



## South Dorset Ridgeway Heritage Project 2008 - 2011 Ridgeway Voices: Oral History across the Ridgeway



**Dorset**  
Area of Outstanding  
Natural Beauty



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## Ridgeway Voices

South Dorset Ridgeway Heritage Project Oral History Collection 2009 - 2011

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South Dorset Ridgeway Heritage Project

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# Ridgeway Voices

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### Introduction

Ridgeway Voices was part of the South Dorset Ridgeway Heritage Project which ran from 2008 to 2011. The Oral History project collected memories and reminiscence of local residents as part of the celebration of the special landscape of the South Dorset Ridgeway.

The South Dorset Ridgeway is a special area of ancient landscape, with as many as a 1000 historic monuments spread across the area. Some are well known and some lie secreted under grassy mounds. Together they tell a story of more than 10,000 years of people living on and around the Ridgeway.

Today the area is home to around 6,500 people, many of whom live below the ridge in one of the charming villages. It is today's population who share their life stories with us. Their 'Voices' provide an often humorous and sometimes moving insight into life in the area in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

### Acknowledgements

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### Dr Jeremy Boucher

Broadmayne's former GP recalls changes to the practice and village during his career

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	1/10/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1943	<b>Full Length:</b>	13.45
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.48
<b>Short Clips:</b>	BOUCHER_2_CLIP_change		

#### Outline of Interview:

After qualification Dr Boucher looked for a hospital job, not General Practice, but a job came up in his father's practice at Winfrith/Wool and he initially went there for 6 months. His father was the GP based in Winfrith 1937 - 1976, which included Broadmayne at one time. He travelled with his father on his rounds before taking over Broadmayne himself.

He recalls the Boxer family living at Conygar House on the outskirts of Broadmayne just after the war. It was later the home of his parents in law.

The Broadmayne surgery used to be in the village Post Office and was moved to a new building at Cross Tree Close in November 1960. Miss Bushrod and Miss Grimes ran the Post Office. His wife was the second patient at the new surgery. Dr Anderson was his father's predecessor and did his practice rounds in over 40 Villages in a pony and trap. I about 1976 he became a single handed GP and turned the branch surgery into a full time surgery for 10 years.

He recalls the Misses Cross and their involvement in the village, home visiting etc. There were three sisters with strong personalities. Their father was the Rev Cross. Rosamund, Monica and Violet.

He recounts details of his own family and two children – Daniel and Rachel. Their 17<sup>th</sup> century thatched cottage has had some damp problems – there is a well below the floor.

He has childhood memories of travelling around the practice with his father and recalls some major changes in GP practice during his career.

“It's interesting to think about the changes that have happened in general practise through the years. When I was a boy, there was a single delivery per month of drugs to our dispensing practice. My father's predecessor, Dr Anderson, was said to have three bottles of medicine behind the curtain in the surgery; one was white, one was red and one was brown. By the time I came along in the early forties, the dispensary was in a... under the stairs in the house at Winfrith. It was a sort of ... combined laboratory and dispensary. And we had the monthly delivery of drugs. As opposed to, of course, more recently as where you have drugs delivered twice a day ... if not more often in some places. So that that's a major change.” (BOUCHER\_2\_CLIP\_change)

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### Hugh Diment

Mr Diment recalls his family at Sutton Farm in Sutton Poyntz. The interviewers and Hugh discuss the ghost stories associated with the house and the connection with the Pope's and Thomas Hardy.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Kathy Presley & Pat Bugler	<b>Interview Date</b>	5/8/2010 & 14/10/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>		<b>Full Length:</b>	18.28
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz		

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction by Kathy Presley. Tony Bugler and Mike Presley also present.

Hugh's grandfather moved to the farm in 1919 from Holworth. The weld estate put it up for sale in 1925. He doesn't know how much interest there was, but can imagine that as a sitting tenant he was in a strong position. He knows that the eventual purchaser of Southdown Farm had an option to buy Lodmoor. His grandfather couldn't quite stretch to Lodmoor as well as Sutton Farm, that was bought by Edward Albert Wetton and the Wetton family still own it.

Edward Albert Wetton's grandson Eddie Wetton told him a story -

"My grandfather went over to see your grandfather one day because he wanted to develop Lodmoor, old Eddie Wetton did. And his idea was people would come down on holiday to Weymouth Station and move across into his hotels on Lodmoor. But he wanted a firm foundation at Lodmoor. So he went to my grandfather and said 'could do with buying a bit of chalk from the chalk pit up in Coombe Valley Road'. So grandfather said 'sell you as much chalk as you want, as many loads as you want Eddie'. 'Oh No' he said 'No I don't want to buy it by the bloody load I want t to buy it buy the hill!' And that was as far as it went.

Hugh doesn't remember the farm before the war, but his grandfather certainly had sheep there, but he doesn't remember sheep until Peter took over. It was principally corn and a dairy. He started with pigs in Culliford Tree – in didn't last.

Dick Gaunt lived in the house and looked after the dairy – a Channel Island dairy – Jerseys. (Group discussion- Marion Knight's house was always known as the piggery – but she introduced them.)

Puddledock Lane, has always been called that – but Hugh doesn't know the origin.

There is a lake/pond in the garden – the water came in from the old Orchard to the west, and the eastern part was filled from the River Jordan. There is a sluice gate at the bottom of the garden at the junction of Sutton Road and Puddledock Lane, so the flow of water could be controlled. When his grandfather went there the water moved so slowly that in the summer there were midges and

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mosquitoes – it was quite unpleasant – so he decided to put the withy beds in and divert the water. Hugh doesn't remember a boat - it always quite damp.

The lake dried up – the water on the eastern side was diverted away – there is still a rivulet through Ron Birch's, that goes through a big pipe under Puddledock Lane into the River Jordan. The Pope's rented the farm before Hugh's grandfather. They had a full repairing lease.

Hugh's father farmed Sutton Farm.

They discuss the ghost, Hugh has never seen it – and it is supposed to be the reason that the Pope's moved out.

"I do know that Mother engaged somebody to work down at the house in the 1950's and I think she turned up once or twice and then wasn't to be seen again. Mother happened to see her in the village and said 'What's the matter, why haven't you come back to work?' 'Oh' she said ' Me Uncle said the place is haunted and I b'aint to go near it'".

He recalls talking to his brother Peter about the ghost and they both say the same thing.

"We used to have our dogs on our beds, we were very spoilt – we were very small and I had gone to bed on my own, father had gone away somewhere, with just my dog and the hairs on the back of my dog's neck came up and she made the most extraordinary noise and it was sort of - it wasn't a growl – it was a cross between a whine and a growl and she lay motionless. And I happened to say this to my brother and he said that exactly the same thing happed to him when he was in the house on his own on one occasion – that's all I know."

The Critchells were very apprehensive about it when they lived there. Pat Bugler lived next door at the same time and recalls a story Mrs Critchell told her about the keys which were kept neatly above the fireplace being taken one time. She had also discussed the ghost with Joan Harrison who told her that they couldn't keep maids there as bells would keep ringing when there was no one there. Hugh has heard that story and remembers about 12 bells being connected to rooms in the house. Joan Harrison used to run the Post Office in Preston.

The Pope's were related to the brewers (in Dorchester). Discussion about Thomas Hardy visiting the house when the Pope's lived there. He wrote the preface in the Pope's family history.

In The Trumpet Major there is a character Benjy Derriman and Hugh's father's grandfather was a miller called Henry George Derriman in Cerne Abbas. Hardy refers to Benjamin Derriman as being a particularly mean man – you'd give him a bushel of wheat to ground into flour and be lucky to get a quarter of a bushel back.

Hugh's Mother came from Burngate Farm on the Weld Estate at East Lulworth, then her parent's bought Wolfeton Farm in Charminster.

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### Audrey Edwards

Mrs Edwards recalls growing up in West Knighton and the Second World War in Broadmayne

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	26/01/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1924	<b>Full Length:</b>	08.25
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	EDWARDS_2_CLIP_Husband	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.29
	EDWARDS_3_CLIP_Hardy		01.06
	EDWARDS_4_CLIP_Work		00.54
	EDWARDS_5_CLIP_Entertainment		00.48

#### Outline of Interview:

Interviewer – June Salt’s introduction. Mrs Edwards used to run a B&B from her home in Broadmayne.

She was born in West Knighton, in a little cottage that no longer stands, above the New Inn. Then they moved to Stone Step Cottage, when she was about 3. Her father worked in the watercress beds at Warmwell. She attended Broadmayne School

She recalls shops in West Knighton – a little wooden shop near the new school, kept by Mr and Mrs Hall – they used to sell sweets from big jars and rice and biscuits. You’d get about 5 sweets for a ha’penny.

She was 15 and living in Broadmayne at the start of the war. Her house, in which she still lives, used to belong to the rector’s daughter who was friends with her mother. When her mother lived opposite, the rector’s daughter persuaded her to buy the house. Her father took more persuasion, Audrey was about 11. [The Rector was Rev Butler, his daughter Miss Butler]

She recalls the camps at West Knighton with various regiments – Welsh Fusiliers, Irish Fusiliers and the Scots. They were very friendly. When the air force was at Warmwell the parachute section was stationed in the hall, opposite her house. They packed parachutes in the hall. The boys slept in the hall but the WAAF’s went up to Conygar to sleep.

Her husband was stationed at Warmwell with the RAF; they met at a dance and married at Broadmayne

“We went to a dance, a dance we used to have sometimes in the Village hall. This particular one was up at old school at West Knighton. It was a sixpenny hop and they had just a little radiogram thing for dancing and my husband was stationed then at the woods down at Woodsford. There was a whole group of them that came up there for a dance. A group of us girls from Broadmayne and West Knighton went and that’s where I met him.”

(EDWARDS\_2\_CLIP\_Husband)

They married in Broadmayne Church and stayed to look after her mother when her father died.

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After the war Broadmayne had an annual flower show with prizes, run by the British Legion committee. It also a fair with music, round-a-bouts, swings, bumper cars and coconut shies. She still has a flower vase she won in one of the coconut shies. They also had tug-of-war

The children had sports as well – and fancy dress parades for the carnival. Celebrities came to open the show each time - including Hattie Jacques, Charlie Drake and Chris Peacock

She belonged to the WI as did her mother. Wives of the British legion did most of the teas at the fairs

She would go into Dorchester with her mother by bus or walk. Early memory of Thomas Hardy  
“(Interviewer: Did you go into Dorchester very much?) Only about once or twice a week and then it was either by the old bus, which was a 12 and then a 14 seater, but mostly my mother and her friends used to walk in and push us in the prams. At one stage going along Max Gate I remember her saying its Thomas Hardy coming pushing his bike. I can remember him now, he used to wear an old green, dark green suit with leggings, you know the plus four things, pushing a very high bike and I remember her so well saying there’s Thomas Hardy coming, I suppose we shall have to curtsey now. And I remember her saying, they said he wasn’t very well but he looks alright now. You know how my mother was, she’d always have a joke with anything.”(EDWARDS\_3\_CLIP\_Hardy)

Audrey left School at 14 and started work when she was 15 or 16 at County Hall, whilst it was being built, later moving to a factory in St Georges Road for higher wages

“(Interviewer: I suppose you left school when you were about 14?) Yes, I didn’t go to work straight away, I sort of helped Mum, stayed around doing odd jobs for about a year and then when I was about 15 or 16 I went to work the building offices when they were building County Hall. So I watched that being built, the foundation and the start of it. I stayed there for 18 months I think and then they opened a factory down at St Georges Road and a friend of mine was working there and the money was a bit better so decided to move there. I was there during the war. Leave home at half past seven and leave work at five o’clock at night . Cycle in and back, all winds and weathers, five days a week.”(EDWARDS\_4\_CLIP\_Work)

She recalls wartime entertainment, dances. American soldiers and VE Day party & concert

“Oh we had lots of dances and concerts and when the Americans came, although we had dances before when the ordinary soldiers were here. And at the end of the war, D-Day celebrations we had a party at the sergeants mess, where the playing fields is now on the corner and a sort of a concert where those that wanted to sing could sing. My father had quite a voice and they’d ask him to sing, but we had a lovely party and everybody sort of attended.”  
(EDWARDS\_5\_CLIP\_Entertainment)

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### Lady Frances Mary Grey Egerton

Lady Egerton recalls events surrounding her childhood and people she knew from Broadmayne

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	16/1/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1922	<b>Length:</b>	08.12
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		

#### Outline of Interview:

Introduction by Interviewer June Salt - Lady Egerton was born in Broadmayne House, which was then known as Charlemont House. The house is on the outskirts of the village and is really the most important and imposing house in Broadmayne.

Her father was Colonel Rennie Robinson. He retired from the Indian Army and returned to Ireland where he came from. When the Great War started he came back and joined up and formed the Worcestershire Regiment and went to the front. She had 5 sisters.

Her mother was also in India, two sisters were born there and she thinks the third was born in Ireland. They moved into Broadmayne House, with a governess. She was just a baby at that time.

After the war her father bought a farm in Tasmania and her mother, with no help at home, decided to go to Grenoble, where her sister lived. Her sisters were educated there but Mary was left Nanny, staying with a Mrs Middleton who lived in Puddletown and later moved to Cerne Abbas. She then went to relatives called Alsops in West Atherington. Everyone came back and her father bought a house in Upwey so that Mary could go to day school and be near her grandmother who then lived in Upwey.

After the grandmother died her mother built a new house in Watergates Lane in Broadmayne. She wanted to get back to Broadmayne, which she had always liked. She had always liked that spot. The farmer sold her the land and the house was finished at the start of World War II. Mary was 16 or 17 when they moved in, before the July.

Kathleen and Agnes White, sisters who had earlier worked for her mother, came to them at Upwey. They lived in Broadmayne.

Mary attended boarding school when they lived at Upwey. Her sister went first and was homesick – Mary was sent to keep her company – but she never spoke to Mary.

She recalls the Post Office when they lived at Watergates Lane. She met Miss Bushrod (postmistress). She doesn't remember the Doctor. She recalls Joan Carter and her shop – but she must have had it later. She doesn't know what happened about the shopping, her mother never went. She suspects everything was delivered.

When her parents lived in Broadmayne House, her father was chairman of the Peace celebrations – but she was a baby and remembers little. He also opened the war memorial.

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She recalls the brickworks when they closed down, when they lived at Watergates Lane. Cottages were condemned and her mother bought them because Mrs James worked for her and lived in one side, and the Blandamers were in the other. They didn't work for her. She thinks her mother let the bottom of the garden become allotments.

Rose Old also worked for them, she lived along Knighton Lane with a donkey.

When her elder sister lived at Charlemont House she had a pony. Her governess would drive them to Dorchester in a pony and trap for a dancing class. The pony was called Brownie and heard the donkey braying and went in to investigate and couldn't get the pony out again.

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### Charles Foot

Mr Foot recounts the history of his family farming at Bincombe and on the Ridgeway, and some of the changes he has seen.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	26/01/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1940	<b>Full Length:</b>	07.42/04.19
<b>Location:</b>	Bincombe		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	FOOT_2_CLIP_history	<b>Clip Length:</b>	02.29
	FOOT_3_CLIP_relief road		00.49
	FOOT_4_CLIP_scrub		01.12
	FOOT_5_CLIP_tunnel		01.06
	FOOT_6_CLIP_Hardy Graves		00.53
	FOOT_7_CLIP_Barrows		01.15
	FOOT_8_CLIP_Houses		00.36

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from the interviewer, June Salt.

“I farm in Bincombe and in Upwey. My family have farmed here since 1878, but in Dorset we have records of them farming in the Purbecks in the 1600s. From there they moved to Glanvilles Wootton from there to Beaulieu Wood at Buckland Newton, from there to Bookham at Buckland Newton and my Great Grandfather was the younger of about 8 children and he ended up becoming tenant of East Farm Bincombe in 1878. The whole of the Village of Bincombe is owned, and has been since 1635 I think by Gonville and Caius College Cambridge. The estate of Bincombe was given to Gonville College by Dr John Caius and from that time on they let it to various different tenants. Now 1878 seems along time for the Foot family to be farming there but in Bincombe, certainly when I was young, there was four farmers. There was Foot, Legg, Pashen and Virgin which may surprise some people. Now the Pashens first became tenants of West Farm Bincombe in 1703 and there’s still Pashens around there now, which I often thought should be in the Guinness Book of Records. Now East Farm Bincombe, when my great grandfather took it on was 340 acres which was a fairly large farm at the time. I think he had in the region of 15 staff many of which were doing hand work like milking there at the time. Shortly after he came, in 1886 he established a flock of Dorset Horned Sheep and they were registered with the newly formed Dorset Horned Sheep Society in 1892 and we still maintain the flock of sheep today numbering about 800 sheep in total and it is the only flock which is registered in volume one of the flock book and is has been going continuously, in other words we have the world’s oldest flock of Dorset Horned Sheep, although they are now Poll Dorset with the unique feature of lambing in the Autumn.” (FOOT\_2\_CLIP\_history)

“Over the years we’ve expanded the farm somewhat, we’ve managed to buy various pockets of land surrounding Bincombe, particularly in the area of Upwey, heading off towards Martinstown and in 1999 we expanded quite a lot by obtaining West Farm Bincombe. We’ve had a bit of a set back in 2009 in that the Weymouth Relief Road has carved a great swathe of land through the farm, in fact reduced our farm area by 150 acres which is rather surprising,

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but fortunately we did manage to take on some more land in its place which we rented, and we now farm about 3000 acres." (FOOT\_3\_CLIP\_relief road)

Their predominant output is now milk, they produce about 6.5 million litres of milk per annum from about 700 cows, and they also have Poll Dorset Sheep. Their other big output is wheat; they grow about 1000 acres of wheat, also barley and oil seed rape. Some of the barley is used for brewing and some for animal feed. Most of the wheat is used for animal feed.

They also do a small amount of contract farming for other people. Farmers need such huge kit and many farmers use contractors. They have the kit themselves and do the contract work for other people.

"In my father's young days which is around the war time, which was incidentally when I was born, much of the areas of Bincombe on the hill tops was covered in Gorse and general scrub and so forth. Now one of the big changes that happened there in earlier part of the last century was that water was brought onto the hillsides which meant that cattle could be fed and watered on the top of the hills and then the other big change that happened just after the war was that chemical sprays came along which meant that grain crops could be grown profitably on the hills which one of the big problems up until that time was grain crops become infested with charlock and the introduction of chemical called MCPA methyl-chlorophenoxyacetic acid was a huge revolution to farming and it suddenly meant that grain production was really quite profitable so much of this scrub got cleared and the output from the land went up pretty dramatically." (FOOT\_4\_CLIP\_scrub)

Just after the war they had a dairy of about 70 cows in the village of Bincombe, which was quite big at the time. They were hand milked until the mid-40s when machine milking came. That particular herd has more than doubled, and most of the cows around here have either gone or been amalgamated into larger herds, which are more economic to run.

"Bincombe has a railway tunnel, in fact it has the steepest bit of railway line in the whole of England. One of my father's jobs in the war was, I've forgotten how many times, but often he was on night duty protecting the Bincombe end of the tunnel. He was often rather cross because he had to work on the farm all day, guard the tunnel all night, but some of the lads that guarded the Dorchester end of the tunnel didn't have to work quite so hard and half way through the night they would start firing guns down through the tunnel and of course the Bincombe lot didn't really know what to do, but they obviously had to be on the alert and not ignore such things were happening. However, I suppose it was all done in good faith and the tunnel's here to this day. In fact, just at the moment the new Weymouth relief road is being built right over the top of the Bincombe railway tunnel, which is an interesting thing to walk though. If you do it on Christmas day, I sure it's quite against the law but at least there are no trains on Christmas day." (FOOT\_5\_CLIP\_tunnel)

"Our main workshop and farmyard is right in the centre of Bincombe and in the farmyard is Bincombe Church, Holy Trinity Bincombe. The gift of the living is in the name of Gonville and Caius College, so we often have a rector who is a graduate of Gonville and Caius College. It's a very popular church, partly because the Hardy graves are there so numerous people come to

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look at the Hardy's graves, not that there's too much you can see. They come from all over the globe to see those. Also the Inland Coast Path goes right through the middle of Bincombe, right past the church so many people drop in to have a look and sign and the register and it's quite astonishing how many names we have in the book for each year." (FOOT\_6\_CLIP\_Hardy Graves)

"Now the whole of Bincombe is really right in the centre of the South Dorset Ridgeway and we have hundreds, literally hundreds of round barrows on the farm. We also have one long barrow, one bank barrow, which is actually just over the parish of Bincombe, a couple of hundred yards outside the parish of Bincombe in I believe the parish of Broadmayne but also very close to the parish of Whitcombe. We also have a bell barrow or half of it is in Bincombe, or part of the bell is in Bincombe, the rest is just over the boundary in the parish of Martinstown. We also have numerous strip lynchets which are flattened areas on the hillside which various different people would have for cultivating their crops. We have one field which we still call the Glebe which was owned by the church and the produce went to the church and we indeed have a Glebe barn in Bincombe. We also have a field we now still call Baker's Piece which I think would have been where the baker of the Village would've grown the wheat he wanted to use for making his bread presumably." (FOOT\_7\_CLIP\_Barrows)

Bincombe had a school, closed in the 1920s or 30s. It also has a number of springs at the base of the hill, because of the geology and Kimmeridge clay below the chalk. It also has various barns, threshing barns with the wooden floors in the middle and stone on either end where the sheaves were stored. One is very near the Bincombe Bumps, a well known local landmark, everyone who comes by sea would know about it. To the north side of the barrows is a barn that was built in 1826.

"In my younger days there were numerous houses in Bincombe. I should think twenty more than there are today. Most of those houses had thatched roofs which were extremely low, and they were disposed of or knocked down not too long after the war. I suppose had they been around today they would probably be listed. But there are some beautiful paintings around and pictures of those houses and they do look delightful, but certainly as a small child I remember going into those and they were low and damp and thatched and not perhaps the most desirable places to live in." (FOOT\_8\_CLIP\_Houses)

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### Mary Goode

Mrs Goode recalls her childhood in wartime Sutton Poyntz, childhood games and pranks and the death of her brother in a Wyke Regis air raid.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Caroline Crisp & Louise Sheaves	<b>Interview Date</b>	21/04/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>		<b>Full Length:</b>	28.10
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	GOODE_2_CLIP_Mill	<b>Clip Length:</b>	01.22
	GOODE_3_CLIP_brother		01.30
	GOODE_4_CLIP_Incendaries		01.52
	GOODE_5_CLIP_Hide and Seek		00.59

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from interviewers Louise Sheaves and Caroline Crisp

Mary was born at 41 Sutton Road, Sutton Poyntz, she attended Preston School until she was 11 then she had a scholarship to go to the Grammar School until she was 16

She had short term jobs in Weymouth shops then worked at King Street Post Office for 10 years. She then worked in catering and as a domestic at the hospital for 33 years until she retired. She really enjoyed it. When she was nearly 60, they were talking about moving the hospital to Dorchester and she was asked whether she wanted to stay on until she was 65, but she decided to finish when she was 60.

Her father and mother used to take them for nice walks. She had a nice upbringing, her father was a labourer and was never out of work. He wasn't strict but he told them what to do. He was born in Barrow in Furness and was stationed at Osmington/Ringstead during the First World War. He met her mother, who was a local girl (her name was Read), and stayed. Her grandfather, mother's father worked for the water company and had to go over the hill to West Knighton. He left home on a Monday and came home mid week to collect food and went back until the weekend.

She had a younger sister and went to Preston School. She liked it apart from one occasion she didn't – she went to Mrs Marshall's (Betty Marshall's mother) – she didn't want to go to school that afternoon, but she was fetched. She started in the infants – Mrs Dyke, Class 1 Mrs Symes, then down to the hut in the playground - Mrs Mellor and then to the Head teacher's class - Mr James. He lived in Plaisters Lane.

They played pranks during her childhood – tying string to door knockers and running a way

The road wasn't made up then – cars used go up and down. They used to charge a penny to cars to open a gate for them on Plaisters Lane. There was another gate on Coombe Valley Road

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She used to like Maths and English at school, but didn't like history. The maths helped her with her work in the Post Office. They used to go home from Preston School for lunch, but when she was in Weymouth she had school dinners.

Village people she remembers include Monica, but she has lost touch with people. At one time she could tell all the people who lived along the road, but now she doesn't know them.

Shops in the village include the bakery – Mrs Reith's, who sold groceries as well and a sweet shop on Preston Road – Mr Morris. Mr Torrs – butcher on the left hand side on the Preston Road. Stanley Baileys – used to sell all sorts. In Sutton Poyntz, Mr Sargeant had a shop selling sweets by the pond

Most people in the village worked on the land, for Mr Saunders and Mr Pashen. Mr North the builder used to work for Cousin's – and he had a house built.

Mr Clark the blacksmith, she doesn't remember when he finished but they used to go and watch him shoe the horses. He used to do iron work as well. He may have had a son working with him, but he could've gone in the army. He made iron gates for people around.

“That's what one of our attractions was, to go down to the mill and watch them working, to watch Mr Homer working in the mill. (Interviewer: What did you like looking at then? ) Well it was nice because we used to watch him grind all the corn and all the flour and he used to bring it down through that little thing on the side and it used to be very fascinating actually to watch those. (Interviewer: And were they happy for you to come and watch?) Yes, he never used to mind, he used to tell us to keep away from the big wheel that was all he used to say and don't get too near the machinery and nobody ever did actually 'cos he was always there working and he would watch us what, you know where we were, but I think it was a shame when they closed that mill. (Interviewer: Can you remember when that was? When it stopped working as a mill?) No I can't remember that but, 'cos I think Mr Homer died actually that's why they give it up, why they finished it I think. (Interviewer: Was it before the war when it stopped?) I think so yes” (GOODE\_2\_CLIP\_mill)

The miller lived in Preston Road not – the Mill House. Mr Martin had the shoe shop on Preston Road, in front of the miller's cottage

“We lost my brother during the Second World War. He was working over at Wyke and it was the First of May 1941. And he was working for a builder over there ... A Mr Selby... and one of his mates said to him at dinner time... It was about one o'clock time ... and one of his mates said to him “oh I could do with a packet of cigarettes but I'm not going over there now that there's a raid on” and Tommy said “oh I'll go across the road and get it for you” and he got to the petrol ... there was a petrol pumps just in front of where he worked and he went across, he went there and this great big German plane come out of the clouds and machine gunned all the way along. Tommy felt... Tommy felt the worst of it... he had the worst of it, but mind I will say that he wasn't killed straight away. He didn't die straight away. That was happened about one o'clock and about half past four he died. Because my dad was working out at Ringstead then and the police went out and fetched him and he

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went into the hospital and spoke to Tommy. And Tommy's last words were "I'm tired dad, I'm going to sleep". And dad said to him "I'll see you in the morning then", but he'd gone."  
(GOODE\_3\_CLIP\_brother)

Everyone was so kind, even though other people had lost people in the services. It was a daylight raid. Betty Marsh told us later that her father was driving a bus to Portland and he'd see a chap lying down beside the petrol pumps, not knowing it was Tommy. If he'd known he would've stopped his bus – but he had a bus load of people and he dare not do it. Mr Marsh was a bit upset about it. She was about 11 at the time. When her mother was over it she commented that she could've understood it if it was Bill, a brother in the air force in Scotland. Bill couldn't get home in time. The local home guard were at the funeral.

Her father joined up in the war – and put his age back to be eligible. He was at Dunkirk, landing at Portland. He passed a message home via a neighbour he saw at Portland, saying he was OK and would be home as soon as he could. That's how they knew he was back.

"We had the German planes come over and they dropped a lot of incendiary bombs all up on the hill, cos that was a real lovely sight to see that burning, you know you could see all these. But the worse one of the lot I think was when they dropped the bomb behind the church and they broke the stained glass window. (Interviewer: At St Andrews? ) Yeah. I can't tell you what date that was because I can't remember that date. (Interviewer: I think there's a date on the new window) Oh Is there? (Interviewer: Did you hear it?) No I didn't hear it, because I was in bed and my dad, when the sirens used to go my dad used to get us all up and I was bed and the other two got up and I was dead to the world and I slept through it and I never heard it. So I never knew what had happened, until, eventually I did get up and come down. (Interviewer: Did you go up to have a look?) No I didn't, no because the raid was still on actually, but we did go out the next day but it was all cordoned off, around about there. I think that was the only time really that we sort of had really a bomb anyway near, but they always said afterwards someone told us it was a German plane and it had been hit and it dropped its bombs all the way around us as it went out to sea. But I don't think we had anymore. Oh there was a German plane came down at Lodmoor at the top of the hill, but I don't remember. (*Actually British Plane in 1940*)" (GOODE\_4\_CLIP\_Incendiaries)

She doesn't think the war affected school that much. She was at Grammar school for the last couple of years of the war. The worst of the war was over when she went to Grammar school. When her mother was young a pony and trap used to take them into Weymouth for shopping. She used to say that along the Preston Road there was the Ship Inn and the next house along was where the (Holiday) camp is now. Mr Norman used to live in a big house where Weymouth Bay is, and the next house along was Chalbury Lodge and then there was Wyke Oliver Lodge and then there was what they called Miss Norris's down in the trees. A couple of sisters lived in a chalet there. And then the next lot of houses was the coast guard station and cottages out at Overcombe, and then half way along the beach was (Sean Shaws)

She doesn't remember the other way to Sutton Poyntz. There used to cottages tucked away behind houses that are there now – knocked down now.

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“(Interviewer: When you came down into Sutton Poyntz, when you got down to what we call the cart shed on the corner, what was down there?) Just carts, farmer’s carts, ‘cos we used to play in there. It was lovely ‘cos we could get upon, like you could go upon the rafters as I called it. We used to sit on there and we used to go, we used to play hide and seek and get in the cart. There was about four carts. They used to have four farmer’s carts in there. Mr Diment, old Mr Diment used to own that. (Interviewer: Can you remember much about old Mr Diment?) Yes, I can, because we used to go in his orchard and pinch his apples, he used to chase us on his horse, but we found a tree. We used to get up the tree, there was a hollow tree I suppose the branches had all... and there was a like a little hollow in the middle and we used to sit in there and wait till he’d gone and then come down.”

(GOODE\_5\_CLIP\_Hide and Seek)

Puddledock Lane – Old Mr Diment’s son Mr Henry Diment used to live there – it was just like a dirt track. Other cottages - four, her cousin used to live in one. Mr and Mrs Honeybun used to live in one. They all belonged to the dairy farm and were sold after old Mr Diment died. His son Mr Peter Diment used to keep chickens, lovely eggs. People used to help themselves to eggs in the barn and leave their money – would they do it now?

Winslow Road – remembers all the houses being built. And who lived in which house. Some of the residents worked on the Saunders farm. Mr and Mrs Wright lived at the waterworks in one of the cottages

Doesn’t think much of the village now – not a village now, since they took the school; away – it was lovely. They had to have bigger school – as the village grew there were more children.

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### Joyce Hammett

Mrs Hammett recounts details of her courtship and marriage, her smallholding in Broadmayne and wartime experience. Marion Hammett, her daughter in law (MH) is also present and adds some memories of her own about life in the Village.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Jennifer Howes	<b>Interview Date</b>	21/04/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1918	<b>Full Length:</b>	29.14
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	HAMMETT_J_2_CLIP_Courting	<b>Clip Length:</b>	01.02
	HAMMETT_J_3_CLIP_Kennels		00.43
	HAMMETT_J_4_CLIP_Wedding		00.40
	HAMMETT_J_5_CLIP_War		00.27
	HAMMETT_J_6_CLIP_Milking		00.53

### Outline of Interview:

The Hammetts have a Tolpuddle Martyrs connection through James Hammett. Her husband's father was a cousin. (Mrs Hammett's daughter in law Marion interrupts with a story about great-granddaughter Jessica in a Martyrs play at St Mary's Middle School in Puddletown)

Joyce recalls meeting her husband on a building plot and their courtship. He was 11 years older. He taught her to ride when she was 15. Learning to ride she was afraid of horses. She came to love riding

"Oh when I was at school, my husband was living on Poundbury. He used to come along on his bicycle and I used to go to bed with a bracelet on my wrist with a piece of string hanging out of the window. And when he... when he got up he used to get on his bicycle, after breakfast, and come my way and he use to pull the string and my arm used to go like that so I woke up. I used to look out the window and see... see that he saw me and wave to him. Go back get dressed. Sneak into the shed and get my bicycle out and go up the gravel path very quietly and go down to the stables on Acland Road. We went out riding for three quarters of an hour. He had to get to work by 8 o'clock. I was left with the ponies to feed and clean out and he went on to work. He was a carpenter." (HAMMETT\_J\_2\_CLIP\_Courting)

She left school at 16 and went to train as a kennel maid at Nottingham Boarding Kennels for a year

"I left school at 16 and my mother paid for me to go into boarding kennels in Nottingham to learn how to strip and trim dogs, which I did for about a year. And then I started up on my own. Took dogs as boarders and stripped and trimmed them and I used to go riding ... take riding lessons as well, so that was a good occupation. I thoroughly enjoyed it. The ponies were very fresh and you could go from a walk to a gallop at one leap."  
(HAMMETT\_J\_3\_CLIP\_Kennels)

She started a riding stable – first at Wollaston House then at Poundbury. Then they moved to Broadmayne. They had to sell some of the horses because she had polio. Her husband couldn't take the riding lessons as she was off work for a long time. They didn't start a riding school again

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because the ponies had been sold, and just used the ponies they had for their own use all across the lovely fields around Broadmayne

“We went riding the same day as we got married. We got married in our riding breeches and we took the dog down in my bicycle basket, a Jack Russell terrier, and we took it into the place where there’s a registry office, and in the middle of the ceremony, the dog yawned and the man looked down, saw the dog and he was most surprised. And my mother and father came in as witnesses and that was that. I’ve got a picture of me, the dog and me and my husband after we got married. Oh dear we used to have some fun.” (HAMMETT\_J\_4\_CLIP\_Wedding)

She doesn’t really know why they moved to Broadmayne from Poundbury – they lived in a large bungalow, formerly the officer’s mess for the [First World War] Prisoner of War Camp. It looked down onto the road and trains. Her husband wanted expand a bit and they looked at places around – they had horses, chickens and rabbits. They showed their rabbits all over the country.

When she came to look at the place in Broadmayne she was most surprised – it was just one big field with a rick in the middle. There were no buildings. She was living with her mother and father because of the polio and she came to Broadmayne to live in a caravan at first. She liked the caravan.

Her Son Denis was 4 years old – and took a bus everyday to Dorchester. Her husband’s two aunts used to collect him from school and take him to their house in Bridport Road for lunch and take him back to school, collecting him again and put him back on the bus for home. Her other son Cliff was with his grandparents because they missed her [dead] brother so much. It gave her parents a new lease of life.

Life in Broadmayne in the 1950s: They came out to Broadmayne in 1954 they had one big field - 5 acres

They sold some of the land to the head of Weymouth Technical College. They had started to build her house for her mother. They had to dig the footings themselves – and then her mother decided she didn’t want it. They decided to sell – and if anyone came and she didn’t like the woman or her husband didn’t like the man they didn’t let them have it. Mr and Mrs Bultolph came to see it – and were liked and so bought it. They had three children, two girls and a boy. They eventually sold it and moved to Preston.

After the caravan they built a house. Marion and Cliff were married and didn’t live in a very nice place – so they moved out into another caravan after twenty years in the house and they built another place where she still lives.

When they first came out they built the stables and barns for the animals before they built the house [Marion Hammett interjects here]. Her husband had to go into Dorchester every morning to see to the animals which were there.

During the war her husband was called up and Joyce was left alone.

“We had cows and calves and geese and chicken and rabbits and goodness knows what. Great big plot of land which we sold vegetables from. And during the war they pinched my husband

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and left me with the lot. They've gave me a notice to say I had to plant some potatoes and grow them. I told them if they wanted any potatoes grown on that land they could come and do it themselves. That was the war effort." (HAMMETT\_J\_5\_CLIP\_War)

They kept three or four cows – Jerseys and Guernseys and Dexters , [MH says they had 8 or 9 – the milk was collected by tanker)

"Joyce Hammett: Yeh we used to have to get the milk out on the stand out there by 8 o'clock in the morning. (Interviewer: You milked them all by hand by 8... by 8 in the morning ) Oh yes... Come in wash them off, tie 'em on, give 'em a feed, milk 'em, cool the... put the milk in a cooler. Hard times because you had to get up 5 o'clock every morning and get dressed and go up and start milking. Get some hot water. The hot water wasn't to hand like... like it is now. Cows use to come in, go up in the stand. Dexter's were a bit temperamental if you touched the wrong they... bang! So we used to tie their legs... back legs together so they couldn't kick us. (Interviewer: How many of you were milking. Just... just you and your husband - no your husband...) Just me and my husband; yeh. Only about 5 or 6 (mumbles), I don't know... I know we had a big Guernsey and a pure bred Guernsey and Jersey and Dexter's." (HAMMETT\_J\_6\_CLIP\_Milking)

They had their own Dexter bull, called Farouk. They bought him at the time King Farouk was playing up and a lady called Mrs Ford who lived at the end of the village suggested the name. His horns caught you straight in the middle – so you can tell he wasn't very high. They had to work hard, but it was a good outside life.

When she had polio Mrs Jessett's van used to deliver the bread. Mrs Jessett ran the bakery. She was very kind to Joyce, who didn't know anyone when she first went to Broadmayne, and she looked after her. Pam Hillier used to deliver the bread. Marion Hammett recalls the bread was unwrapped in a basket and the milkman came around with the milk in a churn. The Trevett's delivered the milk. They used to come in the morning. He had a pint measure to dip in the churn and pour it your jug. When they did the afternoon milking if you wanted any milk you would walk up to the corner with your jug. MH remembers falling done once when a child and spilling milk and breaking the jug.

Joyce remembers a man from Weymouth coming to take the grocery list, because she couldn't get to the village, and delivering the next day, from Northover's. Not much room to put them in the caravan – they had electricity so she could cook the meals without any trouble.

They had water supply put on site, before they moved in. MH recalls that they had a pipe put in as there were no other houses at the time and later houses had to install their own supply – her father in law wouldn't let them 'tap' into it. They recall the other houses that were built along the drove – 'Whistler's, Mrs Mortimer's.

New arrivals to the village – didn't work in farming or in the village

The Hammett's bought the land for animals – there wasn't enough grazing at Poundbury. Their field went into the back of The Grove in Dorchester.

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MH recalls her husband Cliff's first job after leaving school was a Glebe Farm in Broadmayne working for Mr Clark. They now have new holiday cottages there.

Her son Denis went to school in Dorchester and Broadmayne. Joyce took Dennis to school on her bike, when she had recovered from polio. Marion remembers it but Joyce doesn't. Dennis went to the convent in Dorchester, then Broadmayne and later Bovington. Cliff stayed in Dorchester until he left school.

Joyce says that some of the memories of her youth have completely gone – she has been unconscious twice – she thinks the second time a piece of her brain collapsed and she can't remember what happened.

Jenny (Interviewer) asks Mrs Hammett about the Ridgeway – she replies that it hasn't had much effect on her – apart from riding for miles. She identifies 'Ridgeway with the rail tunnel'

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### Marion Hammett

Mrs Hammett recalls her childhood in Broadmayne and starting work in Dorchester. She talks about her brother John Hood and the Broadmayne fire of 1966.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Jennifer Howes	<b>Interview Date</b>	28/04/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1941	<b>Full Length:</b>	17.58
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.56
<b>Short Clips:</b>	HAMMETT_M_2_CLIP_Co-op		01.21
	HAMMETT_M_3_CLIP_Fire		

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from Interviewer – Jennifer Howes. Description of garden

Her family name was Hood, and she was born in Broadmayne. When young, her mother was in service for Captain Cree at Owermoigne. Her father was a farm labourer/gardener. At first she lived in a little cottage at the back of Southview and then they moved to Cowleaze Road. They lived there during her school years. She went to Broadmayne School until she was 11 then Bovington Secondary Modern School. Went to Bovington on the bus. She has a younger sister, Mary Miller in Milton Abbas. Her brother and mother have died

Left school and started work in the Grocery Department of the Co-op in Great western Road, Dorchester

“There used to be the Co-op in Great Western Road in Dorchester. And I worked in there ... in the grocery department. There was three departments there ... at Great Western Road. You had the butchery, the grocery and then the drapery and I went into the grocery department, and worked in there. You used to have to cycle because the first bus in the morning didn’t get us there in time, ‘cos it never left the Village until 20 past 8 and we used to have to start at half past. And there was quite a few of us girls from the Village used to have to cycle then to work everyday because the bus, you know if you had to start at half past 8 the bus didn’t get you there in time ... the first bus, so we had no choice. We often got there like drowned rats, you know in the winter, but anyway ... that’s what we did for two pounds ten shillings and sixpence my first wage.” (HAMMETT\_M\_2\_CLIP\_Co-op)

Marion met her husband Cliff Hammett in the village. He came when his parents bought the field in 1954. He finished school in Dorchester, living with his grandparents and used to cycle out to Broadmayne to see his Mum and Dad. He was in the village one day sat on his bicycle talking to some of the village boys and they just ‘clicked’ together. Married in Weymouth and had two boys, and now three granddaughters.

The Hammetts have a Tolpuddle Martyrs connection through James Hammett. Her granddaughter, Jessica had a role in a play at Puddletown Middle School – playing James Hammett. Significant for the children. But it is her husband’s father and aunts and uncles were the ones who really knew about it.

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Broadmayne School was small with only two classrooms. Miss Grimes who used to live in the old Post Office was a teacher there and used to walk up to the school with Marion.

Village allotments and Broadmayne fairs. Where the Village hall and playing fields are used to be allotments, she used to help dig out potatoes. Remembers fairs and flower & veg shows in the village. Once a year, the fair used to be where High Trees now is. The flower and veg show used to be just out of the village, past the Black Dog. Coronation fete in 1953 – not good weather. Processions – one year they had a teddy bear's picnic for the children – they had a tractor and trailer.

Talks about the district nurse Nurse Porter. Lived in the Village. Pam was the first baby she delivered – 72/3 years ago. She moved from Broadmayne to near the school at West Knighton. She retired and moved to cottages near the church. The Nurses now come in by car. They went to her for every little scratch. If you fell down in the road and hurt your knee you didn't bother to go home you went to see Nurse Porter.

Her brother John Hood started his own shoe repair business in Broadmayne in 1949. The shop was destroyed by fire in 1966

“He learnt the trade in Frisbees in Dorchester which was a shoe shop, it sold shoes as well as repaired shoes, and he learnt the trade in there and he got up his, started up his own little business on the cross on the corner, and he started that in about in 1949 and he stayed there 'til the fire, see, and he lost it all in the fire in about '66. And then he went up where Charlie Talbot lived the house up there, they let him have a little shed up there so he had to start again obviously, he had to get some you know different machines, tools and everything but he started again up there then.” (HAMMETT\_M\_2\_CLIP\_Fire)

After the fire John worked as a gardener for the Miss Crosses with Mr Deecox. They had the first surgery built, on the cross. Building now empty. Before that they were using the Post Office for the surgery – using Miss Bushrod's sitting room to see the doctor – until the early 60's. Post Office and Village Shop merged into one and still so. Lucky in the village to still have what they have – garage, school, Post Office.

John enjoyed his time with the Misses Cross – they gave him a china chicken for keeping eggs (which she still has). At Christmas time they bought the family a Christmas cake. They looked after people in the village. Three Miss Cross lived in the Village – another sister lived away. They had Morris Minor - they drove around in.

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### Jock Lane

Mr Lane recalls farming at Poxwell and the manor in the time of his aunt and uncle before the 1970s. He also discusses other family connections and descendents.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Steve White	<b>Interview Date</b>	2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1930	<b>Full Length:</b>	20.14
<b>Location:</b>	Poxwell		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	LANE_2_CLIP_War Attitude	<b>Clip Length:</b>	01.15
	LANE_3_CLIP_Staff		00.55
	LANE_4_CLIP_war road		00.35

### Outline of Interview:

Jock was brought up in Bloxworth, Dorset. He visited his aunt and uncle who owned Poxwell – it was always part of the family. On his mother’s side of the family they were Scotts – his great grandmother was born in 1840 and came from Encombe

In distant times so many people worked on farms and in houses. Local people worked locally. People didn’t leave Dorset

In the war there was the petrol ration – they were given 5 gallons for four months. He remembers an American Flying Fortress making a forced landing near Lytchett, it was repaired on the ground. When it was too heavy to take off they pumped 200 gallons of fuel into a ditch – his mother was furious.

Evacuees from Southampton at Poxwell during the war, displaced by bombing. Children had own teachers. He recalls people coming to visit from 1957 to 77 saying they had been an evacuee at Poxwell. A friendly feeling – his uncle had put in the Village playground entirely for the evacuees. It wasn’t needed before.

His father was a sailor during the war – they didn’t see much of him.

“My grandmother had six sons and one daughter. She was considered lucky of all things; lucky because only two of her sons were killed in the First World War. And that gives you some idea; I mean families were wiped out – we’d only lost two sons. But that is the sort of feeling of local feeling within these wars and we were never allowed to feel frightened. I was 10 in the Battle of Britain and one came round then I remember saying to a Parson at... after Church – and nobody incidentally asked a child whether they wanted to go to Church. You were just told when to be ready and you... you left for Church – and I said to the... to... this Parson that we were shooting down a lot of German aircraft and I’d... there’s a Heinkel 111 came down near Lytchett and we’d... I’d got even bits and pieces from it. And he didn’t say you’re talking nonsense boy; we’re on... we’re just about finished. He just said he was certain I was right provided the Almighty was on our side; I am afraid I’d taken the Almighty’s assistance rather for granted!” (LANE\_2\_CLIP\_war attitude)

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He was born in London 1930. When his Uncle and Aunt died the manor was too big for his family. They were farming and short of money – so to raise some capital they sold. Luckily the cottage he now lives in wasn't sold – The archdeacon from West Stafford was retiring and wanted somewhere to live – Jock invited him to live at Poxwell. He rented the cottage.

The family moved to Poxwell in 1957 – and lived in the farm house at Poxwell which at been built in 1934 for £1,700 by builder George Coke – he added a bit to it in about 1980. Next door to the cottage he lives in now.

“All Poxwell house was lived in by an uncle and aunt of mine and they had quite a number of servants and gardeners as well as the evacuees, so it was a separate outfit. And we, in those days, were considered incredible that we only employed three men and a boy, when they'd had - you know - half a dozen people earlier on. But when we retired in 1998, we had two men and were considered to be overstaffed. And I... the feeling that times had changed and people were not needed so much in the country and that farming had changed and you got one man on a huge tractors doing the work that two or three would have done in the past.” (LANE\_3\_CLIP\_staff)

In 1957 people had small tractors - they bought 3 grey Fergies, second-hand for about £400. The first combine, a second hand Massey 726 about an 8 foot cut, they paid about £750 in 1957. It lasted for two – three years then they spent £1400 on a new one. Today they are wider, more sophisticated and you can pay upto quarter of a million it makes you feel times have changed.

They had 640 acres, considered quite a big farm, but now its not enough to support a family – and now the farm is run by his next-door neighbour who has the same number of people or even less than he used to have on his own farm and he's running his own farm at Poxwell.

The manor was part of the property – but the family didn't live in the manor themselves. His aunt lived there until she died in 1974. It was far too big for them. Somebody gave them ideas to split into lots of flats but they didn't allow for the fire precautions – made it impossible.

In 1977 or 1976 they sold the house - an American Millionaire wanted to buy it as he had served here during the war. But his solicitors in Dallas and the Lane family's in London made a nonsense of it and the sale fell through they were desperate and they sold it for what they could get for it – very satisfactorily, perhaps not in money terms but in the people who came Peter Bolton

That was the end of the family line owning the manor, the family had built it in the early 1600s and of course still live there. Often the line went through the female line – his grandmother was a Pickett-Cambridge and all Poxwell was owned by them, and she married a Lane

One of his grandfathers was a parliamentarian and worked in the city. He was a Cecil – so to do with Hatfield. When Robert Cranborne became the member down here it was nice to feel related to him in some way – they became friends

The other grandfather was a tea planter in Ceylon.

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The family and Village graveyard was by the Anglo-Saxon church until 1867. An ancestor decided the church needed repairing but it was not big enough to hold the entire Village so he knocked it down and built a Victorian church in 1867. Unfortunately they built the spire wrong - it started to fall down, it wasn't covered by the insurance and 100 years later it had to be demolished at no cost as the stone was quite valuable. The ancestor was Trenchard. Trenchard also responsible for the water supply – in 1840s new cottages built but the only two wells were being polluted, out of kindness he tapped a clear spring and took the water down to a permanent pump in the Village. One of the first places in Dorset to have clean water.

When they moved to Poxwell they imported men with them – the foreman came from Scotland – George Gillespie. He retires and still lives in a cottage in the village. The shepherd got ill and died and Norman lives with his second wife in Littlemoor now. Pat his first wife lives in the Village.

The tenants in the cottage were as much friends as tenants. It is a small village and important to keep them as friends

His wife Philippa had mentioned to the interviewer about tanks parked along the road

“Just before D-day and they started I suppose... this was well before D-day, it started in '43 – they widened what was a tiny road from Warmwell Cross to Poxwell; they widened it so that tanks could be – and other armoured vehicles – could be parked along the side of the road so that they'd go down to Weymouth with the Americans for D-day. It was a mainly Americans, because the Americans left Weymouth; but that is... that's true.”(LANE\_4\_CLIP\_war road)

In 1961 someone suggested became chairman of the local conservative branch. His immediate reply was that he didn't know anything and couldn't – but was told he didn't need to know anything – he was only the chairman. He became chairman and stayed on for years and years and when Robert Cranborne became MP (they were distantly related – his grandfather was Jock's Godfather) they became friends until he went to Hatfield.

Talks about the Scotts of Encombe – was the only man (a Newcastle coal merchant) who understood George III. He went into politics – bought Encombe, and put up a tower.

George III visited Poxwell Manor – he dropped in for tea. They made the White Horse of him, but he was very annoyed as they made him riding away.

Encombe – was Lord Eldon – the original chap. The friendship with George III got him established. Recalls tenants of Bloxworth House – the Putnams in publishing. When his Uncle died he had no children, so the estate was split up. Jock's family had Poxwell and Lower Dairy farm, the Ringstead property was left to another cousin – Johnny Russell and the Bloxworth property to Cousin Freddie Lane

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### Fredy Litschi

Mr Litschi moved to Sutton Poyntz from London and was inspired to research and write about local history.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Dorothy Emblen	<b>Interview Date</b>	27/1/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>		<b>Full Length</b>	05.19
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz		

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from interviewer, Dot Emblen. Fredy's book about Sutton Poyntz has become something a village bible, she asks if he has always been interested in history. He has always liked history and was inspired when he moved from London by the smell of the animal urine when he walked through the village. His first idea was to have the Hardy plays, but he went on to write a book.

The book contains lots of stories, but not the one about Henry Diment and the Ghost watching – Fredy had never seen a Ghost before, he waited for something but nothing happened, whilst others were at a party in Weymouth. He is still researching the history Sutton House and Farm – Mr Pope wanted a manor house and he chose Sutton Farm.

They discuss field names – Elizabeth Saunders has some information. Fredy still does a little 'scribbling' – he says he's getting a little old now

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### Ken Miller

Mr Miller talks about the fun he had during his childhood growing up in wartime Osmington.

<b>Subject:</b>	<b>Ken Miller</b>	<b>Interviewers:</b>	<b>Interview Date</b>
		Georgie Green	
<b>Year of Birth:</b>			<b>Full Length:</b>
<b>Location:</b>	Osmington		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	MILLER_2_CLIP_Bomb		<b>Clip Length:</b> 01.15
	MILLER_3_CLIP_neighbours		00.26
	MILLER_4_CLIP_Prank		00.35

### Outline of Interview:

“Ken Miller: During the war years they reckon that the German Bomber pilots used to take the White Horse on a moonlit night, they could take it as a mark for flying across to bomb Bristol. We used to get a lot of odd stray bombs here because we had a Spitfire factory over at Warmwell Squadron, at Warmwell. And when they used to get up amongst them a lot of them used to turn tail and let them go anywhere, some of them finished in the sea. Dog fights here and when we used to get you know low cloud, Jerries sunk, a dive bomber sunk a boat in Portland harbour during the war years.

Interviewer: What could you see?

Ken Miller: They dropped Molotov bombs right up through the valley here. Molotov bombs are lighted up ones. My old mate Jim and me we went round the following day we picked up a couple, took one of them in the workshop over the farm and I had the hacksaw and we were cutting the end off to get the powder out. With that, just before we got through the cutting and all the old ARP Warden, old Crawshay was living in the Village at the time, he come in and he created hell to us. We were I don't know we were only about 12 or 13 year old then. We were after the powder to make some bombs, we used to make all our own gunpowder, Guy Fawkes night, simplest thing in the world to make wasn't it.”

(MILLER\_2\_CLIP\_Bomb)

“We used to have a couple of fairly good neighbours, couldn't get on very well together just above the shop in Church Lane. So we used to get a bit of rope and tie both door handles together then knock both doors. Then there was an almighty row. Fellow called Gunner Eaton he was, the little chap who lived in one and Charlie Adams. They used to go hammer and tongs then when we used to stir them up.” (MILLER\_3\_CLIP\_neighbours)

“In the winter time when the WI used to have their, you know, whist drives, and the old ladies and that used to gather, we'd often go, we'd been across the road, catch the donkey which was in a paddock the other side and take it up there, open the door and push the donkey in with them and shut the door. They took a bit of a dim view about it, you know, used to get a bit of a rollicking but then we'd most likely leave it for a while then perhaps another night we'd stick a wet bag over the chimney and smoke them out.”

(MILLER\_3\_CLIP\_Prank)

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### Margaret Mortimer

Mrs Mortimer recalls her wartime service, her move to Broadmayne and her subsequent active involvement in community life, including the WI and Meals on Wheels.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Jennifer Howes	<b>Interview Date</b>	06/02/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1926	<b>Full Length:</b>	30.35
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		

#### Outline of Interview:

Introduction by interviewer Jenny Howes. Margaret Mortimer lives in a bungalow with views over the field.

She has lived in Broadmayne over 50 years, but she starts the interview with her life before coming to the Village. She moved house every two years and even every six months – so when she came to Broadmayne she was determined to put down roots and never move again. She moved so often – she went to six different schools, partly because the family moved and partly because schools closed. At the end of the Second World War Margaret joined the WRNS. She spent 8 years in the WRNS and only left because she got married. During her service she lived in 18 different WRNS quarters. She married her husband a Naval Officer, and again she was moving around a lot. She was on her own a lot as he was away at sea for 9 months most years. They came to Broadmayne – and its bliss – to think I belong here and this is my Village.

They moved to Broadmayne after her husband left the Navy and completed his teacher training at Exeter. He got a job with the Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington which suited him - although they had to change their allegiance from Navy to Army. He was there for 17 years, until the day he died.

They chose Broadmayne because her husband saw an advert in a Sunday paper. He was looking whilst working and Margaret and the children were still in Exeter. They had promised themselves to live in the country. She came over to view – and it was what they wanted. They haggled for the price £5,900 – four bedrooms and a large garden. They bought the house in 1962.

They had 3 young children, and she was expecting a fourth when they moved, but that unfortunately went wrong. The children had lots of friends and freedom. Lots of young families – especially in Martell Close. She recalls Martell Close being known as ‘The Atomics’ as many workers from Winfrith Nuclear Power Station lived there.

Her two boys went to Broadmayne School, but her older daughter Liz boarded at her school in Exeter for 3 years. She came home when she was 11 and went locally to school. Margaret is not sure if her daughter enjoyed boarding school – she had boarded herself.

Her husband died suddenly (at 56), the children were all over 20 and Liz was married. Before her husband's death she had worked for 5 years in Dorchester Hospital as a Nursing Auxiliary. She had

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left a few months before his death because he had had a heart attack and she wanted to be at home.

After her husband's death the fellowship of neighbours in the village supported her. At the time of his death she was enormously involved in the Village – she was president of the WI, a churchwarden, and also for a short time on the parish council. Also cooking for meals on wheels – so she had lots of friends and could make herself really busy was very important. She was lucky to be able to do these things.

She was member of the Women's Institute and served as president twice, and was a member for 46 years. The Broadmayne and West Knighton Group had been established for some time until the war, but it closed for a time during the war and then opened again later, mostly under Miss Rosamund Cross who was president for many years. By the time she joined they had a change of president quite often, its now three years. Some of the members have been there much longer than her. They had good outings and speakers and people enjoyed it as now.

She has also been a church warden – for 7 years, started with Rodney Hughes, and interregnum and then Richard Gregory. A few years later they needed help and she was asked to go back 'temporarily' for another 5 years – she enjoyed it and considered it a privilege. She became editor of the parish magazine for the interregnum and stayed for 20 years.

Originally a group of people were the cooks for Meals on wheels and another group were the drivers. They called at exactly 12 o'clock to pick up the meals, by which time they had to have dished it up into containers and put it into another heated container – heated by charcoal. Not an easy process – the worst part – cooking not such a problem. They had to stop when rules came in – kitchens inspected, hygiene course and wearing a white coverall. They said no – as they hadn't poisoned anyone yet and if they weren't good enough to cook they would stop.

Just after that the lunch club was started – and all transferred to that and it still exists. It's very worthwhile, when it started a lot of people were not able to get out of their houses and had to be picked up by car. Probably only social event for many. When they started they thought they would have to have someone making introductions – but there was no need – the diners talked and talked and still do. Food was secondary to the social outing. People tend to sit in the same places with friends

She belonged to a keep fit group – not enough people involved so closed after 22 years – not the same doing it alone

She and her husband were founder members of the school parent teacher Association (PTA) – her husband was the chairman. They were also on the Village hall committee – he as chairman and later she was secretary.

When the new village hall was up and running all sorts of things started including the Broadmayne Players which she joined at the beginning. There has been lots of activity which has made life really enjoyable and worthwhile. She was in pantomimes, one act plays. She also produced plays

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for the players. The pantomimes were fun – as long as she can go on the stage and make a complete fool she is quite happy.

She still plays table tennis – she plays to win – and laughs a lot. They always play doubles – they spend time leaping from one side to another, a lot of people shrieking with excitement. Its good exercise - its good brain exercise too. She is very haphazard. Sometimes she startles herself with brilliance and sometimes she's really bad.

She keeps a diary – she writes it every evening. She did it for a few years when she was a WRN and for the first few years of her marriage and then there was a gap – she was too busy. She is now on volume 37. Always says about the weather, fairly factual sometimes says impressions and records what's flowering in the garden and what the family are doing. It's a page a day diary – but she doesn't always complete the page. Sometimes include something in the news.

She has written her life story up until she moved to Broadmayne – thoroughly enjoyed it. She stopped as writing as she didn't want to write about people she knows now.

In her Navy career – she moved 18 times in 8 years. She had no skills. Her first job was at Bletchley Park – which closed when the war ended. She was then trained to go to Ceylon (Sri Lanka) to take the place of civilian girls who worked in the dockyards in Trincomalee, but it was put off the day before she was due to sail. They waited four months and then fewer people were needed and she didn't go – she was disappointed. Then she trained for something different – a pay writer - anyone with an office job was called a writer in the Navy. She was working with huge ledgers – you didn't add up things down the columns you added things up sideways – quite tricky. Did that for two years in different places. Then she was suddenly recommended for a commission, which at the time she didn't want and said so. She was forced to go to the selection board and was selected and got her commission – and had four years as an officer serving in 4 different places, ending up as the officer in charge of the Royal Marine WRNS at Eastney Barracks. It was a very small unit of WRNS– only 36, but I was still a fairly junior officer – how she got the job, she doesn't know. She left on marriage because husbands and wives were not allowed to serve in the same place. As you were not going to see your husband when he was at sea – not seeing him when you both were in shore jobs was a bit tough so pretty much everyone resigned from the service.

The work wouldn't appeal to her now – they are not WRNS anymore – they are women of the Royal Navy – a clumsy title. They have to do everything that the Navy does – drill with rifles, stamp about – it's not the same thing at all. She would not have wanted to go to sea. They didn't, some had jobs which took them on board ships, but they didn't serve at sea. The unofficial motto of the WRNS was 'Never at Sea' which you could take two ways.

She still has wonderful friends she keeps in touch with.

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### Ken Otter

Mr Otter recalls his childhood on Portland, the quarries, closure of the railway, schooldays and starting work as an apprentice electrician in Weymouth. He transferred to Dorchester and cycled across the Ridgeway everyday. He settled in Dorchester after his marriage, later working for the County Council.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Elisabeth Croucher	<b>Interview Date</b>	09/02/2006
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1943	<b>Length:</b>	
<b>Location:</b>	Portland		

### Transcription of Interview: (Recording not available)

- E This is Elisabeth Croucher and I am interviewing Mr Ken Otter at his home in Dorchester on Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> February 2006. Would you like to introduce yourself?
- K Yes I'm Ken Otter and I live in Dorchester and I was born on the 16<sup>th</sup> June 1943.
- E Thank you
- E Right Ken well I know you have lived on Portland for many years and in South Dorset for all your life maybe you would like to tell me some things about your childhood and where you were born.
- K Right, I was born in Easton which is on the top hill part of Portland. Right on the edge of the quarrying area and in fact my first home was a building with 3 flats in it my father was away during the war when I was born and we were very friendly with the people on the flat underneath us and I still remember Mrs Crabb. (E laughed) We lived there for probably about 5 years and then we moved to a council prefab at Weston for I'm not too sure probably 10 years and then moved to the final house in Portland in Grosvenor Road which was the house that belonged to my grandfather. I can remember not so much my younger childhood probably just before I was a teenager and my teenage years when there was not a lot of entertainment for us we had to make our own fun playing across the around the quarry areas no doubt getting up to mischief and we had good clean honest fun and um what else can I remember. I can remember we had a little dog it was called Betsy and I can remember taking her for a walk one day along the railway lines after the trains had stopped coming to Portland and all of a sudden she had a fit and ran off and it was just before Christmas and I couldn't find her I went home and was worried sick because I'd lost the dog (laughter) but my parents were quite reasonable about it and eventually she came home by herself. She was o.k.
- E When did the railway line close on Portland?
- K Oh now that's, I honestly can't remember the date but it was certainly while I was, while I was still at school so that would have been I left school at 15 so I would probably have been , about 12 which would have probably made it about 1955 something like that.
- E Right, right.
- K I can also remember while the railway line was still there we used to go down which was at the bottom of my road and the crowd of youngsters that I played with we used to go down there they had this huge cistern that they used to use for filling up the engines with water and we used to climb the ladder and pull the chain on this cistern (laughter) much to the annoyance of the local stationmaster who then used to chase us all the way home.

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- E Laughter – I can just see you doing that. But, your father was in the war
- K Yes
- E What did he do apart from that?
- K He was a quarryman, and life was pretty hard. He was paid, he had a monthly retainer and was paid at the end of each month on the amount of stone that this particular quarry had got out.
- E Right
- K If it rained and he didn't go to work he didn't get paid so there were times when I went to school with holes in my shoes because they couldn't afford to replace them and I suppose really we had my early days we were quite poor.
- E Yes
- K And all the way through my fathers career in the quarries money was always tight. There was never too much money floating around
- E Did you mother work?
- K Yes my mother used to work while I was at school she worked some of the years in the school canteen which had advantages and disadvantages because if the meals were good I could always be first for extras if the meals weren't very good I got told off for not eating them. And if I missed the ??????? of school the teachers would tell her. (Laugh) and then she went to work as a cleaner for one of the local doctors and she was there for years and years.
- E Right
- K and
- E And your Sister Margaret
- K My sister Margaret she went to work when she finished school she went to Weymouth college and then went to work for a firm in Dorchester and then eventually moved to London where she met her husband and when she was in early 20's I suppose they emigrated to Canada
- E right
- K and they've been there ever since.
- E OK and you were saying about your school days. What do you remember, do you remember the teachers.
- K Yes I can remember
- E Anything special?
- K I can remember my secondary teachers obviously more than in fact I cannot remember my first teachers, school teachers at all. I can remember the school it is now The St Georges Centre on Portland and I can remember my first day there and I can remember well I have since been told when my mother was alive that I bawled my eyes out for ages. (Laughter)
- K But that is all I can remember at that school, the junior school, yes the days were quite good I was never the most academic person. When I got to secondary school we had teachers like Reggie Bullard, the headmaster Mr Lloyd, Martin Parry, all who have since passed on but they were good days on the whole and towards the end of my secondary education I realised that I really ought to learn something and um one year I was bottom of the class in algebra (hold your breath) and I spoke to the science teacher who actually took us for algebra and he said what did I want to do, so I said I want to go in the RAF, so he said if you want to do that you want to learn algebra and he had me in his classroom every

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night for a month after school and he taught me algebra and I really respected him for that.

E Did you then pick up with that

K Yes the next year I was top of the class (Laughter) in algebra so that was you k now, that was good and I also enjoyed the science side of the lessons as well.

E Did you do exams at the end of school

K No we didn't have because it was a secondary school education so we didn't actually have anything like gcse's. The only exam I ever took there was the 11+ which I failed, but we actually had end of term exams

E Yes

K Tests and that sort of thing but they weren't recognised qualification type of exams.

E mmm

K In fact the first external exam I took was when I started work as an apprentice electrician in Weymouth and was told I needed to go to the technical college one day a week on day release and I then started taking city and guilds exams

E Right

K And I managed to pass them all by some fluke.

E so why didn't you go in the RAF?

K Because I passed , oh that was another exam I took. I sat in the headmasters office the whole of one day sitting the RAF entrance examination for apprentices, passed that, went up to RAF Holton by myself at just over 15 and there were 3000 other boys there that wanted to go into the RAF as well and I failed the medical on my eyesight and at the time it broke my heart.

E I bet it did

K and it took me quite a long time to get over that

E Yes

K And because I had set my heart on the RAF I didn't know what I wanted to do

E had you realised before that there was something wrong with your eyes or was that the first time.

K I had worn glasses since I was about 3 years old.

E Right, so you knew that there was something

K Yes but I didn't think that it would stop me going

E no

K but they have their rules and I fell foul of them.

E that was quite a brave thing to do going at 15 years old wasn't it at that stage? I mean had you been away a lot

K no

E had you been off Portland much – holidays or .....

K well my grandparents, my mothers parents lived in Weymouth so we would come over to Weymouth every so often, and for our summer holidays my parents would buy a British Rail runabout ticket which allowed us to go to vast distances such as Brockenhurst or Swanage

E Yes

K And that was probably at that stage the furthest I had ever been so to actually get on a train at Weymouth

E By yourself

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- K By myself to go as far as Buckinghamshire was quite daunting.
- E Yes
- K But I was away 3 days I think it was and it was quite an experience.
- E So then you had to come home and realised that you weren't going to go in and you decided to do the
- K Yes, I was working part time for 1 day a week in a grocery shop as a delivery boy after school and on Saturdays or something like that and my father didn't think that that was the right occupation for a young man so he started looking for jobs for me which I totally resented and he came home to me one day and said there's a job for you at Todds the Boat builders in Weymouth and you're to attend an interview. I refused to go.
- E So how old were you then?
- K 15 and I didn't very often stand up to my father but I did on this occasion and so I then decided that it was time to do something myself so I went into Weymouth and went all around the electrical shops in Weymouth asking if they needed any apprentices and that is how I got the job with a firm called Davis & Hadley in Weymouth who were electrical contractors.
- E Right and that started you off.
- K Yes
- E Gosh, Good. When you were, I mean on Portland, going back to Portland and when you came to Weymouth do you remember much about the countryside or that sort of thing?
- K Well most of Portland of course was quarries or quarry waste. Where we used to play was the area we called the banks and there were two old windmills there, one of which I think is still there but they are not functioning now, they're derelict and the fields around that area were actually farmed by the local, they were then called borstal boys and we would go out there would be 20 or 30 of them working in this field.
- E So where did they stay
- K In the borstal prison on Portland.
- E Oh right
- K And they would be transported down, no, they would be marched down to these fields and work the land and they would be down there with probably 3 or 4 prison officers to about 30 men and we used to go down there and we used to sit down there with all the prisoners and drink their strong tea and ginger cake (laughter) which when my mother found out she went mad (laugh) but we still did it and it was good the fellas were ok with us and the prison officers didn't mind and we quite enjoyed it.
- E Gosh, Yes.
- K And I also remember when, talking about the borstal boys, when we went to Sunday School in the local Methodist Church, every Sunday morning just before the service these again 20 odd borstal boys would march from the prison to the church and they would sit in their special pews with their officers there and then they were there every Sunday. Whether it was compulsory or not, I don't know. (laughter).
- E So you had to go every Sunday yourself
- K Every Sunday, yes, we went to Sunday school in the morning and then again in the afternoon. We didn't go in the evening until we were in our teens I suppose.
- E Right, so you were strong Methodist at the time.
- K Yes
- E Right, right

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- K I can't say my parents were strictly, I mean they were Methodists but they weren't particularly strong. I think we went because it was the thing to do and it was somewhere to go because there wasn't that much to do on Portland.
- E Did they have a youth club or anything like that?
- K They did when um again when I left school they had a Portland Red Triangle club which was a youth club and um most of my teenage evenings were spent there playing table tennis, snooker, darts, cards and it was a super place it had membership of several hundred local lads and run by volunteers and yes it was wonderful.
- E No girls?
- K No girls. Young Mens Christian Association
- E Ah that is still going isn't it?
- K Yes, that's right. Yes it is - it was Portland YMCA Red Triangle Club. They are now quite big in cricket – local cricket games.
- E What about dances and things like that Did they have dances on.
- K They may have done
- E But you never went
- K But I never went (laughter). My two left feet precluded me from going there.
- E What about shops and things locally. Do you remember much about them? Were things delivered?
- K Yes we used to have a van selling bread and of course milk. The butcher used to come round in a van and but there was also a butcher probably about a mile and a half walk away which I would go for every Saturday and collect our meat for the weekend um and I have got a vague memory of somebody coming round selling vegetables.
- E Right
- K And certainly at the right times of year you would get um a van coming round selling mackerel and he used to stand at the bottom of the street and shout "West Bay Mackerel"
- E West Bay mackerel
- K West Bay mackerel, yes in a big loud voice and all the ladies would come rushing out to go off and buy their mackerel.
- E What about fish locally
- K There were fish shops locally and of course the local people went fishing as well and that included myself and my father and we would clamber down over the rocks on the west side of the island and/or the east side and fish straight from very deep water and um we used to have, we didn't buy the lead weights that were made in shops, you used pebbles with holes in them as weights for your line because we couldn't afford to buy the lead weights and um they were good times, yes.
- E What about health, doctors, you were saying your mother worked at the doctors I mean was that a big surgery or was that a just a small local doctor.
- K That was just two, there was one doctor on the island I remember Dr Rix, I remember him for years and I think probably at that time he was the only doctor on the island and then the doctor came that my mum worked for and there were two of them in that practice. And um it was pretty basic healthcare. There were no large clinics or anything like that and um if you felt unwell you went to the doctor and you sat in the waiting room for an hour or more and eventually he would see you but
- E Did you have any infectious diseases or do you remember any in the family or locally or anything?

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- K I can't really remember anything like that apart from the usual measles and that sort of think but I can't honestly remember any bad illnesses that our family had.
- E The other thing was did you, saying you had a dog, was there a vet on the island or did that not even come into it as a
- K I don't think that, I can't remember a vet on the island. Um I think there must have been but I honestly don't remember
- E remember
- K No
- E OK your father obviously walked to work
- K Yes
- E and you walked to school and everything from what you are saying. When you actually went to work in Weymouth how did you get there and what then, if you like to tell me a little bit about what happened there.
- K OK, well then yes. to start off with when I went for the interview as an electrician with this Mr Hadley he um asked me lots of questions on electrical bits and pieces which I answered and then he said to me put your hands on the table and I put my hands on the table palm up and he said no, the other way, so I turned them over, and he looked at my finger nails and he said start on Monday so I said why did that make you decide you would employ me and he said because you have got clean nails and you don't bite them. (laughter)
- E How lovely
- K So, but he was a hard taskmaster. He really was an awful man to work for. He ruled by frightening you to death. He used to threaten you that he would sack you and which of course would have been the worst thing that could happen but he was a terrible taskmaster. He was a regimental sergeant major and he ran his business like it as well.
- E Can you remember your pay or what you got paid?
- K My first full weeks pay was £5/11/8d and that was before stoppages and out of that I had to pay something to my parents and I can't remember how much it was, probably a £1 or something like that and then I had to pay my bus fares into Weymouth because at that stage I didn't have a bike and eventually I saved up and bought a bike and I then rode my bike to Weymouth and Davis & Hadley owned a shop in Dorchester called Rogers & Dawes and they transferred me to Rogers and Dawes so I then had to cycle from Portland to Dorchester every day and in those days I could do it without getting off the bike and the same with going home.
- E But what was the road like then?
- K Well there was a lot less traffic than there is now and the vehicles were much smaller although the stone lorries were there across the road they didn't bother you like these big trucks do nowadays. The road itself was quite good um the surface was quite good um
- E What about the route it took because it went over the Ridgeway didn't it
- K Yes
- E Well how did it go over the Ridgeway then?
- K The same as it does now.
- E The same as it does now?
- K Yes, the only difference would be, the main difference would be the Weymouth way because I would ride across Portland Beach Road down over Lanehouse Rocks Road and then through Radipole and back onto the Dorchester Road and then up through that way.

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So the only thing that's really changed is the Weymouth Way. Other than that the road's the same other than the odd alterations they have done in Portland on the beach road that they have done recently but I can't really remember how long it used to take me. (Clock chimes).

E Did you, I mean, did you every used to go, notice when you were cycling over the Ridgeway the bumps or anything like that or do you think you were too young at that time?

K I think I was too young at that time to notice.

E Too young to notice it?

K Yes too young to notice it. I honestly think - no I didn't notice it. No

E OK and your bike I presume having got it you nurtured it

K Yes in fact um I can remember a friend at school had this clapped out old bike and his parents had bought him a new one so he said to me "you can buy my bike from me" for, I don't know, a ridiculous sum I can't remember what it was and I discussed this with my parents and they said no way was I spending my money on rubbish and it was, I can't remember whether it was birthday or Christmas but they bought me a brand new bike and I'm sure it was either my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday or 16<sup>th</sup> Christmas and that was the first bike I had ever owned and I went out with it on the first night with a friend and we went out to Portland Bill and I fell of the bike and I was petrified to go home in case my father found out but he didn't so (laughter)

E Right, so and when you had ridden it to Dorchester did you then stay in the shop or did you go out?

K No I went out

E You went out?

K I went out and worked on houses.

E And did you cycle to those houses?

K Sometimes, not always. There were days when I would cycle to Dorchester and then cycle from Dorchester to Broadmayne or Crossways where the houses were being built to actually carry out the wiring in the houses and then when I finished at Broadmayne, I would then cycle from Broadmayne back to Portland.

E You must have been extremely fit in those days

K I think I probably was yes.

(Laughter)

E Right. So did you have to cycle in all weathers...? Do you remember the weather at that time and what it was like?

K That's a bit difficult

E Was it different from now

K Yes, I certainly am always saying that I think the summer holidays that I had were just sunny days from start to finish. I cannot remember us having rain while we were on the school holidays. Perhaps we did and you only remember the sunny days. But I used to cycle to Weymouth - well I would cycle home more in the wet. If it was pouring in rain in the morning I would probably catch the bus. But if I cycled to work in dry weather and it rained I would cycle home in the rain.

E what about snow?

K No I always caught the bus when it snowed. I can remember one day because there was 3 of us on the firm who lived on Portland so we all met on the same bus if we caught the bus and on this snowy morning the bus came and we got on. They were only single decker

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buses in those days and every time the bus stopped in the bus stop it couldn't get out so we had to get off the bus and push it out into the middle of the road so it could get going again and we got to work having left Portland before 8 o'clock we got to work at about half past 10, walked in the door and the contracts manager said "how on earth did you get here I've told the boss you can't get in sod off". (laughter) So we all went home again. It took us just as long to get home (laughter). Going back to riding the bike I can remember on one occasion cycling across Portland beach road with a force 9 gale and actually having to stand on the pedals to stay upright and move forward because the winds were so strong. You actually had to stand on the pedals to make yourself move (laughter).

E Yes, well. The other thing I was going to ask you is I mean, remember much about the local police, you doing all this cycling and all these things in quarries in your youth. I mean did you have any involvement with the police?

K Yes, I mean I can remember once I got, oh I was caught scrumping which is pinching apples from somebody else's garden and um the police were involved in that. They came round knocking on the doors and not only did I have to go through that but I was punished by my parents as well for putting them to shame for having the police come to the front door of the house (laugh).

E Was it a local bobby or?

K Yes it was a local bobby. Yes, yes, In fact he lived in the next road so they knew us and we knew them and I thought they were good policemen really. You know quite often they would come up to us and tell us to stop doing that and we would stop and um we would just take notice, we respected them I think that this was the thing and they were fair with us. There were one or two boys on Portland that misbehaved beyond the norm and they were dealt with by the police um but if you took notice of what they told you then it was just between you and them and they didn't take it any further.

E OK so you lived on Portland which is supposed to be full of myths and magic and things. Do you ever come across anything like that?

K Well there is the old superstition about the underground mutton or I will use the word rabbits because I'm not superstitious, but I know that the local quarrymen if they say a saw a rabbit while they were going to work, they would turn round and go home again and there was one lorry that was parked at the side of the road for 8 days because somebody had written, some young character had written rabbits in the dust on the side of the lorry and the driver wouldn't touch the lorry. So it was there for days.

E So it really was a.....

K Yes, it wasn't too major when I was around but before I was borne it was definitely very major. In fact I would say that in my early years up to about 7 or 8 it was quite a strong superstition.

E I mean I know the word always used now is bunny

K Yes

E Do you have any idea where did this originate from?

K To the best of my knowledge, it came about because rabbits had burrowed into the soil above a quarry and men were then underneath and there were so many rabbit holes in the side of the quarry that it caved in and I believe one or two quarrymen were killed and because of that and to the best of my knowledge is a true story of rabbits.

E And it carries on to today?

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- K Yes, I think you find some of the real old Portlanders would still be very upset if you used the word in front of them.
- E And what about things, were there festivals or circuses at Easter, Christmas? What do you remember about that?
- K No, I can't remember anything about that. Anything like that would go on, like circuses you would have to go to Weymouth for that type of entertainment. There were two cinemas on the island and um I can remember it was 1/3d to sit in the front seats of the cinema.
- E What about the back ones?
- K I don't know (laughter). Easton cinema was um in a disused church. I don't think the building is there any more and the cinema under hill which seemed to have the better films that was I believe destroyed by fire probably 20 years ago and has never been rebuilt and I think there's flats on the premises now, but there was very little organised entertainment um for um children. We used to have the Bath & Portland stone firms who my father worked for used to put on a children's Christmas party for all the children of people who worked for them and we would go to the Jubilee Hall in Easton and there were hundreds of children there and we used to play games and have jelly and ice cream and cakes and everything else and really a very enjoyable time.
- E Did your parents go out much? I mean was there entertainment for them? Do you remember?
- K Not very often no. My parents didn't go out in the evening very much at all. That may have been because they couldn't afford to
- E So what did they do at home in the evening? Did they read? Or what sort of things did they do?
- K I think my mother probably did housework, um sewing and that sort of thing. I can't really remember what my father did in the evenings. Latterly of course they would watch television, but
- E How old were you when they got a television – can you remember?
- K I think it was for the coronation so that would have been '52 so I was 7 and that was put in the front room which was the best room in the house and it was only really used on Saturdays and Sundays um because we didn't have central heating so you had to light the coal fire in the rooms you used as sitting rooms. So we didn't watch television every night of the week um
- E So how was the rest of your house heated?
- K It wasn't. We had a coal fire in the sitting room and in the kitchen we had a little Ideal boiler which heated the hot water and that was it. When you went up to bed in the evening you ran up the stairs and you ripped off you clothes as quick as you could and dived under the sheets and it was absolutely freezing. We used to have ice on the inside of the windows in the morning but you dived into the cold sheets and within two or three minutes you were quite nice and warm.
- E You didn't put the clothes under the mattress to keep warm for the morning? (laughter)
- K Never thought about that, no. Too late to tell me now.
- E Sorry about that (laughter). So when did you actually leave Portland then?
- K I left Portland when I was about 20 and my mid twenties and I came to Dorchester because I was courting at that time and I was also working for a firm in Dorchester and I got fed up

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with travelling backwards and forwards to Portland which was 30 miles a day so I took a flat in Dorchester.

E You rented that?

K I rented that yes and the rent was supposed to be £2/10/- per week. It wasn't a self contained flat. It had a large lounge, a large cold bedroom and a little kitchen and you shared the bathroom and toilet and the landlady said to me why are you coming to live in Dorchester from Portland. I said we were looking to get married soon and she said until you get married she said you only need to pay £2/2/6d per week. (laughter)

E How lovely

K She was a lovely old lady and we were there for our first year of our married life.

E And when you were by yourself before you married, did you cook for yourself or

K Yes, yes.

E You were totally self sufficient.

K Oh yes. I would buy things and that although Pat used to come up at the weekends and help with the ironing.

E But you had done the washing?

K Yes, some of the washing but not necessarily all.

E So did you do the washing in a washing machine Ken or did you

K Yes, we had a little twin tub washing machine because I was working for a firm that repaired washing machines and they let me have one nice and cheap (laughter).

E So you carried on with your electrical work and when did you change jobs eventually. You got married then

K Yes then, in 1973 I answered an advertisement for an electrician at County Hall, Maintenance Engineer at County Hall which I went for interview and was offered the job and 18 months later a surveyors job became available and I was encouraged to apply for that by my boss and I did apply for it and wasn't sure I could do the job at that stage. He was (laugh) and anyway I applied for the surveyor's job and that's where my career as a surveyor started.

E And you never looked back

K No

E Thanks ever so much Ken. I really appreciate your help. Very good. Thank you very much.

K Good. It was quite interesting to think back

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### Colonel Alan Parkes

Col Parkes was involved with a restoration of the White Horse in 1956. His platoon was responsible for the tail while they waited for the call to leave for Suez

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Sarah Harbige	<b>Interview Date</b>	11/03/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1924	<b>Length:</b>	06.48
Osmington White Horse			

#### Transcription of Interview:

I'm Colonel Alan Parkes of the Royal Tank Regiment. In 1956 my regiment was temporarily living in the Chickereil TA Camp waiting to go on the Suez Expedition. We had been to the Officer's Mess at Bovington for lunch one day and on the return we came past the Horse and the Squadron Leader of the day remarked:

"That horse is a bloody mess, we've got nothing to do waiting here why don't we go and clean it up."

He immediately knocked on the door of the Town Hall where a man with a top hat on ... introduced us and let us in to see the Mayor who looked surprised to say the least, but welcomed the chance and made the usual arrangements to supply the equipment needed to dig and somebody produced some rations from somewhere but most importantly the brewer from Dorchester would supply a barrel of beer per day in order to keep us adequately resuscitated [sic]. My responsibility personally was the tail and I had no idea until we stood and looked at it what a huge thing it was that we'd undertaken. The rest of the regiment, the squadron was to do the rest of it... but the tail was my main concern, I would've thought for the best part of a fortnight.

Anyhow we had got going and quite an enjoyable time particularly doing things like soldiers do. When getting a bit tired we would use the tin trays the brewer supplied to have races on our bottoms going down the hill. We got more casualties this way than we did on the actual Suez operation when it eventually happened.

It was all considered to be a success and we were given a good meal on the pier and then soon after the whistle went and we had to load 48 tanks or more on the road, off the road going out to Portland Harbour, whatever you call it, Prison

Had no real difficulty in finding the outline of the horse, because we could see that it was clearly on chalk and however it wasn't until we started to dig out, grub out all manner of weeds from old blackberries, the whole lot. Everything that was available was there and well rooted into it and when eventually we managed to get these roots out it made the whole thing look really quite well defined. Particularly when you were working on a think that size it was difficult to associate your part of the animal with the bit at the far end, which of course is quite a long way away.

We were all right and we got on quite happily until local press got into the local pubs and tried to find out what we were all doing. And there was some troublemakers in as much as we had called up people to the war strength as we were going so called to war, we had go quite a lot of reservists who mainly came from the London area and they, some of them were not to happy

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because they all were doing very good jobs, even then they were still repairing bomb damage in London and all the other bits.

It obviously got hot and .. I don't know, I wasn't the colonel I was just a cog in the machinery, certainly these recruits – no not recruits 'cos they were already in the equivalent of the Reserve Army, were not very happy to be sitting there particularly when there was very very good money to be made in the building industry I'm afraid but as the balloon went up and we all got aboard and disappeared off to Malta, was the first stage, it was very much more peaceful and of course in those days on a very slow tank ship. We had a good time with nobody to worry us at all and communications were really quite limited in those days compared with these days and we hadn't been bothered by things like aeroplanes. So that was it and we went as far as Malta and we arrived. As we went into the grand harbour there was an almighty bang and we wondered if we had come to the right place to fight this war. However we were told that it was ... to mark the 11<sup>th</sup>, Armistice Day on the island which was always taken very very seriously.

We spent about a fortnight there and then disappeared off to the Suez part of the Campaign which has not really got a lot to do with your horse ... a few camels, but

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### David Saunders

Mr Saunders recalls the history of his family farm Northdown in Sutton Poyntz, starting work there with his father and twin brother, Derek and eventually retiring.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Caroline Crisp & Louise Sheaves	<b>Interview Date</b>	30/03/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1922	<b>Full Length</b>	05.24/24.27/35.50/01.38
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	SAUNDERS_D_2_CLIP_WW1 Horse	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.31
	SAUNDERS_D_3_CLIP_First Tractor		01.33
	SAUNDERS_D_4_CLIP_Wildlife		01.15
	SAUNDERS_D_5_CLIP_leaving school		00.56
	SAUNDERS_D_6_CLIP_Milk Train		01.59
	SAUNDERS_D_7_CLIP_Butter and Hens		02.07

#### Outline of Interview:

Introduction by interviewers Louise Sheaves then Caroline Crisp

David was born Sutton Poyntz and never moved. His grandfather came to Sutton Poyntz in 1907 from Portesham, as a tenant farmer – moving every seven years. They lived in Wynford Eagle before Portesham. They came to Sutton Poyntz on a 7 year lease. They would've moved on but they had a fire just after they came which caused a rebuild of the farm. It was still the Weld Estate then. When they rebuilt they re-organised it – as it was in bits and pieces. They moved all the dairy animals together in the stables in the yard. It became an easier farm to run then when they came first.

The fire was in the woodshed in the yard – in the hayloft. His father's sister and younger brother were playing with matches. It was in March (he was told this) it was a strong easterly wind and the thatch caught light and moved from the yard to the bottom yard where the cow stores were, and the big barn too. It was ruined. The only bit that was saved was the strip adjoining the farming by the road – and he can remember when his father had it stripped off and used asbestos sheeting – he was only about 5. During the war they were told they had to camouflage it – with cow manure.

His father told him he was quite young when they came to the farm – he wasn't meant to follow on farming, but his father had an accident and was thrown from a horse in 1915 – and twisted his intestines. He had an operation, which would've been straight forward today but he died from an infection. David's father was only 14 then and still at school. He had an older brother, who was in the Dorchester Yeomanry when war broke out.

“My father's brother Arch was called up in the war. He went and when they went the members of the Yeomanry had to take their horse with them. It made it a bit difficult on the farm having his horse missing. But they also took some of the heavy horses too. The Army could take them, so they were rather short of animals in the first war.

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His father came home to help when he was 14 – he ran the farm. His uncle came back from the war but couldn't settle and emigrated to Australia in 1922.

“(SAUNDERS\_D\_2\_CLIP\_WW1 Horse)

The Welds had some deaths in the family and put the farm up for sale. They couldn't get the price they wanted so they put it up for sale again in 1925 and his father was able to buy it for £6,000 - 350 odd acres. They added 100 or so more acres more recently with his brother. They bought the land from Miss Guppy. She wasn't married and worked with her brother. She had bought the farm at Preston – where the caravans are – Waterside Farm

His childhood memories of the farm include the cows and haymaking – he used to love going out and running and jumping in the mowing grass – which they weren't supposed to do. A dairy farm, arable too with sheep to fertilize the fields, (his father started using fertilizers) and root crops in rotation. Sometime they would grow a crop like mustard which they would plough back in.

“The main thing that helped the farm, helped Dad on was the fact that he was able to buy the first tractor in the area, which was a Ford Tractor. Fordsons actually that Henry Ford imported them. They imported them to Ireland and they were put together in Cork and it was one of the first in the area. It had a pulley, you could put the pulley on to take the power off the drive for threshing machines instead of using steam power. My Dad, when he was young they had a steam engine. I can still remember the ends of it. They had to demolish it and you could see the wooden base. Although it was a steam engine it wouldn't drive itself you had to pull it with horses. So when this tractor appeared it was driving a big threshing machine it was quite a modern wonder really, because with the steam engine you had to have somebody up about half past three in the morning to get up steam to get the thing to go at about 8 o'clock or so whenever they wanted to start, so it was a long day. With the tractor you just came and started it up and away it went straightaway, which was quite a good advantage.” (SAUNDERS\_D\_3\_CLIP\_First Tractor)

The farm employed a lot of people at one time – a carter, shepherd for a little while, dairyman and one or two other helpers at harvest time – in return they had the right to go rabbiting. These were local people, lived in Silver Street – included Harry Corbin who lived at the top – worked in Tilley's and had a car an Austin 7. There were only 3 cars in the Village at that time (after the war). The car was always garaged. Mr Osman - the miller.

At Christmas time they used to get the work up in hand so that they had to do only necessary work. They never did outside/field work on Sundays it was a day of rest. When the sheep were off the hill, his dad would have to go out and fold the sheep – move the hurdles to a fresh patch of roots each day. He would go off on his horse with his sheepdog and drive the sheep – David can't remember a shepherd doing that. A black and white sheepdog – Jacko.

He can't recall anything special at Christmas – everything went on as normal

“There used to be several cuckoos, you could hear them answering each other, I've not heard them for several years now... Used to always look for the swallows, because we used to ... the swallows used to live in the barns in the stable roof and in the stick outhouse and

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it always seemed to be the same ones, they always seemed to come back year after year. It must've been the young ones I guess come back to find the nest. I remember there was snipe out through the water meadow and I remember my father, walking out with him and he managed to shoot one ... you've got to be very quick to shoot a snipe because they dart when they come up and they dart from side to side. I can't remember deer. I don't think there were any deer until later years. We used to disturb them when we started silage making, sort of in June ... in my younger years when it was hay fields there was certainly no deer here." (SAUNDERS\_D\_4\_CLIP\_Wildlife)

They had two fields that grazed the dairy herd, one paddock used in the morning and then in the afternoon the herd were moved across the valley. The other fields were laid up until they were mowed. They had 35 cows to start with – and gradually increased to 120 when he was farming.

When he and his brother (Derek) came home from school and started work they bought the other 100 acres. They decided it was such a lot of work to go up the hill for the arable land and over the top towards the Broadmayne Road – they decided to let that and increase the dairying. His father let it to his uncle at Friarmayne farm – also Saunders.

"We went to Dorchester Grammar School. We did one year in sixth form and then we decided or well it was I think ...it was my mother didn't want us to have to do national service you see... and so we, we came home but otherwise we would have continued our education. One of the main reasons we, he wanted us because he had the first hay bailer because everybody used to make loose hay and he bought this bailer from a... they were imported from America and they were very expensive; it was over £1000 pounds in 1950 so... he wanted somebody that was able or capable ...looking at to us ...so we did like work and did the machinery side of technical sort of things." (SAUNDERS\_D\_5\_CLIP\_leaving school)

At the start of the Second World War agriculture was running down, but beginning to pick up, 1935/36.

"I remember my father saying that what helped quite a lot was the fact that ... I think it was 1934 they formed the milk marketing board which controlled the price of milk. Before that it was like it is today, who would give most, or the ones that would ... it was a competition anyway. And my father was able to get a better price from the co-op dairy in Weymouth and they paid... I think he said it was a farthing ... I think it was a very small amount per gallon more than united dairies. He was able to arrange with him to deliver it ... or they wanted it, that's right - they wanted it delivered, so my father was able to deliver it and that covered the cost of running the car, and the fuel and so on. But my father started delivering it 1934, before I can remember mind. I can remember 1938, 39 because in the summer time they wanted it delivered twice a day. Morning to the dairy and evenings ... we took it to the railway and I remember putting them on the little trucks and helping ...supposed to be helping anyway ... push the trolley up the platform and loaded it on to the night train to ... it all went up to Surbiton in west London, that was because they wanted fresh milk before the days of refrigeration and it was quite a thing." (SAUNDERS\_D\_6\_CLIP\_Milk Train)

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His father had one of the first milking machines in 1934 which was OK when he used them, but sometime a helper left the machine on a cow's udders too long and they got mastitis, and it was before there was any treatment for it and cows were ruined – he lost a quarter. He worked it for while and then went back to hand milking. Some cows were easy to milk and some hard. You used to see 3 or 4 milkers – they would go slow so they would miss the difficult ones.

The dairy adjoined the barn – now converted into houses, a lean to building which was built when they had to put in a bulk tank when all the milk had to be collected in bulk. They had to use a crane to lift the tank over the garden wall. All the milk went to be sold.

“A little drop that my mother used to keep and she used to let it stand and take the cream off and we had a little butter churn by hand and we used to sit by the fire in the winter time, warming it up because you had to get the right temperature ....if its too cold it won't come, but if it's too hot it goes all squelchy ... it won't form a lump so it was quite a business to get it just right. You used to sit by the fire to warm it up. (Interviewer: how self sufficient were you on the farm? Did you grow all your own vegetables?) Yes, my father was always in the garden, that was ... Well we all helped each other in the garden, little children and all. That's why I still grow, something we were brought up to do. (Interviewer: and did you have chickens and pigs?) Yeah, that was my mother's job looking out to the hens and the ... we had them free range ... We had ... I think she had four or five chicken huts that were on wheels and we used to move them round, I remember. They could hold about 40 each I think in each house .... And dotted around the fields and then in the .... After the harvest we always used to tow one up to the field where the corn stacks were and they would go round and scratch and eat the loose grain, but that was always the young ones before they start laying, because fresh grain was not good for laying hens, has to be kept a while before, you know they go hard otherwise soft grains not good for them.”  
(SAUNDERS\_D\_7\_CLIP\_Butter and Hens)

The eggs were wiped with a damp cloth and packed in egg boxes with partitions just like today – a dozen and a half a layer. They were taken up to Dorchester Market, where they were graded. They were dropped at the egg packing station, in what is now HY Duke Auctioneers. Mum preserved some eggs under glass water – but they didn't like them. She used pullet eggs – they were small, for cooking.

They sold milk to about four or five people in the Village who came to collect, they had to keep account of the money as it was different (a little more) to what the Milk Marketing Board paid. The Springhead used to come, the lady from the cottage at the waterworks, the miller used to have half a pint for his cats in the mill to keep the rats down.

His father kept working on the farm for as long as he could, apart from the last year. He didn't do any heavy work, but always liked to move the electric fences – because they strip grazed the fields. He would walk out every morning and feed the young stock kept in the long ground below the water meadow. He did that until he was 92, 1999

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He has a twin brother Derek and a sister Elizabeth. She didn't play a role on the farm until later years, she looked out for Mum and when Mum died she helped out with hens, kept in two deep litter houses.

His brother Derek and wife Valerie got married in the September and David and his wife Shirley married in October. Derek and Valerie moved into the farm house – Northdown Farm when their father had another house built for himself and Elizabeth in 1980/81.

David moved out of Northdown Farm when he got married and built a bungalow.

He recalls incidents of bad weather. In 1947 they had three days off school in Dorchester not do severe as 1961/62 - it snowed on Boxing day and snowed stayed on the ground until 10<sup>th</sup> March. It was a blizzard that night – he had just collected his wife Shirley and two girls from her parents and he helped his father calve a cow in difficulty. The door of the loose box was closed but the wind was so strong it was blowing snow under the door. It was quite cold. The next morning they had to dig out all the doors. The snow was very high, level to the top of the hedges. They took the milk to the Co-op dairy in Franklin Road, Weymouth by tractor which was open topped – no cabs in those days. It went well on fresh snow. They brought back bread for a few people.

Mrs Seymour had a Village shop in the 1950s by the pond. He remembers as a child going up with a penny to get a penny's worth of dolly mixtures and they would try and get the fizzy lemonade bottles. Mrs Seymour lived by the Scutt Hall and used to come down to the shop everyday (her mother must have lived behind the shop).

Trades people working in the Village included a carpenter Bill Harrison, who was also the Village undertaker – you knew when somebody had died an engine would start up 'pop-pop'. He had a band saw to cut the timbers for the coffin. Jack Harrison was a 'jack of all trades' – he worked with his brother. He was basically a carpenter but could do anything – bricklaying, showed them how to render walls. Another brother Bert Harrison left quite quickly and worked in Weymouth as a building inspector. The three brothers built their own houses, like chalets. John Harrison (son of Jack) still lives there. There was a sister – who was a nurse. They built her a house, but it had settlement problems and was demolished. There was another brother – Dibby Harrison who was on the Preston Road next to the Spar Shop – he had a house too. You can still see it – and Bert's further along. It's had so many extensions on it, but it still looks basically the same.

He was a wheelwright too and the blacksmith's shop was the next one down. They would make the wood bits and Mr Clark would make the bonds- the metal bits. He saw that several times – he heated them up and burnt them on. Mr Clark built a new smithy opposite, but before David can remember. Mr Clark lived next door. His son was a soldier in the army. David can remember Mr Clark wearing a singlet with no shirt, because the forge was so hot, and a leather apron. He pulled the bellows and packed the fire – they used coke, which he packed up into a pyramid, put water on it and when it was hot he put his irons into the fire. They had one horse left – they used in the winter to clean out the cattle sheds – they couldn't use a tractor a horse was always useful. David can remember taking the horse down to the blacksmith for it to be shoed.

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He can just recall a carter in the stable, when he was small with no more than 4 horses. The carter would look to the horses, using a chaff cutter for feed and feeding them oats too – in bins. The horses had a rope around their necks – not tight – but the rope ran through a hole in the manger with a block of wood at the bottom so the horse could move up and back but not wander all over the place. In the summer months they would bring them back from work and groom them down and put them into the field.

All changed when they had the tractor. A little grey Ferguson – it had linkage which was a great advantage – you hitched your implement – a plough or cultivator and the arms would take the weight of the implement and you could control the depth by the amount of control on the hydraulic system and let it go deeper – it could counterbalance it by the pot link – a spring – if it went too far the hydraulics would lift it and it would find its own level. You could do heavy work with a light tractor – today they use much heavier tractors – they must compact the ground. The idea was to get the power without the weight.

The farm house flooded – the rain ran off the lawn and the drain was blocked and the water went into the house.

They made a tennis court – out of a piece that was always dug before. He played with his brother.

When they were small his mother would cut the lawns. He recalls he and his brother being tied to the front to help haul the lawn mower

David gave up farming aged 60; His dad knew they were going to give up after their time. They had no-one to follow on he had two daughters and Derek had 3 and no-one to hand the farm on to. It was auctioned. They had to line everything up in the field for the auction. He was sad to see it go – but even sadder to see what's happened to it since – no-one does the ditches and the fences have all gone.

His father was very conscientious – every autumn he would go around the farm to check the mouths of the drains were clear – to prevent blockage and flood. In the past it was clay pipes – it was relatively easy to dig down and repair them. More recently they used modern perforated plastic pipes – if they get blocked the whole system has to be renewed.

He just remembers the pre-war Slate Club where people paid in and they had the steam fairs that took place on their land – between the farm and the hill before the war. They had bumper cars, roundabouts, switchbacks and side shows. His mother's brother came down and his father won a teddy bear for Derek and Uncle George won a pop gun for David. His mother was nervous of the sparks from the steam engine – that they would jump across to the thatch.

He's not sure about the details of the Slate Club. He remembers it twice – the war put paid to it.

On Coronation day the Village had sports and races.

In the 1920s his dad fenced off an area to use as a tennis court. Dad's sister and her friends played tennis. His sister was born after her father died – she was 16 years younger than dad.

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There was an artillery gun in the field from about 1940 and 13 army huts in about 1942, when they requisitioned some land just below the Springhead. They had a wash house for the soldiers. They pipe must've run across the road because you could see the soapy water running into the mill pond.

They used to travel up to school by train, catching the 8.30 from Weymouth. It was difficult to be on time. His dad would try and finish the milking – he would take them to Littlemoor and drop them off by the railway arch. They would trot up to the station – they could see the steam of the train coming. Once or twice Harry Corbin used to take them in the Austin 7.

They had a friend John Guppy who lived at the top – Alma Villa opposite Winslow Road. His grandfather was the well known Joe Guppy – lived on Fisherbridge. He had a daughter who married an Australian soldier in the First World War who had been stationed at the camp at Littlemoor. He stayed and kept the butcher's shop, now the co-op. Joe Guppy had pigs – the Saunders didn't keep pigs. Mrs Palmer opposite them did. She had a milk churn on wheels. She got her milk from Mr Diment's Farm at Puddledock – she went round her milk round everyday during the 1960's. People had a jug or milk can and she would measure out. She went around Preston too – coming back about 10 o'clock. She was helped by Ginger – who always whistled and so you knew they were coming.

They didn't go to the village school, but to a private school in Weymouth. Elizabeth went to a high school.

His dad made a radio set in 1923/4 in the early days. He picked up a London station and the King opening the Empire Exhibition in 1924. he got all the ladies in – but the battery ran down and the ladies were disappointed not to hear the king finish his speech.

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### SUTTON POYNTZ PLAYERS

#### Joyce & Fredy Litschi & Dorothy Emblen

Members of the Sutton Poyntz Players reminisce about the Thomas Hardy inspired plays they performed in the village.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Don Pennington	<b>Interview Date</b>	27/1/2010
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz	<b>Full Length</b>	21.02
<b>Short Clips:</b>	SP_PLAYERS_2_CLIP_costumes	<b>Clip Length:</b>	0.38
	SP_PLAYERS_3_CLIP_Under Greenwood Tree		0-57
	SP_PLAYERS_4_CLIP_Distracted Preacher		0.53

#### Outline of Interview:

Introduction by interviewer Don Pennington, he introduces Joyce Litschi formerly a member of the Sutton Poyntz Players

Her first memories of the Players are when they did the Trumpet Major. Fredy (her husband) had got to know a lot of history in the area and he thought it would be nice to do a play because of the connection with Sutton Poyntz. Fredy talks about the Mill and the Mill House. The mill was making cow cakes at the time.

They don't remember exactly when the first play was performed – possibly 1973 or 74. They started rehearsing at the Shires' (other members), later in Dorothy's house. The first performance was at the Scutt Hall they think. The hall was the main place. They used a little scenery. Simon Emblen painted some. Another couple painted some. She recalls the costumes.

"It was amazing really because people turned out some of their antique clothing. I mean I've still got a big apron that Sue lent me when I was in one of the plays. You know sort of just after the war sort of, with long aprons, was the village people. They did a lot of lot of work in the village didn't they; had to have the right dresses, so they had big aprons. And several people in the village had these aprons, so they were quite happy to lend them. Some of them actually joined the players, through lending things."

(SP\_PLAYERS\_2\_CLIP\_costumes)

Fredy had a beautiful smock made by Olive Hansford. Don Brierley wears it now. They did only Hardy plays and little concerts at Christmas and after the AGM, singing three or four songs or a little sketch. Dorothy's husband was the choir man.

A lot of people came – but they never achieved stardom at the Pavilion until Joyce was Mayor. There was a man in Weymouth who was anxious for the Sutton Poyntz Players to put on a play there. Joyce, Fredy, Simon Emblen and John Walbridge were in it. Fredy, played the father, had to die. It was Hardy's story 'Nellie Sargeant's Copyhold'. Joyce recalls the story.

The play was performed the day after Joyce had visited Louviers (Weymouth's twin town) as Mayor. Fredy played a great dead body. Joyce comments that it was the only time the group played at the Pavilion because they were too shy.

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Don Pennington introduces Dot Emblem who has a book (album) about the Players. She comments that many of their later plays were adapted from Hardy Stories by Simon Emblen. They have certificates, produced by Fredy that were handed to the cast of the plays. She also has pictures of when they filmed.

“Dorothy Emblen: Do you remember filming ‘Under the Greenwood Tree’? You went out to the woods.

Joyce Litschi: That’s right so we did...

DE: There was a young man from Bournemouth University that wanted to film, for his thesis or something like this. And that was absolutely amazing ...

JL: It was a beautiful day

DE: ... that’s right, it was really amazing so we all went out in our ...

JL: Oh there was a bit of dancing wasn’t there?

DE: There was, there was ... it was... and then of course we came back to Sutton Poyntz and filmed at the Mill House.

Fredy Litschi: That’s right yes, yes some of those photographs were taken at the Mill House

DE: That’s right. That’s right. This first one is the Mill House, that’s taken outside the Mill House. But that was ... we did see the film when it was finished, didn’t we?

JL: We did

DE: But I don’t know what happened to it.” (SP\_PLAYERS\_3\_CLIP\_Under Greenwood Tree)

They talk about the programmes in the book – Ladies in Distress, the Wreckers of Chesil, Nellie Sargeant’s Copyhold, Enter a Dragoon – they did a series of little plays. They remember Mr and Mrs Smith did the scenery and gorgeous backdrops. One programme states that it is the 6<sup>th</sup> production – of three short plays, but no year.

“Dorothy Emblen: This one is the Distracted Preacher, this is one of Hardy’s. That’s a much larger cast, produced and directed by Simon; scenery Michael Smith;

Fredy Litschi: Michael Smith

DE: That’s right. Wardrobe Dorothy & Fredy Litschi; prompter Margaret Warbering and Property mistress Caroline Crisp. And it says this play was first performed by Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society at the Pavilion in 1911 in the presence of the author. So...

FL: That’s Thomas Hardy

DE: That’s right ...So we were following in fantastic footsteps then, weren’t we

Don Pennington: We were indeed.

DE: I remember that one very well.” (SP\_PLAYERS\_4\_CLIP\_Distracted Preacher)

Other programmes include – Country Lives, The Belfry as Usual by Mrs Hall, Andrew Satchel and the preacher by Hardy; the cast was usually about six people. They did one every year, plus some entertainment and a glass of wine at the annual meeting.

The Sutton Poyntz Players ended in Joyce’s Mayoral year – they were busy. They lost some of their people to the newly formed Preston Pantomime group. John Joy was very keen and joined the Preston group. They tried to carry on and thought about starting up again but they didn’t. Members died – such as Millie Corbin, old Mr Saunders, George Shires died more recently. People’s lives changed. Caroline Crisp came into the village – and joined after Fredy had approached her. She was great with the props. Dorothy kept props in their loft.

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### Maurice Trevett

Mr Trevett recounts tales of a childhood in Broadmayne, Village life, his wartime service, marriage and later career in the Village.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	16/04/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1922	<b>Full Length</b>	21.35
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	TREVETT_2_CLIP_business	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.45
	TREVETT_3_CLIP_School		01.05
	TREVETT_4_CLIP_Work		01.41
	TREVETT_5_CLIP_Sport		00.27
	TREVETT_6_CLIP_Marriage		00.24
	TREVETT_7_CLIP_Sunday School		00.28
	TREVETT_8_CLIP_Village Events		01.29
	TREVETT_9_CLIP_Christmas		01.04
	TREVETT_10_CLIP_Bakery		00.25

#### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from interviewer, June Salt

Maurice was born in Broadmayne, June 27<sup>th</sup> 1922. At the back of the chapel were two farm cottages – he was born in one of those. His grandfather had bought Manor Farm, Broadmayne and his father, mother and year old sister came with him. His father worked for his father until the latter had a heart attack and died. He delivered milk by carrying two milk cans around the village and continued the milk delivery until his retirement at 70. They lived in the cottage until grandfather died then moved to Knighton Lane. His father worked for someone else but kept up the milk delivery buying milk from Mr Bond who had bought the farm. He then worked in the brickyards, but kept on delivering milk. When Maurice was about 12 the family then moved to Charlemont Farm in the centre of Broadmayne. Maurice helped out on the farm, where everything was done by horses, which he liked. He went out with them before and after school.

He recalls the business in the village during his youth

“Well there was three shops, there was a bakery, a post office, and a doctor had a surgery at the post office. There was two pubs, an agriculture business of Massey Ferguson tractors which came later. There was the cress beds, there was a carpentry works at the top of the village, Mr Webber, and he had seven or eight people work for him at the time, there was a forge where the blacksmith done the shoes for the horses etc., and Mr Sandsford had a done wood and saw bench and delivered wood in logs for the village.” (TREVETT\_2\_CLIP\_business)

“I started school in the hall in the Village of Broadmayne – at the Conservative Hall in the centre of the Village of Broadmayne. Only for while until the new school was built in the village at the top of the hill, which I started school there as well, when it was opened and I carried on there until I was 14 years old. I think there was four classes I think in the school if I remember rightly, we had a wonderful time there. And only the main people of the village went there ‘til

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they was 14 and then we all left school naturally, bar the ones that passed to go to the Hardy School or Green School at Dorchester. A few people came from outside, from Warmwell and Tincleton etc and that sort of thing.” (TREVETT\_3\_CLIP\_School)

“I left school and I worked with father for a little while I don’t think it was a year and then he decided that I had to go and do an apprenticeship for motor engineering, which I did. I started at Tilleys at Dorchester which was the biggest motor manufacturers in Dorchester; I had to under a five years apprenticeship. That apprenticeship, if I remember rightly started, my pay was four shilling and tuppence a week and finished at five years at nine shillings and six pence and then you should go and work on your own. But by that time was called to the army. I went for training and had 48 hours leave and then went abroad all in the Mediterranean to all sorts of countries for four years. I came home to a very bad winter. I came out of the forces January 11<sup>th</sup> 1947. What a winter that was. It started and went on for three months solid. Then we went into a nice summer. But I restarted work at Tilleys in Dorchester again and I stayed there until I was 30 and then my father lost his workmen and I came back to work for him and stayed with him for 10 years until he retired.” (TREVETT\_4\_CLIP\_Work)

He was going to take on another farm, but it was too out of the way to bring up the children, so he went back to the motor trade at the garage on the crossroads – he stayed there for the rest of his working life for 25 years.

“Broadmayne had a really good football team in those days and we used to come down to their field to play football. We played tennis because there was two tennis courts created at the school grounds for the village and naturally we played there. And we had tournaments every year on the tennis courts around the big houses in Broadmayne and had a wonderful life really.” (TREVETT\_5\_CLIP\_Sport)

He always lived Broadmayne, he did live in Dorchester for a year or two, but didn’t like it – he was glad to come back.

“I met my wife on Easter Monday at a dance in Lytchett Minster in 1947, about three months after I came out of the army. We went together for 6 months and we got married on October 11<sup>th</sup> 1947 the same year and we are still together now at 62 years.”  
(TREVETT\_6\_CLIP\_Marriage)

They had two children, a son and a daughter. His son married and went to America to work and his daughter lives locally and visits once a week. She worked at County Hall, both still married. 7 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. They married at Lytchett Minster Church.

He recalls Sunday School Outings

“Oh... that was the excitement of our life. The first of all when we used to go to Osmington Mills every year but we used to travel by horse and wagons. We had planks put across the wagons and away we used to go. And great excitement amongst the children. We used to have tea on the top of the hill at Osmington Mills overlooking the sea... Yes, it was the great times.” (TREVETT\_7\_CLIP\_Sunday School)

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They always had to go to chapel twice on a Sunday. They didn't go to the seaside much. His father later had a car.

"I can never remember my father having a holiday or my mother having a holiday, I never remember them having a holiday at all. No we never went, more or less like I said, to Osmington Mills and sometimes to Weymouth, very very few times. We never left the village hardly. We had wonderful things going on in the Village all the time. In the hall, and everyone knew each other because the Village was so small, everybody knew each other and we all used to attend the hall dos. We had great carnivals once a year run by the British Legion which my father was the treasurer and he started the British Legion during the war. Two or three of the gents and him met in the bar and the British Legion was born and it really went ahead well – it grew it grew. And they used to hold the carnival every year, big flower show and it went on all day, sports and finish up with dancers in the hall, it was wonderful. (Interviewer: And that was on the playing fields you had Carnivals?) The Carnivals were going out of the village on the left hand side to where the bungalows are built now." (TREVETT\_8\_CLIP\_Village Events)

That area used to be the allotments as it is now.

Christmas was wonderful. There was great excitement, because they never used to see apples and oranges, they used to have little presents. At school he always used to get so excited they had to bring him home.

He remembers Miss Butler but not her father; the Rev Board was there for a long time. Maurice attended the Methodist Church, although he was Church of England, at times they didn't do Sunday schools so he went to the chapel. He was christened at Broadmayne Church.

Miss Bushrod ran the post office for years, Miss Grimes lived with her and was a teacher at the school. The Doctor's Surgery was there two days a week. He also remembers the Misses Cross very well, they used to deliver milk to them. They had 2 gardeners, a cook and 3 or 4 others working for them. They used to have things going on in the village, such as races. Good to the village. They always had a Morris Minor car.

Mr Christopher ran the Agricultural business; his father lived in Cowleaze Road and kept a lot of pigs. They started the agricultural business and he grew so big they moved to Dorchester. Bob Saunders was another farmer. They used to play cricket together also played with Bob Dorey from Warmwell. They played in the field opposite where Mrs Grimley lived – Mr Vine's field.

Before he left to go to war the British Army were in several places in Broadmayne, there were only a few around. His wartime memories are based on what people told him as he was overseas, the Americans came to Broadmayne; his father was a special constable, told him about the Americans. People moved on during the war and the village changed while he was away. The girls he had gone to school with had left. A lot of chaps never came back – had got married where they were.

Buses –

"Back when I was younger in our youngest day, there was hardly any cars on the road I think there was but horses. And Mr Bishop and Mr Russell at Watergates Lane ran buses. Now at Christmas time because most people didn't used to even go out of the Village, I mean we had

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the three shops which everybody went to, but they went to Dorchester in buses twice a week. At Christmas was the whole village used to turn out and travel on the buses at six o'clock to Dorchester and that's when the shops used to be all open, all the main street had prizes going for the different shops that done the best shop. And there was carol singing and the bells and everything was ringing and the bands was going down through the street up 'til ten o'clock at night. And then we got on the buses came home again but what a wonderful night that was."(TREVETT\_9\_CLIP\_Christmas)

They ate chickens from the farm, grew their own vegetables from gardens and allotments but rabbit was the main meat. Also pheasants, geese and chickens. They could get plenty of watercress, a lovely big bunch for threepence. Always turkey at Christmas

"Was always turkey at Christmas that was the main thing at Christmas wasn't it, turkey. At the bakery, Mr Jessett, we used to bring our turkeys down to him and he used to cook them all Christmas morning and they all used to finish up in the pub, the Compasses."

(TREVETT\_10\_CLIP\_Bakery)

Before he went into the forces he hardly ever went into a pub. When they were children the local policeman was Mr Barnes – you got out of his way. He lived in a cottage in the village. His mother didn't like the idea of him drinking. There was hardly any crime. He doesn't recall anything.

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### June Tribe

Mrs Tribe recalls moving to Broadmayne as a girl, a wartime childhood and her mother's occupation as a railway crossing keeper.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	21/09/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1929	<b>Full Length</b>	11.43
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	TRIBE_2_CLIP_Railway Crossing	<b>Clip Length:</b>	01.16
	TRIBE_3_CLIP_Guarding Plane		00.59
	TRIBE_4_CLIP_Church Outing		00.59
	TRIBE_5_CLIP_First Home		00.35
	TRIBE_6_CLIP_Head Teacher		00.38

#### Outline of Interview:

June was born in Wareham and moved to Broadmayne during the Second World War – her mother was the railway crossing keeper at the Knighton Crossing.

“During the start of the war my mother became a crossing keeper at Knighton crossing to do war work to relieve a man so that he could go in the army. She had to open the railway gates and let the traffic through and then close them afterwards always making sure there wasn't a train coming from the station. The trains came about every couple of hours. During the war perhaps they were less frequent but often you had several trains and special trains, troop trains, goods trains ... everything really. Because the gates always had to be closed against road traffic. The railway line always had to be free. Just up the road, about a hundred yards up the road there was a gravel pit that supplied gravel and sand to all the south of England I suppose. One day they had to do a census... the railway did a census to qualify the crossing to be a business crossing not an agricultural crossing, 'cos the pay was a lot less for my mother. She opened and shut the gate 100 times, 100 lorries, so it was opened 100 times, closed 100 times ... and she got her pay.” (TRIBE\_2\_CLIP\_Railway Crossing)

She went to Broadmayne School and walked from Knighton Crossing everyday. Mr Hawkins (nickname Turkey) was the head teacher. He lived in the school house and his wife looked after children when they became ill. In the war years they went to school during the summer holidays.

During the war two bombs dropped close by one night. In the morning they saw that the bombs had dropped near the school gates. They retrieved the shrapnel from the craters.

Christmas memories – they had lots to eat at home. She recalls always being hungry during the war years.

She left school at 14 and went to work at Marks and Spencer in Dorchester. Married at 18 and had 6 children

She recalls servicemen at West Knighton during the war and Mrs Crook the next crossing keeper to her mother. They used to walk along the track to visit her

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During the war she remembers a plane crashing at West Knighton and guarding the plane whilst the pilot went for help.

“We lived on the perimeter of Fighter Command airfield at Warmwell, which is only, as the crow flies or the plane flies, about two fields away. We were coming home from school along the lanes about half past four in the afternoon. We saw an aircraft, fighter aircraft, a Lockheed Lightning, and all of sudden it started to come lower and sounded funny and all of a sudden it was in the field next to us on the road. So we ran all across the field of cows, the pilot was jumping out to sit on the wing, quite relieved to find he was alive. He asked us if we’d guard his aeroplane ‘til he got help. He went to the local Village across the fields again and used one of the local phones of which there were very few in the 1940s, and brought help out from the airfield, while we went home late and got into trouble but very proud of ourselves as we had been asked to guard this aeroplane.”

(TRIBE\_3\_CLIP\_Guarding Plane)

Mrs Crook’s daughter became the caretaker of Broadmayne school. A hut next to the school was a shop.

Her mother was religious and they went to church wherever they were. On a Sunday school outing they visited Weymouth

“We went to any church or chapel that was available in the vicinity or where we lived because Mum was not a church goer but she was deeply religious – and we had to go every service there was on a Sunday, every service in the week, anything. We had the bible a lot at home still. (Interviewer: Did they do outings?) Over the hill, about seven miles down the road to Weymouth that was our local outing, we went to Weymouth and it still gives me the thrill now to go over the hill as we call it, now that it did when I was a child (Interviewer: That’s over the Ridgeway?) Over the Ridgeway (Interviewer: How did you travel?) My dad had to give up his car beginning of the war because of the petrol, so we biked, wherever we wanted to go we biked. (Interviewer: And would you do that to go to the outing to Weymouth?) No it was a coach, a get out and push coach.”

(TRIBE\_4\_CLIP\_Church Outing)

Her first home was a converted wartime Nissan hut.

“We lived with my father and mother about a year when we got married and then to get a council house you had to put your name down to live in an ex war department Nissan hut, which they altered to make into habitable homes for ordinary people. It had a lovely little kitchen, bedrooms, black kitchen range that was our cooker (Interviewer: And did you grow vegetables and things like that?) Yes we grew vegetables, kept chicken. The only part I hated was at Christmas time – I’ve never eaten chicken.” (TRIBE\_5\_CLIP\_First Home)

She worked as a dinner lady at Broadmayne School when meals were cooked there. The Head teacher was still Mr Hawkins.

“And the teacher was Mr Hawkins. Our favourite nickname for him, which a lot of older people will remember too, was Turkey because if he got very cross with us, which wasn’t all that often, he used to flush red up his throat and neck and face and then his throat used to wobble because he’d shake his head and instead of us looking at him and taking notice

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we used to look at him to wait for this red flush. And then we'd laugh and then of course that would make him more cross." (TRIBE\_6\_CLIP\_Head Teacher)

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### Mary Elsie Wells

Mrs Well recalls a Broadmayne childhood, an unsuccessful attempt to start work in service and her later wartime military service.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	June Salt	<b>Interview Date</b>	21/10/2009
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1922	<b>Full Length:</b>	23.07
<b>Location:</b>	Broadmayne		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	WELLS_2_CLIP_School	<b>Clip Length:</b>	00.58
	WELLS_3_CLIP_service		01.25
	WELLS_4_CLIP_ATS		01.11

#### Outline of Interview:

Mary was born Lower Bockhampton, whilst the family were staying with aunts. She was one of twins, two sisters, she was the first born. The midwife was Nurse Roberts. They stayed at Lower Bockhampton for 6 weeks before moving to Broadmayne, opposite Christopher's.

Her father was a carpenter, he came from London to work at Christopher's, agricultural engineers

She started school at four in the Conservative Hall, stayed until the new school was built. Left school at 14.

"When I was about four, we went down to what was the Conservative Hall that was where I started school. And our desks were up on the stage and there was two more classes on the ground floor. One was a woman called Ruby Jackman, she was very strict. And then we stayed there 'til they were building a new school between West Knighton and Broadmayne and I believe I was just over five when we went up there. And the Headmaster was a Mr Seddon. Miss Rose was our teacher, she married a Fred Callaway and she was still our teacher when we moved up to the new school and of course then periodically we got moved up in different classrooms and I stayed there 'til, we left there at fourteen." (WELLS\_2\_CLIP\_School)

Their house was next to Compass Inn and the old flour mill. Her Grandfather's house was the Bakery – later Jessett's. She recalls the shops, going to Dorchester on a Wednesday and Saturday, buses and lorries (Bishop and Russell)

She attended Chapel Sunday School and recalled horse and cart trips to Osmington Mills, and taking the bus to Weymouth and further afield.

She started work in service at West Stafford

"That was for Rector and his wife. Corbett-Winter. And they had three children. Three grown up children. And ... I think the oldest one got killed during the war. And then another one was going to be a... training to be a rector. I dun know what the daughter did. I don't think she did very much. (Interviewer: But you didn't like it very much did you? ) No, No (Interviewer: What happened Mrs Wells?) Well I went there on the Monday. On the Tuesday, the other girl had her day off. And she didn't come back, so I rung my Mother on the Wednesday... and I went up into the Village to do it because they had a nana. What they called nana. And she was just

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upstairs and the phone was down and I thought meself she'll hear me on the phone so I went up to the post office and rung from there; got my mother to come over and she brought me home. (Interviewer: You were all on bicycles then weren't you?) Yes, Yes (Interviewer: Everybody had bicycles?) Oh yes. You didn't have cars then. After that I went back, what was it, 18 months possibly. Daily, till I got a job at Conygar." (WELLS\_3\_CLIP\_service)

During the Second World War she joined the army with her sister (c.1942)

"I was 20 (Interviewer: and you went with your sister? ) Yes yes. (Interviewer: and what was she doing then?) She was working at Dorchester at the time. Yes, we joined together and they couldn't separate us. Different places to work while you were in the camp. You had to stay together being a twin. She stayed for ... let me see... she was at Dorchester then she came to Colchester then she started off at Northampton and then she got married and fell pregnant so she had to come out after 3 months and I was there then 'til the war ended. (Interviewer: and what actually were you in?) The ATS, yeah the army (Interviewer: what did you do?) I was a mess orderly, in charge of girls in a mess. I had two stripes and very interesting. (Interviewer: broadened your experience) Yes, it was a wonderful experience, yes (Interviewer: and then what happened when you came back after....?) And we ... I got married in the February as the war was finished in the May and I came out in the July." (WELLS\_4\_CLIP\_ATS)

After the war she married and stayed home

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### Sue Wintle

Mrs Wintle talks about her grandparents Dorothy and Frank Bailey who ran a small market garden in Sutton Poyntz, supplying the hotel and guest house trade in Weymouth.

<b>Interviewers:</b>	Dot Emblen & Don Pennington	<b>Interview Date</b>	20/04/2010
<b>Year of Birth:</b>	1947	<b>Full Length:</b>	15.10/17.01
<b>Location:</b>	Sutton Poyntz		
<b>Short Clips:</b>	WINTLE_2_CLIP_Bath	<b>Clip Length:</b>	01.29
	WINTLE_3_CLIP_Bonfire		00.55
	WINTLE_4_CLIP_Horse		01.14
	WINTLE_5_CLIP_Pigs		01.48
	WINTLE_5_CLIP_B&B		01.37

### Outline of Interview:

Introduction from Don Pennington

Mrs Wintle came to Sutton Poyntz when she was just a toddler in 1948. Her grandparents lived there and her mother too. Lived at Myrtle Cottage.

Her grandparents owned land from where she now lives (in Mission Hall Lane) to Plaisters Lane and down to the Baldwin's. When she was little she remembers visiting them. They grew vegetables in the Village and at the top of Winslow Road and had a horse, which pre-war had been their means of transport and delivery. They had stables at the bottom of the garden; they still kept pigs, chickens and rabbits for food – no pets.

They sold produce around the Village but mainly in Weymouth. They produced their own, and from time to time would go to Dorchester Market and buy wholesale – chickens and such to get them ready and take them to Weymouth at least twice a week on a round. Supplied mainly guesthouses and boarding houses in the very early 50's. Her grandfather died in 1952 and although her Uncle kept it going he didn't do quite as well. Her aunt kept the local bit in the Village going but they let the piece on the top. It ended when her aunt stopped selling in about 1990. She continued producing beans and fresh vegetables.

“When I first came and lived in the Village there was no main drainage that was not put in till 1960 and all the old cottages only had, not even septic tanks but privies at the back with buckets. We didn't have gas, gas didn't come until 1990ish. We didn't have hot water; we didn't have a bath room. I was lucky, my grandparents had, their bungalow had a bathroom so we had use of their bath, but in the little cottage there was no bathroom. (Interviewer: Did you use a tin bath at all? We used to do when we were young.) Well we didn't have to because my grandmother actually had a bathroom. They built their bungalow in the 20s and they got a grant to build it with the condition that it actually had a bathroom that was so ... I don't think they would've bothered if they hadn't been

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financially ... because the house they used to live in at the top of the hill didn't have a bathroom. When we moved we had a bathroom. Next door where Maureen Tapper now lives they had a bath, a built in bath but in the kitchen which had wooden boards over it so it was used as a kind of work surface during the week and bath when necessary."

(WINTLE\_2\_CLIP\_Bath)

Lots of the cottages had separate gardens away from the house, on which the privies could be emptied and used as fertilizer. These pieces of land have been sold off over time.

She attended St Andrews School in Preston, near the church – a Victorian school. Small country church school – until the 1950s when they built the council estate at Littlemoor to house bombed out families from Weymouth – the influx of a large number of children bussed from Littlemoor changed the character of the school. The school was much the same as her mother went to – at least two of the teachers had taught her. One of them only retired just before her son went.

Her wartime memories are from stories told by her mother – Her uncle told her stories of Americans at Came Wood and dances they had. The Americans brought their swill down to feed the pigs. Her uncle was amazed by what they threw away.

In the 1950s the Village was stable with people who had lived there from before the war. Cottages were lived in by farm labourers – it was very much working class. Then with sewerage coming it allowed for development, up Plaisters Lane first, Sutton Close, Old Bincombe Lane started developing and infilling. The Village changed – people coming in, cottages being done up. Through the 1960s it was probably same across the country.

The farming has changed, and since the farms are no longer farmed from the farmhouses, outbuildings have been converted into houses.

In the 1950s there was nothing laid on for the children, but they were free to roam. There weren't that many children and they tended to play together in a mixed age group. Certain amount of rivalry and boys and girls, but tended to come together

"Things like bonfire night were great fun, I mean actually bonfire night, the half term before bonfire night was the best fun because we would borrow an old hand cart from the waterworks, one of the lads fathers worked for it. So we'd go around the Village and collect up all people's old wood rubbish whatever. And Mr Saunders would allow the bonfire to be built in the field next to the waterworks and literally we'd spend days, I mean making this huge bonfire to be lit. Parents to be supervising. But everybody took their own fireworks so the firework display was never very much and one of the boys had a tendency to throw the jumping jacks and bangers. But luckily nobody ever really got hurt."

(WINTLE\_3\_CLIP\_Bonfire)

Other childhood memories include the vicarage fete in the vicarage garden, Sunday school and the outing to Swanage – when it always rained all day. The Rev Tanner used to help with the Sunday School outings, but he had no children or knowledge of children so they always had to spend some time visiting churches. Not sure they were ever a huge success. For her mother's generation there

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were sports days. There was a school fete. They did country dancing and used to go to country dance festivals at Bovington – all the schools around the county used to go.

Happy living in the village and most of the changes that have taken place.

Introduction from second interviewer Dorothy Emblen

Sue's mother was born in the village – her great grandfather lived in the Laurels on Plaisters Lane. Her grandfather was born there in about 1895. He and his mother and sister lived for a while at the top of the hill in Almond Terrace. Her mother was born there whilst her father built a bungalow in Sutton Poyntz where they had a market Garden. Her mother lived at Almond Terrace until she was 8, then they moved to the bungalow with electricity and a bathroom. She had to help out in the Market Garden. They were one of the village's local families – some of them had been there for several generations - Packets, Caters lived in the cottage by the stream, Squibbs lived in Myrtle Cottage – A collective folk memory going back into 19<sup>th</sup> century. Her mother's friend Rene Keegan could recite things her mother had told her of various families' doings through the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Her grandparents market garden business

“He had a tractor and a big piece of land at the top of Winslow Road and he used to plough that. Also they had a horse that pulled a wagonette my grandfather used to call it, in which they used to deliver all their produce around Weymouth on a round. And the horse, called Tom, which they had for twenty odd years knew the round pat, and would particularly stop in the places where the children gave him apples. He knew where to stop always and she said he would go into Weymouth very very slowly, admittedly with a heavy load, laden cart and would drag himself around Weymouth with his head held low and all the children sort of making a fuss of this poor old hard done by horse. And on the way back he would gallop all along the beach road. They also used to go to Dorchester Market. My grandmother had a pony and trap that she could go and buy live chickens at Dorchester Market and bring them home in crates and they would be killed and dressed, plucked and dressed ready to take round, this was the market on Wednesday, ready to take round in Weymouth and deliver to the guesthouses on Saturday.” (WINTLE\_4\_CLIP\_Horse)

Her grandmother also kept chickens and they bred cockerels and turkeys for Christmas

“When I was small and my mother was small they kept several pigs in a pig sty at the bottom of the garden and they used to produce piglets from these and when they were full size they were either sold for meat or sold for people to kill. Looking at my grandfather's record yesterday he used to kill these pigs for himself and then they would go to the butchers to be butchered and they would keep some and the rest of it they would sell. My grandmother used to make faggots and black pudding and she used to say that people would arrive with their dishes as soon as they heard the pig squeal because the pig was actually killed on their land. So there would be people turning up to buy her famed faggots which she had recipe from my great grandmother, within hours of hearing the pig squeal. They used every bit and she used to make chitterlings, intestines. During the war the pigs – the government used to take half a pig, if you were encouraged apparently to breed the pigs and grow them, but half had to be sold to the government for rations. Just for butchers, but the other half whoever kept the pig could keep for themselves. There was a cold store at Weymouth where they used to freeze some of this meat down and also I can

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remember they used to salt some of it in the shed and there was sort of a tray of salt and saltpetre where they used to salt this pork, which I can remember as well when I was little." (WINTLE\_5\_CLIP\_Pigs)

Her grandmother was a housemaid when she married but she loved being outdoors and helping her husband. Sue thinks she allowed herself one morning a week to do the washing and sweep the floor - the rest of the time was spent working on the land. She could still dig for 3 or 4 hours at a time when she was in her mid 80s – a really strong woman – they worked as a team.

The first time she took the pony and cart to Dorchester Market she was scared – the pony took off with the cart and nearly turned it over. On the way back they were fully laden. Her great grandmother used to buy cheese as well from the market. Sue's mum says that great grandmother used to take some bread with her and go around tasting cheese – that was her lunch. They were quite poorly off – she was the breadwinner – Sue's great grandfather was a poet and lay preacher and didn't like to always work hard, preferring to go preaching. She had 7 children, a hard life. They had the makings of a market garden, which her grandfather took over and bought up extra land. At one time he rented the land at the top of the hill, but did eventually buy it. By the time he died it was quite a successful business.

When her mother was young (pre-war) there was a smith in Bellamy Cottage garage, there was a little shop when Sue was a child – called Quackers now (off the bus and into the sweet shop) – never much in there. The pub was going. It was much more self sufficient Village. They worked together – from her grandfather's journal she can see that he hired his horse out to other to help with ploughing and someone would help him and be paid. He would also haul stones for road building at Plaisters Lane.

Some of the houses were in poor condition in the 1920s and TB was quite rife, people died quite young. Her mother said she was always well fed.

Her mother attended St Andrews School until she was 14 and then went into service in Weymouth in a Doctor's house. She was not living in the Village during the war. Sue's aunt was a land girl for her father – as he was producing food he was allowed to have her as a land girl.

Sue's uncle – the older of her mother's brothers died in 1940 from pneumonia at 19/20.

They kept rabbits and turkeys.

Her mother married and left service in Weymouth and went to Bournemouth with her husband. Sue was born there. They lived in one room and her mother was not particularly happy. Her father worked for Plumbers in Bournemouth and had the opportunity to transfer within the company to Bennetts in Weymouth. Her grandmother saw Myrtle Cottage was up for sale and bought it – and the family moved back in 1948. Her father came from Yeovil but liked Sutton Poyntz.

“When my grandfather died my grandmother obviously had to turn her hand to find a living for herself. She couldn't run the market garden in the way she had between them so she started a bed and breakfast business. In the whole of the 50's she had that. Weymouth

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was teeming, in the 50s wasn't it?, the time before package holidays coming and the Midlands factories were in full belt, the car factories trying to catch up because there was a shortage of cars, they were doing really well. Wakes weeks in from Birmingham you couldn't move, could you? My grandmother had a three bedroomed bungalow and she used to ... I mean ... people would beg to be taken in because they'd come with nowhere to stay. And one time she actually had 14 people staying because she wouldn't turn them away, there were people in the dining room, they were all squashed in the bedrooms. She used to sleep in her main living room type kitchen herself so she let out her three bedrooms. She remembered that they used to come as families. And there was one old lady of 80 was looking out of the window, because they still had all the grounds around, my aunts still grew vegetables around in the garden in the Village, and they had big apple trees and things and this old lady of 80 looked out of the window and said what are those little green things on that tree out there – she'd never seen an apple tree in her life.”

(WINTLE\_5\_CLIP\_B&B)

## APPENDIX

### Themes and People discussed in the interviews

Oral History Themes	Interview Subjects																			
	Boucher	Diment	Edwards	Egerton	Foot	Goode	Hammett, J	Hammet, M	Lane	Litschi	Miller	Mortimer	Otter	Parkes	Saunders, D	SP Players	Trevett	Tribe	Wells	Wintle
Bincombe					✓															
Borstal (Portland)													✓							
British Legion																	✓			
Broadmayne	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓				✓					✓	✓	✓	
Broadmayne Brickworks				✓													✓			
Business and Trade	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓						✓		✓		✓		✓	
Childhood Games						✓					✓		✓				✓			✓
Christmas															✓		✓	✓		
Community life			✓					✓				✓	✓			✓	✓			✓
Community theatre												✓				✓				
Courtship and Marriage	✓		✓				✓	✓				✓	✓				✓	✓		
Domestic Service				✓															✓	
Dorchester			✓				✓	✓					✓		✓		✓			
Family History	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓						✓		✓			✓
Farming		✓			✓		✓		✓						✓		✓			✓
Fishing													✓							
Health	✓											✓								
Meals on Wheels												✓								
Military life (not WW2)												✓	✓	✓						
Osmington											✓									
Osmington White House														✓						
Portland													✓							
Poxwell									✓											
Schooldays			✓	✓		✓		✓					✓				✓	✓	✓	✓

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	Interview Subjects																			
Oral History Themes	Boucher	Diment	Edwards	Egerton	Foot	Goode	Hammett, J	Hammet, M	Lane	Litschi	Miller	Mortimer	Otter	Parkes	Saunders, D	SP Players	Trevett	Tribe	Wells	Wintle
Setting up home							✓					✓	✓							
South Dorset Ridgeway					✓		✓						✓	✓	✓					
Sport and Leisure												✓			✓		✓			
Starting work			✓			✓	✓	✓					✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	
Sunday Schools													✓				✓	✓	✓	✓
Sutton Poyntz		✓				✓				✓					✓	✓				✓
Thomas Hardy		✓	✓		✓											✓				
Wartime Childhood/Homefront			✓		✓	✓			✓		✓				✓			✓		
Wartime Service												✓					✓		✓	
Weather													✓		✓					
West Knighton			✓															✓		
Weymouth						✓							✓	✓	✓					✓
Women's Institute											✓	✓								

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Village People	Village	Role	Interview Subjects																		
			Boucher	Diment	Edwards	Egerton	Foot	Goode	Hammett, J	Hammett, M	Lane	Litschi	Miller	Mortimer	Otter	Saunders, D	SP Players	Trevett	Tribe	Wells	Wintle
Adams, Charlie	Osmington	resident																			
Anderson, Dr	Broadmayne	Doctor	✓																		
Bailey, Dorothy	Sutton Poyntz	smallholder																			✓
Bailey, Frank	Sutton Poyntz	smallholder																			✓
Bailey, Stanley	Preston	shopkeeper						✓													
Barnes, Mr	Broadmayne	policeman																		✓	
Birch, Ron	Sutton Poyntz	resident																		✓	
Bishop, Mr	Broadmayne	bus service																		✓	
Blandamer	Broadmayne	resident				✓															
Board, Rev	Broadmayne	rector																		✓	
Bond, Mr	Broadmayne	farmer																		✓	
Boucher, Dr	Broadmayne	Doctor	✓																		
Boxer	Broadmayne	resident	✓																		
Brierley, Don	Sutton Poyntz	resident																		✓	
Bushrod, Miss	Broadmayne	Post Office	✓			✓				✓										✓	
Bullard, Reggies	Portland	teacher																			
Butler, Rev	Broadmayne	resident			✓															✓	
Bultolph, Mr & Mrs	Broadmayne	resident							✓												
Carter, Joan	Broadmayne	shopkeeper				✓															
Cater	Sutton Poyntz	resident																			✓
Christopher, Mr	Broadmayne	agricultural engineer																		✓	
Clark, Mr	Sutton Poyntz	blacksmith						✓									✓				
Corbett-Winter, Rev	West Stafford	rector																		✓	
Corbin, Harry	Sutton Poyntz	resident															✓				
Corbin, Millie	Sutton Poyntz	Player															✓				





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Sargeant, Mr	Sutton Poyntz	shopkeeper						✓											
Saunders	Sutton Poyntz	farmer						✓							✓	✓			
Saunders	Broadmayne	farmer													✓		✓		
Seddon, Mr	Broadmayne	head teacher																	✓
Seymour, Mrs	Sutton Poyntz	shopkeeper													✓				
Shires, George	Sutton Poyntz	Player														✓			
Smith, Michael	Sutton Poyntz	Player														✓			
Squibbs	Sutton Poyntz	resident																	✓
Symes, Mrs	Preston	teacher						✓											
Tanner, Rev	Preston	rector																	✓
Torrs, Mr	Preston	shopkeeper						✓											
Trevett	Broadmayne	milk delivery							✓										
Vine, Mr	Broadmayne	resident																✓	
Virgin	Bincombe	farmer					✓												
Webber, Mr	Broadmayne	carpenter																✓	
Wetton	Lodmoor	farmer		✓															
Warbering, Margaret	Sutton Poyntz	Player																✓	
Walbridge, John	Sutton Poyntz	Player																✓	
White, Kathleen & Agnes	Broadmayne	servants					✓												
Wright, Mr & Mrs	Sutton Poyntz	resident						✓											