

sold the usual non-perishable foodstuffs and sweets and chocolate. I used to buy a large round solid sweet from her called a "gob-stopper". Mr Elliot cycled through the Village taking orders for groceries from my mother for his shop in East Street Bridport. It was amusing hearing him run through the list of products that he stocked and mother would select the ones she wanted. His van man used to deliver on Thursdays. A 'Fish & Chip' man with his large Van with cooker inside passed through the village on Saturday nights. He rang a bell to alert potential customers and we usually bought. I remember an anxious hour one evening, his cooker caught fire outside our house which was a thatched roof! Other salesmen called Hawkers walked through the Village selling Razor Blades, soap, Kleeneazie Brushes etc.

We lived moderately well, we owned chickens which produced eggs and meat, we had pigs and occasionally caught wild rabbits, we never ate tame rabbits and we never wanted for vegetables. We sometimes had vegetable meals but not too often and we always had a roast joint for Sunday lunch. My parents always discussed the choice of joint for Sunday, but my mother made the decisions for the remainder of the week.

I left Loders School in 1932 my brother started there the following term. He was quite studious with good reports, but sadly my sister could not even master reading and writing and was frequently sent home for being disruptive. My mother never showed how grieved she must have been, particularly as Tony and I were intelligent and studious. This resulted in Tony progressing rapidly at school but Jean learned nothing and on leaving school could not find work and stayed at home helping in the house. Her situation would have been much better today with our special Schools and Learning Centres. I was 7 years older than Tony and thus did not share his friends or his leisure activities and as far as I recollect he never came to me for any help with School Homework or sports. As I have said we were neither keen sportsmen.

I was a Wolf-Cub and then a Boy Scout, Sir Edward le Breton at Loders Court financed the troop and took us to camp once a year, generally to Bryanston School Fields. He gave us the run of Loders Court, Library, Billiard room, gardens etc. He was very generous to the Children of Loders School and gave us a Christmas Party every year. Each child was allowed a present costing 'half a crown', (12 1/2 P) and we could choose it from the Catalogue of the biggest Toy firm in London named Gamage! One could find a train set or steam engine in this catalogue within that price! There was no schoolwork done for a day or two after the arrival of the Catalogue!

PERRONNELLE Loders Court lived in by the Le Breton family, Sir Edward and Lady Mary le Breton and their daughter Perronnel. They kept a busy and generous household with a cook, butler, footman 2 housemaids (they all lived in the old Victorian wing to the east (now demolished). They owned 2 cars a Lanchester saloon and a Rolls Royce and so they employed a chauffeur Mr Sidney Coombs. Mr David Crabb was the head gardener and he had two assistants. Sir Edward owned a pheasant shoot on Eggardon Hil called Lucas and Barrowland. On several Saturdays in the season he entertained friends shooting parties and we boys would be hired as "beaters" for 3 shillings (15P) for the day. My mother at the Post Office used to detest these shoots as the footman used to come on the Monday morning with braces of pheasants and hares, unwrapped, but labelled and they were posted to their many friends in London fully feathered or furred. The smell was unhealthy sometimes! In May there was a rook shoot at the court and the local farmers were invited.

Loders later.

My father's younger brother was in the Navy and his five sisters worked away from Loders, 3 in London, 1 in Southampton and one in Martinstown. The land on which my house stands was bought by my father's brother Jim. He was on leave from the Navy and the field (part of which is my house and garden) was auctioned on the pavement opposite the School, (I was there) nobody else seemed to bid so he bid £100 and it was knocked down to him. He was one of the few people with £100 cash to spare! The field subsequently changed hand 3 times after that.

A baker named Mr Corbin from Bradpole brought us fresh bread each day and the great treat was Good Friday when he came along at dawn laden with hot cross buns, 7 buns for 6 pence (2 1/2 P), a Fishmonger Mr Sorson from Bridport walked through the village with a handcart when fish had been caught at West Bay or Burton, he also sold salt Cod (from Canada), my mother bought large packs of this and soaked it in water to release the salt before boiling it, it was delicious! Our butcher was Mr Norman who then lived opposite us, but my grandfather was a butcher and he killed a pig or sheep or calf occasionally and we had some of that.

There were 4 Pubs in Loders & Uploders, the Farmer's Arms, the Loders Arms, The Crown and the Travellers' Rest. I heard tell of a fifth the Blue Ball on the Dorchester road where the Walditch road joins it. Before the road was widened at the Askerswell entrance to the Dorchester road there stood a cottage on the

souh side of the road called "Ninebottles", was this once another pub? (Some years ago my brother and I visited a lady in Palm Springs, California, whose parents lived in that cottage. Why were pubs kept by landladies then? There was Mrs Blackler, Mrs Richards, Mrs Ayling (I cannot remember who kept the Travellers Rest)!the Misses Williams kept the Spyway (in Askerswell of course) my Grandfather talked of a pub at Bell in Loders and Tony Palmer ,the, brewer once told me that there had been a pub in Loders named "The Brothers" a reference to Freemasonry. Beer was 5 old pennies per pint, cider 4 pennies, cigarettes 5 & 10 pennies per packet, Woodbines or Players. Farm cider was sold in the pubs 3 pence per pint. My father never visited the pubs and there was never alcohol in the house, it was considered ruinous! I never drank any alcohol or visited a pub until age 19 after I joined the RAF! (I regret then making up for lost time!).

The son of the landlord of the Farmers' Arms opposite our house was my playmate and we made "G0-Carts with old pram wheel chassis and spare wood and would climb to the top of Boarsbarrow Hill and come down at a fast rate into the fence along the railway line. Vera and I stayed with this man and his wife in South Africa a few years ago.

A policeman lived in the village at number 29 .He was PC Jones and he rode a bicycle everywhere and put the fear of God in young boys' minds. He seemed to have no duties because there was no crime! But he saw to it that boys did not misbehave. And that Gypsies did not park on farmers' land or feed their horses with their hay!

There were 2 shops, My Grandmother's and Mrs Hyde's at Uploders, there were 2 Carriers who fetched & carried from Bridport for those without transport (most families). Both had ponies and traps (a small wooden two-wheeled tub on wheels or a four-wheel box cabin, they were Mr & Mrs Macey in Loders who
x lived in what is now called Wraikes and Mr & Mrs Ellis in Uploders. Mr Stephen Crabb in Uploders owned a Bus and took passengers to Bridport and back.

There was a Blacksmith in Uploders where Forge Cottage is now, Mr Knight, and his assistant Mr Charlie Gale and it was fun to cycle to the forge and watch them shoe very large and nervous carthorses outside in the road! They had not enough room in the forge house. The farmers all had horses for work, there were no tractors. A farm of 200 acres employed 3 or 4 workmen @ 30 shillings (£1.50) per week. One farmer Mr Bishop of Yondover owned over 20 horses, some for riding and hunting and some for farm work. He owned an antiquated Mobile steam Traction Engine with threshing machine (belt driven) which he hired to the other farmers. Sheep were sheared by hand clippers and men capable of doing this were migrant. The more wealthy farmers had a riding horse but we did not, my father said that they were a large hole in the ground down which you threw money!

There was a hire car (we called it a taxi then!), it was privately owned by a Mr Watts who had married one sister of Maurice Crabb's father. He seemed to enjoy a steady business because there were only 5 cars in lower Loders then and two of those belonged to Sir Edward le Breton at Loders Court.

The two brothers Legg lived in the village ,they were thatchers, they had no vehicle but pushed a hand-cart to the village with their tools and some thatch and spars on, otherwise thatch was delivered to the site by wagon for them.

A carpenter Mr Bill Symes lived in a cottage, (demolished to make a car park for the Loders Arms). He made the coffins and the toilet seats and doors. I can remember him chasing my father's sister May in the street pretending to measure her bottom to make a new toilet seat! Sadly he hung himself from the rafters of his carpenter's shop. When I was about 8 years old there was a fire, started in a lean-to shed in the Loders Arms Pub yard. The family in the next thatched house to the east panicked and men started to bring their furniture down the narrow stairs from the bedrooms and the owner Mr Freddie Fooks fell down stairs and broke his neck. I can remember being outside in the road and seeing his body laid out. He had a wife and two sons John and George about my age and the whole village was in mourning, they were so popular, Mr Fooks was the architect who designed and built the old corrugated and wood Ex-service Men's Hut which became the old Village Hall.

I recall about this time my paternal Grandfather A W C Budden died, he fell and hit his head on the curb when trying to board a bus home from Bridport. I recall the funeral on a Saturday afternoon because to keep us away from this sad affair my mother gave me a shilling and told me to take Tony and a cousin Peter Wilson staying with us on our bikes to see a Cowboy Film (Tom Mix) I expect at the Lyric Cinema in Bridport. I lost the shilling and made the other 2 cycle to West Bay with me for the afternoon returning only after the Funeral had ended! My Grandmother carried on the shop at what is now called "Pound Cottage" until about 1938 and then sold it for something under £200 and moved along to No.20 , a tenant of Mr

Sidney Marsh who lived in Orchard Cottage I think her rent was about 4 shillings per week. After she died in 1948 or 49 he offered me the cottage for £400, I thought it needed money spending on it but of course I made a mistake. About the same time the 5 cottages (as they were then housing 5 families at about 3 shillings (15p) per week, opposite the Loders Arms were sold by auction (tenanted) for £350. The middle of these 5, now called Libra was occupied by Mr and Mrs Crabb. He had been a shepherd on Mr Bishop's Farm. I used to deliver milk to them in the early 30's and they had a large picture of their 2 sons over the fireplace. The sons had emigrated to Canada on some scheme to provide cheap labour for Canadian farmers. After a number of years they were given their own farms (what was called a quarter division). It was 640 acres one eighth of a square mile. They took these in Saskatchewan. The picture showed them in cowboy dress with large Stetson hats, sitting on their horses. The picture was a blend, one man was in summer cowboy clothes and the other in winter. The two separate photos were printed as one picture and it was so realistic. The boys returned in the 30's to see their parents and I was fascinated talking with them. They were two Loders boy adventurers and endured much hardship in the Canadian West before they qualified to own their own farms. My father's younger sister married a man that had emigrated under the same scheme and he told me that he had to sleep in the barn and was so hungry that he eat the raw wheat. (He was a tough guy he died a millionaire!)

Entertainment was available, my parents sometimes went to Whist-Drives in the winter in the old Village Hall or to neighbouring villages. The Bridport Electric Palace placed a poster on the front of the house by the post box indicating the Films for the coming week and for this gave us 2 free tickets per week, not to be used on Saturdays! The first film I can remember I was taken by my father to see a black and white film "Hell's Angels" with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable I think, it was the fighter pilots during the Great War. Coloured films did not arrive before the war, the first I saw in Blackpool "Gone with the Wind" again Clark Gable!, in 1940 after I had joined the RAF.

My father, occasionally took me to the Cattle Market at Bridport or Dorchester with the truck of course, when he had pigs to sell or buy. I recall that he used to sign his cheques with what was called an 'indelible pencil'. It was a pencil with a purple lead and if you wetted the lead the purple writing was permanent like our ink today, it was really progressing from the fountain pen to the Ball-Pen which we use today. (I do not remember him owning a fountain pen (i.e. one with a tube of ink in it which was gradually fed on to the writing nib) so one used to lick the tip of the lead and it wrote like ink. Dad never licked the tip of the pen he licked the page of his cheque book and wrote with the dry pen. It was crude but he always said he never had a cheque bounce! There was an incredible code of honesty in those days I have seen dad argue with a buyer or seller for an hour, then agree a price, and shake hands on it. This was a deal never reneged on! Colourful occasions were when Reg Buckler of Burton Bradstock used to visit with the same type of Ford truck as my fathers, full of young pigs, and they would argue for ages, offering each other cigarettes to smoke (Dad was a fairly heavy smoker). When they agreed a deal they always shook hands, that was irrevocable. If the value was fairly low they would toss a coin on "double or quits!"

In spring and summer a man would push a handcart through the village calling "Fisho" he would have fresh mackerel and sprats when they were caught at Burton Bradstock (One Old penny each) There were great days in summer when a man pedalled a 3 wheel bicycle with a large ice-box on the front selling Wall's Ice Creams, 1 penny for a cone and 2 pennies for a wafer (two wafers with a block of ice-cream between.).

School Days

I attended Loders C of E School (Built in 1856 and financed then by the Nepean family of Loders Court) in the back wing which was infants and later in the front of the school which was divided in 2 with a sliding, folding partition, top half glass. It was cold in winter there were coal fires in each room not in the toilets with seats over buckets which were emptied each day. There was water in the school piped across from the village pump which was on my present garden on the roadside. The now unused well is in my garden. Our teachers were Miss Mary Wilkes (Headmistress) Miss Nancy Garland and Miss Elisa Hinks. Miss Wilkes cycled from near the King's Head Bradpole, Miss Garland from Bridport and Miss Hinks walked from one of the Court Cottages. We went home for lunch. We wrote on pieces of slate, cut rectangular about 8 inches x 12 with a wooden frame around, using a stick of slate in the shape of a pencil, it produced a light-grey coloured lettering on an almost black background. To erase it one used a wet cloth!. Later we had books and pencils. We entered the school through the front door and played in 2 small playgrounds at the rear.

Discipline was tough! Occasionally I was caned for some misdemeanour, not bad work. We were not given homework. We learned singing (the school had a piano) but no other instruments. Blackboard and chalk was of course essential. I enjoyed learning Arithmetic, History, Reading and Geography and drawing (art is the modern term!). School governors occasionally visited to inspect, the only one that I can remember was Colonel Le Breton from Loders Court, before he was knighted. He was very generous to the children of Loders School and to the Boy Scout troop which he sponsored and financed and gave us the use of billiards and snooker in his grand billiard room on a full size table. And tennis on his grass tennis court and squash in his squash court. Sir Edward used to buy young trout to stock the river and we used to dip them up in butterfly nets and keep them in jam pots hoping that they would become goldfish! We also were able to exchange woollen rags for a goldfish with a migrant "rag & bone man". He took old socks and jumpers with holes in them for recycling. We had no School meals we went home for lunch. Games were played in the small playgrounds, gravel surface, and boys and girls were separated by a high wall. Our dress was shorts for boys and any frocks or skirts for girls, no uniforms, jumpers in winter and long socks. We took part in a school play each Christmas. There were no School Buses, some pupils from the outlying farms rode bicycles, not many, they could not afford a bicycle though second hand ones could be bought for about 10 shillings (50P) my father bought me my first new bike when I was 15, a Hercules 3 speed model from Eli Whites Garage at the Kings Head, Bradpole it was £4.19.6 (£5). This was a reward for spending much time helping my father.

There was not much pleasure in going to school though art and maths (called Arithmetic) was always welcome, we drew designs with compasses and ruler and brought flowers to school and painted them. There was no homework from Loders School. We had no television of course, no radio no newspaper unless father went to town and brought one, later a Mr McCauley delivered papers he lived in the bungalow underneath the new road (which my grandmother called the turnpike) on the Shipton lane from Uploders. A boy named Ted Pitcher lived opposite in the pub, "Farmers Arms". We used to build Go-carts from wooden boxes on old pram wheel frames and pull them up Smishops (called School Lane) and freewheel down as fast as we could to the school. 65 years later we holidayed in South Africa and stayed with him and his wife, he had joined the Navy before the war and had taken his demobilisation in Simonstown in S.A. As I write this (2007) there is only one person still alive in the village who was at Loders School with me.

At age 11 I sat and passed an Examination to enable me to go to The Bridport Grammar School. Those who did not pass could still go to the Grammar School by paying £5 per term but very few could afford this. There was great anxiety at home because my pass results arrived several days after all other successful pupils so it was assumed that I had failed. My parents would have paid anyway but it would have been a financial strain but the real stigma and scolding for failing was miserable for a few days!

The Bridport Grammar School

I commenced Grammar School in September 1932 riding a bicycle to the School in St Andrew's Road, Bridport. (the same building is now the Adult Learning Centre and a new infants school has been built in the grounds.

The Headmaster's name was Walter Ferris Hill. We were also taught by Mr Alston Algebra & Trigonometry & Maths., Mr Telford, Latin, Miss Bickford Science, Miss Witham English with Mr Hill also, Miss Ling, French, Mr Tighe Art and Sports. We took a Sandwich Lunch and when we had money we bought a Lyons Fruit Pie from Hutchings Shop opposite for 2 pennies. Discipline was very strict and the cane was used on boys for misbehaviour! We had holidays about the same as today. I spent some of this working for my father when I turned age 14. We never went away for holidays, my parents never took a holiday from 1920 at marriage until 1947 and then only a few days with relatives. I do not believe that they had a honeymoon. When I was 15 they sent me on holiday to stay with my father's sister May and her family at Eastleigh (Southampton Airport) it was depressing as I had no entertainment and I remember that their grocery business was unsuccessful. They lived in a small terraced house overlooking what is now Southampton Airport.. Earnings were very low resulting of course in the General Strike of 1926.

Several men in Loders were unemployed but everybody seemed content and so jovial. I delivered milk for my father night and morning, before and after school and helped on Saturday mornings with Vegetable sales from his market garden. Milk was 2 pence (less than 1 P) per pint and eggs were half-penny each. Potatoes, beans, peas etc were 1 or 2 pennies per pound. My father's total takings on the one day (Saturday) usually 7 to ten pounds

I left school in July 1937 having passed my School Certificate Exam (about the same as our present A

Bill Budden

Info: Required

Parents' names, father: Arthur William
mother: Gladys Louisa Jane Walbridge

Where they came from, father: Loders
mother: Linton Cheney

Brothers & sisters names Anthony James, Mary Elizabeth Jane
6 yrs younger 2 yrs younger

Where they are now retired to Bath - Engineer, started at
Lockheeds

Into RAF when he was 19

When did he meet Vera

met at WAAF party
9th Dec. 1944 - married Kingsbury
New Devon
Neasdon - worked at Wentley Studios

Where was she from

When married & where

When was Caroline born

1954

What did he do when demobbed

bought by
Pyramide Milk Co. Joseph Gundry
Flax & hemp spinning 1937
went back

When did he return to Loders

16 yrs ago.

Grandparents

Arthur Wm. Causeway Budden

Father's
side

Mary Ann Budden

[New career - vintage cars]
Mara.

Mother's
parents

Fred. James Walbridge

Eliz Jane Atkins - her mother was blind

[Mrs Mary - Loders]