

The other photograph which interested me was that of Mr. Huxter with his horse-drawn vehicle in the High Street outside the Post Office. I remember him as a very elderly and very 'correct' bearded gentleman. He lived with his daughter, Eva and son-in-law, Ernie Hinton, in that house near the end of the High Street opposite the United Reformed Church, He kept a beady eye on the comings and goings of those going to the Chapel and regularly took the collection there on Sunday evenings. His daughter Eva Hinton kept the keys to the Chapel and I understood from relatives of the time that the Hintons had been eager non-conformists for many years. Mr and Mrs. Hinton were, I understand, first cousins who had married. They had a daughter, Pat, who I knew well. She was blind, sadly, but she took an active part in Chapel interests for years and taught at Sunday School there.

Mr. Huxter was always aware of what he considered the 'social' limitations of various villagers. As a young child I fell foul of the social 'exclusion' policy when he found that I was carrying a dictionary given to me as a present by my grandmother. I received a lecture in the Post Office (of all places)! and was told in no uncertain terms that 'your sort do not need dictionaries as you will never need them' and then seeing how devastated I was, added "Do you really want everyone to know how ignorant you are and that you cannot spell!" I never forgot how humiliated I felt. I must have been all of seven years old at the time!

His daughter, Eva Hinton, had been a nurse and I understood from relatives that in the event of a death in the family, it was she on whom they called for "laying out" duties. She was an indispensable part of village life.

I think I read somewhere that the Hintons' ancestors were mentioned as firm enthusiasts when the Congregational Church eventually emerged from what had been a tannery years back.