

time, jus' di'n' 'ave the orders, y'know. That was the trouble with them factories, you was a'right as long as they 'ad the orders comin' in. Stands to reason you couldn' expect them to hire 'e if they di'n' get money comin' in to pay you, natural enough. Then I potted round all over the place then. This 'ere rollin' stone gathers no moss, but stagnant water's no good to drink, is it? So never lost nothin' with it.

Int: So what then?

HD: Then I lived out the pub, Loders Arms, when Mrs Richards 'ad it. She used to milk cows and 'ad a milk round there. She used to take in visitors, y'know. Used to grow our own vegetables an' all tha' there. That was when they used to have three cooked meals a day, for 30/- a week, full board and lodge and I've seen so many as 28 people sat down to evening meal at what they've got fer dining room now an' o'course it was a bit bigger. She used to cook it all on a three burner Valor Perfection oil stove. They did, they worked hard. My mother used to go down and help 'er, you know, doin' the potatoes an' tha'; then in the evenin's, I used to do the bar work, six o'clock at night, till she finished. Late supper they used to have, it was 8 o'clock.

Int: How long did you stay there?

HD: She came out of the pub then. She told me about 6 months previous, that if I see another job, take it, not be left in the lurch. She was a fair woman, good woman she was. 'Cos she said I could always get something if I come in and milk the cow, "can't keep 'im much longer", she said, "I shall sell off me stock". We used to 'ave pigs, we used to kill our own pigs then an' all, then, self supporting we were, make our own butter. It was interestin', long days it was, y'know. Used to do the milk round. Only time you used to 'ave to watch the milk round was Christmas morning; we always used to 'ave to go to the yonder end and start, 'cos if you di'n', by the time you 'ad one glass of wine at one place an' one thing an' 'nother, you was nearly incapable. We used to supply the Court with milk, when Lady le Breton was there, all households through. Some dear old soul, couldn' afford only about half a pint, used to chuck 'er in a drop more extra, y'know, yeah.

Int: Was this out of a churn?

HD: Buckets with yokes, yeah, two buckets on chains.

Int: So you had to carry it. How far did you go?

HD: At Loders Court, out so far as the school. Two used to be enough to go one way an' about one an' 'alf the other way.

Int: Tell me about Christmas in Loders, at that time.

HD: Oh, it was more Christmas then, but today I think it's too commercialised. This was about 1930.

Int: Sir Edward le Breton was there then. He did a lot for the school, didn't he?

HD: Oh yeah, 'e was a good bloke. 'E used to do a lot more good than people knew of. We used to play snooker and billiards. 'E was'n' happy unless 'e 'ad three or four lads in there with 'im. 'E used to run the scouts. 'E spent thousands on that scout room out there, literally thousands.

Int: Where was the scout room?

HD: On this end, where they've got the little garage now. All gas lights them day, y'know. 'E 'ad 'is own gas plant. The house was run on gas. It was the ordinary carbide, down in the cellar, 'e 'ad a big place in there, where you could chuck in about couple cwt of carbide. The water used to drop down on it, y'see and the gas used to come out, like the old cycle carbide lamps, if you remember 'em. We used to 'ave them on cycles like tha', put the carbide in the bo'om, water in the top, turn on the tap a little bit and if you drowned it too much, it weren't no good! Cor! We used to 'ave 'em on our bikes too an' p'raps yer light was gone out, carbide was gone, said to policeman, "it was there jus' now, I went over a bump!" 'course the policeman used to put 'is 'and on the top and see, 'course, an' 'e was cold. Said "an' 'e bin out a long time, young man". They wouldn' summonse 'e those days, give 'e a clip over the ear'hole. Wouldn' 'ave summonsed 'e 'cos knew your parents 'ould've suffered.

Int: There was a policeman in the village, wasn't there?

HD: Yeah, tha's what we miss today. You wouldn' get half the trouble in this village if you 'ad a local policeman 'ere. They used to know everybody an' 'e used to know who everybody was. An' 'e'd spot the first stranger that ever come through.

Int: When did the policeman go?

HD: Let's see, who was the las' one 'ere? Elliott, I s'pose, when they built the new house up 'ere. he was the las' one 'ere, I think.

Int: The house before you get to Wellplot, on the left hand side?

HD: Tha's right, yes. 'E's retired now, 'e lives at Poole. Very nice chap 'e was. We 'ad some very good policemen 'ere. If they caught you doin' anything wrong they'd give you a cuff over the ear 'ole, that was that. An' you daren't go an' tell father or you 'ad another 'idin' and that was worse than what the policeman gave you!

Int: What did he catch you doing? Pinching apples?

HD: Oh pinchin' apples, things like that, not that'd 'urt anybody, you know. He used to live up at Raymonds (*Crabb, Bell Farm*) at one time. Sunnyside, that used to be the policeman's house, one time (*house between railway line and river*), then they moved up to Raymond's, then they moved out next door to the new house next to the Newberrys (*in centre of village*), then they finished with that one, they built one up 'ere then (*at Yondover, before Wellplot*). Then they done away with the policeman a'er tha'. After they spent a lot o' money, buildin' a new 'ouse fer 'im.

Int: When did you first have a bicycle?

HD: When I was first working in Everses.

Int: Did you buy your own bicycle, out of your own earnings?

HD: No, father bought'n. He used to repair bikes an' all tha' and watches and clocks, y'know, 'e was general 'andyman. 'E 'ad a shed up the garden. 'E used to do that and solder milk buckets and kettles. Only thing was, 'e di'n' charge enough

for it, like I used to tell'n. 'E used to do this Saturdays and Sundays, y'know. You could always tell when 'e was mendin' a clock or a watch, if everythin' was goin' a'right', 'e'd be always whistlin' a hymn. When it was quiet, you daren't go in, then, keep outside, things weren't going very well; you 'ad to make yourself scarce, then.

Int: Did the family go to church?

HD: Unfortunately yes, we was forced to. That's one thing I'd tell my father, I said, "when I can please myself," I said, "you won't get me inside of a church". 'Cos we used to go Sunday School, march out to church, like a lot of tin soldiers, the 'Hitler Youth Movement', I called it. Then come back, have lunch, then you'd go Sunday School in th'afternoon and in the choir in the night, four times a day y'used to go to church. Twice a week was choir practice.

Int: Who was in the choir? Children?

HD: Yeah, and some grown-ups, you know. We 'ad a proper choir, by the organ, opposite the font, there.

Int: Who was the choir master?

HD: Well, Mrs Hutton used to.

Int: She was the vicar's wife. You used the school for Sunday School. Did Mrs Hutton take that as well?

HD: Oh yeah, yeah. O'course they never 'ad nothin' else to do, y'know. They never 'ad a motor car to run arf somewhere in like, y'know, not in them days. Vicar wanted t'go to town, 'e 'ad to get up on 'is bike!

Int: He didn't have a pony and trap either. Can you remember anyone going round the village in a pony and trap? ^{19 Loaders}

HD: Oh there were several 'ad pony and traps 'ere, y'know. There was one what lives in where ... , next door to the vicar there, where the garage is. Now that used to be a wheelwright's shop, one time. Fellow named Brown 'ad that an' 'e left there and went to West Milton, 'e 'ad a pony and cart an' 'e used to 'ave a wheelwrights (?) then. There was another one where the car park of the pub is, where they got walled in, y'know. There was another house joined onto there, that was a carters and wheelwrights. And where Mr Marsh lives now, number 41, that used to be a carpenters. There was three in the village. The one that was in where Mr Marsh lives now, there was a fire in the pub yard there where that wha'sname is, that was 1928, I think; an' 'e was gettin' 'is furniture downstairs from the fire, an' 'e fell downstairs backwards an' broke 'is neck an' died. There's a picture of 'im in the room up the Hall, down in the bottom room, you see, 'cos 'e more or less built that Hall, he and Harry Sanders, between 'em. There's a picture up there of 'im under 'is name and tha'. As it so 'appened, war'n no need fer 'im to take it out really, but 'course 'e took the furniture out an' the fire di'n' come out, 'cos they played on the roof an' tha' (*with the fire hoses!*). 'Cos the other place was a thatched roof where the horse used to stop an' tha'. 'E 'ad a horse out the pub and straw an' tha' we 'ad in there. They reckon that was two little children in there, playing with matches, done that. Poor chap lost 'is life over it.

Int: Can you remember any other fires? There were a few fires at Yondover, weren't there?

HD: One 'ere and the cottages up the lane. I remember the one up 'ere, the barn (*at Yondover, between the Old Mill & 12 Loaders!*). There was one bloke 'ere, his name was Macey, 'e 'ad to blame fer a lot of it, I think. Whether 'e done it or 'e di'n', I don't know. 'E got put away for it, see, but whether it was 'im or no, they never properly proved it. 'E couldn't prove innocence. 'E could've went to gaol innocently.

Int: People weren't convinced that he'd done it?

HD: No, no, they warn't convinced that 'e'd done it.

Int: When he was in prison, did his wife do the carrier's business?

HD: No, that was 'is mother. That used to be two 'ouses. Yeah, old Alf Bagg the stone mason used to live in the other one. 'E wasn't married till 'e came out of prison. 'Course they're all died out now.

Int: The Macey family. Did they have children?

HD: Two they 'ad, two boys, Edward and Albert. Albert used to work in the fishmongers in Bridport. Worked in there for years and years and years, then 'e passed away an' gradually died out. As I say, there's no village life 'ere now.

Int: Tell me what you think about the village now.

HD: Well, I dunno, 'tisn't a village any longer, not to my way of thinkin'. There's only me an' Mrs Greenin' in our age group, y'know. One thing about it, I ain't got no neighbours to quarrel with!

Int: That's true! You've got a well there in your house, haven't you? You're at number 24. How did it come about that you went to live there?

HD: Well, my wife got evacuated from London and came down 'ere, with 'er sister an' 'er children. That 'ouse used to belong to Tolley then, who 'ad the farm where Mrs Campbell is now (*now The Barn House, previously Waddon Farm!*). Well then when 'e sold it, in 1942, Raymond's father (*Crabb!*) bought it, what lived at Symonsbury an' 'e was comin' up there to live; well, before 'e come up there to live, 'e got gored with a cow, down at Symonsbury. Then 'is mother wanted to come up there to live an' of course, she couldn't turn my wife out. 'Course the old chap that lived out where we lived till then, 'e was found dead there, old man Gillingham, yeah, 'e lived on 'is own, so then she approached Mr Palmer and asked'n about it and 'e said it isn' no interest t'him. 'E bought it after the ol' man died. He wouldn't 'ave bought that. Only I went down an' seen 'im, made an appointment to see 'im, 10 o'clock one Sa'urday mornin'. That was the old man (?), the present Palmer's grandfather. Approached 'im about it, told'n 'is 'ouse was up for sale. "Well", 'e said, "that ain't no interest to me, I don't think, young man". " where does your water come from to supply your pub?" I said. "From the back of the pub." I said, "it don't, y'know. I cleaned that well out when I worked for Mrs Richards, y'know". We 'ad the two pumps goin', the one up there and the one in the blue door that's opposite Mrs Marsh's front door. "Well," 'e said, "I di'n' know that, well I must buy it at all costs." "Well", I said, "I'd like first refusal." That's how we managed to get in there. 45 year ago last September. £850.

Side 2

Int: Nothing's been done to modernise the house. You haven't got a bathroom?

HD: No. Elsan toilet. 'E put 3 phase electricity in when number 23 was done (*in 1990*). Got an electric cooker now, y'know. Got no hot water system, o'course. Heat it on electric stove.

Int: How do you keep yourself warm?

HD: Oh I've got electric fires. They ain't too bad, I've got one o' them closed in ones. You know, keep the sittin' room door shut, like a little oven in there, yeah, 'cos I've blocked off the fire grate that was, y'know. I can soon open it an' 'ave a fire there if I want to, but er ... Mr Palmer and 'is architect come out there and looked at it, some time ago. "Well," 'e said, "we can't do nothin' about it while it's occupied, that's the trouble an' you don't want to get out, do you?" I said, "no, I be 'appy enough 'ere. I can keep meself clean, water's cheap enough.

Int: How many rooms have you got?

HD: Well, there's a lot of room and there's no room, as they say. The bloomin' great chimney breast takes up nearly as much space as this room.

Int: Have you had new windows put in and the roof done?

HD: Oh yeah, they 'ad to put them in, back, some time ago. The roof's a'right. He 'ad to do the roof when 'e bought it first. It's water tight, y'know.

Int: How many rooms have you got, a couple of bedrooms and a sitting room downstairs?

HD: Tha's right and another little box room under the stairs.

Int: You've got quite a big garden, do you do that yourself?

HD: Not now, I don't, just keep it tidy like, y'know. It's a waste of time, why would I grow all tha' and chuck it away? I used to like my gardening, but 'tis a wild bird sanctuary now, nearly. I've got a colony of goldfinches up there all the time, yeah, about 16 of 'em, up there, yeah. Up there in the bushes. The well's in the garden. That's about six foot underground, the cover, 'cos when they built that bungalow part on, Richards done that years ago. 'Course they di'n' haul the dirt away, like they would today, they chucked it back up on the garden, that's why my garden's got so high just there. 'Course mine don't run right back up the lane like next door (*number 23*). Good job 'e don't run right up the back, good lord. I'd soon alter it 'cos I'd put some pig wire round it an' keep some pigs there, let they keep it clean!

Int: I thought the well was under cover in the building next door.

HD: No, that's just the pump. That's a pump in there. That's where I used t'ave t'go over t'get me water, before they 'ad it put indoors.

Int: That used to provide water for several of the cottages, didn't it?

HD: No, just that cottage and the pub.

Int: What was the village like when you were young?

HD: Oh, always somethin' goin' on y'know, always bustle, plen'y of children playin', then o'course you never 'ad no playground, only in the school in them days. We used to get up round the lanes an' tha'; we used to enjoy ourselves in the fields an' a' tha'. Smashin', 'specially in the summer time. Clean air an' everything in them days. Didn' get these filthy aromas comin' from these farms like you get now. 'Specially this one across 'ere at Boarsbarrow, when they empty the slurry tank, heavens above, bloody near kill yer. Cor, lord above! They poison the land with it, don' they, bound to, 'cos it doesn' smell like farmyard manure, 'tis all chemicals, terrible. Now there, certain amount of tha' runs to the river. It's not like pig manure used to smell. Out there in that yard, we used t'ave like a big rick of manure, used to be three weeks used to take us t'aul that out wi' horses and cart to top o' hill. Used to get it on top an' cut'n out, used to smell beautiful! No 'jectionable smell with i'. Yeah, cow manure, used to put it up on a big rick, all stacked up beautiful, y'know. Used to stand up on there on a winter morning, frosty mornin', feet used to be lovely and warm, yeah, beautiful! Wa'n' objectionable, not in them days. Used to haul it up on top o' tha' hill, horses and carts. Use to 'ave two horses to pull it out to the bottom of the lane (*New Street Lane*), that bottom gate there an' 'e used to 'itch two on the front an' three used to pull it up round the steep hill. Poor 'orses used to work 'ard them days, y'know.

Int: All the cottages were lived in by farm workers in those days.

HD: The majority of 'em, yeah, because there was several small'oldin's through 'ere as well, y'see. You 'ad one down 'Ole 'Ouse (*by Bradpole Bridge*), where ~~John~~ ^{John} lives, the builder, that was a small'oldin' and Boarsbarrow was a smaller farm. Used to come out where ... , that new 'ouse I was tellin' you about, Arthur's grandfather (*Crabb*) used to farm tha'. An' then, opposite side the road, where Derek lives (*Derek Harris, The Orchards*), that used to be a small'oldin', man used t'ave half a dozen cows there an' 'e used to own the allotment, do market gardenin'. Used to come up twice a week an' do 'is vegetables an' tha'. (*the allotment was through High Acres, near the cemetery, where new trees have recently been planted, in 1990*). 'E used to keep pigs an' chicken and a' that. You come on out there to Waddon Farm, that Tulley 'ad. 'E used to 'ave all that that Raymond got now (*Raymond Crabb, Bell Farm*), Waddon Hill an' a' tha', y'see. Bishop used t'ave all what Crutchley got now, y'see, used to go right up 'n' meet Crutchleys, nearly up to Powerstock Station, almost. Across the bottom of Welcome Hill, them big 'ills up there, Bishop 'ad. 'E used t'ave nearly 300 acres. Used to do a lot of walkin', y'know, 'cos you 'ad to walk from one end to the other. Didn' ride them days! 'E used to go to church every Sunday, 'e an' 'is wife.

Int: This was Edgar Bishop's father, Harold Bishop.

HD: Yeah, an' you 'ad to be out of the cow stall an' gone on 'ome, before 'e went to church, otherwise Monday mornin' when 'e come to give 'is orders, 'e'd call you across, "what was you doin' in the yard, when I went to church, Sunday morning?" You 'ad to 'ave a good excuse too, otherwise 'e 'E was fair, every farthin' you earned, you 'ad, there weren't such a thing as overtime in them days, y'know. 'E used to gi'me a pound fer 'ay makin' and a pound fer 'arvest. That used to work out ..., well di'n' work out more than a farthin' an hour! We used t'be happy though. There was hedgin' done, 'e used t'ave so much hedgin' done every year. There used to be about 16 of us on this farm one time, then 'e used to 'ave outside labour in, what 'e used to call strappers, fer mangle 'oein' and swede 'oein' an' a' tha', see. Used

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to be hoed three times, see, it was flat hoed, as we called it, then it was singled then it was run back. You di'n' see the weeds in the land, in them days, like you do now. All done by hand, yeah. Certain gangs used ter do it, used to take it piece work, y'know, so much an acre.

3 Int: What about cider, tell me about that.

HD: We used ter make our own, 'ere. On that wall there (*West wall of Yondover farmyard*) was a lean-to galvanised shed, that's where the cider press used to be to. That was an orchard, down where the sheep is now (*field between Yondover farmyard & river*), then there was another one up back of the barn up 'ere (*barn next to 12 Lodgers*), then there was one out opposite the Old Mill, orchard there, in that green field where the brook runs, that was all apple trees there. Yeah, used to go out 'n' pick 'em up, put 'em in a wagon and 'aul 'em back and 'ad a grinder there.

Int: That was how you got your liking for cider.

HD: Yeah, that was your 'bonce'. Didn't get paid fer makin' it y'know, no, you didn't get paid fer pickin' up the apples, you did it in your own spare time, done that fer yer own benefit an' they used to say, "maister's a very good bloke, give 'e some cider" - di'n' give 'e nothin', 'cos you done it your own self. 'E would've 'ad it made if yer didn't make it yerself. The only thing 'e supplied was the good clean wheat straw an' the apples. Then as the trees went down, see, they was never replaced, shame really.

Int: What do you think of the cider these days?

HD: Well, 'tis chemicalised, ain't it? "Cos you could 'ave a pint of cider out the pub, it's a'right, tasty enough, but you could leave that fer a week, it'd still stop the same colour. If you 'ad a glass of farm cider and leave it 24 hours, 'tis black! 'Course they freeze it a' now, y'see and make it as frozen, solid, that's why i keeps its colour. Farm cider, 'course you never 'ad a glass to drink out of, you 'ad a horn, them days. They used to make it out of a cow's 'orn, saw 'em on an' put a bottom in it, you couldn't see through 'em, see, what you was drinkin', you didn't worry, tasted a'right! Never hurted us!

Int: Have you got one at home?

HD: No, used to 'ave one, don't know what happened to 'e. Oh I do, yes I do, I drop'n, as I went t'pick it up, put me great plate of meat on'n, crack'n, finish'n. Every farm used t'ave there, when old Johnny Walbridge 'ad Boarsbarrow Farm, we boys used to walk over there Sunday mornin', all go over, see. Used to come out by half a dozens, walk over. "Ah, do wi' a drop o' cider, I s'pose?" "Yes please, sir." An' whatever you asked for, you 'ad. There was one bloke with me an', "I'll 'ave a bucket full," 'e said, an' 'e draw 'm a two gallon bucket full. "Now," 'e said, "you can stop in the cellar an' you can empty it before you come out," 'e said, "an' you don't throw it on the floor 'cos I shall know." 'Cos the floor of 'is cellar was just like ... you could eat your food off it, y'know, proper clean. Like the barrels, 'e used to knock the ends out an' get inside with a chain on a stick and clean the barrels out, ooh, proper good. I used to say, "I'll 'ave half a pint, sir," y'ad 'alf a pint, you didn't 'ave no more, you 'ad what you asked for. Different cups 'angin' up there, different sizes, y'know. This bloke thought 'e was clever, 'e was bad fer a week, I think. 'E only said it for a joke like, but I said to 'im, "you've said the wrong thing, you'll 'ave a bucket full too! Think yoursel' lucky 'e'm took the smallest bucket! 'E was a good old farmer."

Int: Was that owned by the manor?

HD: Not then, no, that used ter belong ter Walbridge hi'self. He bought it off Walbridge, same as 'e bought Bishop's 'ere (*Yondover Farm*). 'E 'ad that cheap, y'know, really, nearly 300 acres, see, for just over £14000, when the war was on. I think Bishops got in a little bit of low water, like a lot of them did them days, y'know.

Int: They had another farm over the other side of the main road, didn't they, the Bishops?

HD: No, 'is brother 'ad one at Burton Bradstock. 'E got killed with a tractor, y'see, his brother. His father also had Melplash Court. 'E used to come from Melplash Court and come all up through Prestwood Copse and drummin' up through there where 'e got thrown off 'is horse and got killed. That was durin' the First World War, I think.

Int: So Harold Bishop took over Yondover Farm at quite a young age.

So you don't really like the village as it is now?

HD: Well, you know, you got to learn to live wi' it. You don't know anybody, you know. I can walk through the village, y'see and not see a soul. I do wander round. Only yesterday I thought to myself, let's walk across Marsh's Mead, 'cos tha's a footpath out across there, although old Mr Dent (*owned Brook House until recently*) di'n' like people goin' across there much, I don't think. Only thing is, you can't go where the footpath should be, through the bo'om, you 'ave to go up on the hump.

Int: It's a bit marshy down the bottom.

HD: Could be altered, there's a drain there, goes straight on under the railway to the river. Only wants roddin', I've rodded 'n dozens of times. Never used to be like that when we 'ad it. Used to make a rick of hay just at back of Dents place there. Every year off that field. Just been neglected. It's gradually gettin' worse now, all those rushes are growin' there, see, never 'ad none o' them there, them days. Used to cut it all with 'orses and a mowin' machine.

Int: It's wasted land at the moment.

HD: Oh yeah. "Course Dent wanted to build some 'ouses there, but they wouldn't grant it. Never understand them buying that bloody great barn, just the two of them!

Int: Do you remember much about Uploders?

HD: Yes, Patterson used to have that house (*Uploders House*), 'e was a Chelsea judge. Henry Tucker used to work fer 'im fer years, that's Maurice Tucker's father. Them gardens used to be beautiful, they used to be opened every Sunday up there, oh, smashin' place. 'E'd walk round wi' you and 'e'd tell you the name of every plant there was, the old man used to; he was a marvellous old man.

4 How Doug got his nickname. Intro.

HD: When we used to come out of school, 12 o'clock, there was always a train goin' up an' we used to run like ol' Nick down to the allotment, the older ones could get out on the railway fence, smaller ones couldn' get so far as that, they used to clamber up the gate, see. Tha's where I got my nick name. There was a carter comin' up the lane, Bishops carter, "ah," 'e said, "you dougl'arsed (*? duck arsed*) little bugger," 'e said, 'e can' keep up wi' 'em, can 'e?" an' I got called Douglas ever since. 'Arold, my real name is, tha's 'ow I got my nickname. I was about 4 year old then, 'cos we went to school when we was 3, y'see. I've been known as Doug ever since.

Int: What's your full name?

HD: Harold Sidney. That's 'ow I got my nickname! A lot of people didn' know that. Eddie Greening was the only one who always called me Harold, Mrs Greening's husband.