

The  
Loders  
Book  
A Village  
in a  
Dorset Valley  
by  
S.H. Brown  
and  
Loders Friends  
and Historians.

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THE BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE VILLAGE OF  
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Chapter 1. INTRODUCTION with a Walk or Drive through LODERS, 1977  
Jubilee Year by S.H.BROWN.

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Lovely Loders, set in its verdant valley, with the encircling hills and woods around, and river and streams in the valley, by which the village road runs and many houses stand.

It is indeed a "place of enchantment" as Arthur Mee describes it in his book on Dorset.

There are in fact two villages, Lower Loders and Uploders, and we start with Lower Loders a Conservation area. From Bridport through Bradpole we commence at Bradpole Bridge over the Mangerton River, the boundary on the West, with Hole House Farm to the North and Boarsbarrow Farm to the South, along Cox's Lane to Mill Lane through Loders Court Woods.

The Mangerton River and banks are a haven for wildlife, and abound with snowdrops and daffodils in Spring. There are many rights of way by the river.

To the South of Mill Lane is Loders Mill, once a thriving Corn Mill, now a private residence, with the lovely mill stream through Loders Court Park and over a waterfall to the original River Asker on the South. There was once an overshot Mill wheel, very picturesque. It is all very ancient and listed buildings, probably connected with the Priory which was on the site of Loders Court.

At the top of the Hill, Mill Lane, the turning to the left is Yellow Lane, a Celtic, Saxon, or ancient British tunnel lane to Cloverleaf Farm, newly built in fields once belonging to Waddon Farm in the Village. The lane continues to West Milton, Bell and Welcome Hills with lovely mixed woods, Fir, Beech, Oak, Chestnuts and Walnuts.

The Lanes in Spring are like a wild garden with primroses, violets, bluebells, wild parsley and red campion. and later roses, honeysuckle and foxgloves, and many more varieties, all to be left, we hope, for all to enjoy.

It is to be hoped that we will all keep the Countryside Code - TAKE NOTHING but photographs, KILL NOTHING but time, and LEAVE NOTHING but footprints.

Continuing from Mill Lane through Loders Village, to the South is Loders Court, a mansion rebuilt in Georgian times on the old Priory foundations and cellars which still exist. It was reduced to half its' size in 1969. It is set in lovely walled gardens, with wide lawns and open views to the West over the Park, Mill and River towards Boarsbarrow and Bridport. There is an ancient Rookery Wood on the North.

Next is the very ancient Church of St. Mary Magdalene, and it is an epitome of all types of architecture from Saxon times we are told. It is set in its' stone walled Churchyard, approached through lovely flower borders, and embowered in trees. A special chapter on the Church and Priory by Sir E. Le Breton occurs by permission later, also Notes by Rev. O. Willmott and the Parish Council.

Next on the South is the old Vicarage set in lovely grounds, and of quite attractive Victorian Gothic style, incorporating an older Tudor dwelling. Alongside is a footpath leading to a bridge over the Millstream, and another over the River Asker and fields to the prominent and wooded Boarsbarrow Hill, an ancient earthwork or barrow with which the district abounds. Fine views of the country and village are obtained from here.

Since writing a new Vicarage has been built in 1981 to the west of the old Vicarage, in the old Kitchen garden, a more compact dwelling with smaller grounds. The old Vicarage has been re-named Loders Hall.



Lower Loders Street which follows, has new thatched dwellings in sympathy with the older, some quite ancient dwellings, of which thirty or more are "listed" buildings of Historic or Architectural value as details given later. They are built of local stone from the Hill quarries, of which there are six or more in the Parish still with their lime kilns.

The Post Office, General Stores and Butchers' Shop is next the Farmers' Arms all very ancient, the latter formerly an Inn. Also ancient is Pound Cottage opposite, with a Courtyard Garden, formerly the Village Pound.

Then there is a terrace of three thatched houses, formerly six Almshouses, opposite No. 41, a lovely old thatched house embowered in flowers, formerly with a School room once used for evening classes. Next door and directly opposite the former six Almshouses is the Public House, The Loders Arms, with a car park formerly the site of a thatched house and Village forge.

Next is Waddon Farmhouse (now The Barns) and more terraced Dorset thatched houses to the School which is opposite Smishops Lane. The lane recently widened has a new access to the former Allotments site where there is a new housing development of 25 houses known as High Acres. A new School north of High Acres was proposed in 1980.

The old School, now extended and modernised, was provided as a Church School, having been built by the Nepean family in 1869. They once owned the whole of the Village of Loders, and there are monuments to the family in the Church.

Smishops Lane is another ancient tunnel lane, well known for wild violets, periwinkles, stitchwort, red campions, primroses, wild cherries and blackthorn or sloes. The lane leads to the Cemetery provided in 1934 by the Parish Council and Burial Board, and consecrated in 1939. From this point are lanes to Bell and Welcome Hills, West Milton, Nettlecombe and Powerstock.

An unfortunate loss in 1975 was the Village Pump, opposite the School, Lower Loders, which was set inside a stone shelter which the Parish Council endeavoured to preserve and convert into a Bus Shelter. Due to High Acres development however road widening had to take place, and the pump and shelter was removed. After many problems a stone Jubilee seat was allowed against the North wall of the School in 1977, given by the Village as a Jubilee Celebrations memorial.

The Hills rising to the North and South of the village are terraced with Celtic or Saxon lynchets, and tunnelled with deep leafy lanes, where some flowers can be found all the year round.

Continuing past Bell Cottages and Raikes we come to New Street Lane, straight and level, said to be part of the Roman Road from Eggardon which was a Roman fort in a Paleolithic settlement, with a road direct to the Marshwood Vale and Exeter. Eggardon dominates the villages of Askerswell, Loders and Powerstock being 827 ft. above sea level, and the end of the chalk South Downs.

New Street Lane has also been said to be the old Village Road before the Plague in the thirteen hundreds. Along it is an attractive old Hemp Bolling Mill, now a house with the Mill wheel still working. It is set in a lovely garden with rivers and waterfalls, and a House No. 10, New Street Lane, which seems to support the tale that the village was once here, *see next*.

From New Street Lane are many rights of way to adjacent Hills, and along the river banks of the Asker, which abounds in water loving plants and flowers and wild life of all kinds.

To return to the Village road by Raikes, which is an old thatched stone house opposite No. 13, said to be formerly a Chapel of Ease, the village road turns South and under the Railway Bridge, the Bridport-Maiden Newton line having lasted 120 years and closed May 1975. Many efforts to provide a Halt at Yondover, Loders, failed, passengers having to go into Bridport and return two miles back to Loders.

Next we go over Yondover Bridge, over the River Asker. The bridge is a listed ancient monument, too narrow for modern monster lorries, which negotiate it and the narrow twisting village road with difficulty and cause many hazards.

The Bridge is a favourite spot for schoolchildren to stop and look into the river area East and West. Always some fish to see if one looks quietly over the stone parapet of the bridge, also many wild birds of great variety of types frequenting rivers, and from the hedges, trees and downland above.

There are also fleets of ducks from the nearby farms, an occasional heron and further towards Bridport, swans. The Asker Valley is the haunt of the Barn Owl protected by many local Conservationists. Near the Bridge is Sunnyside a house built in a triangular plot, with the Railway on the North, River Asker on the South and the Village road on the East. *Unusual Boundaries.*

Yondover Hamlet now follows, and at one time an open brook ran through it to the river, now piped underground. However there are still the ancient stone water shoots at two places, being old village <sup>water</sup> collecting points. They are of carved stone, each with bowl and spout.

Many fine old thatched Farmhouses, and others recently tiled are in Yondover, also Cottages, and more tunnel lanes to the South, Bar Lane and Knowle Lane. It is terminated with a modern Council Housing Estate, catering for all persons, with old peoples' flats and bungalows, houses of all sizes, and at the end of its' road a Village Playing Field behind the Village Hall.

The Houses were erected from 1950, and the Estate named "Wellplot" after the original name of the field. Roman coins were found here during building work.

The Village Hall, formerly Ex-Service Mens' Club is a modern structure. It was erected by the ex-Service Men after the first World War. The Schoolmaster's son, Mr. F. Fooks, Builder, was in charge, and it was built with voluntary labour in 1926, mainly to provide a Skittle Alley, Games and Club Rooms.

It was also used for Dances and Concerts, Socials and Whist Drives, and was given to the Village in 1959, when the Ex-Service Mens' Club was closed through lack of support.

Sir E. Le Breton of Lodgers Court gave the land on which it stands. Efforts are being made to extend and improve it and the Playing Field adjoining. The latter was purchased by the Parish Council in 1973. Gifts of stone seats were made in Jubilee year 1977, one by the Bridport Lions Club and one from Village Jubilee Funds. A See-saw from the Bridport Round Table was also given for Jubilee 1977.

Trees were given by local Residents, the Brownies and Jubilee Funds, and were planted and looked after by the School Children and Brownies, *Mr R. Price, Schoolmaster in charge.*

Another gift of **SHELTER** with Notice Board to form a Portico for the Village Hall was given by Dr. Henderson of Waddon Farm in memory of his Mother and Family. The Hall Committee have built a local stone wall and formed a concrete layby and entry to the Hall with ramps instead of the former steps to assist the elderly, also installed modern conveniences and drainage to main Sewer, electric lighting and heating. They hope to encase the Hall in reconstructed stone to match the Shelter, and form a new roof over the Hall and Extensions each side, which will cater for all groups in the Village, Childrens' Play Groups, Games and Youth Groups Dances, Plays and Concerts, Bingo and Whist Drives, etc. This will be as in the old days when Lodgers School and the Uploders Parish Room were used for Village functions, which were of all kinds as at present.

Between Yondover and Uploders is about a quarter of a mile of open country with the road cut into the hillside on the South, and sloping fields to the river Asker on the North, backed by New Street Lane and Hillway and Waddon Hills and woods. Waddon Hill has many lynchets.

We now reach UPLODERS at Shatcombe, with a variety of buildings, most of stone many rebuilt after fires, some tiled or slated, but still many old thatched, and listed buildings, along the village street one side, to Knowle Farm.

Here is the Methodist Chapel, dated 1827, described later with details from Mr. G. Hyde and Mr. J. Morris. The Village Street continues, built on both sides to the Crown Inn, with South turning to the main Dorchester Road, called New Road having been made in the nineteenth century from a lane.

Here are new Housing estates in Purbeck stone built since 1930, and quite recent ones at Home Farm Close and Purbeck Close. A variety of new bungalows are built along New Road on the East side with <sup>older</sup> ~~houses~~ The Croft and New Road Farm.



A Jubilee 1977 Stone Seat by Purbeck Close pavement next New Road was given by the Village of Loders. There are many lynchets on the hills rising each side of New Road, and a little brook called the Jordan in the valley, which drains the main road, the hills and houses' surface water, and causes much trouble in times of flood where it crosses the village road through a culvert to drain to the river Asker. Nearby was once a Forge and House and Shop called Riverdale and a new house is being built using the old stone, but on a higher level.

The junction at Loders Cross with the Trunk Road has always been dangerous, and an accident spot. In 1981 a bridge to carry Trunk Road traffic over the cross roads, which is access to four farms, was built.

From the Crown Inn the village street of Uploders continues past Croads Farm and Maie Cottages, opposite which is a lane to New Street Lane, Waird Hill, and the Powerstock and Upton Hills. Waird Hill had a dewpond on top of the Hill at one time.

Attractive groups of Houses on the North side have gardens running down to the river Asker, Cherry Cottages, Hillview Cottages and new Bungalows. On the South side of the road is the Old Forge, at one time a hive of industry, as there was also a village shop. It is now two dwellings adjoining a terrace of old thatched cottages, terminating with Coombe Cottage, all listed buildings.

On a double right angled corner of the road is the entrance through a Barn to Bridgeacre, Uploders House and Uploders Place. The Barn was said to have been built during the Napoleonic wars, when the Barracks in Barrack Street, Bridport were built, but perhaps it was only extended then, as the North section seems much older, with old pigeon loft and store.

*(included later)*

Mr. N. Wykes, of Uploders House has written a history of the House and finds the earliest part is 17th. century, extensions made in Georgian times, with the lawns to the woods, river and waterfall to the East, and in 1960 the stables and coach house were converted into a Dwelling, now Bridgeacre., with garden, orchard, river and field.

Uploders House retained the original Dwelling and walled garden.

The Georgian extension with lawns, river and waterfall is now Uploders Place. The whole area has some lovely shrubs, flowers, trees and nearby woods, and abounds with wildlife of all kinds, treated as a conservation area.

The Uploders village road continues through woods to Locks Lane, Lockshill and lane to Vinney Cross, an attractive bridle road, *with lovely views*

From this entry to Locks Lane the village road is cut into the hillside again on the South, with in places a twenty foot drop to the river Asker on the North side, opposite Upton Manor Farm, dated 1655, with many buildings, Dairyhouse and Cottages in its valley, mostly thatched.

The area was of particular interest to <sup>Sir</sup> N. Pevsner and is mentioned in his book on Dorset, *with full details of the Church and some Houses.*

We continue past Callington now Perwen Farm to the South, and old Matravers House to the North, with flat stone bridges over a stream. A turning to the left leads to Matravers Farm, Bungalows and Cottage and a bridge over the Asker with an ancient stone sheepwash on a right of way to Upton, the Leazes and to Powerstock and Nettlecombe. The bridle road passes a stone tiled building called Brick Kiln, we wonder if bricks were ever made here.

The village road however, turns right, then left to Folly Cottage, the commencement of Askerswell. There are many lovely woods with walks in this area which is favoured by blue and white bells, orchids, primroses, cowslips and anemones. The higher downland has gorse, harebells, milkwort, Bee Orchids and Ladys Tresses Orchids, all we hope to be preserved for posterity.

A branch road at the T junction leads to Moens Farm, Vinney Cross Hamlet and the Dorchester road, the Trunk Road or Turnpike T.R.37 or A.35, which is in Loders Parish from the East at Cuckolds Corner, past the Travellers Rest Inn, Uploders Farm, Shipton Lane at Loders Cross, then Stoney Head, Innsacre Farm and Walditch Lane to Bridport.

Coming back from Bridport along the Trunk road, to the North is an attractive bridle road, Green Lane, with wild cherries and many other flowering plants and trees, leading to Boarsbarrow, Loders and Coneygar Hills and the Village

Extensive road widening schemes have taken place along the main road from Bridport to Dorchester, particularly at Stoney Head with diversion 1970 and at Lodors Cross with new bridge and diversion past Vinney Cross and Uploders Farm, 1981. Extensive fossil beds were found as in the nearby quarries. The County Council have done a conservation scheme of planting of trees, shrubs and wild flowers.

On the North side of the Village of Lodors, lanes lead to West Milton, and Mangerton, Powerstock and Nettlecombe, and on the East to Askerswell, Eggardon Hill Fort and its ancient stone age and bronze age villages and burial mounds.

The Parish boundary is along the Hills North, South and East, next Powerstock, Shipton Gorge and Askerswell. The West boundary is the Mangerton River.

One area on the Milton Lane known as Lousy Knap is shown on the map as Sportsmans Hall, now called Woodstock. Apparently it was originally a Meeting Hall for the Sportsmen at the Rook Shoots and later Partridge and Pheasant shoots. It is now converted into a Dwelling.

The Mangerton River is the Parish Boundary on the West till it meets the Asker at Forsters, Bradpole. During floods there is a give and take of soil from one side to the other. It is a fascinating river walk with woods and banks full of flowers and wild life hopefully to be preserved.

The river Asker runs through the whole Lodors Valley to the South of Lower Lodors Village and North of Uploders.

Many springs from the hills run into the Asker from the Leazes, Hillway and Peascombe on the North, and the Jordan and Newhouse, Yondover, on the South. There are Mill Races formed at the Old Mill, New Street Lane and Lodors Mill.

A lovely description of the Asker and its wild life by Mr. N. Wykes, of Uploders House, follows by kind permission. (*Author's Copyright Reserved.*)

The river banks are well known for snowdrops, primroses, daffodils, Marsh Marigolds in Spring, and later Monkshood, Meadowsweet, Iris, Ragged Robin, Monkey Musk and Willowherb both Great and Small, also Rosebay, Purple Loosestrife, Hemp Agrimony and Forget-me-nots.

It is also the haunt of numerous butterflies so well described in Mr. Wykes' poem, and Birds of all kinds.

The latter attracted to the water from the downlands and woods and hedges as well as those whose habitat is the river area.

Kingfishers were plentiful and a lovely sight, perched on tree branches or bridge handrails ready to dive for fish. Dippers nested in the old walls by the river dams, formed by steps to make an overspill for the Mills, also near the Bridges and Sheepwash. Fascinating to watch walking under the water looking for food.

Swallows, Martins and Swifts zooming over the water catching flies, and settling down to collect mud for their nests.

As the Village houses and street follows the River, garden birds of all kinds nest in and frequent the banks, as well as water loving birds, Wagtails, Ducks, Swans, ~~and~~ Herons, and Moorhens.

Owls also frequent the river area after voles and other rodents as well as near the farms, and the Downland birds find it and its tributaries a convenient source of water supply.

Pheasants, partridges and Lapwings frequented the area, also the numerous Corvidae family from Rookeries, woodland and farm dwellings, being Rooks, Crows, Jackdaws, Starlings, Magpies and Jays.





EGGARDON FROM UPLANDERS. 1929.  
SOURCE OF THE RIVER ASNER



# THE ASKER

## a DORSET poem

BY

NIGEL WYKES

(Author's Copyright reserved)  
1974.

Hawkbit

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

at upLoders house

mcmLxxiv 1974

Antennaria  
Santaria

This book is made for those whom  
the glory of the countryside charms.

FIT LIBER hic illis quos captat gloria ruris.

CETERA GENS ABSIT NEVE INIMICA LEGAT.

Let others keep away and no hostile person read it



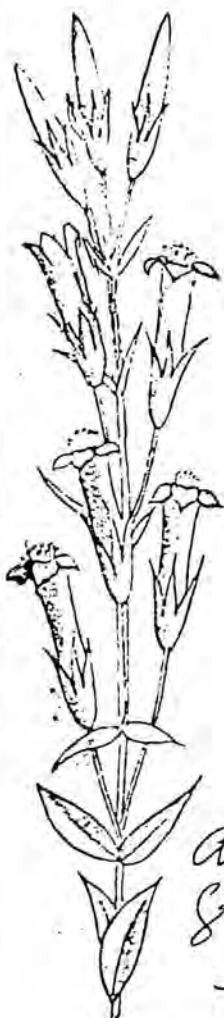
Wild Thyme



Violet



Wild Thyme



Forty score feet above the broad sweep of Lyme Bay,  
blue and silver in summer's sun, in winter's rage dark and savage  
lies the long ridge of Eggardon - Lion of West Dorset,  
ever crouched for the spring, guarding Powerstock vale  
against all who may invade her ancient peace.  
Here in the misty past lived men who flint on flint  
worked the stones that brought them livelihood -  
axes and arrowheads, wrought to hunt and kill  
the boar and deer that roamed the Dorset forests.

Paleolithic & Neolithic

10 Then came the men of dark Iberian race  
traders by instinct but settled fast and firm  
where hope of gain led them to build their round huts  
of wattle and daub on Eggardon, their refuge  
against marauding tribes, and so they lived  
shaping the steep slopes to lynchet terraces,  
to grow their stubborn and sparse-yielding crops,  
for centuries perhaps, until the Romans came,  
stormed the hill-top, but scorned to make their home  
in land so remote, harsh and unprofitable.

Bronze age.

20 So they went westwards, marching, fighting, and dying,  
and were buried in some cold foreign barrow,  
fated never to return to the vines and olives of Tuscany  
which gave them birth.....A thousand years go by  
and Tudor men stood on Eggardon to watch  
the Spanish galleons driven to the west,  
and heard the distant thunder of Drake's guns  
blasting the enemy round Portland Bill,  
to find at last a grave in Tobermory Bay.  
Or later, when the arrogant might of France  
30 lay ready-poised awaiting Napoleon's order,

Romans. Vikings  
Saxons. Danes.

nightly the sturdy yeoman stock of Dorset  
trudged up the hill to serve the signal beacon,  
and watched the sun go down behind Pilsdon Pen  
and the new dawn gild the crest of Bulbarrow.  
Later still, when barbaric Teuton hordes  
threatened our land, the Lion pricked up his ears  
but yet lay undisturbed.....And still he sleeps,  
until the hand of Time or folly of Man  
destroy the world and chaos comes again  
40 Now is uneasy peace, and men of today  
come but to marvel at the range of view -  
Golden Cap, Marshwood Vale, and Lewesdon Hill,  
and the rich chequered board of hill and vale,  
bounded by Dartmoor's grey and hazy ridge.  
But those who curious try the untrodden ways  
will turn their questing seawards and may find  
a hidden amphitheatre steep and tiered  
remote and unfrequented, its perfect curving sweep  
cradling the life-source of the infant Asker.

Spanish , Middle  
Ages.

World War. 1.  
and 2.

50 Here to the eye intent and sensitive  
Unfolds the passing pageant of the Year  
When the sweet scent of Winter Heliotrope  
and the golden showers of Hazel catkins  
are but a memory, the warm caress of spring  
brings life to the banks and hedgerows -  
sky-blue of Speedwell, bright pink of Campion,  
Violet, Primrose, and green-spathed Cuckoo-pint.  
The Brimstone, roused from long winter sleep,  
dances for joy along the waking lanes  
and Speckled Woods flit through sunshine and shadow,

2 Butterflies.

While over the Nettlebeds Tortoiseshell and Peacock  
Skim and swoop and settle in courtship play.

By June lambs have sobered and grown fat,  
cropping the rich grass and yellow drifts  
of vetches - food too of butterflies,  
Corydon, Adonis, symbols of pastoral beauty,  
and Icarus ever covetous of the sun.

3 Butterflies.

(Loders and Eggardon.)

70 Mimetic marvel; or woolly-headed thistle  
Scarce and elusive with needle spines.  
Armed cap-a-pie against all predators.

With July come the Fritillaries,  
orange and green and silver, careering madly  
over the slopes, briefly to rest on Dwarf Thistle;  
and Marbled Whites neat and trim in chequered tunic,  
floating down the breeze, careless of where they go  
to drop their eggs at random. Meadow Browns too  
in countless thousands, brood upon brood each year;  
yet but a few of each succeeding host  
live to ensure the vigour of the race.

3 Butterflies.

80 So on to August, when the downs are sweet  
with Basil, Thyme and Marjoram, and bright  
with Hawkbit, Bellflower, Scabious, Gentian,  
and dainty Lady's Tresses, last of all orchids  
to grace our hills. Over this daedal carpet  
hover and dart the turquoise-silver swarms  
of Chalkhill Blues, flashing their iridescence  
in evening sun, soon to relax in sleep  
on every grasshead, hiding their daytime sheen  
with grey black-speckled, as they close their wings  
and grudge their fleeting beauty to the moon.  
September sounds the knell of fading things,  
but seeding flowers and browning plumes of grass  
enhance the brilliant blue of the last Adonis,  
searching for some lingering drop of nectar;  
or maybe the saffron gleam of Clouded Yellow,  
fated to die at the first touch of frost.

3 Butterflies.

100 So, as the grey ghost of winter steals on the hills,  
life freezes stark inert, till April fire  
relights the spark and kindles the new flame.

Leaving the higher planes of chalkland combe,  
we take the valley beside the Asker,  
which bursts its prison above Nallers Farm  
below the ancient lynchets of Haydon Down;  
at first a mere trickle through beds of watercress  
but soon running clear and fast through Alder Moor,  
in Spring first glowing gold with Sallow catkins  
then limpid emerald with virgin Willow,  
and carpeted with Kingcup, while all around  
Blackbird and Robin sing for their mating  
and laughing Yaffle mocks the Cuckoos call  
Half a mile down Stancombe brook swells the stream,  
and together rejoicing they hurry to Askerswell,  
flowing beside trim village gardens in happy chatter;  
thence across green fields past Folly Cottage,  
Matravers, and Upton Manor, with here and there a Millers' Thumb,  
lurking beneath a stone, or, where the stream has scoured  
a deep and shady place, a lucky trout  
rising freely with no covetous fisherman

(Green Woodpecker)

(Bullhead Fish.)



to lure it to destruction. So to Uploders,  
 where the river flows through deep and twisting runnels  
 under the noble trees planted by thoughtful men  
 who saw the future in their present care -  
 Beech, Ash and Alder, Holly, Bay and Willow,  
 the Tulip tree, alight with summer flowers  
 green, orange-splashed among the strange shaped leaves,  
 and the Cedar spreading its dark canopy  
 over the dense Panda-forest of Bamboo,  
 and ancient Yews, new-found home of nesting rooks  
 who make their noisy and harsh-charming chorus,  
 swaying and tottering in the gales of March.  
 Close by I know an old stone house,  
 with garden tended for some four hundred years  
 by men who loved the earth and reaped its varied yield  
 with reverence, grudging no time or labour  
 to aid its growth and swell their hard-earned store.  
 Still now it prospers, but with added purpose  
 in keeping open house to Nature's guests.

So beside the door the birds find food.  
 Robins eat from the hand, Tits take their daily toll  
 of nuts, despite the raids of hungry squirrels  
 and ever breeding sparrows; while on the lawns  
 run the Grey Wagtails, and on the swinging wires  
 perch Flycatchers, in aerobatic skill  
 looping and diving for their insect prey.  
 Sometimes one hears the Goldcrests' high - pitched note,  
 or glimpses a tiny shape with yellow crown  
 searching the branches of the night-black Yew.

No less the thieves and villains take their share  
 or more if they can get it on the sly,  
 Magpies steel-blue white-fronted, impudent,  
 Crows, black alike in plumage and in heart  
 and Herons standing frozen in the shallows  
 with fish-spear poised to make its lightning thrust  
 The first warm days of Spring bring out butterflies  
 to cheer the gardener - Tortoiseshells and Peacocks  
 to seek the nettles where their brood will grow  
 to summer flight, and generate the host

which throng Ice-plant and Asters in October's sun,  
 with Admirals gorgeous in black velvet, red and white,  
 Commas, tawny-orange with wings in seeming tatters,  
 and Painted Ladies, if the instinct prompts  
 to leave Arabian shores for cooler lands.

3 Butterflies.

Midsummer garden has few butterflies,  
 while every ungrazed field and hill is rich  
 with untapped blossom; but on the Lavender  
 hang countless Whites, and every purple spray  
 of Buddleia glows hot with red and orange, visited too  
 by strangers from the hill, Skippers and Browns,  
 Coppers and Blues, to suck the honey draught.

4 Butterflies.

And if one ventures forth as evening falls,  
 round Honeysuckle olive-pink Elephant-Hawks  
 hover like Humming-birds with eager tongue  
 outstretched to probe the deep nectar-tube;  
 or to the clumps of pink Valerian.,  
 violet Petunia, musk-scented Nicotine,  
 come swarms uncounted of the teeming tribe  
 of night-bound moths, the prey of purblind Bats

Moths.

that from the barn fly shrieking, like shades of Homeric dead

As the year wanes, with fruit-drop come the hordes  
 of hungry Wasps and Hornets, and Admirals  
 degrading their high beauty to the lure  
 of baser things, as even Purple Emperor  
 finest and grandest of our butterflies,  
 descends from oak-tree top to feed on dung.  
 So too, Man scorns his higher aims, preferring  
 booty to beauty, greed to grace, trash to truth.  
 Many find sadness in the fading year,  
 lamenting the lost glories of the summer;  
 but for me there is deep peace and happiness,  
 as morning mist transforms familiar shapes  
 to spectral fantasy, and little things  
 become gigantic in their sudden nearness;  
 till Saint Luke's sun filters through the canopy,  
 and all is real again. On such rare days,  
 while Turkey Oaks stay green with ruff-cupped acorns,  
 hangs a gold curtain from the Tulip tree,  
 Maple is kindling, Beeches are aflame  
 along the hangers, and the sturdy Elms  
 still keep their yellow crowns. Then winter's chill  
 lays bare the branches, leaving a black tracery  
 against the Christmas sky, and now no colour  
 of life remains but Hawthorn and Holly berries  
 and scarlet Hips to feed the Mistle Thrushes  
 and flocks of Redwings, Fieldfares, and Bramblings,  
 leaving the frozen pastures of the north  
 for more congenial clime, to find their food  
 in Dorset acres, striving with hosts of Tits.  
 Finches, and Buntings to stave off the threat  
 of numbing frost, when hedgerows crystallised  
 in diamond sparkle make of a spider's web  
 a prince's jewel, and each withered leaf  
 revives to new-born beauty, short to live  
 but long to linger in the memory.  
 Yet Asker flows on unfrozen, undefiled  
 through Bridge Acre (home of shy Water Rails  
 lurking unseen but for rare glimpse of red beak  
 or white tail in the marsh undergrowth).  
 past Yondover beside the sunken road  
 that led from Eggardon to Pilsdon Fort.  
 now shaded haunt of Gatekeepers and Ringlets  
 and perhaps a rare White-letter Hairstreak.  
 Above lie terraced slopes, relic of ancient tillage,  
 but some too steep even for Celtic ploughs  
 or roving cattle, trodden alone by men  
 who seek the humming life of solitude,  
 grasshoppers, bees, and flies among the flowers.  
 So on to Lodors skirting the old village,  
 where Benedictine monks from Normandy  
 once lived beside the dome of Boarsbarrow  
 and said their offices, till dispossessed  
 they left Saint Mary's church as their memorial.  
 But the water-leas that ringed their Priory  
 live on unchanging, cool, green, and silent,  
 the river bank fringed with plumes of Meadowsweet,  
 Flag, and Loosestrife, home of Dragonflies  
 hawking their chosen beat - great Aeshnas  
 yellow and black, Demoiselles turquoise-bodied, Damsel-flies  
 of filigree fragility, and perhaps who knows

Butterfly

Butterfly

Moths and Butterflies.

Dragonflies.

but the Emperor in armour of black and azure  
may come and drive all rivals from the field ?

Dragonflies at New Street  
Lane, Lodgers Court  
and Happy Island.

Near Bradpole Asker meets Mangerton,  
which rising high on Eggardon runs west  
through Milton, where the villagers of old  
tended their flax and spun their ropes; then turning South  
under the winding vault of Ash and Alder  
past Forsters garden hastes to join its partner.  
A few years back they flowed on undisturbed  
through unspoilt meadows close by Saint Andrew's Well;  
thence past the southern fringe of Bridport town,  
which could still boast the dignity of stone and thatch.  
But now the ugly hand of pseudo-progress  
pollutes the stream and desecrates its peace,  
until at last, released from Man's defilement  
and finding new strength from union with the Brit,  
the river purified by tidal salt  
plunges through sluice-gates to the open sea.

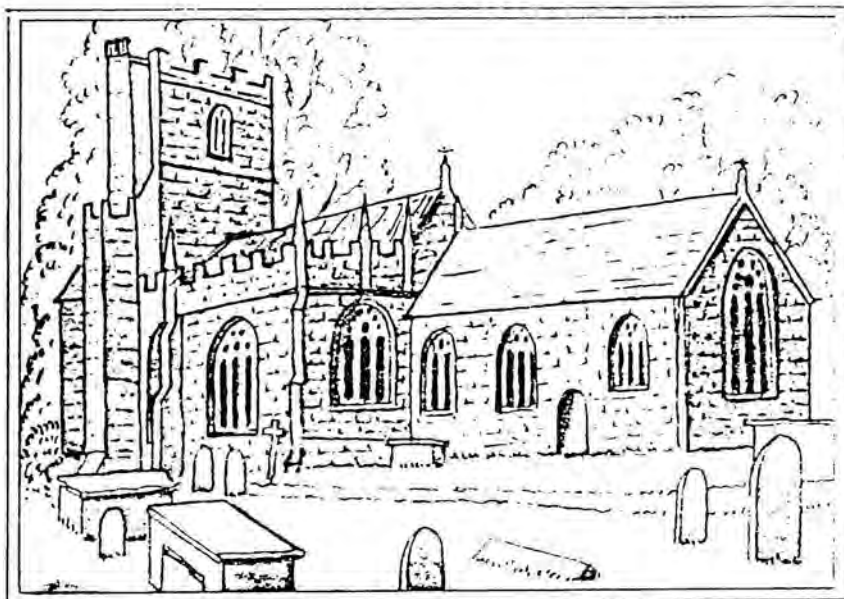
Thus my tale closes, as the river too  
completes its course, seeking like Man to find  
fulfilment in dying. But who can be sure  
if all the twisting, tearing, torturing journey  
be worth the effort; if all the pain and stress  
leave anything behind which may endure ?

Just as our river melts into the vastness  
of the unharvested sea, so our endeavour  
makes but a pinprick on the scroll of time.  
If we create some work of art or skill  
to cheer our brothers on their way, to soothe  
and ease the burden of posterity,  
something has been achieved.....

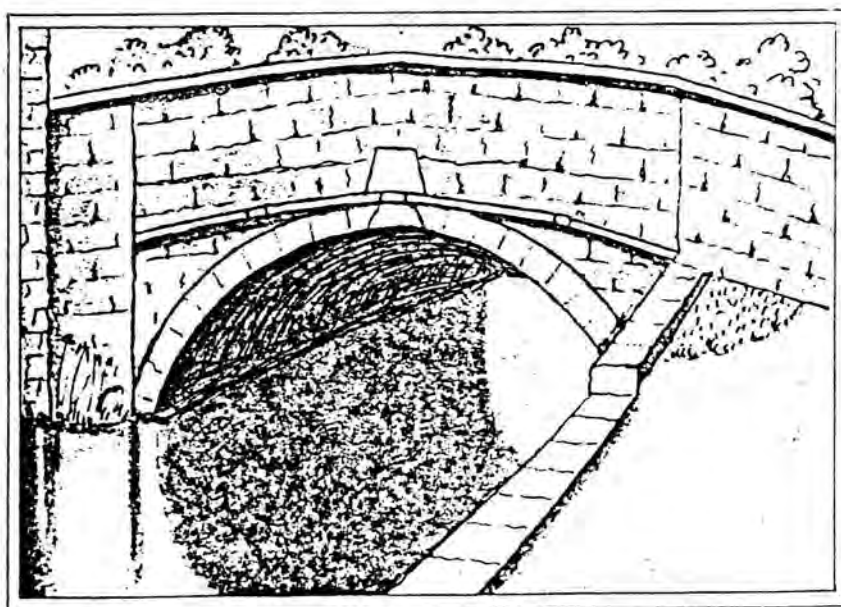
-.....It was great grief to me  
that for the short but magic years of youth  
I called the mean streets of the town my home,  
dreaming of woods and fields and hills and all  
they lavish on the keen and ready boy.  
Yet the rare chances and the hard-won effort  
made the joy of discovery more intense,  
the store of knowledge more highly prized, the memory  
of the great moments treasured more jealously.  
I have known many who born and living and dying  
in our rich-bearing countryside have learnt  
nothing of its revealing love, nothing of secrets  
disclosed to those whose eye and mind are trained  
by careful practice. Such untutored folk  
care only how to kill with gun or rod,  
uncultured throwbacks to the primitive.  
Not that way lies the true love of the country,  
mere breeding of fodder for mass destruction,  
but rather where hard Fate denies the right  
of easy access to our heritage.

Some ask what is the purpose, where the profit,  
in such vain soundings of the unfathomable,  
such fruitless trawling of the unknown deep.  
To this I answer that, while ignorance  
is justly called the paradise of fools,  
awareness of ignorance is the beginning  
of all true wisdom. But the road is hard,  
steep, rough, unending, weary, ill-defined,  
climbing towards the unattainable.  
Slow is our progress; yet by constant labour,  
by dogged perseverance we may add  
some grain of truth to swell the common store.





St. Mary's Church, Loders



Asker Bridge, Bridport, Back River.

Pictures  
over.  
BY N. WYKES.

## EPILOGUE

As I set out from Bridport Town  
Towards the rising sun,  
I see the ridge of distant Down,  
The Lion of Eggardon.

Here he has lain for ages past,  
Ages that none may span,  
Doubtless to rise in wrath at last  
Against the crimes of Man.

But yet he sleeps in heat or cold,  
Be the sky dark or clear,  
While all around the hill unfold  
The seasons of the year.

For here I see perfections face—  
Who reads may understand —  
The matchless artistry and grace  
That moved Creation's hand.

Here would I be when April's young  
And woods with gladness ring,  
Violet and primrose newly sprung  
To greet the rite of spring.

Here too when summer's dress is on  
And roses are ablloom,  
I walk and watch till day is done  
And shadows streak the combe.

When human arrogance and power  
Suffer their certain fate,  
Beast, bird and insect, tree and flower  
Inherit Man's estate.

For hare will crouch in Powerstock Vale  
And roe-deer freely run,  
Long after I have told my tale  
And my short day is done.

While mind and eye are clear and keen  
To see the passing show,  
The pageant of the painted scene,  
Rejoicing I will go.



Primrose and Speedwell

N. Wykes.

(Lady's Tresses, Hawkbit, Calamint  
Onion)

N. Wykes.



BRIDPORT RURAL DISTRICT.    LODERS.    List of Buildings of HISTORIC or  
ARCHITECTURAL VALUE.

Sheet and Map No.	Grade.	Item.	Notes.
20/1.	A.	CHURCH of St. Mary Magdalene.	Parish Church. Fabric of 12th. Century origin Nave and Part of Chancel. 13th. Century. Tower and Porch. 14th. Century. South Chapel 15th. Century as are many of the Windows. Painted Glass 15th. Century. Font 12th. Century.
20/2.	II	LODERS COURT. Formerly Manor House.	Rubble, Brick and stuccoed and cemented. Slated. (Was 2 storey and twice present size with balus- traded Parapet. Reduced in size, much altered, and Parapet balustrades removed 1969, and third storey added with Dormer windows.) Now 3 storey. Sash Windows, String course between Ground and First Floor. Early 19th. Century and later. Good interior. <del>Rectangular stone front porch</del> with Doric Pillars & Entablature.
20/3.	11	LODERS MILL.	Rubble and slated and thatched. Central Chimney. Gabled East end of South front. Woodframed Windows. Late 17th. Cent. Extended and Modernized 1976. Two Dwellings. Mill was overshot type. Removed and Turbine installed.
20/4	2/A2.	<sup>OLD.</sup> THE/VICARAGE.	Original House now superseded by new Vicarge built 1981/82. Original House (Loders Ha H.) Plastered, stone and Tiled and Slated. 2 storey and Attics. Gabled dormers to Attics. Moulded Ceiling beams. Early 16th. Cent. and 19th.
20/5	11	THE FARMERS' ARMS.	Rubble, cob and thatched. L-shaped. Gabled ends to wings. Doorway with four-centred head. 2 storey. Stone mullioned Windows. Exposed ceiling beams. 17th. Cent.
20/6.	11	COTTAGE No. 41.	70 yds. East of Farmers Arms. Rough Ashlar and thatched. 2 storey. East and West gables and stacks. Wood framed windows. Early 18th. Century.
20/7.	11	COTTAGE. Pound Cottage)	20 yds. E.N.E. of The Farmers Arms. Former Village Pound now Garden on East side. House rubble and thatched. 2 storey. Three-light wood framed casements. 18th. Cent.
20/8.	11	3 COTTAGES (formerly 6 Almshouses)	Opposite Loders Arms and 50 yds. E of the Farmers Arms. Waynelete, Libra and Lothers. Rubble and thatched. 2 storey Three-light wood framed Casements. 18th. Cent. Group value.
20/9.	11	Range of 5 Cottages opposite WADDON Farmhouse	(now The Barns) Nos. 24, 23, 22, 21 and 20. Loders. Ashlar, rubble, tiled and part Corr. Iron. 2 storey. Casement windows. Varying dates. One dated 1786. The rest also 18th. Century but probably earlier. Group value.
20/10	11	COTTAGE opposite The School.	OAK COTTAGE on High Pavement. Formerly Nos 16 and 17 Loders. Rubble and thatched. Gabled ends and stacks. 2 storey. Wood framed Windows. Stone S. Porch Dated 1755. Group value. Modernized 1972 and Front rebuilt 1979.

Sheet and Map. No.	Grade.	Item.	Notes.
20/11	11	WADDON FARMHOUSE now The Barns. Lodgers.	House L-shaped. Rubble and thatched. Gables with flat copings. 2 storey. 17th. Cent. in origin with 18th. Cent. and modern West additions. Extended and modernized 1978, and Outbuildings added to Dwelling use.
20/12.	11	COTTAGE 60 yds. East of Waddon Farmhouse. SIRIO COTTAGE.	Next School. Ashlar and thatched. Gabled ends. 2 storey. Doorway with keyed lintol. Exposed ceiling beams interior. Early 18th. Cent. The doorway keyed lintol has moulded panels.
20/13.	11	COTTAGE 115 yds E.S.E. of Waddon Farmhouse. RAIKES.	Rubble and thatched. E. and W. Chimneys and gables. East gable with flat coping and kneelers. Early 18th. Century.
20/14.	11	COTTAGE 140 yds. E.S.E. of Waddon Farmhouse. Was 12 and 13. Now 13, Lodgers.	Rubble and thatched. 2 storey. End chimneys and gables. Square chamfered door head. Early 18th. Cent.
Map Nos. 20/5 to 20/14 form a Group.			
		YONDOVER, Lodgers.	
20/15	11	Yondover Farmhouse.	House, coursed rubble and thatched. 2 storey. Casement Windows. South wing has East and West gables. Main block dated 1738. East wing 17th. Century.
20/16	11	House 60 yds. East of Yondover Farmhouse. HIGHER YONDOVER COTTAGE.	Ashlar. Rubble and was thatched. Now slated. 2 storey. Wood Casement Windows. N. and S. Gables. Early 18th. Century.
20/17	11	House 75 yds. East of Yondover Farmhouse. HIGHER YONDOVER FARM.	Rubble, Ashlar and now tiled (was thatched) E and W. Gables with flat coping. 2 storey. Wooden casement windows. Early 18th. Century.
20/18	11	Range of COTTAGES. 65 yds. S.E. of Yondover Farmhouse. Nos. 3, 4 and 5 YONDOVER.	Rubble, thatched and slated. E and W. Gables, 2 storey. Casement Windows some with segmental Heads. 18th. Century.
Map Nos. 20/15, 20/16, 20/17 and 20/18 form a group.			
20/19.	11	BRIDGE OVER RIVER ASKER. Yondover.	Rubble, One wellbuilt sound Arch with keystones Parapet Walls. 18th. Century.
		UPLDERS. Lodgers Civil Parish.	
20/20.	11	METHODIST CHAPEL.	Rubble and slated. Stuccoed. Rectangular with E and W. Gables. Bell cote on West gable. Round headed sash windows. Rectangular East Porch with Doric pillars. Moulded entablature. Dated 1827.
10/21.	111	UPLDERS HOUSE now 3 Dwellings. BRIDGEACRE (Was stables and Coach-house. UPLDERS HOUSE (original) UPLDERS PLACE (Was Regency Wing) facing East. Rough ashlar and stuccoed and slated. 2 storey Front of Uploders House has Bay windows to each floor. 17th. and 18th. Cent. Much altered and modernized 1959.	

Sheet and Map. No.	Grade.	Item.	Notes.
10/22	11	UPTON MANOR FARMHOUSE, Uploders, Loders.	Dated 1655. House, coursed rubble and thatched. Stone mullioned Windows. Moulded ceiling beams. South Front heights Heightened in 17th. Cent. Original House 16th. Cent. with 17th. Cent. additions on South and West and 18th. Cent. extension on North.
10/22A	11	BARNS AT UPTON MANOR FARM.	Barns rubble, thatched and tiled. 17th. Century and later.
16/23.	11	CALLINGTON now PERWEN FARM.	Squared rubble and thatched East and West gable ends and chimneys. North porch with columns and flat roof. 2 storey. Sash windows with flush frames and gauged stone voussoirs. Early 18th. Century.
10/24	11	MATRAVERS HOUSE.	Squared and coursed rubble and thatched. 2 storey. Casement windows with flush frames and gauged stone voussoirs. East and West gables with copings and end chimneys. 18th. Century.
10/25.	111	COTTAGE No.47 COOMBE COTTAGE.	60 yds. N.W. of Uploders House. Rubble and thatched. 2 storey. Casements 18th. Century.
20/26.	111	Range of 3 COTTAGES.	10 yds. West of KNOWLE FARMHOUSE. Johnwyn (was 2 Cottages) and Cabin Cottage. Rough ashlar and thatched. 2 storey. Casement windows. 18th. Century.
20/27	111	COTTAGE Westwinds,	immediately West of KNOWLE Farmhouse. Coursed rubble with galv. iron roofing. Formerly thatched. 2 storey. Modern casements. ? Late 18th. Century.
20/28	111	KNOWLE FARMHOUSE and attached BARN.	House coursed rubble and slated. Coped gables. Brick chimneys. Hooded Doorway. 2 storey. Casement windows. Early 19th. Century. BARN. Rubble and thatched (Now corr. asbestos) attached to House and communicating. Probably 18th.C
20/29	111	Range of 4 COTTAGES	85 yds. N.W. of UPLODERS House. Nos. 43, 44, (45 and 46 now 1 House.) Stone and thatched with some tiling. Front plastered. 2 storey. Modern wood casements. Brick chimneys. ? Late 18th. Century.





LODERS, pre Great World War 1. 1900 to 1914.

Reminiscences by S.H.Brown.

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In pre-War Days, before Great World War 1, Loders Village was self-sufficient as regards employment, with the Loders Corn Mill working and employing men, and with horses and cart transport, also the old Bolling Mill, New Street Lane in use.

Loders Court employed a large staff with gardeners, grooms for the horses and stables, and a large house staff for the Nepean family, and later the Colville family who enlarged the house by adding an East wing in 1906, for Servants' rooms Kitchens, Stores, on North and Sittingrooms on South. Above was a Nursery wing and other upstairs rooms, facing South and North. This was demolished 1967-1969.

All the many farms employed numerous men as Carters, Cowmen, Shepherds and Labourers. The Farms themselves were self-supporting with mixed stock, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, also horses and ponies for transport. There was an amusing poem often on old pottery about this.

In Lower Loders there were a Butcher's shop and slaughterhouse, two General Stores, Post Office and Shop, Builder, Carpenter and Undertaker. A Forge for ironwork and shoeing, also two Public Houses, The Farmers Arms and the Loders Arms. In olden days there was also the Bell, Milton Lane, now a dwelling only, as is also the Farmers Arms.

The School and Schoolmaster's House were in Lower Loders also, and opposite the School a Village Pump inside a shelter, serving many of the Dwellings nearby. Most houses, however, had their own wells and pumps, until the mains Water Supply was provided 1963, followed by the main Sewers 1972.

In Uploders there were two Forges for ironwork and shoeing of horses, a Builder and Undertaker, which also produced farm carts, wagons and putts. There were two General Stores, a Butcher, Baker and two Public Houses, The Crown Inn and the Travellers' Rest. There was also in older times the Blueball Inn on the Turnpike, later turned into two cottages, but now demolished to widen the Trunk Road.

Uploders House also employed a large staff, with Grooms for the horses, many Gardeners and many House staff for which cottages were provided as at Loders Court.

At one time when the whole Village belonged to the Nepean family most houses were provided with a rustic Porch, with pine tree posts on staddles and a tiled or thatched roof. A few are left in the village.

Milk was delivered daily from the nearby Farms, and cream, butter and eggs also available from them, and the Dorset Blue Vinney Cheese made in the village.

A daily Carrier service was available for fetching goods from Bridport, and taking up to six people if required. The Van would go through the whole village in the morning to Bridport, collect items required for a small charge, and deliver them on the return journey. This was of great use to the elderly who posted lists in their windows, *of their requirements*.

Nets from the Bridport factories were made and produced by the Outworkers in the village, most people taking in twine for braiding nets of all kinds. The hanks of twine were put on a Swift and wooden needles filled with twine at home for use by the Braiders.

The Swift was formed of a wooden cross with adjustable pegs fitting into holes to hold whatever sized hank was supplied. The cross had a metal covered hole at the centre, and this fitted on to an upright spike of metal on an upright wood post, all secured to four sturdy legs at the base. The swift would turn at any speed as one filled the wooden needles by pulling on the twine. Most of the youngsters were called upon to fill needles when at home.

Twine was brought by the Carrier once a week, and finished nets taken back to the Factory by the Carrier on a special day. Coal was also delivered as required by Carrier once a week.



Most dwellings had large gardens and were self supporting with fruit, vegetables and often poultry and eggs. If required village allotments were also available.

Practically all dwellings had flower borders, or flower knots as they were called at the front of the House, with perennials of all kinds to flower all the year, also climbing roses, honeysuckle, clematis, and flowering shrubs, supplemented with annuals and carefully tended.

In Spring the Loders Valley was a picture with masses of apple blossom. All farms had orchards with cider and other apples, and produced cider from the special presses in the Autumn.

The cider making is said to have been introduced by the Monks from the Abbey of Montbourg, to which the Church and Priory (on the site of Loders Court) belonged in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Most gardens grew apples, plums and pears for storage and eating or to sell, and all kinds of soft fruit were grown for jam making and for fresh supplies with the usual vegetables for daily use, also for pickles of all kinds and chutney.

Most Dwellings had families interested in home wine making from both wild and cultivated fruits, flowers and vegetables. There was an abundance of elder blossom and berries, a favourite, also cowslips, dandelions, blackberries, wild plums and cherries, sloes and other wine making fruits, plants and flowers.

Mushrooms were plentiful, also nuts of all kinds, hazel, sweet chestnut and walnuts. Children spent happy times during walks along the many lanes, bridle ways and footpaths, collecting fruit, flowers and berries, also mushrooms in the fields and woods of the village.

In all directions there were hills to climb, offering vantage points for picnics and the flower, fruit or mushroom picking expeditions, and for tobogganing in the winter when we usually had some snow.

The roads in those days were rough but well maintained for the purposes required. Local stone, some flint and binding gravel, watered and rolled by the steam roller was the order of the day, but the village had two resident lengthmen, each responsible for clearing ditches and gullies in their half length of the village, also cutting the grass banks and verges, cutting back hedges and side draining all roads and green lanes.

Each lengthman took a pride in their own section, and floods and obstructions were minimal. Any emergency would be dealt with by the man on the spot, who knew the ways of the watercourses, drains and ditches, and made sure all were cleared before Autumn rains and floods.

When rubber tyred bicycles and cars were around, just before and after the First World War 1914 to 1918, the flinty roads presented a hazard for the rubber air filled tyres, but it was possible to cycle along many green lanes, clear of flints, but nowadays quite impassable and often overgrown, and never side drained or surfaced with stone water bound finish as they used to be.

Stone for the roads and in olden days house building, was quarried from six or more local quarries, each of which had a lime kiln built into the Hillside. There was one at Stoney Head, two in Loders Cross area, one at Vinney Cross, one at Upton and one at Bell Farm, and no doubt there were others. The local golden sandstone was full of fossils, Ammonites, Belemnites and others.

Footpaths were also much used and well maintained. Stiles and gates well looked after, as the paths were so much used by villagers and the children walking to Church or Chapel, or to work, or to village functions and the School, also for pleasure walks.

The School children all walked to School, this being a mile or more in many cases each way, each day, in all winds and weathers, playing games on the way as the roads were free of much traffic. Only the occasional horse, or horse and cart, so the running of hoops, spinning of whip tops, kicking of footballs, etc. were much enjoyed. The School had about 160 pupils and four teachers, there being two junior classes and two Senior classes.



Regular evening entertainments took place for all, the Uploders Parish Room being used as a Reading Room, Games Room, or by various Clubs and Groups. Loders School was used for Dances, Socials and larger events. Annual entertainments outdoors took place for all, <sup>ear</sup>round May Day with races and Sports, Empire Day, and August for Summer Sports and Annual Fete and Flower Show and Gymkhana, usually in Loders Court Park and grounds. Guy Fawkes Bonfire night was celebrated through the whole village and finally events at Christmas at the School, where the children had a Christmas Tree and Party, with gifts for all, and there was of course dancing, games and lots of entertainments. In olden times the Loders Feast at Harvest time was a big event.

The Village and Schoolchildren also gave an Annual Concert at Christmas with Playlets, Dancing, recitations and songs in aid of local Charities and Clubs.

In addition to the School, the Uploders Parish Room was used by the Nepean Lodge Friendly Society, and eventually as a centre for the Women's Institute, Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs, Girl Guides and Brownies, Agricultural Discussion Clubs. More use was made of the Parish Room when mains electricity for heating and lighting was available in 1936 till 1960, when most activities were transferred to the Village Hall, formerly the Ex-Service Mens' Club Hall, at Yondover, given to the Parish for a Village Hall 1960

The Uploders Parish Room was originally thatched and used as a Schoolroom. It was built on Glebe land and purchased in 1920 for the Village Parish Room, freehold, later sold when the Ex-Service Mens' Club Hall, was given to the Parish for a Village Hall, in 1960. Plans were prepared to allow it to be converted to a Dwelling and after considerable negotiations between the Trustees and the Charity Commission it was sold to be converted to a Dwelling on 7 April 1972, for £3,750. Most of the money was available for modernizing the Village Hall (formerly Ex-Service Mens' Club) to provide modern Conveniences, Kitchen and drains to new Sewer, also new Heating and Lighting. The remainder of the sale money was invested by the Charity Commission to reinstate the sale price, and eventually form from the interest made, an annual income for the Village Hall.

Dances, Socials and Concerts also took place in the Village School, and from 1926 in the Ex-Service Mens' Club Hall at Yondover, which is now the Village Hall.

Extended training in education classes, woodwork, etc. was also available in the Village and in Bridport for minimal fees.

There was a flourishing lending Library, Art School and Technical Training Institute in Bridport. One could leave work about 6 p.m., have tea in the town, and attend the Institute from 7 p.m. most nights of the week. The local Builders and Architects, also the Engineering firms required their apprentices to attend classes and study there as part of their apprenticeship training.

Sunday School was the order of the day for children, either at the Methodist Chapel, Uploders, or St. Mary Magdalen Church, Lower Loders. There were also morning and evening services at both places for all, and Sunday really was a day of rest for most people. No gardening, cleaning, or doing any job that could be put aside till a week day. There always were keen members available for Bell ringing, Choirs and Orchestras, also for Committees and Parish Council.

Of course essential jobs on Sunday had to be attended to, and all animals, but Church or Chapel attendance came first, and then if the weather was fine, walks and picnics, or visiting relatives and friends. Usually friends and relatives from the town were only too glad to go into the country on similar expeditions, so families, friends and relatives were always in touch.

With the seaside so near visits to West Bay and Burton Bradstock were very popular in the Summer, and walking or cycling there and back was quite popular too.

Bathing and swimming was fun for young people, and there were Clubs at West Bay where proper training could be obtained. There were and still are plenty of Clubs and Societies available for Fishing, Boating, Swimming and all kinds of Games and Sports, also Agricultural, Horticultural and Archeological Societies. (Over 120).

Eventually Bus Services were run on Weekdays and Sundays to enable all who wished to take advantage of cheap transport to the town or seaside for the many activities available.