

In the early days the holiday-makers would arrive at Barnstaple on the train and then catch the miniature railway up to Lynton. Father would collect them from Lynton in a pony and trap, and bring them back to the farm. In later days the visitors would increasingly come in their own cars and sometimes they would take us children out for a ride, as a treat – because it really was a treat for us to travel in a car at that time. They'd go out over to Simonsbath or Porlock for the afternoon and sometimes they'd take us too. We'd always jump out and open the gates for them. Most of the visitors had cameras and they would take photographs of us and of the farm and send copies back. In fact the only photographs we had in those years came from holidaymakers as we never had a camera of our own.



*Father collecting another holidaymaker*

The holiday season was shorter then, really – only Easter through to September. All winter the main house would be closed up until it was time for a big spring clean, which was when we started to get everything ready for the holiday season. Mother was a real stickler for spring cleaning and she'd have everything that could be moved out of the rooms and scrubbed down, washed, beaten or freshly painted! Then the holidaymakers would arrive and the work really started.

Each morning, including Sundays, we'd be up at crack of dawn to build up the fire and get it going properly. We'd fetch water in buckets from the shute in the stream outside, and boil a large pot. Then we'd take a cup of tea to each of the holidaymakers up in the bedrooms, and a pitcher of boiling water for the washstands in each of the rooms.