the house from a **Mr. MacLeod**, a Personnel Director of the Forward Trust Group. He left to run a caravan and mobile home park in the West Country.



In 1976, William House was home to **Squadron Leader & Mrs. Lamb**, their three children and Mrs. Lamb Senior (Granny). The family was only resident for about five years before moving to Cyprus.



Mr Norman Goodridge, a retired Solicitor from Great Chesterford, owned the house in 1966. He was an unmarried gentleman who lived at William House for the rest of his life. At that time, the garden extended all the way to the A1301; Mr. Goodridge sold the top end to a farmer in exchange for a strip of land to the north of the house. During his time in Hinxton he became Churchwarden and in 1972 donated money for a new heating system for the Village Hall.



In 1960 **Mrs. Angela Deakin** lived at William House with her two children, together with her sister, **Mrs. Carolyn Northcott** and her children. Both ladies had been widowed in 1958. They bought the house for £1,600, spent £4/5,000 on improvements and sold it for £10,000 in 1966. (Mrs. Deakin went on to marry **Major Rippingall** and moved to his farm in Elmdon.)

The King William IV was delicensed in 1960 and the last landlord was **Alf Bagshaw** who ran the pub with his wife **Chrissy**. They were there from around 1956 and left to run a public house in Bury St Edmunds. In the late 1940's the pub was run by a **Mr. & Mrs. Potter**. He was an ex-policeman from London and they brought their daughter with them and a young relative, **Pat Jaggard**, to help run the bar. Prior to this, it is thought, a gentleman named **Harper** was landlord.



From about 1916 to 1932 **Thomas William & Emily Kate Stracey** were the proprietors. Thomas died in 1926 and Emily continued to run the pub alone; she died in 1953. They had 4 children, George, Charles, Irene and the eldest, Thomas. **Charlie Stracey** recollected that, at this time, they only sold Benskins beer, ginger beer and ginger wine. A sixpenny piece bought half a pint of beer, 5 Woodbines and a box of matches, with 1d change! The cellar used to flood, so boards were put down to walk on. The beer was kept in 36, 18 & 9 gallon wooden barrels with brass taps.

The 1911 Census **Frederick Symonds** records as “beer house keeper” living with his wife, **Alice**. From around 1891-1904 the “King William IV Tavern” was home to Frederick’s parents, **Thomas & Elizabeth Symonds**, where they lived with Fred and their other children Walter, Dorothy & Gladys. In 1904 Thomas is shown as living next door at Glebe Farm as a beer retailer & farmer. In 1886 the pub was occupied by a **John Pilgrim**.

Between 1861–1875 **Joseph Davey** was the publican. At this time, the King William appears to have been known as the **Kings Head**. Joseph was married to Sarah and had two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah.

In 1841 **John & Rebecca (nee Wakefield) Davey** were living at the Kings Head. John was almost certainly related to Joseph, but we have been unable to find the connection. They married on 11 October 1827 in Hinxtton, both aged 30, and had five children, Sarah Sophia in 1828, Charles in 1830, Mary in 1836, Elizabeth in 1838 and John William in 1841.

One Sunday morning, while walking with a friend (**Mr. Speed**), John was accidentally shot ‘in the belly’ as Mr. Speed climbed over a gate, catching the trigger of his gun. John was buried in Hinxtton on 11 December 1841. In August of that year, Rebecca had given birth to their son, John William.

Records show that an **Elizabeth Brignell (nee Tofts)** was running the pub with John Davey at the time of his death. The previous landlord was **Richard Brignell** and Elizabeth was his widow (John Davey had been a witness at their wedding in 1825. Richard’s mother’s maiden name was Mary Davey, but again we have been unable to establish the exact family relationship). Richard & Elizabeth had three children, but sadly Sarah, born in 1825, was the only one to survive. Richard William born in 1827 lived for a year and William Robert born in 1830 died age 2.

As far as it can be determined, Richard Brignell was the first landlord of the King’s Head/King William IV. (William IV reigned from 1830-1837, so it could be that the pub was renamed?).

Before this, the house was owned/occupied by **William Knights** and before him, **Richard Knights (1773)**. **Ambrose Knights** was the first known resident. He was born in 1713 in Little Shelford and married **Ann Hunt** of Hinxtton in 1739. They had a son, also Ambrose, who married **Charlotte Forester** on 6 September, 1772. Ambrose Senior was buried in Hinxtton churchyard on 7 December of the same year.



Letter from Oz

Dear Friends,

We seem to be engaged in a deadly period of Covid piggyback in our respective hemispheres. When I last wrote from here in Melbourne we were enjoying all the freedoms that came with the end of the first phase. But almost immediately it became apparent that all was not well as without warning police moved in to shut down 4 tower blocks preventing anyone from leaving. Then came the news of the fiasco of failed security procedures in quarantine hotels for returned travellers and the rapid spread of the virus into many aged care facilities. As gloom descended here you were all enjoying the glories of a fine English summer.

Thank you for the photos of Hinxton gardens which I gather have never been so assiduously cared for. In Victoria, for the last 2 months all but the most essential shops and businesses have been closed. Schools and child care facilities also shut. There has been a nightly curfew from 8pm-5am (it's been blissfully quiet except for the prowling of a helicopter overhead). The borders with the rest of Australia have remained shut. No international flights in and out of Melbourne. And of course masks at all times away from home. Only being able to leave home for an hour a day and within a 5 km radius has been the most difficult thing for me, which has prevented the lovely long bike rides down the coast with friends. This time around I created a caring bubble with my family here and I've been caring for my 3 year old grandson 3 days a week, while the 6 year old has been home schooled by weary parents, working from home. So it's been a very happy, rewarding, fun, enjoyable and tiring time (also frustrating as when I was confined for an hour in a cardboard box or made to have endless conversations with Lego figures).

But now the light is at the end of the tunnel. We have a clearly defined road map for the easing of restrictions depending on the number of new cases, which today was down to 12. But nevertheless many restrictions will be in place until the end of October or until there have been no more than 5 new cases a day for a fortnight. The fact that you now have such rapidly increasing numbers in the UK makes me hugely concerned for all my family and friends there.

In spite of the deprivations here, there is much to feel happy about. Spring is on its way after

the cold, gloomy days of August. Camellias, cherries and magnolias have already flowered and now the tiny, delicate wild flowers which thrive in this area are proliferating. Recently in early morning sunshine I cycled beside the mangrove edged creek which meets the sea at the end of my road. As I cycled, I kept pace for about 40m with a large pelican flying low over the water, until in my peripheral vision I saw it dive, emerging with squirming fish before wheeling off towards the sea. Such moments make the day. Warmest wishes to all.

Do stay safe. Theresa



MY CHILDHOOD TOWN

Growing up in Liverpool
By Joan Roberts

I had a happy childhood growing up in Liverpool with my parents, sister and brother in a tiny terraced house. I was born just after VE Day, but a year earlier a train travelling very close to our house and carrying ammunition blew up and I remember Grandma telling me how the windows in her house had been blown out. There was a street party we had for the Queen's coronation. Everyone helped to make paper roses to decorate the street and I won second prize in the fancy-dress competition, wearing a crepe paper dress Mum had made for me. One day my sister and I went blackberry picking on the side of the railway line not far from our house. We had lots of lovely fruit pies but the following week an unexploded bomb was found



right where we had been picking the berries. Dad once took us on the overhead railway which ran from the Dingle, a district in the south of Liverpool, up through the city, past the docks and on to Seaforth in the north. It was a great shame they dismantled the railway as it would have helped immensely with the traffic problems of today but it had been damaged during the War and was too costly to repair.

The seafront in Liverpool is beautiful with the famous Liver Building, Cunard Building and the Customs House making up what locals call the Three Graces. It is said if the Liver Bird (cormorant) were ever to fly away from the top of the Liver Building the river would flood and destroy Liverpool. We would go to the Pier Head to watch the ferries crossing the Mersey River and see the big ships coming in from all over the world. Further along the docks there would often be big liners docked bringing goods from all over the world. I remember looking at a label on a tin of peaches and seeing it had come from Australia. When the

Merseyside is a metropolitan county in North West England, with a population of 1.38 million.^[2] It encompasses the metropolitan area centred on both banks of the lower reaches of the Mersey Estuary and comprises five metropolitan boroughs: Knowsley, St Helens, Sefton, Wirral and the city of Liverpool.



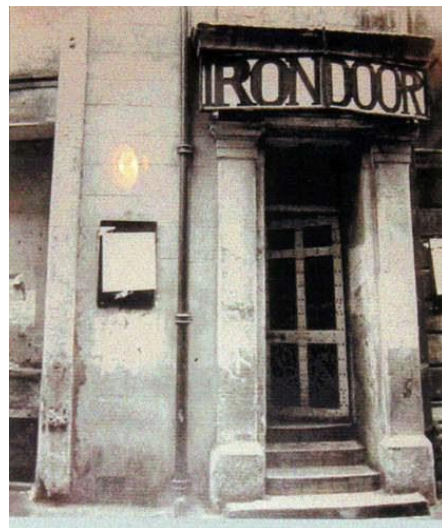
ships were in dock, they would tower up so high to make the nearby roads look like dolls' houses. Gerry Marsden's song, **'Ferry Cross the Mersey'** is all about the Liverpool ferries. Idris and I went to a dance on one of the ferries, the Royal Iris, for our second date. That night I had to get special permission to be out late from Dad as normally I had to be home for 10.30pm.

I felt safe growing up in Liverpool we would only have to open the front door and go out to play and there would be half a dozen children waiting to join in the fun. We would have a skipping rope stretched across the road with all the children running in and out of it. There was no traffic then. My friend and I would go off on our bikes for the day with a packed lunch and not come home until tea time. No one would worry about us it was so safe.

Dad would often take us to a local beach, Crosby, Formby, Ainsdale and Southport beaches all within a half hour drive from the centre of Liverpool. One of the things I miss from living up north is seeing the sun set over the sea. Liverpool was a fantastic city to be growing up in during the Sixties. The Iron Door was a nightclub in the city where a lot of the local groups played. Saturday night was the night to go as there was a different group on every hour but the last bus home was midnight, so you either left to get the bus home or stayed in lockdown until early

morning. I have to say I never went to the Iron Door but Idris did until he met me. His Mum and Dad would accuse him of getting up to no good when he got in on Sunday morning but all he was doing was watching the groups.

My first job was with Littlewoods and one day the bosses booked the Beatles, to play in the canteen at lunch time, the room was completely packed! It was great! The Beatles went on to play at the Iron Door club frequently as well as the Cavern Club, a much lesser known club initially. Girls would go to the Cavern in their lunch hour to watch the Beatles and dance their hearts out arriving back at work very hot and sweaty! The youth club where I met Idris was called Lowlands and it was in the same road that Pete Best's mother lived. She had converted the cellar for the boys Pete, John, Paul and George to practise in but later the Beatles dropped Pete as the drummer and took Ringo on.





Hinxton Yoga is back!

**Fridays at 9.30am
Hinxton Village Hall
11th September – 11th December
(Half term break 30th October)**

**Half termly block bookings only.
No drop-ins, due to COVID rules.**

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LIGHT UP HINXTON

**Put up your Christmas
lights**

**For the Hinxtton light up on
DECEMBER 5TH**

Everyone switch on at 6:00pm

Prize for the best display

Afterwards

**Peruse the streets of Hinxtton
and see the displays**

**Wander by the Village Hall and
get your glass of mulled wine**

Desert Island Jukebox

With Chris Elliott



1) White Christmas, Irving Berlin, sung by Bing Crosby. This brings a sugar rush of festive memories, not of burned turkey or familial stress and strain but the best of every Christmas since I was a child.

2) December, The Seasons, Pyotr Tchaikovsky. It is an utterly delightful piece that has become a really crucial part of my seasonal listening. Apparently he wrote the set while finishing Swan Lake and didn't devote 'all his compositional abilities' to it. I'm just grateful he found a spare half hour.

3) She Loves You, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, the Beatles. If the sixties only ended in 1971 with the break up of the Beatles then they certainly began for me in 1963 when I heard this record as I wobbled on the cusp of being 13.

4) Killing Me Softly With His Song, Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel, sung by Roberta Flack. Now for some late teenage angst. It is a beautiful song that returns me to a time when I was 'stepping out' with someone special.

5) Symphony No 9, Beethoven. So many to choose from and so little time. I have chosen this because we are celebrating 250 years since Beethoven's birth and it is a profoundly important work, which was one of the first pieces of classical music I heard as a young man. I certainly wouldn't turn my back on 'Ode to joy'.

6) Final trio from Der Rosenkavalier, Richard Strauss. It is utterly beautiful but I have really chosen it because it is among many opera pieces introduced to me by my wife, Sue, who adores it. Prompting memory is not the purpose of music – discuss.

7) My Funny Valentine, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, sung by Ella Fitzgerald. I could have taken a few versions of this American standard – Chet Baker, Miles Davis – but the 'Ella' version is terrific.

She was a favourite of my mum's and has now become a favourite of our entire family.

8) My favorite (stet) things, Oscar Hammerstein 11 and Richard Rodgers, played by John Coltrane. At 13.41 minutes it's a fabulous and playful virtuoso display by a great musician. When the coconuts are running low and the still has stopped working there will be John Coltrane.

It is a terrible, tantalising task.

To stretch back over a life to identify just eight pieces of music that would accompany you into exile? It is a well nigh impossible exercise but fun trying.

I think there are two ways to approach it, both of which resemble removing an Elastoplast: the slow pull or the fast rip. You either spend so long calibrating your connection to dozens of individual pieces of music that you expire in a crotchety heap or you give yourself a time limit to pluck a handful of representative favourites and stick firmly to your choice without hesitation or deviation (sorry, different wireless programme). I opted for the latter.



Linda's Recipe Page

There's definitely an autumn nip in the air as I write this, and sadly the nights are lengthening. But of course we've had many glorious days of sunshine this year, resulting in bumper crops of many fruits and vegetables. Our Bramley apple tree in the garden is still productive, as are the courgette plants on the allotment, so the recipes for this seasonal issue of Hinxtan News really chose themselves. The first was given to me by Jenny Grant, and is so simple and full of flavour. The apple recipe comes from a mum whose children I taught thirty years ago. She is a great cook and



JENNY'S COURGETTES WITH TOMATOES AND HERBS

- 1lb (450g) courgettes, thickly sliced
- 1oz (25g) butter
- 4 tomatoes, skinned and roughly chopped
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon thyme (dried or fresh)
- Salt and black pepper
- 2oz (50g) cheddar, finely grated
- 1/2oz (15g) fresh breadcrumbs

Bring the courgettes to the boil in salted water and simmer for three minutes. Drain and place in an ovenproof dish. Heat butter, add tomatoes, garlic, parsley, thyme, seasoning and cook until a thickish mixture forms. Spoon over courgettes. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs and cook for 20/25 minutes at 180c, (160c fan), 350f, gas mark 4. Crusty bread goes nicely, (or you can serve with chops, chicken or steak)



JACKIE'S APPLE CAKE

- 150g (5oz) soft butter
- 175g (6oz) caster sugar
- 1 egg
- Grated zest of one lemon
- 225g (8oz) self-raising flour
- 750g (1 1/2 lb) cooking apples
- 75g (3oz) sultanas
- A little cinnamon
- A little milk

Cream butter and 75g (3oz) sugar. Beat in the egg and lemon zest. Gradually stir in the flour. Add a little milk to slacken the mixture. Put half the mixture into an oiled 18 x 28cm (7 x 11 inch) tin. Peel apples, slice thinly and spread over mixture. Sprinkle with the sultanas and 50g (2oz) sugar. Cover with remaining mixture and level surface. Cook in centre of moderate oven (180c, 160 fan, 350f, gas mark 4) for one hour.

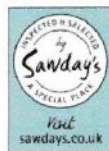
Sprinkle with remaining sugar and serve hot with custard. Or leave to become cold, cut into squares and eat on its own or with cream/Greek yoghurt.



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We are all very lucky—long may it last!



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