

Every so often a School Doctor would visit the school. On these occasions we were examined, weighed and measured. We were weighed on a pair of spring balances hung on a big hook in the school door-way, attached to which was a swing type seat.

The dentist Mr Inder also paid regular visits and children who were nervous could get their parents to be with them when they were examined, which usually meant a filling or an extraction. We went into another room to be done and back in class afterwards, there was no treat!

Children living out of the village who had to bring their meals with them, hung their dinner bags on rows of hooks in the school porch along with their hats and coats. Everyone walked to school, some two miles or more there and back in all weathers. Meals were eaten out of school unless the weather was very bad. A bucket of water and a mug was provided for drinking unless you brought your own.

In my early school days education consisted of the three R's reading writing and arithmetic mainly, with history, geography and religious instruction. We used to look forward to the religious inspector as he usually came in the morning and then we had the rest of the day off.

We had lemonade made with powder but only in the summer time, our biggest treat was ice cream which we had on special occasions.

There were quite large families around at the time, and I remember 127 children being on the register, which was called mornings and afternoons.

The school lavatories were the bucket type, emptied once a week by the caretaker - you can imagine what they were like in the summer!

Nearly everyone wore leather boots with rows of nails on the bottom, and all boys wore short trousers. Most girls wore frocks and white aprons, and had their hair done in plaits or tied with a ribbon?

We had two cobblers in the village, both part-time post-men, Mr Naylor delivered the village mail and the other Mr Rawle did the country round on foot. Mr Lemon and Mr Wonacott did the post for the rest of the parish.

Mr Naylor had his shop in the high street. He sold boots and shoes etc, as well as doing repairs. One local butcher Mr Slee was passing his shop one day as the cobbler was standing in his doorway. He said 'I don't fancy your boots laces are very tough,' to which the cobbler replied, 'that's more than I can say about your bloody beef.'

The local butchers, two of them, used horses to do their 'rounds', one even going to Torrington, nine miles, on Saturdays. They used to do their own slaughtering. And I used to help them at one time.

Although life was hard, we grew up in a very friendly atmosphere, always willing to help one another. Home life was completely different to the life we are used to to-day. No wireless or TV although we did have a gramophone which was played occasionally.