

THE OLD BAKERY by Sara Clark (nee Jeffrey)

Some of my earliest memories revolve around the bake house and the Post Office stores in Dinton. The smells of freshly baked bread and children's sweets still catapults me back there.

My Nanna (Gladys Jeffrey) used to take my brother Paul and I to the Post Office for a few pennyworth of sweets as a reward for doing little household chores. I remember the tinkling of the bell as you entered the store, the worn black, yellow and white lino on the floor and (as we were not yet old enough to look over the counter) the crinkled hardboard cladding in front of the counter. There was also a little table for fruit and vegetables but most interesting was the yellow tray at the front of the counter, full of black jacks, fruit salads, fireman's hoses, candy cigarettes, sweethearts, candy necklaces and coconut tobacco.

The walk to the bake house always took forever, as Nanna always seemed to stop to talk to Mrs. Florrie Gregory at the farm house and Mrs. Margaret Warner on the corner. When you are small, the bakehouse steps seem mountainous but the smell was always worth the trip. John Webb always saved Nanna the darkest batch loaf, as Poppa (Henry Jeffrey) preferred it that way. Later on, in the late 70's I guess, the bake house toyed with preserves and health foods for a while but I remember the soft doughy, milky batch loaves Nanna bought and presented for Sunday tea, with her own homemade jams and cakes.

Poppa was Sir William Currie's chauffeur and asked him if he could live in Moat Cottage. It was in a pretty over grown state when he took it on, mostly hidden amongst trees. It was originally a hunting lodge for Colonel Watson but I think I remember Poppa saying he briefly went to school there.

I have one random memory from a very hot summer's day involving walking to the village hall with my Mum from Moat Cottage, we were both wearing new rubber flip flops. The council had recently tarred the road and our flip flops were ruined.

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