

Then there was the Clovelly Herring Man who 'only had a few left', as he entered the village, 'fourteen a shilling' was his cry. He kept them in a barrel, and usually drove a mule and came from Barnstaple.

The rag, bone and rabbit-skin man and scissors grinder also paid regular visits.

The annual fair was the real big event with the animals being sold in the streets. We also tried to earn a penny or two helping to drive the animals home from the market. The ladies made food for their men-folk, and the shopkeepers provided food for their good customers. Every lad had a '**Fair stick**', usually a hazel stick picked from the hedge. It was marked around with a pocket knife like a barber's pole and a half inch of bark was peeled off. This was easily done at that time of year (May) as the sap was rising. They came in very handy to move the cattle on the way home.

The afternoon sports events with all the local lads and women taking part and the roundabouts and swings etc. were something to talk about for days after. The band of the 'Sixth Devonshire Regiment' from Barnstable provided the music. 'Ice creams cost a penny as did most of the rides.' If we had 6d to spend we considered ourselves very fortunate.

Sunday School Outings were another milestone. About 20-25 children plus parents went to either Instow which was about an hour to an hour and a half hours journey away or to Woolacombe which was about two hours journey away. We travelled in a lorry with solid tyres converted into a bus by putting in bench type seats. We left about 9am in the morning and arrived back exhausted but happy at about 7-8pm in the evening. The weather seemed better in my childhood days as I don't remember a wet outing.

The previous evening the school teacher Miss Newberry and her helper and some of the parents would cut up the sandwiches and pack it in a big hamper for our meals the next day. Our place to eat was usually a hall or convenient room previously arranged by the Rector Rev Wansbrough.

Harvest time was another time when we youngsters could earn a few coppers leading the horses in the hay field or cornfield. When we were big enough, 13 or 14 years old we made the loads on the carts which were pulled by horses from the field to the rick yard or mewstead to give it its Devon name, where it was made into ricks. The hay was pitched up to the cart by a man with a pick or two pronged fork.

The boy making the load spread it about evenly. The corn was pitched in the same way but the sheaves of corn had to be placed around carefully so as not to shake out the ears of corn. The man who was pitching the corn told us how to make the loads.

If we were lucky enough to be working around tea-time we were invited to have our 'drinking', out in the field with the men. Apple tarts with loads of cream, and home made bread and real farm butter, home made yeast cakes and of course '**Teddy Cakes**'. (these are potato and currant scones baked with or without an egg, and cooked on a griddle pan.)

Being allowed to ride on the load was something, but holding the reins and being allowed to drive, well you did feel important! The old horse knew where to go anyway!!