

John Bellamy

Memories of visitors to Postbridge.

In my childhood and before, people had always camped below the bridge, in what's called Barracks, the bit at the bottom where the oak tree is, and behind there, and the gate that's now just as you walk down to the river on the right hand side, was a much wider gate then and the track was more pronounced, so people would come with caravans and tents and what have you, and they would camp there sometimes a fortnight at a time, and obviously it was in days before there were any sort of amenities, but then people were more prepared to rough it. But the cars used to just park down by the bridge where the hawthorn hedge is there, and you'd maybe get eight or nine cars, maybe a few more parked in along there.

Right by the river?

Right by the river, yes, and it was always one of our little things, was to go there of an evening and wander up and down and see how many people had dropped coins out of their pockets as they got out of their cars, so we used to keep ourselves in extra pocket money that way.