

*Chapter 7*Sunday School.

In the 1930's the Rev Sir Albany Bouchier Sherard Wrey ran the Sunday school in the afternoon from 2.30 - 3.15 pm in Holywell School. We were all given a collect and a hymn to learn for the next Sunday which were chosen for the appropriate Sunday. This we would say from memory to the rector and then in turn we would have to read a verse of scripture from the bible.

I remember in 1935 just before easter several of us had real measles and various illnesses. The hymn which we were all given to learn was "Ride on ride on in majesty" for Palm Sunday. By the time a few of us had recovered from sickness it was a few weeks on in the church calendar. As we stood up in class to say our hymn individually I can hear the rector now, saying, "alright then, ride on ride on in majesty". Naturally by this date it was the 4th or 5th Sunday after easter, and we were still back at Palm Sunday.

We took a penny each week and the rector would add a halfpenny to it as attendance money then at the end of the year at Christmas time he would present us all with a prize which would be a reading book, and a ticket for the attendance money of six shillings and sixpence if you had attended the whole year, which your parents could produce at several clothing shops in Barnstaple as part payment for clothes and the rector would then pay the clothier the six shillings and sixpence. If you had not attended the full year you would receive the equivalent to your attendance. I still have my old Sunday school books home now after all those years.

In the spring and summer months the rector would walk down to the school with his tall forked walking stick, and walk home later via the shrubbery behind the school and up through the wood along the top of Corffe Hill field and come down across the field opposite Corffe House main gate, out through a small pailing gate across the road and in through the main gate. Corffe Hill field used to be covered in bracken and foxgloves in the summer quite a pretty sight. The rector told us once that Cassell Wrey planted the foxgloves originally. The Sunday school closed I think at the beginning of the war.

Sir Bouchier was a very busy man in public affairs as a Justice of the peace, a county councillor and chairman of the rural district council. Throughout his long ministry in the church he devoted his time to the affairs of his parishioners. When old age overtook him Mr Fell his curate conducted the services in church for him, but even then the rector stood robed in his place and said the blessing.