

# Hinxton Life

The magazine for people who love Hinxton February 2021

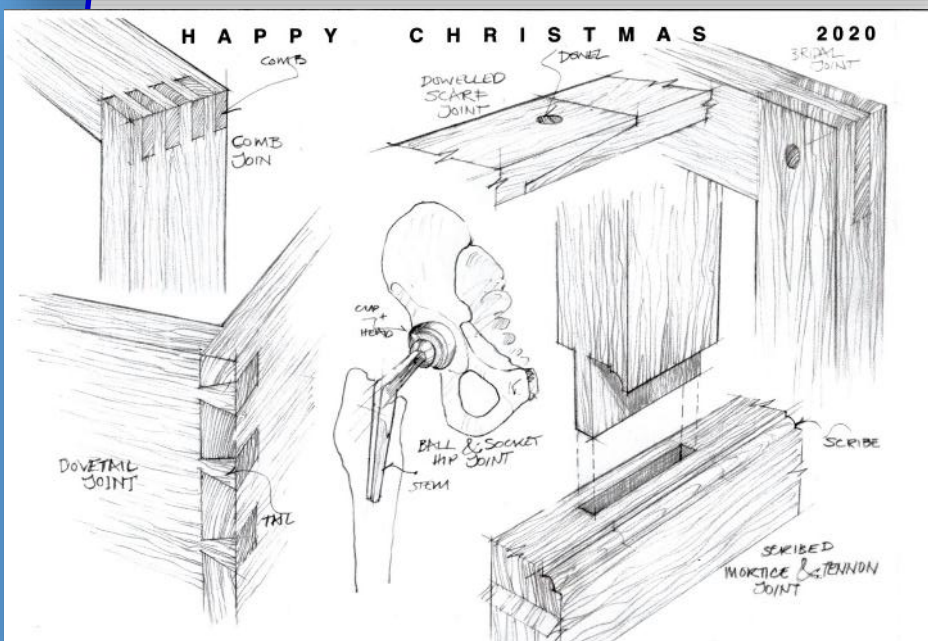


Hinxton Mill Autumn Evening.

MA 20

HISTORY PEOPLE GARDENING FOOD EVENTS VILLAGE LIFE





THESE ARE MIKE'S  
FAVOURITE CARDS  
THIS YEAR.

We all get loads of  
them but some are so  
good we just have to  
share them.

The pencil sketch is  
from my cousin Ben,  
who had a hip  
replacement recently.

He is an eminent  
modern furniture  
designer and decided to  
give us a drawing of a  
selection of joints,  
including his own new  
one.

Apologies if yours is not  
shown.

This year was extra special and  
there were too many to fit in.

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

Its 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 at Falcon Printers in Linton. We are grateful to Linda and Peter for funding this issue.

Dear Readers,

This edition of **Hinxton Life** completes a year of the new seasonal magazine. Despite not having the traditional round of social events the village continues to be open, colourful and friendly.

The **SPOTLIGHT** interview features **David Mills**, a long time resident and benefactor to the village. The article does disclose a lot about his life, both at home and at work, but doesn't adequately exemplify his extraordinary warmth and loyalty to friends and neighbours alike. His acts of kindness and generosity are well documented, as is his steely determination when chasing down something he passionately believes in. Hinxton is close to his heart and he has always worked tirelessly to improve the village both materially and spiritually.

When **Lesley Jenkinson** and **Ian Scott** submitted the account of their holiday in Iceland (p.12), I groaned with envy. It is good of them to share this with us. I can almost feel the icy cold water!

Our thanks to **Colin Moses** for allowing us to use his wonderful drawing of the Water Mill for our front page.

Once again you are challenged to submit an entry to win the **Short Story 2021** competition. Sadly, there wasn't a single Junior entry last time, missing out on the **£50 prize**.

Did you spot the glaring error in the last Hinxton Life, when we managed to omit the name of the **SPOTLIGHT** interviewee? We were tempted to run a 'Name That Man' competition but everyone knew it was **Steve Trudgill**. Apologies to Steve.

Look out for our companion Facebook page (p.10)

Mike

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# In the Spotlight

## David Mills talking to Kate Riley

### TELL US ABOUT YOUR LIFE

I first met Lesley, my wife, at a Christian youth conference, held at a girls' boarding school in Clacton. She was 15 and I was 16.

Amazingly we did not marry until I was 23 because my employer, Midland Bank, would not grant a mortgage until employees were 23. So we had a long courtship before buying a house at Billericay in Essex. In the interim period I occupied my time either by playing guitar and singing in a group, or studying for 'A' levels and then banking exams.

The group was successful and we played at all the local Saturday dances – remember this was the time of Beatlemania. We also used to play at the Dorchester Hotel which held Big Band Gala Dances. We would fill in at the intervals with rock and roll and everyone would get up and dance! Later in the night we would play at clubs in North London and get home in time for breakfast on Sunday mornings.

Sadly, work and study competed and I eventually had to decide whether to become a professional musician or a bank clerk – *guess which I chose?*

Whilst all this was going on we had three children in quick succession – **Nigel, Penny and Susan**. Not content with this for a family, Lesley then proceeded to foster 15 children, mostly babies and children with disabilities. In 1979 we had the foresight to move from Billericay to Hinxton and bought **Corner House** before the M11 was finished. Corner House was, and still is, a lovely family house, which for us was always full with a big family. I then started commuting properly, first to London by moped and train from Audley End, and then by car to the bank's Finance Company in Birmingham which was a bit of a long trek. Then back to the bank in the City of London.

### WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN HINXTON?

When I was the church treasurer in the 1980s it was obvious that we needed to raise money to keep the building standing, so we introduced the **Silent Auction** and **Supper on the Run** to the village which continue to this day. Sadly the Silent Auction, which is always fun

and a super fund raiser, did not happen in 2020 so we must look forward this year to a great precursor to Christmas.

The job continued to move around and I was asked to head up Marketing based in Sheffield. Then, a long commute to Maidstone in 1985 to become the Regional Director for the South East. We moved from Corner House to Maidstone but I am pleased to say that I was very quickly moved back to London to become the IT and Operations Director.

So we were very happy to come back to Hinxton in 1988 to buy the gamekeeper's cottage opposite the War Memorial, which we spent nearly a year renovating and extending. By now Grandpa had already moved into the village from Barking in Essex so we could look after him, and we later took care of two of our aunts who after living all their lives in Stratford, East London, loved living in a bungalow in the village in Duxford Road, which we had also renovated.



Eventually, I retired from HSBC and went on to become a main board director of Royal Mail and Chief Executive of the Post Office. This was followed by non executive roles with Europe's largest cash machine operator, a building society, and a challenger bank.

Throughout all this time Hinxton has been a perfect refuge from the outside world. Always friendly, always welcoming, and full of nice kind people. Developing the game keeper's cottage to keep it in character, was great fun. We have planted all of the trees except the limes after which it is named.

Building our retirement home in the garden to look like a converted barn (despite the planners) has proved very successful for us particularly in these difficult times.

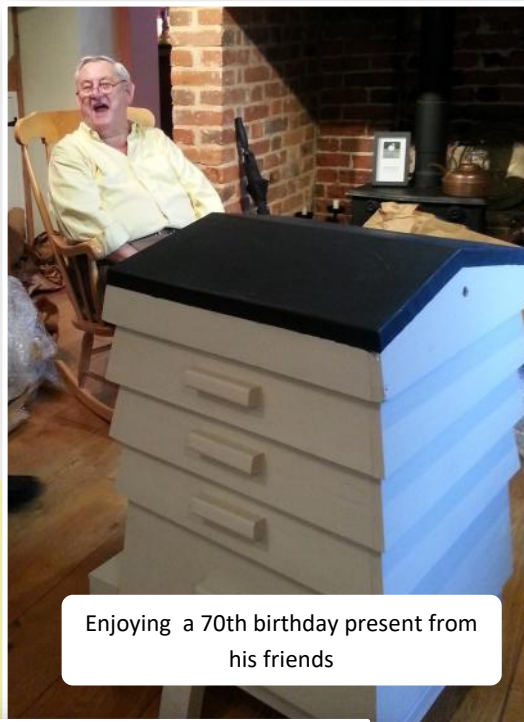
We are so lucky to have Sue, Andy, Toby and Ellie next door.

In 2003 we bought an old broken down caravan on a plot on a Domaine in the South of France. We replaced it and now holiday up a mountain overlooking the Alps in very fresh air.

Back in Beehive Barn we have a cellar where I can enjoy my wine hobby and also keep the Sloe and Damson gin - which we make every year with fruit from the trees we have planted. Incidentally Beehive Barn was so named because we found a colony of wild bees in the undergrowth when we bought the land from the Estate, and Sue's first horse was called Mr Beehive and his stable used to be where our barn is now.

My favourite book is '**Reach for the Skies**' the story of **Douglas Bader** – such a brave, determined, English gentleman, but coming a close second is '**A Higher Loyalty**' by **James Comey**.

As to films, two stick in my memory for different reasons: first '**Ben Hur**' for its spectacle and tragedy, and then '**A Man For all Seasons**' for its historical relevance and the bravery of one man. Turning to dinner guests I'd like to enjoy the company of **Michelle Obama**, **Stacey Dooley**, and **Carla Bruni** – but I can't think why.



Enjoying a 70th birthday present from his friends



David with Lesley at their 50th wedding anniversary in 2016



Giving out prizes at the Garden Evening.



# Hinxton

## GARDEN CENTRE

### is back in April

Expect the usual choice of our popular  
tomato plants and geraniums.

This year we will feature a wider range of flowering plants  
such as the lovely  
Chater's Double Icicle Hollyhock, Sweet Pea and Cosmos.

We operate a self service, open garden policy\* with donation payments.



\*limited numbers on forecourt in line with government policy  
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All enquiries to Mike Boagey 01799 530216



# Rosemary's Rambling Sketches

Drawn by Rosie Breen



Primrose  
Dogwood  
Periwinkle  
Ivy

Each flower was spotted  
in Hinxton in January.

## Phil's Veggies

For the vegetable gardener it is not the classic Christmas card image of the robin in the holly but the puffed up but hungry wood pigeon sitting atop the snow laden Brussel sprout plant that is most evocative of Christmas and winter. Indeed it is nigh on impossible to grow Brussels around here without a serious investment in netting.

And it is a long term investment.

The seeds go in trays in February. I plant a dozen of each of two varieties, usually named with an association to a battle against the French for some reason. Of these, I only ever seem to get one variety to succeed each year. This time I have rows with useless small loose cabbage lookalikes and rows with inch diameter hard buttons. One day I will remember to note which is which!

Of course the crop is not to everyone's pleasure due to the glucosinolate, sinigrin, (now you know) which contains sulphur and creates the bitter taste that diners either love or hate. Modern varieties have less of this so if you haven't eaten a sprout for many a year perhaps give them another go.

Children might wonder why sprouts exist and for many they are just a Christmas oddity to avoid or just eat a token one of.

Consider though that in the past this was one of the few green vegetables that was available during the cold hard winter months before we had veggies flying into supermarkets from around the world.

Maybe we should return to eating sprouts to save the planet?



# HINXTON 2021 SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Please enter the exciting  
**Hinxton Short Story Competition**  
Sponsored by The Red Lion, Hinxton

## Rules for the Hinxton 2021 Short Story Competition

£50 prize money for the winner of each of the **Seniors** and **Juniors**

**To be judged by the Hinxton Book Club members who have not entered**

1. Closing date for entries is 12<sup>th</sup> June 2021.
2. Entrants must be resident in Hinxton. Everyone is eligible.
3. Entrants to the **Junior** competition must be under 16 years of age on 12th June 2020.
4. The maximum length of submissions is **1,000 words** for the **Seniors**.  
(No minimum ) **Senior** Group Stories must contain the words **STONE** and **EVOLUTION**
5. The maximum length of submissions is **500 words** for the **Juniors**.  
(No minimum length) **Junior** Group Stories must contain the words **KEY** and **PEBBLE**.
6. The judges prefer a printed submission using ARIAL font, 12 point (as this page)
7. When complete, deliver your story in an envelope marked :-

**Hinxton Short Story Competition (Junior or Senior,)**

**enclosing your name and address to:-**

to 87 High Street, Hinxton, by 12th June 2021.

Do not put your name on your story as they will be judged blind.

8. The Judges' decision is final. The winners will be announced and the winning stories published in the autumn edition of Hinxton Life.



# BOOK SHELF by Sara Gregson

Here are some reviews from some of the books read by Hinxton Book Club over the past six months.

## Fen

by Daisy Johnson

Often the most challenging of books bring out the very best discussions at Book Club and *Fen* was no exception. Splitting the group into those that found it incomprehensible and awful, to those who acknowledged Daisy Johnson's incredible imagination and writing skills. We all agreed that the fantasy/horror content of most, if not all the short stories, was shocking and at times really hard to read. This is most certainly not a book to read in bed at night – with girls turning into fish, witches enticing and eating local men, people coming back from the dead and houses falling in love with and engulfing girls.

Females take the central lead and are all powerful in the stories and the men are silenced. There is a blurring of boundaries, no edges to anything and the humans become animals. There is great fluidity which is reflected in the water and drains of the Fens...

## Girl, Woman, Other

by Bernadine Evaristo

*Girl, Woman, Other* follows the lives and struggles of twelve very different characters. Mostly women, black and British, they tell the stories of their families, friends and lovers, across the country and through the years. Some of the characters crossed into each other's stories and sometimes it was tricky to keep up with who everyone was!

The language was striking and the prose had little or no punctuation. This made the book – which is almost a collection of short stories, easy to read and allowed the story to flow and flow.

Bernadine won the Booker Prize for this book in 2019. She addresses a lot of different topics, including a wide range of relationships, sexuality and gender identity and what it means to be successful.

We scored it highly at 8 or 9.

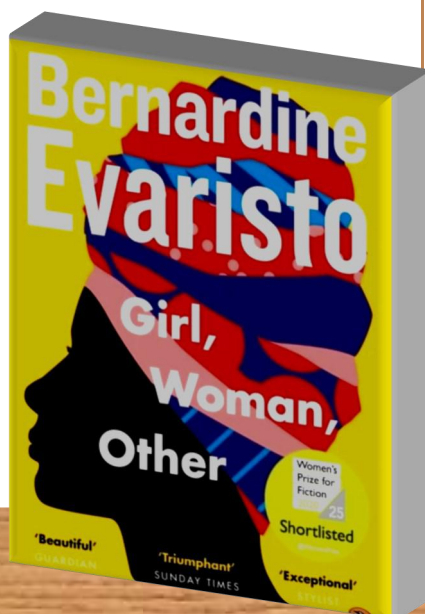
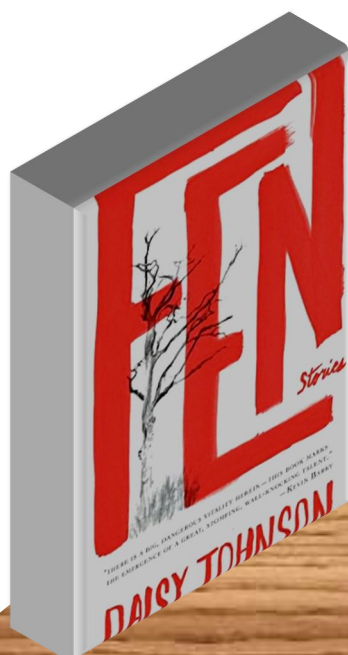
## Lucky Jim

by Kingsley Amis

Looking for some lighter relief, Book Club read *Lucky Jim* – Kingsley Amis's first novel published in 1954. It follows the exploits of Jim Dixon, a reluctant lecturer at an unnamed provincial English university. Keen to keep his job, Jim has to try and keep on the right side of the head of the History department Professor Welch.

There are undoubtedly very funny/slapstick/visually comic moments throughout the book – he sets fire to his bed clothes and tries to hide the burned patches, he breaks through a set of French windows and gives a lecture to a crowded hall, very drunk. But many of us remarked that it seems really old fashioned now and were not keen on all the smoking, drinking, character stereotyping and lack of compassion towards mental illness.

We scored it a low 7.



# Hinxton Life Facebook page.



A village group page for the exclusive use of Hinxton residents .

To register or just to have a quick look go to:-

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/2818768671576124>

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# Hinxton Gardens

A group of six village gardens of varying sizes including cottage gardens, with traditional planting, a garden belonging to a 15th century Manor House with planting appropriate to the era. Millers Cottage, next to the old water mill, with narrow riverside garden and planting appropriate to its position, a barn conversion garden with tropical dry planting, and a family garden with lawns, shrubs and perennials.

*Delicious teas and large selection of plants for sale.*

Sunday 30th May 2pm– 5pm **PRE-BOOKING AVAILABLE**

For this open day you can pre-book your tickets in advance, but it is not essential.

**Refreshments:**

Home made teas in Hinxton Village Hall. In aid of Friends of Hinxton Church

**Admission:**

Adult: £5

Children Free

**Gardens open on this day as part of this group**

For group openings, you only pay one admission price and get entry to all the gardens on that day

go to:-

<https://ngs.org.uk/view-garden/42468>

## Autumnal Iceland 2020

### Land of Fire and Ice



*With Lesley Jenkinson & Ian Scott*

It was a challenge to satisfy our appetite for adventure travel in 2020 but with a bit of research optimism and determination we found a way – here is our story of a unique and rewarding trip. We noted Iceland had just re-opened to visitors in late summer with Covid tests at the airport and in Reykjavik five days later – thankfully we discovered testing was super-efficient. We received the all-important text messages confirming negative tests within 6 hours. We were now ready to exploit the ultimate freedom of our 4-wheel drive mini-campervan. As I'm sure you know Iceland is a quite a trendy place to visit - we went to Iceland in 2015 and climbed ice-covered volcanoes – the infamous Eyjafjallajökull and the highest peak – Hvannadalshnukur whilst visiting well-trodden southern and western Iceland. In contrast to that mid-summer trip - this time Iceland was almost tourist-free (bar the few and far between independent travellers) with even the popular Golden circle deserted. We headed to the spectacular north west Westfjords utilising a ferry ride across the huge bay – beautiful Breidafjörður. We were anxious to get to the remote Hornstrandir wilderness before the first September snowfalls cut off this notoriously stormy outpost of mountains and glacial fjords. We signed in with park rangers and caught the local boat to this national park reserve. Lesley enquired what we might be in for

when given a walkie-talkie 'just in case'. Following a rough sea crossing we landed at a remote fjord and day-hiked over a snowy mountain pass to Hornvik bay – to spend a few nights at a deserted camp site by the Greenland Sea – alongside the local seals and curious crab eating arctic foxes. Fortunately no Polar bears which are sometimes sighted here arriving from

Greenland, 300 km away, on sea-ice floes. We got a calm and clear day to explore the spectacular Horn peninsula, but the weather was turning nasty for our return to Isafjörður. We navigated the dense fog on the mountain pass and sheltered in our hastily erected tent in a gathering storm. Using the 'walkie talkie' we

Northern Iceland. To Lesley's delight we revitalised tired limbs via daily dips in the local geothermal pools immaculately maintained by the local farmer. The intense autumn colours of the Icelandic foliage were an unexpected delight. We even had several nights staring at the northern lights. Near Hofn, we joined the 'Rettir' a traditional and important event to gather livestock before the end of the season. We thoroughly recommend northern Iceland and a 4WD camper gives the freedom to explore the rough unsealed F-roads to see all the truly amazing volcanic scenery and majestic waterfalls that are frankly beyond description – for the record we went via Akureyri (capital of the north), Husavik (Humpback whale watching), Myvatn (craters, vents and lava flows), and the ultimate wildness of the internal



Hornvik bay at sunset

learned our return boat was not going to tackle the storm-force winds. Thankfully, unknown to us, a powerful coastguard boat had been alerted and quite entertainingly (and to Lesley's relief) suddenly, out of nowhere, appeared in the fjord and we were 'rescued'. The storm was now quite exceptional but, having got our sea legs, we did not care as we were fed hot soup on board as the captain recounted notorious local shipwrecking stories. As always on 'Scott tours' we packed in a lot of activities over 3 weeks exploring the endless fjord vistas and rugged mountain terrain of the Westfjords and

Highlands – swimming in thermal Askja crater in the snow. We completed the trip in the eastern fjords via Seydisfjörður and back to Reykjavik via treks in other-worldly Landmannalaugar and Fimmvorduhals. Finally we managed to see a 1000 degree Celsius molten lava flow close up in the town of Vik – but I'll let you work out how!

We feel very fortunate to have had a great holiday in 2020 – and thoroughly recommend a visit to Iceland – embrace the spectacular weather and get off the main roads.





Lesley being 'rescued' from Hornstrandir by the Coastguard



A cheeky arctic fox visiting our campsite in Hornstrandir



A heavenly dip in Reykjafjadarlaug geothermal pool – one of several pools we found by the side of the road



The multicoloured mountains in Landmannalaugar



Hverfjall, a tephra ring crater near lake Myvatn



Returning home from our day hike the only way to cross the river was to paddle!



Aldeyjarfoss waterfall – famous for its basalt columns



The striking autumnal colours around lake Myvatn



Watching the Rettir near Hofsos

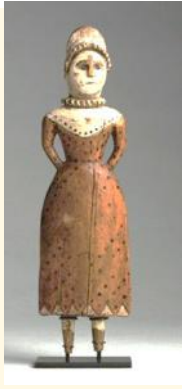


The forbidding Herðubreið (1692m) mountain in the Northern Highlands



Swimming in Askja Crater





# The Doll With Obsidian Eyes

A short story by Mike Boagey

It is not unusual for there to be a magical bond between a grandmother and her first-born granddaughter. This relationship is even more exceptional if they happen to have been born in the same month and on the same day. Polly and her granny Woods shared this wonderful connection and despite their considerable age difference, they were as close as twin sisters. They had just shared a unique birthday party as Polly had just turned eighteen and her grandmother was now a sprightly ninety years old.

Walking granny home to Ickleton should only take about twenty minutes but tonight they dawdled and stopped frequently enjoying the balmy warmth of that very special June evening. The old lady seemed to have a story about each tree and every style they crossed. She recalled childhood tales as if they happened yesterday.

As they walked along, arm in arm, she could feel all the warmth and energy emanating from this lovely little sparrow of a lady. Polly had always been her favourite grandchild but since losing her eyesight twelve years ago, she had come to rely on her young protégé more and more.

They were both still dressed in their matching satin outfits and busily chatted about the events of a long and happy day spent with all their friends and family. When they arrived at the garden gate with the camomile path leading to the tiny thatched cottage, she turned to Polly.

*"I'm glad we are on our own, darling".* she said, looking up but not seeing.

*"There is something I want you to have today that I have been saving for you since you were very little".*  
*"But you have already given me so much".* Polly protested.

She waved away the objection and clung to her arm even closer pulling her to the door. They approached the little thatched cottage and not for the first time, Polly wondered how her grandparents had brought up their four children and their disabled younger brother in this tiny house, all on a farm labourer's wage.

*"Come in and sit down for a minute".*

Polly looked around the little sitting room, reassured by the neat chintz and the abundance of framed photos and pictures adorning walls and surfaces, illustrating a lifetime of family dedication. Despite

being blind, this room was always in pristine condition, ready for unexpected guests.

*"Just take this from me, Polly"* she said holding out the little ornament she had unerringly selected from the crowded mantelpiece.

Penny realised it was the little doll that looked over then room from above the fire. It had been hand-carved from a single branch, coloured but with eyes painted completely black. Her favourite bedtime story was about the day that granny Woods had been given this very doll by a beautiful angel who met her when she was a child in Hinxton. She believed that it had looked over her all through her life, keeping her safe and happy.

*"This is now yours to keep, darling child".* She smiled *"She will look after you and your children, just as she has mine".* She reached out and touched her face in order to read her reaction. Polly was lost for words. She knew how much this meant to her granny but realised that it was her wish that she should inherited it.

*"Thank you. Thank you so much."* They hugged. She vowed to cherish it for the rest of her life.

It was still light when she finally left, owing to a full moon and a clear sky, so she decided walk along the riverbank to the iron bridge. She would cross there and take the narrow path towards the church. As she approached the bridge, a dense mist suddenly descended over the water reducing visibility to a couple of yards.

As she emerged across the river, she could see a huge tree with heavy branches hanging over the path. Under the tree were two young children playing quietly. As she approached, they stood up. The girl had bright eyes and long blond hair. The boy seemed to have a problem standing up using a small crooked stick. His left foot was obviously deformed. She reached out to help him, but the little girl stopped her by standing between them.

*"Don't worry about my brother. I like your dress. What is that you are holding?"* She asked pointing to the doll.

*"It was a present"* she replied and held the doll out for inspection.

*"She is lovely. Who made it? Who gave it to you?"*

The questions came thick and fast and before she realised what had happened, she had agreed to let this girl have the doll to play with until tomorrow. Polly was going back to Ickleton in the morning so reluctantly agreed, providing she promised to look after her.

*"The only person I will ever give it to, will be you"* she solemnly vowed.



Half heartedly Polly moved on up the path towards the High Street. Only then did she realise that she didn't know the girls' name or where she lived. Looking back there was no sign of the girl or her brother.

Once home she reflected on all the events of the day and gradually fell into a fitful sleep. Tomorrow she would find the girl and retrieve the doll. At breakfast, she asked her Mum if she knew the girl with a brother with a limp.

"No my dear. They may be travellers." she told her. Now she was worried so decided to go looking for them on the way back to granny's house to help her with her shopping.

Within an hour it became apparent that no one knew the children but now she was running late. She decided to tell her granny exactly what happened last night and headed off to confront her with the truth.

The front door was on the latch as usual and Polly crept in and called out so that she didn't frighten granny.

The very first thing she saw as she entered the front room was the little doll with black eyes standing on the mantle.

Just as she always had.



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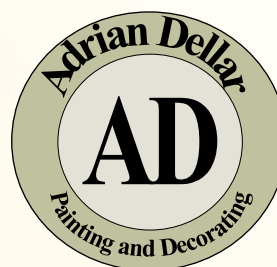
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# Church Green Cottage



Ian, Sarah & Tabitha Pearson are the current occupants of Church Green Cottage, having bought the house from Mike & Cath Jones in 2010. Before them it was home to William (Bill) &

Marie Knight who were residents for about 25 years, Bill being instrumental in setting up The Friends of Hinxton Church.

Prior to them, Mr & Mrs Beherns and their two sons lived here.

They bought it from the Coes. The house was originally four cottages that fell into disrepair and were uninhabited for some time. Mr. Coe ran a building firm and it was he who did the renovations and made the cottages into one house around 1970. This family lived in it themselves for a year before selling.



This photo of Bill & Marie Knight was taken from the 1997 Country Life article



By 1964 the first cottage on the High Street was unoccupied. At the beginning of the 1950s, Mrs. Dorothy Horne lived in **No. 1**, followed by Mr & Mrs Levett with their son Geoff.

Back in the 1930s, Mrs Mary Ann Bysouth, the widow of Francis Henry

Bysouth (a labourer) moved in. They had five children Percy in 1904, Violet in 1907, Vera in 1908, Thomas Sidney (believed to be known as Sidney) in 1910 and William (Bill) in 1912.



Sidney



Bill



No 1 and No 2

At the beginning of the 1960s an unknown gentleman lived in **No. 2**.

Prior to that it was the home of Cecil & Mary Flitton, their daughter Rosemary and two sons.

In 1901, Mrs Betsy Morgan (widow of John) and her youngest unmarried daughter, Susan, moved to **No. 2** Church Green from Ickleton Road. Betsy, a washerwoman, was by now 72 (she died the following year) and Susan was 30. John & Betsy had 5 children, George, Edward, Esther, Martha & Susan. In 1893 Esther had married William Read, a widower from Chesterton. They had no children and, following his death, Esther moved back to Hinxton to live with Susan at **No.2**. Esther died in 1936 and Susan continued to live there until her death in 1941 aged 73.



At the beginning of the 1900's, cottage **No. 3** was home to Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Whitehead and their son Albert, with Alfred's unmarried aunts, Rose & Ellen (Nellie) living next door in **No.4**.

In **1939**, Albert Whitehead, a farm labourer, married Helena Perry (daughter of Frederick & Minnie Perry, Bakers, of Ickleton) and they continued to live in **No. 3** after his parents passed away.



No.3 & No.4



1925



The Toomey Family dog

In **1962 No.4** (the end cottage nearest the church) was home to an Irishman named Mr. Toomey, his daughter Frances and her husband, Colin Kidd. Frances had recently returned from a visit to Ireland and brought back a friend, Mary Harris, who lodged with them for a while: that young friend Mary later married Roy Ellis.

Frances and Colin continued living at **No. 4** for some time before Carol and Philip Gosling moved in with their children, Nicholas, Justin & Rebecca.



Mary with Francis arriving in England in 1962

In **1861** William & Sarah Billett lived in Church Green with their youngest children, George (18) and Mary Ann (11), but I am unsure which cottage.

There was a further dwelling, Curfew Cottage, on the site of the church car park, which was demolished in 1901. Another building in Church Green was the 'Engine House'. In 1830 Sarah Stutter, daughter of William Spencer, tenant of Manor Farm, left £100 to the parish to buy a fire engine. This was actually used in a fire in 1882.



1900. Behind the gates stand a Mrs Carrington, on the left, and Rose and Nellie Whitehead on the right.

I have no information on Mrs.Carrington or the two other ladies.



# Letter from Oz

*Dear Friends*

From the safety of Australia it's really painful to hear of the damage being wreaked at home by the new virulent strain of Covid and to know that you are all having a fairly tough time. To those of you who have contracted the virus, I do hope you are recovering well with no lingering symptoms.

As you will know the Australian experience has been very different for a number of reasons. The population is much smaller and there is a lot of space. But crucial has been the power of the individual state Premiers who acted to limit the spread of the virus very quickly. Borders between states were closed, to the extreme annoyance of the Prime Minister and the government who preferred a more dilatory approach. Back in June when we were getting in excess of 700 new cases a day, Dan Andrews, the Premier here in Victoria, warned that if nothing was done we would all be locked down for Xmas. That marked the beginning of nearly 5 months of draconian lockdown. But it had the desired effect and when Christmas came we had had over 2 months of no new cases and testing showed that covid had been eradicated. Victorians take pride in being the only jurisdiction in the world to have defeated the second wave (so we are told) and the high levels of compliance to regulations which made it possible

So Christmas was a very happy affair. Once again we drove up into the beautiful hills north of here to be with family, whose ages ranged over 90 years. Constraints on space meant some of us stayed in a picturesque old church, complete with confessional masquerading as a pantry. At 800m above sea level it is always cooler there, but this time it was so cold that we lit a roaring fire every evening, which added to the festive feel. Currently we are suffering the strong effect of a La Niña weather system so it is colder and wetter than usual. We have had only a handful of summer days over 30C and so don't have the horrific bush fires of last year.

On New Years Eve, after a few days of partying back in Melbourne, gloom descended once again as a teenager, returning from NSW, brought the dreaded virus back into Victoria. After heading to a Thai restaurant the first community transmission for many weeks occurred. Borders slammed shut yet again and the contact tracers went into overdrive. Within 3 days there were 1000 contacts of contacts of the original contact all self isolating. It paid off, as again we are in a situation with no new community cases. There are of course a number of cases amongst the returned travellers in the quarantine hotels, boosted this week by the arrival of international tennis players, many of whom are less than happy at being treated in the same way as everyone else.

In spite of the happy position we find ourselves in, life feels far from normal and mask wearing is still compulsory in a number of situations. I have the opportunity to go to the Tennis Championship but suspect I will err on the side of caution.

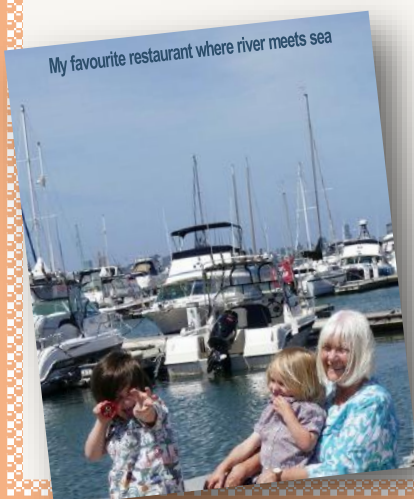
But many good things have returned including the long sociable dinners with groups of friends, the return of the vibrant street cafe life and the reopening of galleries. Currently plans are being made to travel further afield, but within Victoria.

One thing feels certain, any plans could be overturned at a moment.

I hope new freedoms will be possible for you too before long. At least your vaccination programme is well underway and who knows, the end of the year may begin to have a sense of its former richness.

Warmest wishes to all

*Theresa*





# MY CHILDHOOD TOWN

Growing up in  
Lower Withington  
By Lesley Jenkinson



I am Cheshire born and bred and spent most of my formative years growing up in the rural village of Lower Withington. This is a close knit community and I was lucky to grow up in the heart of it. I lived at Home Farm with my Mum, Dad, my two sisters, my brother and dogs Peggy and Sam. My Nana and Grandad lived next door. My Dad ran the farm and my Mum was busy raising the family. Dad still lives at Home Farm so I still regularly visit my childhood village.



Lower Withington is a small village of nearly 500 inhabitants but covers a wide area due to the number of farms. It has a picturesque village green in the centre surrounded by the Red Lion pub, a post office, the Methodist Chapel and lovely houses.



St Peter's church is just down the road from the village green and is also known as the 'tin tabernacle' as it is made of corrugated iron. It is painted a very distinctive green colour and is very similar to the church in Littlebury Green. Apparently it was a flat pack church purchased from Harrods! Me and my three siblings were all christened at St Peter's church and one of my sisters made history by being the first person ever to get married there!



Across the road from St Peter's is the village hall. It is an impressive building with a distinctive triangular roof complete with bowling green ('crown' of course) and tennis court. The hall has always been a busy community hub and I have spent a lot of time there over the years – at the Christmas Fayre, helping out at the Old Folks Party, combined Church services with St Peter's and the Chapel, birthday parties and many other events. The village hall car park also served as the bus stop for the school bus and as an excellent roller-skating rink for me and my siblings.

The most impressive land mark in Lower Withington is Jodrell Bank. The world famous radio telescope was built in 1945 by Sir Bernard Lovell and dominates the local landscape. It has an amazing history – being used to track sputnik in 1957, measuring the distance to the moon and Venus, observing pulsars and is now a UNESCO world heritage site and the headquarters of the Multi-Element Radio Linked Interferometer Network (MERLIN).



A highlight of the village calendar is the Rose Day. This annual festival sees the crowning of a Rose Queen and first took place in 1949. The Rose Queen is 10 or 11 years old and wears a beautiful white dress and red cloak. The Queen and her retinue have a procession through the village in an assortment of vintage cars and decorated floats which ends in a special ceremony where the Rose Queen is crowned. Her extensive retinue is made up of a crown bearer, train bearers, a sword bearer, heralds, rosebuds and petal throwers – all children from the village complete with lovely costumes. In my time the boys involved in the ceremony had to wear tights under their knickerbockers which never went down well! Nowadays they get away with wearing their school trousers instead.

I was lucky enough to be Rose Queen attendant in 1987 but never made it to the heady heights of Rose Queen (something I will never be able to let go!) After the crowning ceremony the audience is entertained by fancy dress and decorated bike competitions, may pole dancing (I consider myself an excellent maypole dancer!), Morris dancing and children's races. There also used to be homecraft competitions which I took very seriously. I remember working very hard on my Victoria sandwich to try and beat my Nana's entry, sadly I was unsuccessful. I also remember not having enough time one year to bake some scones so I entered some that my sister had baked. Much to her disgust I came first and she came second with scones from the same batch!

Another very important part of my life in Lower Withington, then and now, is the Methodist chapel brass band. I have been a member of the band for as long as I can remember playing the tenor horn and latterly the baritone. One of the highlights of being a band member has always been Carol banding at Christmas. The band spends Christmas Eve and Christmas Day morning racing around in cars from farm to farm, house to house, playing carols for all the locals. It is such a festive thing to do and I still get involved to this day when I'm home for Christmas.

My happy childhood in Lower Withington taught me to value being part of a generous and supportive village and makes me feel very lucky to be living in Hinxton now with its kind-hearted residents and thriving community spirit.



Hinxton Yoga has moved online again!

9.30am Fridays during lockdown

Instagram Live@zoekirbynurition

No charge but you are welcome to give a donation to Mind if you'd like to:

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# Linda's Recipe Page

When our daughter Anna was a trainee chef, she worked at the Hotel Felix in Cambridge. It was part of her job to cook for the staff, and the food needed to be tasty but cheap. The dish that got the biggest thumbs up was her bacon and potato hotpot. She used to make it for us too, leaving one end bacon free for her sister Lauren who was vegetarian, instead adding some grated cheese. It's a real winter warmer! This recipe will feed four hungry people, or six if your appetites are more modest.

## Anna's Bacon and Potato Hotpot

You will need a large deep oven dish for this recipe. A lasagne or roasting dish is ideal.

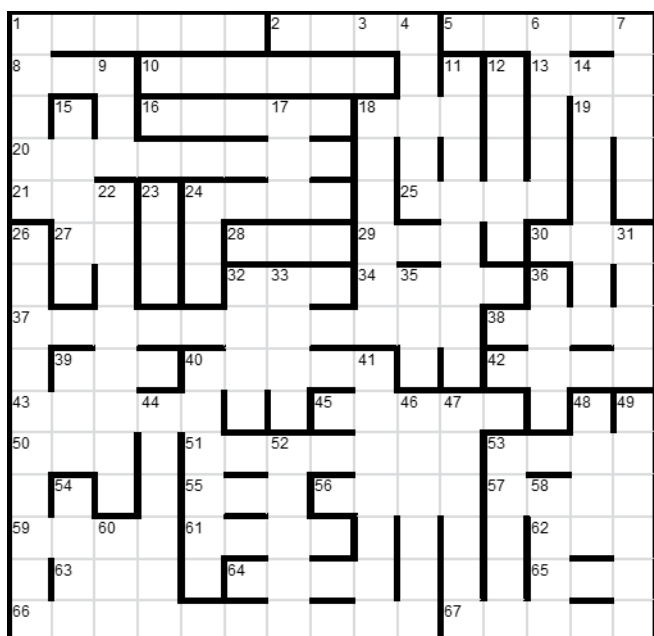
### Ingredients

4 or 5 big potatoes, sliced  
4 big onions, finely chopped  
8 oz sliced and chopped bacon  
1 pint milk  
2 oz plain flour  
2 oz butter  
Salt and pepper

### Method

Put milk, flour and butter all together in a saucepan. Stir over medium heat (use a wooden spoon) until thick and creamy, then simmer for three minutes or so to make sure the flour is cooked. Season. Layer sliced potatoes, onions and bacon. Repeat. Finish with a final layer of potatoes. Pour sauce on top and bake at 180 degrees (160 fan) for one and a half to two hours. Serve with veg of your choice.





*Hinxton Winter Crossword 2020 on a theme of 1ac*  
by Steve Trudgill with Jenny Goodwin & Steve Theobald

**ACROSS**

- 1 Author Edgar Allen has attempt at 45ac (6)
- 2 Generally renowned author? Yes starts producing 5ac in a churchyard (4)
- 5 Lament by Thomas 2ac for limb in every extreme setting (5)
- 8 Reed's first in rollout for singer songwriter (3)
- 10, 32ac Gulp no ham – chew it for one who 16ac, 24d, 12d, 28ac in 2ac's, 5ac toward 24ac - finding his lunch is in the pub? (9)
- 13 Inaugural lecture on the origin of species to the end of time at Mick Jagger's alma mater (3)
- 16 Treads as tramp, prayerful unto sad travellers endings, like 10ac, 32ac in 2ac's churchyard 5ac (5)
- 18 Brief moment for lead singer at early event: the dawn of creation (3)
- 19, 23d Kansas boat steerer was Rupert Brooke's lover (2,3)
- 20 See 44d
- 21 Admission of possession in Chadwell Heath (3)
- 24 Domestic ward that the 10ac, 32ac heads to as he 16ac, 24d, 12d 28ac in 2ac's 5ac (4)
- 25 If dished is usually unpalatable – as soil could be (4)
- 27 See 65ac
- 28 A 12d direction - first wicket, starting action until the close of play for 10ac, 32d in 2ac's 5ac (3)
- 29 Egyptian head leaving river comes to nothing (3)
- 30 Chinese philosophy involving the 28ac, with origins from ancient oracle after the beginning of time (3)
- 32 see 10ac
- 34 French writer has got one third of English capital in street map book back to front (4)
- 37 With fluttering angel nigh, it sings in full-throated ease in 15d's 65ac, 27ac, 3d (11)
- 38 Fish found in southern waters is agreeable, easily caught by friendly greeting (4)
- 39 Jewel with emerald and tourmaline initially gives black Whitby gemstone (3)
- 40 Toilet found between second and fourth position in arterial traffic (5)

- 42 See 44d
  - 43 Public squares found at the end of the day in a raid (5)
  - 45 Cover settee which contains components of 1ac (5)
  - 50 Storm centre in Mersey Estuary (3)
  - 51 He yells, making 45ac, 27ac, 3d, 14d (7)
  - 53 After start of Henley, rower becomes frosty (4)
  - 55 Knight first seen in shining iridescent raiment (3)
  - 56 Eminence of racing Damon (4)
  - 57 Un-English 12d, all askew, very much so (4)
  - 59 Limerick fan Edward brings car plate to listener (4)
  - 61 Top 32ac takes notice (4)
  - 62 Uneven 29ac religious degree (3)
  - 63 Tin opener that is a draw (3)
  - 64 To eat with acid, use tomato sauce reduction (4)
  - 65, 27ac, 3d Old English toad metamorphosed into form of 45ac in celebration of, say, 37ac or 9d (3,2,1)
  - 66 Throw sword away, reveal Westminster Bridge poet (10)
  - 67 A dune, as composed by W.H. who praised limestone (5)
- DOWN

- 1 See 47d
- 3 See 65ac
- 4 Produce surrender (5)
- 6 Produced four quartets from prophet, Old Testament (5)
- 7 Produce "arise and go now" from fermented yeast (5)
- 9 Hellenic object of 15d's 65ac 27ac 3d (3)
- 11 Sell rich mixture to find creator of 65ac 27ac 39d, set to music as 9<sup>th</sup> by deaf composer (8)
- 12 Tired as river south of the Tyne heading to Yorkshire (5)
- 14 Celestial prank celebrated in a 45ac in the form of 27ac, 3d by 51ac (7)
- 15 Skate around poet famed for 65ac, 27ac, 3d, 37ac (5)
- 17 Monk's title – as attached to Pérignon, C17th cellar master, as favoured by James Bond (3).
- 18 Brownd skin is next to ultimate in sex appeal in section of 45ac (5)
- 22 Bank crashes into the Spanish comic 45ac (8)
- 23 See 19ac
- 24 Something which he owned, as 12d 28ac in 2ac's 5ac
- 26 Man extensively writing on Paul Revere, Hiawatha and the Hesperus (10)
- 31 Virus doesn't start to be producer of poetry (4)
- 32 Water or wind? All the same to this grist grinder (4)
- 33 Unknown writer is lead author, leading to French refusal (4)
- 35 Like Father William, as the young man said in Carroll (3)
- 36 A short while at Old Testament lawyers meeting (4)
- 39 Happiness following 65ac, 27ac by 11d (3)
- 40 Confused by Hess, coming after Percy, before 51ac (6)
- 41 Turkish form of 39d? (7)
- 44, 42ac, 20ac Dryden floral sonnet re-written for commemorator of light brigade, bar crossing and Shalott lady (6,4,8)
- 46 Learner in shire mixed sauce (6)
- 47d, 1d Lavishly, Pat displayed American poet (6, 5)
- 48 You'll find sonneteer in pub till the dawn of day (4)
- 49 Waterproof study apt for poet?
- 52 Rather a token offering for lyric muse of 1ac (5)
- 53 Greeting auk flapping around in short Japanese 45ac (5)
- 54 Forbid animal doctor to start operating (4)
- 58 Something you can't see if there are too many trees? (4)
- 60 Melody for appearance? (3)



# Desert Island Jukebox

with Sara Varey

"I was somewhat flabbergasted when Mike asked me to compile my 'must have' music list. However, when I actually got started, it wasn't so difficult to pick the pieces that stir reactions or memories of key moments in my life. Here they are, I think some of them might also resonate with you, dear reader."

## 1: Gabriel Fauré - Requiem : 'In Paradisum'

*Just an unbelievably beautiful piece, way out of my vocal range, except behind locked doors!*

## 2: Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah

*The first choral work I learned, aged 11, by heart - not enough copies so, words on the board, here's the line - the start of a lifetime of choral singing.*

## 3: 'Maria' from West Side Story

*The first live musical I saw in London, with my parents. I was probably 16 (a while ago, then) and I still get goose bumps whenever I hear it.*

## 4: Gabriel Fauré - Cantique de Jean Racine

*In 2001, I spent 3 months in a garret apartment opposite the Picasso museum in Paris, as part of my (very belated) degree course. I played this every Saturday morning, with a pot of coffee and a fresh croissant.*

## 5: ABBA - 'Dancing queen'

*Reminds me of summer holidays with my three children, my parents, and assorted friends to help keep the peace. It still gets us on the dance floor.*

## 6: Dolly Parton - 'I will always Love You'

*I am a huge Dolly fan and this is one of my absolute favourites for a good sing, along with a few tears.*

## 7: Puccini - La Bohème, 'Your Tiny Hand is Frozen'

*The first opera my father took me to, at the ENO Coliseum in London - I was just blown away.*

## 8: Mudd - 'Tiger Feet'

*Fond memories of dancing to this in a very hot and crowded marquee on Saffron Walden Common, when they were the headline act at the end of carnival week in 1980 (I think!)*





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