



The ford on the Asker at Upton Farm with Jim Hawker (right) and Alf Crabb and the working horses. The picture dates from between 1910 and 1918 when Edwin Randall was the Farmer. In 2018 the ford was replaced with a bridge when the road was realigned away from a landslip area.



Sheep-shearing at Chilcombe as described in The Bridport News July 6 1883. *"Mr Barrett, photographer of South Street, Bridport, has recently executed an excellent photographic picture on Mr F Samways' farm in this parish. The subject of the picture is a group of men engaged in sheep-shearing operations, with whom are standing Mr Samways, his little boy and a dog. The whole of the figures are capitally brought out, the features of the men in particular being strikingly true to the originals."* Shearers travelled from farm to farm, so it's almost certain they sheared sheep at Upton and other farms in Lodors.



The advert below appeared in numerous newspapers, including the Hereford Journal, in January 1900. Working on the farm took its toll and clearly, James (Jim) Hawker (left) my mother's uncle, had found an instant cure to all his problems and, no doubt, suitable recompense from the makers of Dr Williams' Pink Pills! His wife Annie who is quoted is pictured above, on the right.



## The Pains of a Life of Agriculture.

**RHEUMATISM, A COMMON COMPLAINT AMONG WORKERS ON THE LAND, IS CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.**

A RECENT article in the "Bridport News" contained the characteristic history of a Dorsetshire worthy, James Hawker, of Upper Lodors, near Bridport. "I want everybody to know," he said—and it was an interesting story that the reporter listened to.

"I used to be terrible bad," said Mr. Hawker, "what with rheumatism and bleeding at the nose—oh! for eighteen months or more, and not a week without it. But I've not had it now since last March."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hawker from the corner, "Jim's another man now. He used to have rheumatism so bad he couldn't lift his arms to dress himself. But I saw something in a little book about rheumatism being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, as poor Jim couldn't get anything to ease him, I thought he should try the pills, as it said they were good for that. He'd tried nearly everything, and had been doctoring for years."

"Ay, that's right enough," said Mr. Hawker: "and when she showed me a box of 'em, and said they would do me good, I laughed. They looked such little bits of things. But I took them, though I looked on it more as a joke than anything, and said to the missus I'd take the box and all."

"Ah! Jim laughed at me; but it turned out right. I used to have a job with him, and got anything I could, including embrocation: but nothing did him any good, and I began to feel he never would be right. It was a blessing I saw that little book about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"That's right enough," added Mr. Hawker, "and you can't think how I feel about those pills. I was rasher after the first lot. I said, 'By Jove, missus! I believe they're the thing for me now, for I seem looser about the shoulders already.' That was a day or two after I began taking them. And so I went on, and—would you believe it?—when I had

taken two boxes and a half I was as right and as well as ever I was. I'd been suffering for years, and some mornings I couldn't lift my arms up to my head. I hardly knew myself when I got rid of the pain. The change the pills brought about was wonderful, and I tell everybody about it, because I think if folks knew more about them it



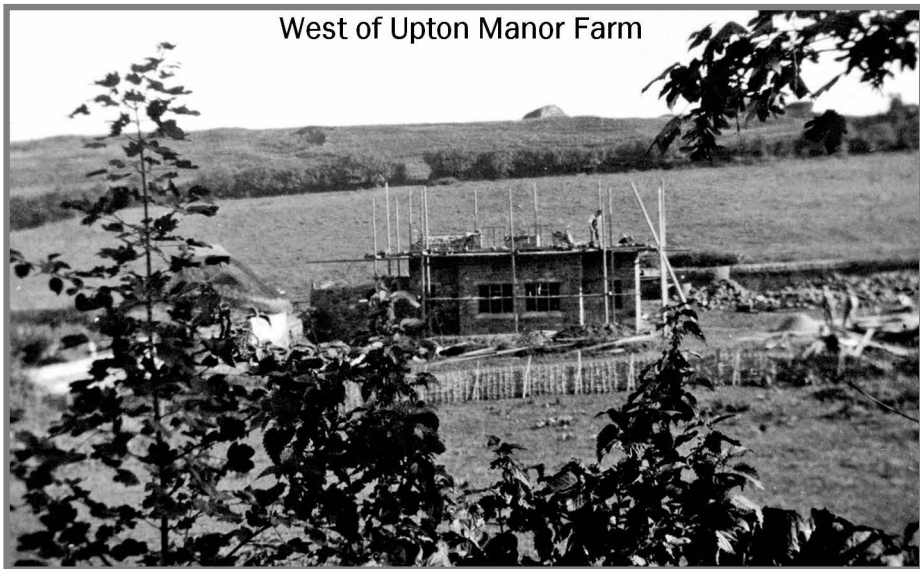
would be better for them, and save a lot of pain and expense."

Mrs. Hawker concluded that her husband couldn't stoop to chop a stick without his nose bleeding. "And you know, sir," she added, "I got frightened about it, because I've heard it brings on fits. Besides, it kept him so weak. If I have anything wrong with me I take some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon pull me together again."



the only Tonic Pills, give vigour and increased working capacity both to Men and Women. Price 2s. 9d. per box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d. To avoid substitutes, look for the full name (seven words). If desired, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People may be ordered direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London. These pills have cured, up to the end of December 1899,

## West of Upton Manor Farm



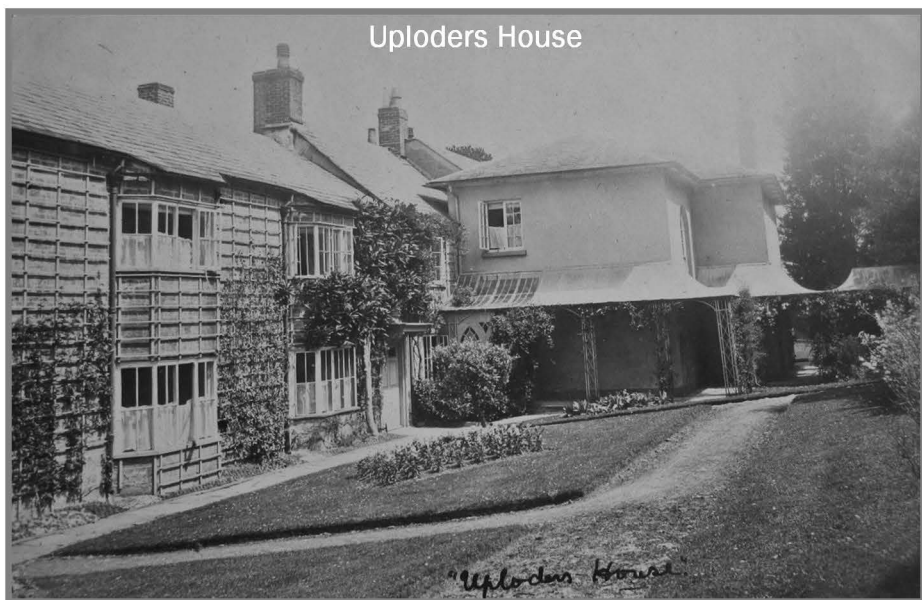
The construction of the new house in the meadow alongside the River Asker just west of Upton Manor Farmhouse. This replaced the two old cottages that previously stood on the site. The 1890 Ordnance Survey map shows



stepping stones across the river. These were later replaced with a wooden footbridge. The cottages were the homes of farmworkers at Upton Farm including my grandfather, George Hawker and his brother Jim.

(Left) Dorothy Read (Broom), a great friend of my mother, sitting on the railings that separated the road from the steep bank that fell away to the river. Just beyond where Dorothy is sitting is the gap in the railings where a footpath ran down to the footbridge for Field Cottages.

Dorothy had three sisters, Winnie, Sally and Margaret and a brother, Richard Fred. They lived in the thatch-cottage at the bottom of Lock's Lane, now called Briar Cottage.



Uploders House was built in the early 1700s by the Travers family on the site of an earlier house. It was extended c 1820 with the addition of the Regency wing, pictured below. In the 1920s the staff included a butler, a footman, ladies' maids, grooms for the five horses, three gardeners and casual labour. In 1959 the property was divided in two. The stables, coach-house and grooms' quarters became Bridgeacre, the remainder Uploders House. The latter was later divided when the original building (above left) retained the name Uploders House. The Regency wing, below viewed from the east, became Uploders Place.



A black and white photograph of a group of children in costumes standing in front of a house. The costumes include a Native American figure on a stand, a boy in a top hat, a girl in a patterned dress, a girl in a sailor suit, a girl in a dress with a hat, and a girl in a dark dress and skirt. A sign on the right reads "THIS IS WHAT OUR HER E EXPECT TO COME HOME TO".

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Near the Blacksmith's

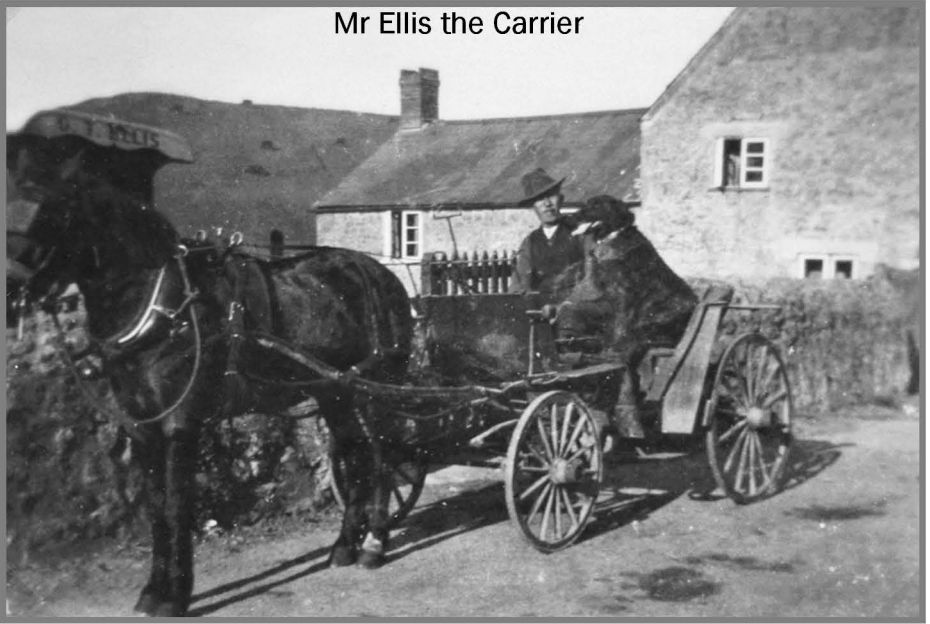


Leonard and Mabel Collier alongside numbers 43, 44 and 45 Uploders. The village blacksmith occupied the single-storey building this side of the end house. On the right. The thatch on the cottages to the left was replaced with slate sometime later, see the picture below.



Banners across the road, flags on the house and in the garden in readiness for the 1935 Jubilee procession. Hillview has been enlarged and has a slate roof. The wooden building on the left is the workshop of Mr Ellis, the carrier.

Mr Ellis the Carrier

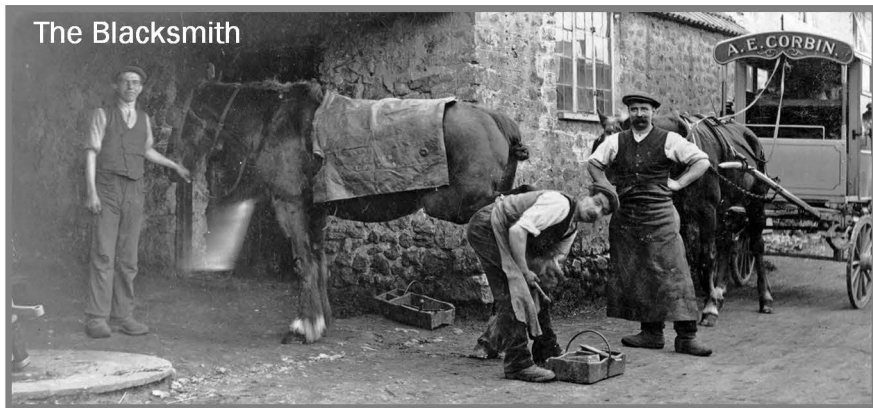


George Ellis outside his wooden bungalow, Cosy-Cot, located almost opposite the Forge in Uploders. Here he is with his faithful dog beside him at the end of a busy day fetching and carrying for the people in the village. Anyone needing his services placed a large "E" in their window for him to see as he passed by.



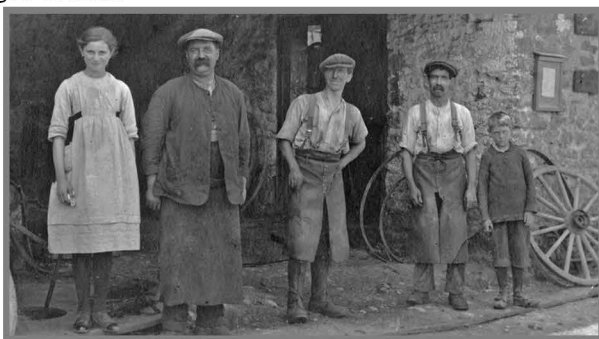
Times were changing! Mrs Mary Ellis standing proudly beside the smart van which replaced her husband's horse and cart.

## The Blacksmith



The last village blacksmith was Charlie Gale who worked from the Forge in Uploders. The picture (left) was taken before 1936 when Charlie worked for the then blacksmith, Bill Knight. It shows (from the left) Charlie Gale and Bill Knight, the boss, watching Bert Sheppick shoe a docile looking horse. A.E. Corbin, as on the cart, was the baker from Bradpole who delivered bread to nearby villages. Corbin's later became Caddy's. On the left is the old bonding platform used to put metal bands on wooden wagon wheels.

(Right) Blanche Knight, Bill Knight, looking slightly more portly than in the picture above, Charlie Gale, Bert Sheppick and Arthur Baggs outside the forge in about 1930.

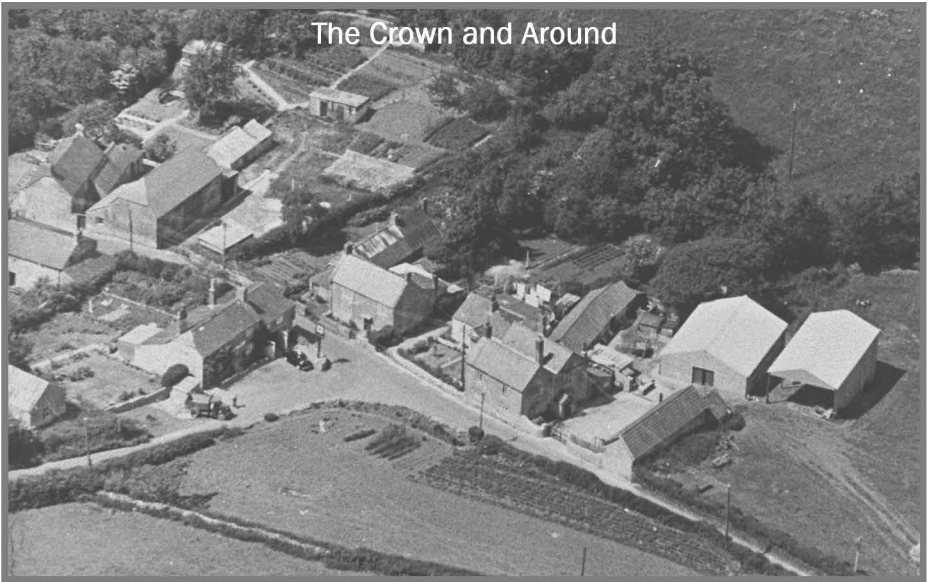


(Right) Pearl Gale (Symes), Charlie's daughter on a grey. An array of new farm tools and implements are propped against the wall; rakes, pitch forks and a three legged milking stool. The local farmers relied on Mr Gale for new tools as well as repairs to their machinery and farm fittings. This was the age of repair and mend. There are still examples of Charlie Gale's work around the village including the gate at the Cemetery which was hung in 1937. These are a tribute to his skill and craftsmanship.





## The Crown and Around



The Crown and surrounding area in about 1950. A lorry and car are parked in front of the Crown. The two large barns in Croads Farm (centre) look new. The Farmer here was Mr Herbert Bartlett. The garden opposite Croads Farm is now part of Purbeck Close. The large building next to Brook Barton in the 1940s and 50s was the workshop and dépôt of Mr Brown. He carried out road repairs and similar work. He also re-charged the accumulator batteries that were used to power the wireless. Prior to that it was the home and base of Steven Crabb, the carrier. In the 1930s and 40s he ran a local bus service.

(Right) Uploders Parish Room in the snow during the winter of 1962-63. It was located in New Road next to the Crown and was originally thatched. The 1861 Census records it as a 'School House', a name still used by many folk in the 1950s. Before Loders School was built in 1869 it was the school for the Uploders children. Later it was a meeting room for the WI, Scouts, Discussion Group, the Askerswell Young Farmers, concerts, and auctioneers Morey's held auctions there. It was sold in 1972 for £3,750. The money was used to improve the Village Hall at Yonderover. A house now stands on the site.



During the Second World War, Philip Symes and Roy Taylor collected scrap for the war-effort on their go-cart. Rags, bones, cans and metal were stored in the School House to be collected by the Council.

## The Crown Inn

Up to the 1960s there were three other inns in the village; The Travellers Rest on the A35 and the Lodgers Arms and Farmers Arms in Lower Lodgers. Earlier there were at least three more establishments that served intoxicating liquor. Two inns, the Bell Inn and the Blue Ball on the A35 at the bottom of Stoney Head and a beer-house at Vinney Cross. In those days the landlord often had another job during the day leaving his wife to look after the bar when he was away. They were for the men; to drink, talk, play pub games and relax after work.



Postcard by Claude Hider showing the Crown in the late 1920s. The sign, below, reads 'Adelaide L Bartlett Licensed to Retail Beer, Ale, Cider, Spirituous Liquors & Tobacco'. The licence was later taken over by her son-in-law, Mr Tom Bourne. Inside the door a passageway led to the two small bars and a hatch, 'the jug and bottle' to serve liquor to take home.

