

**Tom Webb**

**Memories of life in Postbridge.**

*Tell me about Postbridge as it was when you were growing up.*

Well it was very very friendly, I've got to admit that, you know, everybody knew everybody what was living in the village, 'cos places didn't change hands then, and you knew who lived where and, you know, and you got to meet them eventually like, you know, if you didn't see them today you'd probably see them tomorrow, walking around or doing something. And everybody was willing to help one another, come harvest time, you know, one would help the other like, you know, to get their hay in, sort of thing, if there was anything doing, like the church or there used to be the Chapel then, up the road, and like in the Village Hall, everybody turned out, you know, attended it like, whatever was taking place. we used to have a Gymkhana over here, going back some years, I was quite young then, when they had that, and that used to happen every year, but the village used to work together and the lady at Hartlyland then, Mrs Petherbridge, she was the real organiser of it, but everybody sort of helped, you know, to get it going.