



Paraffin and household hardware items were supplied by Mr Major and Bazley's but the one I remember best of all is Mr Fuszard who delivered on Saturday afternoons often with his sons Peter and John. He wore a grey warehouse coat and a trilby hat. Captain Mainwaring of Dad's Army reminds me of him. The picture (inset) was taken in December 1949. He sold paraffin for lamps, heaters and stoves, soap (mainly of the carbolic type), brushes, buckets, bowls, saucepans

clothes' pegs and all manner of similar useful household items from the back of his Bedford van. He also repaired saucepans and other household items. Many years later I was lucky enough to work with his grandson, Paul. One of the first things I mentioned when we first met was that I remembered his grandad. He was not surprised as it seems that almost everyone of a certain age from Bridport and around remembers his grandad. He would have been more surprised if I hadn't!

Milk came in electric milk floats to the doorstep six days a week in pint and half pint bottles from Rax Dairy. Percy Norfolk, the owner, was a member of Bridport Town Council for many years and was Mayor seven times between 1970 and 1980.



Rax Dairy operated from a shop in East Street (above) which besides milk and other dairy products had a café at the back and sold its own brand of most delicious ice-cream over the counter at the front of the shop.

Meat was rationed until 1954 so a rabbit was always welcome. They were pests to the farmers so the rabbit-catchers were always in demand. We sometimes went with them to 'help'. Nets were placed at the mouth of the burrows and a ferret popped in. Fairly quickly there would be a bit of a commotion and a rabbit would come flying out only to tangle in the net. The rabbit catcher then stepped in, did what was necessary while we looked on wide-eyed! The rabbits were paunched (gutted), one back leg split open and the other slipped through to create a loop so that they could be easily carried on a stick or pole. They went to the butchers as well as the locals and, of course, the 'helpers' had a share.

When there was a good catch of mackerel the fishermen from Abbotsbury, Burton Bradstock and West Bay would go around the villages selling their catch. They did a roaring trade and the fresh mackerel made a lovely tasty supper!

Coal came in wagons by goods trains to Bridport Station where Bradford's had a dépôt. It was collected from the station by other coal merchants and taken to their yards for bagging. It was then delivered to customers around the area. In Loders it arrived on the same day every two weeks in one-hundred-weight bags (51kg) carried on the coalman's back, in some cases up long garden paths. Ours came courtesy of two of the Cox brothers, Ralf and Bimbo.

Men of the 1950s and earlier did not shop if they could avoid it. My father was one of them. If he needed (note, needed not wanted) a new pair of trousers my mother went to Snook's in Bridport and brought home two or three pairs on 'appro' (approval). The unwanted trousers were returned and the chosen pair paid for. My mother who worked in Day's and Elmes's when she left school told of the ladies who went in to the shop on a Friday for two or three hats on appro only to return all of them on the Monday as being unsuitable. This seemed to happen more when there was a wedding or some important civic event over the weekend!

Wally Stoodley, from Powerstock sold items of clothing and linen which were ordered from his catalogue and paid for at so much a week. Philip Symes recalls that in the 1930s Reece's shoe shop also delivered shoes which were paid for in the same way. The purchaser was issued with a personal book in which the debt and repayments were recorded.

Wally also collected coupons for football pools entries; Littlewoods, Vernon's, Zettlers etc. His customers lived in hope of winning the magic jackpot of £75,000!

## School



I was due to start school after Easter in 1949 but Miss Wilkes, the Head Mistress and only teacher, (left, as she was in 1928) suggested that as I was the only starter it would be better to wait until after the summer holidays when four others were due to join the school. So, on 30 August 1949 Janet Bond, Terrence Symes, Mary and Rosamund, the Willmott twins and I joined the other 20, or so, pupils at Loders School where I remained until July 1955.

The main entrance then was through the front porch off the road, traffic was no worry then. The classroom area stretched the whole length of the road side of the school. It could be divided in two with a sliding wooden glazed partition. The south wing was the dining area and was used for PE in wet weather, exercises and the like. There were two age groups, Infants and Juniors. Presumably there were Seniors when the school took pupils up to 14 years of age.

The Juniors occupied the east end of the school and sat in rows of flip-top desks with an ink-well in the corner (right). The infants were at the west end. One teacher taught children from 5 to 11 years old. No easy task but we all left school able to read, write and do arithmetic and a good



proportion passed the 11-Plus exams and went on to study at Bridport Grammar School.



The school was heated by three coke stoves (left). The front class-room area had one in the north-east corner and one in the north-west corner. The third was halfway along the wall of the dining area. The fires were lit before school by the caretaker, Mrs Darby or Mrs Chard for much of the time I was there. Each stove had a coke hod for topping-up. It was a large space to be heated by three stoves so good thick woolly jumpers were needed in the winter months.

The coke and faggots for fire lighting were stored in a galvanised iron lean-to in the playground at the east end of the main building.

All school children received milk at school. It came in ½ pint bottles with a cardboard top. The tops had a hole half-punched in the middle so that a careful pressing made a hole for the straw (paper not plastic!). Careless or clumsy pressing, on the other hand, created a spurt of milk, a mess on the floor and a good ticking off.

The milk was delivered to the front door early in the morning so that in frosty weather it was partially frozen. The crates were stacked by the stoves to thaw out the milk. By break time the bottles nearest the stove were warm. I was not keen on milk and even less keen on warm milk so I always made a dash to make sure I got one of the chilly and probably still partially frozen bottles. I'm sure the milk did us a power of good!

Our school dinners were delivered in aluminium containers by Mr Walter Trent in his brown warehouse coat. The meals were served by our kindly dinner ladies. I remember Mrs Darby and later Mrs Chard and Mrs Dora Legg. I have hazy memories of stalky cabbage, black hard bits in the potatoes, stringy meat, and semolina, custard and gravy, all of the lumpy variety. Then there was the bad news; mince. It came in a cylindrical insulated container and, if you were near the front of the queue you saw



what was inside when the lid was removed. A three inch layer of grease which the dinner ladies stirred in to the mix with a large ladle no doubt hoping that we had not seen it but we had! Having said that, at the end of a long morning we were

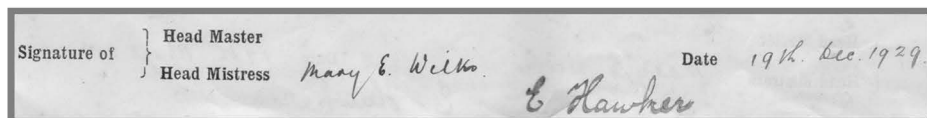
hungry so although we moaned about it we tucked in and even enjoyed it.. Treacle-sponge with custard drew few complaints even if the custard happened to be a bit lumpy. Best of all was the chocolate-sponge with chocolate sauce!

In 1949 a stone wall divided the playground in two. Looking towards Boarsbarrow Hill the big boys were on the left, the girls and first year boys on the right. The segregating wall was eventually demolished so that the boys and girls played together.

In 1951 hot and cold running water was installed, pumped from the well in the playground and chlorinated. The toilets were at the bottom of the playground and in 1949 were of the earth closet type. They would have remained like that at least until the running water was provided in 1951 .

Martha Crabb lived in the thatched cottage next to the school with just a stone wall between her garden and the playground. Balls often ended up in her garden but she didn't mind. She returned them with a smile and a few words. She was a lovely old lady known to us all as Aunt Martha.

Miss Wilkes joined Loders School in 1927, possibly as head teacher. She was definitely head in 1929. Below is an extract from Annie Hawker's (my mother) report of Christmas 1929. It is countersigned by Annie's mother Emily Hawker; my grandmother



Miss Wilkes retired in July 1950 having spent 23 years most, if not all, of which she was the Headmistress.

Miss Barlow became head and only teacher when Miss Wilkes retired in 1950. (Below) The school in 1951 with Miss Barlow and the 21 pupils,



(Back row) Miss Barlow, Reggie Drake, Morwenna Willmott, Caroline Elliott, Graham Legg, Tony Yarde, Margaret Drake and Ruth Willmott.

(Middle row) Janet Bond, Pauline Dunkerton, Bernard Paull, Jennifer Paul, Richard Elliott, Alan Wheeler and Pauline Legg.

(Front row) Rosamund Willmott, Mary Willmott, Brian Harper, David Skeats, Terence Symes, Maureen Crabb and Kenny Drake.

As the pupil numbers increased slightly the authorities were persuaded to provide a second teacher and so Miss Wickham joined the school in September 1951. She taught the seniors leaving Miss Barlow, or Mrs Clark as she became, to teach the infants. Mrs Clark left in July 1952 after two years in charge and was replaced by Miss Barbara Bryan.

On 23 August 2018 a picture of the Loders School Children in 1954 was published in the Bridport News. It was sent in by Mrs Joan Ellis, née Laramy, who taught at the school for a term in 1954 before she left for Teacher Training College. The headteacher at the time was Miss Barbara Bryan. She was the sole teacher until Miss Laramy joined her for a term.



Joan asked if anyone could name the pupils. Several of us, mainly ex-pupils, contacted her, each other and the Bridport News. Between us we managed to name everyone, we hope correctly. The article from the Bridport News is reproduced on the next page.

Miss Laramy and the pupils.

(Back row) David Skeats, Alan Wheeler, Brian Bolton, Bernard Paull, Richard Elliot, Kenneth Brown.

(One row from back) Lynette Driver, Bryan Hyde, Terrence Symes, Mary Willmott, Evelyn Elliot. Annabel Howell, Jennifer Coombe, Rosamund Willmott, Maureen Crabb.

(Kneeling) Tommy Dennett, Janette Bolton, Eddie Edrich, David Gill, Dan Elliot, Mervyn Legg.

(Front row) Vivien Legg, Juliet Willmott, Terry Linee, Miss Laramy, Christopher Coombe, Susan Elliot, Christine Bunnell, Annelie Burrell.

# Can you spot anyone in class?

WE are helping a former student teacher to remind an ex-class of their childhood days.

An ex-student teacher, who spent the summer term at Loders School, is hoping that through sharing some old photographs of the class, that readers may recognise one or two old faces.

Joan Ellison (nee Laramy) has provided some information and pictures to the Bridport News for this piece, and was at the school in 1954, before attending Teacher Training College, and enjoyed her time at the school.

Joan said: "These photos show all the pupils with Miss Bryan, the headteacher, the same group with me and then the infants with whom I

worked with.

"Miss Bryan was the sole teacher and she worked very hard, and was very caring, and especially helpful to me."

On the day of Joan's arrival at the school in April 1954, it had snow quite heavily, and she walked to the village from the main Beaminster to Bridport Road, and on arrival found the Vicar and a small number of children.

Joan said: "The Vicar informed me that I had to take the children to church for a short service for beginning of term.

"No other pupils arrived and neither did Miss Bryan so the children took me to the church.

"We then returned to the classroom and enjoyed

chatting about this until eventually, Miss Bryan was able to get through the snow to school."

From that point on, Joan was advised each day what to do with her little class, who she commented were 'all delightful and so enjoyable'.

Joan said: "They really were lovely and well behaved and fun to be with."

Joan told the Bridport News that some of her ex-students remain firmly in her mind, in particular the boys, who were keen on their games, and the son of the local policeman, who was the most mischievous of the lot.

She said: "One who was a farmer's son, told me very firmly that the 'cows' I spoke

about on a nature walk, were not cows at all but were 'heifers'.

"I can hear his Dorset accent now."

Joan also commented that the girls were all charming and giggly, especially the Vicar's daughter, who she said: "Was very pretty and always smiling."

Joan is hoping that through her pictures, some of her ex-pupils will recognise themselves and rekindle those childhood memories.

Joan said: "It was a very happy little school and I have many happy memories of my time there."

If you would like to get in contact with Joan, you can email [news@bridportnews.co.uk](mailto:news@bridportnews.co.uk) and we will forward your details on.



Miss Laramy's class,  
the infants, Summer  
Term 1954.  
(Back) David Gill,  
Juliet Willmott, Eddie  
Edrich, Janette Bolton,  
Tommy Dennett,  
Lynette Driver.  
(Middle) Terry Linee,  
Annelie Burrell,  
Christopher Coombe,  
Susan Elliot.  
(Front) Vivien Legg,  
Christine Bunnell.

Right, the Head Teacher, Miss Barbara Bryan, who drove to school each day from nearby Askerswell where she lived. There was much excitement when she changed her car to a new Morris Minor registration number NGU 882. As a pupil I thought she was fairly elderly but looking at her picture now she looks remarkably young!



Sadly Miss Laramy left us at the end of the summer term. Below is an extract from the Reverend Oliver Willmott's Parish Notes which describes the leaving ceremony far, far better than I could even if I had remembered.

*"Miss Barbara Bryan initiated a parents' day at Loders School with great success. Parents and school managers in large number turned up to inspect the children's exercise books, and specimens of handwork which adorned the walls. The infants then presented a fairy dance, and the juniors a play. Miss Laramy, the probation teacher who has been helping Miss Bryan, leaves this term for Weymouth College. On behalf of the parents of the Infants, Terence Linee presented her with an equipped sponge bag, and Linette Driver with an alarm clock. Mrs Willmott spoke of the regard that parents and children felt at Miss Laramy's departure. Alan Wheeler then presented Miss Bryan with a box of chocolates to the applause of the school."*

Miss Bryan is the teacher I remember most clearly, probably because she was head for the last three years of my six years at Loders School. She came from a large school in Blandford and during the War she had an important role at the Signals' Department of Sir Winston Churchill's underground Headquarters in Whitehall. She was an excellent teacher who carried on the good work of those before her. She was strict but treated us all very fairly. She married in August 1955 about a month after I left Loders School for Bridport Grammar School.

In our final year and being the oldest pupils we were given extra jobs and responsibilities. One I enjoyed was popping to Mrs May Wells's post office and shop to buy stamps and stationery items. Amongst many other things, the shop stocked economy labels for the re-use of second-hand envelopes. Ten years after the end of the war there was still a shortage of many everyday items. The labels were used to cover the addresses and reseal the old envelopes. We would call it recycling. As children we were slightly nervous of Mrs Wells, the Post Mistress. She stood no nonsense but as long as we behaved properly she treated us like adults. As I was on a lone mission with errands from school it was difficult to do anything other than behave properly so we got on handsomely.

Like all children we were quick to learn the things it would have been better not to have learnt. A couple of local builders were carrying out repairs on the school. This was something different so at playtime we gathered round their ladder to watch, ask a lot of questions, poke around their tools and materials and make a general nuisance of ourselves.

The builders soon grew tired of this. So, for a bit of peace and quiet for them and for our safety they told us in no uncertain terms what we understood to mean "get lost or go away". The instruction was clear but it was given using a strange new word which I later discovered was of Anglo-Saxon origins. This new expression and the way that it was put to us made a big impression on us so we spent much of the rest of playtime mimicking the builders and telling each other to "\*\*\*\*-off". We were canny enough to realise that it would be unwise to say this in front of teacher; but we did not forget.

As usual our mothers collected us after school and as we ambled back home we began to tell each other to "\*\*\*\*-off" in the same way our builder friends had told us to. Looks of horror appeared on our mothers faces. Mine got hold of me and with an extremely severe look on her face said "Don't you *EVER* let me hear you say that word again!!". I can confirm that she never did, the look on her face convinced me that she really did mean it!