

# **The Village Echo**

**The Journal of The Pavey Group  
of The Village of Charmouth**

**Journal No 4**

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# ***The Village Echo***

## ***The Charmouth Historical Journal***

### ***The Winter Issue 2001***

#### ***Into Our Second Year***

If I ever had any doubts of the future of The Pavey Group, they were most certainly put to rest this evening. I have just returned from Ken Gollop's excellent talk at our first ever Open Meeting. What an excellent evening, the place was full! Ken's presentation was perfectly geared to the occasion and proved a wonderful way to launch our public image. What is more, he did this for us out of pure goodness. Our sincerest thanks to you Ken.

I have to admit there was concern over the need to raise the subscription last September. The fear was that it might effect member's decision to stay with us. We need not have worried – the response was excellent. So thank you all for your confidence and support, it is of great encouragement to your committee.

As with all voluntary organisations, this constant quest for funds is a regrettable fact of life. It might help to show how these monies are spent. In general terms your subscriptions cover the running costs of our enterprise – postage, telephone, insurance, etc. It is our other modest ventures such as sales of items that help us to buy copies of parish records from various sources, the Dorset Record Office being the primary one. Another fund raiser can be seen on the inside back page. Its is now filled with advertisements from the village shops. Bless them all! These adverts alone will cover the cost of the materials for three editions of *The Village Echo* this year. We know how to show our appreciation in their cases don't we?

On page 18, you will notice the much extended **List of Sponsors** in this issue of *The Village Echo*. We are especially grateful to those individuals and businesses that have given most generous support. These funds will be put towards our next great needs – a colour printer and before long, a superior microfilm reader.

***The Editor***

## Isaac Hunter

Anyone delving into the history of Charmouth is immediately aware of their debt to Reginald Pavey. As has been said many times, if it were not for this man there would be virtually no awareness of the way of life and of the personalities who once lived within our community. He told of those once prominent for their services to the village. It is evident that he took special pleasure in retelling the tales of many of the local “characters”. These people are all but forgotten now, but there is one name from the past that persists, that of Isaac Hunter.

The Hunter family is unique in that the direct line has been in the village for over 200 years. The beginnings of the Hunter clan in Charmouth are attributed to a young Scottish gentleman who came to the village and fell for a fair local lass, Hannah Caville, a farmer’s daughter. They married in 1777. Most sources of this story concur that such was John’s love, that he willingly abandoned his social status by marrying Hannah. A very good

unanswerable question is whether his former social standing was compromised before he came to Charmouth or if it really was as a result of “marrying beneath him”. The tale does not go beyond this point, but it does have a nice romantic ring to it, so it is best to leave it at that. Although there is no evidence of his arrival in the village, John Hunter was still very much alive as a pauper in the village almshouse in 1851 at the age of 97, an exceptional age for those times.



**Isaac  
Hunter**

John and Hannah had a son, also named John, who married a Hannah Deane in 1796. It was from this union that the Hunter dynasty exploded. John Jnr and Hannah had eight children all of whom reached adulthood, three boys and five girls. Robert, the first-born, raised a family of nine, and Isaac, the subject of this story, another eight. Then there were the girls! The Hunter family tree threw out a vast number of branches. Of the female line of descent, subsequent generations of Hunter ladies intermarried with such village names as the Gollops, Larcombes, Humphreys, James' and Wiscombes. There are many more old local families that bear the Hunter gene. Of the male line, the surname is still with us; it is always a pleasure to see Pat Hunter and Victor and Len Hunter in the village to this day.

The early Hunters were fishermen, but they appear to have been quick to realise the opportunities that the holiday makers and incomers of 170 years ago might provide. In the 1820 – 30's the village became fashionable. This has been ascribed to Jane Austin's solitary reference to the village, but it also coincided with new wealth, improved roads, (Charmouth was on the main London road in those days) and the new craze of sea bathing. The scenery was beautiful and the climate efficacious, so quite rapidly "Nobility, Gentry and Clergy" bought the elegant new dwellings. in the village.

Pigot's *Dorsetshire Directory* - a county-by-county guide to desirable places in the country – illustrates an entrepreneurial explosion in Charmouth. The villagers answered the needs of the burgeoning community as builders, brewers, cobblers and dressmakers and a host of other service occupations. The Hunter family centred their activities upon the beach. The family, over many generations provided bathing machines, swimming lessons, pleasure boating, and fishing trips during the summer, whilst continuing with fishing in the off season.

By the 1820's another lucrative seasonal occupation had arisen – fossilising. Charmouth beach was the cradle of British paleontology and an impressive number of the early geologists walked our beaches. Mary Anning, who came from Lyme, gets much credit. (Most of her finds were made on the Charmouth beaches). In the *Pigot's Directory of 1830* the names of Mary Anning and Jonas Wiscombe of Charmouth are well established in the business of fossilising. These names were soon followed by Sam Clark, John Hunter, then the younger John Hunter, and his brother Isaac and the subsequent Hunter generations. The last Hunter on the beach was Len who retired in 1989.

Isaac is still the best-remembered personality from the village's past. Again, we have to go to Pavey for references. He introduces Isaac by stating, in one weighted sentence that; "there are many stories of Isaac Hunter". He then offers little more other than the bare bones of four stories and these are so cryptically retold as to give the impression that the full story might not be acceptable to a polite readership. One wonders just how much more could have been told.

The best example of Mr Pavey's propriety is best illustrated in the story of the trip to Seatown with Harry Hodges and Isaac's youngest son Harold. On the return journey Isaac and Harold fell asleep in the bottom of the boat leaving young Harold to row back to Charmouth. Off Cain's Folly, the youngster had had enough of the task, so he ran the boat ashore, jumped out, pushed the boat off and walked home. This tale abounds with dramatic and comedic possibilities and probabilities. What were they up to in Seatown? Why was their sleep so deep as to leave the lad to row all the way home and how on earth did they remain unaware of the beaching and of the lad's departure? Reginald offers nothing. All he had to say was "when they (Isaac and Harry) awoke, they were mystified by the absence of Harold and were much relieved to find him safely at home". There is no doubt that the lad's disappearance would have been of very real concern for the length of time it took the adults to get home, but apart from that, the entire sequence of events is pure comedy. What happened at Seatown? Why were the two adults so "incapacitated" in the bottom of the boat? What was Harold's state of mind as he pushed the boat off? What did he say to himself as he did so?

It must have been the locals in the inns and ale houses of the village that evening who created the greatest comedy on the events of the day. The recounting of the events would have been embellished unmercifully over their pints. There would have been no limit to the speculation as to the truth of events in the boat that day. One can picture the faces of Isaac and Harry as they sat in the corner clutching their mugs of cider amid the gales of laughter all at their expense.

Isaac was a powerful oarsman. The fishing boats of the day were heavy clinker built craft called lerrets. Isaac had thrown down a challenge to anyone who felt that they could take him on in a race to the Cobb and back. No one ever did. His skills in the lerret were honed over the years with lobstering, shrimping and shutting for mackerel when the shoals appeared and by taking visitors out on summer days.

He is reported to have rowed and drifted as far as Plymouth and back on one occasion. He would have been well aware of the tides that would allow him such a long haul. Another of Isaac's epics was when he rowed as far as Cowes on the Solent, for some unstated reason; a remarkable pull of at least a 100 miles. Pavey tells us that on arrival "Isaac was mobbed by the local fishermen and forced to bring himself back by rail." This again is bare bones information. Did Reginald consciously withhold the real truth of the matter? Obviously Isaac missed his tide because of being mobbed, but of far greater interest would be in knowing what caused this reaction by the locals in the first place? Was dear old Mr Pavey being "discreet"? There might be a reason for the omission. If Pavey were to be charged with being "economic of detail" it might have been out of consideration for Isaac's family or for the delicate sensibilities of his readership. Then perhaps too much is being read into the matter. The fact remains though, whether conscious omissions or literary lapses, it allows wonderful latitude to the imagination. From



the preceding tales an impression of Isaac emerges, something of the man's character. This is brought into clearer focus in an article in a little magazine called "Chatterbox" dated 1874. It is titled "Isaac Hunter's Dream". The tale begins in Whitchurch school with a conversation between two ladies, neither of whom are named. One of them, obviously a local, is telling the other of the recent events concerning a dramatic rescue on Charmouth beach.

**Isaac  
Hunter**

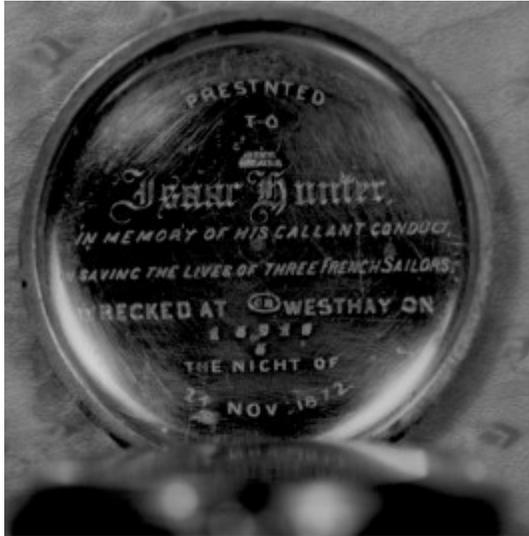
The visitor's attention was drawn to a picture on the schoolroom wall. She recalls; "that it was of a fisherman – a handsome, strong-limbed fellow, with rough brown hair and tawny beard and keen blue eyes - standing on the sea shore by his boat". It was Isaac Hunter. The outcome was the local lady agreed to take the visitor to Charmouth to meet another lady described as F—who would introduce the visitor to Isaac.

She first saw Isaac in his garden on Higher Sea Lane "earthing up" potatoes. Following introductions, she asked for Isaac's account of the recent adventure. From this point the tale unfolds by questions being posed by the unnamed visitor with Isaac giving the details of that stormy Saturday night.

He told of a dream where he felt himself to be in the water near Golden Cap with all his lobster pots floating around him. He thought someone was interfering with them. He tried to sleep but the dream re-occurred several times. So in spite of his wife's chiding, he woke his son Fred, a nine-year-old boy at the time, and took off along the stormy beach to see if there was cause for his dream. Beyond Cain's Folly he saw that a boat had been driven ashore by the gale, It was a Frenchman, the *Courrier*, having lost its rudder in the storm. It was fast becoming a wreck, but Isaac could see that there were survivors - a man was hanging on to the bowsprit. Realising he could do little by himself, he and the boy scaled the cliff, raced to Westhay, roused the coast guard and Mr Harris at the farm. Then with a couple of labourers and some ropes they returned to the wreck. After a harrowing time trying to get a line to the boat, in which Isaac was all but drowned in attempting to save the captain as he struggled to get ashore, they managed to rescue the survivors from the wreck. There was one tragic exception; the cabin boy in attempting to negotiate the rescue line was swept under the boat and drowned. The survivors were hurried to Westhay where Mrs Harris had prepared hot drinks, food and blankets for them. The squire and the catholic priest came to see them next day, everyone was very kind to them. In a few days they were right as rain. The body of the poor lad came in after a few days and his shipmates remained at Westhay for the funeral.

Some weeks later a presentation from the survivors was made to Isaac and Mr Harris. Their gratitude took the form of a handsome solid silver watch in which was engraved:

PRESTNTED (sic)  
TO  
**Isacc Hunter**  
*IN MEMORY OF HIS GALLANT CONDUCT*  
*SAVING THE LIVES OF THREE FRENCH SAILORS*  
WRECKED AT WESTHAY ON  
THE NIGHT OF  
24 NOV 1872



## Isaac Hunter`s Watch

There is something intriguing about this man. What is it that keeps his memory alive after ninety four years? He left no words other than what he is supposed to have said to the author of *Isaac Hunter's Dream*. Perhaps it was that he was such a man of action. He was strong, resourceful and unquestionably brave, yet there is another element that can be gleaned from what we know of him. The two pictures of him that still exist exude something more than a mere self-confidence. There is a hint of recklessness, a “devil may care” attitude that is best illustrated in the picture of him on the beach with his lobster pots on his shoulder. “A bit of a lad”. By reading between the lines of the stories, the impression is that he was quite prepared to test the social conventions of the day and certainly of the law. Smuggling was rampant on the Dorset coast and there is little doubt that Isaac would have been involved. It was well known that his father, his uncles and his older brother were involved in smuggling. Isaac was a man of this place and of his time.

He died in 1905. The photograph of Isaac in his later years depicts a fine old man of secure reputation, self-assurance and natural dignity. That he captured and retained his niche in the imagination of Charmouth must make him our most famous resident – our village hero.

Peter M Press

## The Charmouth Ghosts

There is a persistence of ghost tales in our village. Soon after my arrival in Charmouth I was made aware of this fact in no uncertain terms. My responses were dismissive, assuming that such yarns were “leg pulls” or “wind ups” (depending upon your generation) or simply nonsense. However, when I tested sane, rational individuals on such beliefs, the responses were not as I anticipated. They were at best non-committal; often followed by a shrug and then a change of subject. It was obvious that the matter was not to be pursued. I began to wonder, is there a grain of truth in these beliefs? I wonder.



The richest source of supernatural happenings in the village is centered on the “Limes” now known as the Charmouth Lodge. The house was built in the 1820’s and its most famous occupants were the Whittington family, genuine descendants of Dick Whittington, the legendary Lord Mayor of London.

The last descendants of the Whittington line lived in the house for nearly seventy years. They were prominent in the village because of their pedigree, in church matters, in their involvement in the tennis club and for an exclusive, very private school. None of the five daughters married, they retained the role of *Grande Dames* of the village until the last died in the late sixties. This then is a story told to Leslie Baragwanath by two of the last Whittington ladies. This is not one of the embellished accounts of a ghost at the Limes;

it is straight from the source. This is the first of the stories :

## **The Limes Ghost**

### ***Manifestation Number 1***

I suppose it must have been in the sixties when we were told about the ghost. We had been invited to take sherry with the Misses Whittington, when Winnie and Joan told us this very strange tale.

Ever since they had lived in the house they had been aware of the figure of a young girl who sometimes passed them on the stairs. Occasionally, perhaps once a year, they heard the sound of horse's hooves galloping over the roof.

One evening, their brother Canon Whittington (or could it have been their nephew?) was in the drawing room playing the piano when the lights went out. The sound of feet came rushing down the stairs and a pair of hands grabbed him round his throat. He was so shocked that he never entered that room again.

Some years later, the Whittingtons noticed a damp smell in the same room and asked Bert Smith the builder to see what could be done. Bert discovered dry rot in the floorboards at the far end of the room and took them up. Underneath there was a well and across the top of it lay the bones of a sixteen year old girl.

The rector was asked his advice and quietly the bones were laid to rest in the churchyard, in secret, after dark, so no one would be aware of what was happening. The Press knew nothing about it. The Misses Whittington never saw the girl on the stairs again, nor heard the sound of the hooves on the roof.

**Leslie Baragwanath**

Most folk tend to be cynical when told of tales of the supernatural. But can you honestly say that on a sleepless night, as urgent clouds scurry across the face of a full moon, when the wind moans around the television aerials, that thought has not been given to that other realm?

There must be other tales to tell. Your reticence will be respected and your name preserved. But tales do filter down – what of the reports of violent poltergeist activity at the top of the village – in perfectly respectable holiday accommodation? What of the Black Dog and the Exciseman?. Who will venture these tales? Witches and warlock stories could wait until the Autumn issue – they would be more relevant at Hallowe'en.

## **The Sundry Anecdote File**

### *Misplaced Zeal*

Alf Bowditch and Harry Whatmore were firemen in the Charmouth unit and had known each other for many years. Just after the Great War, they were both working as grooms for Colonel Bullen up at Catherston Manor. In those far off days, Alf had a bike equipped with a stub extension of the rear axle. These fixtures were common in those days, their purpose being to provide a step on which a passenger might stand whilst holding on to the shoulders of the driver. A further refinement in the case of Alf's model was that the rear mudguard had been removed in an attempt on his part to reduce the weight of the bike to make it easier to ride in the hilly Charmouth area. On a particular evening, the bright lights of Charmouth beckoned and the two decided to go down the lane to the village with Harry riding on the back of the bike. Alf would have been the first to admit that he was never that great at maintenance of any kind and on this occasion it showed. They were fast approaching the bottom of Catherston Lane at some speed when the stub protruding from the rear axle suddenly broke off. This was bound to be a painful experience for Harry, but in the absence of a rear mudguard it turned out to be excruciating. The combined weight of the two men and the bike brought it virtually to a standstill as a direct result of the frictional forces created as the crutch of Harry's trousers and salient parts of his person got jammed between the tyre and the rear forks.

Nevertheless, and against all odds, Harry later went on to be married and raise a family. He and his family lived at "Peria", halfway up the Street on the north side.

Story told on many occasions and with great glee, by Alf Bowditch.

**Malcolm Bowditch**

## **John Childs**

### **1901 - 1984**

1901 was an eventful year. The death of Queen Victoria and the succession of Edward VII ushered in a century of accelerating change. Marconi's first wireless signal flashed across the Atlantic, an electric tram ran in London and the intrepid Capt. Scott set off for the Antarctic. 1901 also saw the birth of John Childs, first son of Alfred Childs, the blacksmith.

John was a tough little boy. His mother, Ruth, checking to see that all was well with her two-year old son stepped upstairs, where he was supposed to be playing with a friend. "Where's Johnny?" she enquired. The little girl (Eve Hutchings) who lived next door, nonchalantly pointed to the window. "Johnny down dere, he pickin' flowers, I tink." Somehow Johnny, after a fall of ten feet or so, had contrived to fall on a well-padded part of his anatomy. After close inspection he was found to be only slightly damaged and immediately returned to service.

John Childs grew into a very sturdy lad, able to assist with many chores. Business and family travel requirements were supplied by a pony called Patch. Every couple of weeks or so John would harness Patch to the cart and set off along the old cliff road to the Lyme Regis railway branch line. Sheets of metal, iron rods and rolls of lead would be loaded into the cart, to the infinite dismay of Patch. The long uphill climb to the cliff road would commence. Fortunately nature had equipped Patch with a fail-safe mechanism. When he decided enough was enough he stopped and glared at the brake lever.



By all accounts John worked hard at school, and his master, Mr Jones, gently encouraged his progress. "John Childs" he would bellow "if you do not pass your examinations I will thrash you to within an inch of your life." Assured of parental approval and charged with Welsh non-conformist zeal he would thrash boys until he arrived at a point of ecstatic exhaustion. The punishment for girls is unrecorded.

### **John Childs**

They were not regarded as "High Achievers"

Escaping from the dreaded schoolmaster Jones at the age of fourteen, John was taken into the family

business and commenced training as a blacksmith. It was his father's dearest wish that the business should eventually become "Childs & Sons", and include John's brother Harry. Brother Harry, however, had other ideas and escaped to the Pyramids, but that's another story.

At the outbreak of The Great War John and his brother Harry, too young for the trenches, would have made their contribution to the war effort as members of the Boy Scout band, taking part in many parades as the patriotic fervour of the times grew. His eldest sister Kate made her own contribution. She worked as the telephone operator (in the room where Barney later displayed his fossil collection). It was her responsibility to dispatch War Office notification of those village lads who were killed or wounded to their next of kin. Every allied offensive produced yet another crop of telegrams. She was thus the first person in the village to learn of local casualties and became a local "Angel of Death". The weight of this knowledge led to a breakdown in her nervous endurance. Happily she recovered and remained at her post in the telephone exchange until the end of the war.

Upon leaving school at fourteen, John was taken into the family business and commenced training as a blacksmith. During the inter-war years John's skill expanded, but he felt deeply that it would never equal that of his father, who was an outstanding craftsman. He would have dearly loved to try his hand at farming in Canada, but the power of his father's personality and his own sense of duty made leaving Charmouth impossible. However, he wanted to do his own thing and avoid direct competition with his demanding father, and to this end he developed the water engineering, plumbing and lead working aspects of the business. By the time the Second World War started he had accumulated an encyclopaedic knowledge of the village water supply system. This was a primitive but adequate network of pipes. Scant regard was given to purification or continuity of supply.

Water was piped from springs rising under Fern Hill and an area known as The Plantation near Hogchester Farm. These pipes were routed to primitive filtration tanks where the water was percolated through gravel and sand and thence to an underground storage reservoir towards the top of Old Lyme Road. The system had natural advantages. No pumps were involved, all was driven entirely by gravity, a force that had so far proved reliable! The occasional cow responding to nature in the streams running through the plantation was not regarded as a hazard, although much earnest discussion took place in the early part of the War regarding its vulnerability. German parachutists carrying bottles of deadly poison were often seen, usually at night during the poaching season. The Home Guard was thought to have this potential hazard under observation, and Constable Tucker rounded up the usual suspects!

The system coped well in peacetime. The local population was stable, swelling a little during the holiday season, but the demand on the water supply could be satisfied. All this changed in the war years. Evacuees, the Durham Light Infantry, Commando Brigades, Search Light Units and our American cousins all combined to produce an acute water system. Nobody knew more about the water supply than John Childs. He was therefore made an offer he couldn't refuse and invited to become water supremo for the village. Having serious misgivings over this potentially poisoned chalice (an unfortunate metaphor) he promptly volunteered for the RAF. It had worked for his brother Harry all those years ago, so why not for him. He was however told in no uncertain terms by the powers that be that his contribution to the nation was not to be made in the skies over England, but in the pipes under Charmouth. With great apprehension but to the huge relief of his wife, Olive, he accepted the challenge. The problem of maintaining the water supplies was made more complex by the fact that John Childs had, as a matter of patriotic duty, joined the Auxiliary Fire Service, a noted consumer of water. This was a mistake. It was confidently expected that Charmouth, though not in the forefront of Reich Marshall Goering's plan for the destruction of Britain, could easily face the odd incendiary bomb. Should John Childs the water bailiff defend the limited supply of water or should John Childs the fireman defend property? Fortunately the dilemma was partially resolved when the Fire Brigade acquired sufficient hose to pump directly from the river Char. In theory this covered the lower part of the village but was limited in practice by the power of the single appliance operated by the Fire Brigade. At the time those of a practical turn of mind reflected that should a fire occur at the top of the village, the fire hydrant in use would reduce supplies for the rest of the village below to a mere trickle, and further fires would burn merrily. Hard questions were put to the water supremo.

He wryly suggested that possible arrangements could be made with the enemy to drop one bomb at a time, a comment not appreciated by the more apoplectic retired senior officers living at the bottom of the village. Hard questions were put to the water supremo. The summer of 1940 was very difficult for our hero. Never before in the history of the village had so much water been demanded by so many and been supplied by so few, as it were. Supply for all could only be achieved after a miraculous balancing act, by carefully manipulating valves, which only the water bailiff knew about.

Shortly before the war a chlorination plant was installed in the plantation. This made the water safe. In the opinion of most of the villagers, it also made it undrinkable. The water bailiff, though not responsible for the design, was the man on the spot. He had no alternative but to set about modifying the plant in an attempt to make the water palatable. It was, he pointed out to the authorities, designed to kill bugs and not people. By that time the authorities were too busy constructing tank traps to care, and they more or less gave the water bailiff a free hand. With spare bits and pieces lying about in his workshop a MkII version was constructed which would have been a credit to Brunel. It served out the war and indeed endured to the time of his retirement.

This became a very creative and possibly the happiest time of his life. He single-handedly created a picnic area by the factory end of Lower Sea Lane and for several years was a local councillor. It was not an unusual sight to see a hive of bees in the back of his battered Austin A40 as it motored down Charmouth High Street in transit to a new location on the east cliff. He always said, "It's the bee stings that keeps me fit".

Archdeacon Herniman said of John when speaking at his funeral "For almost forty years it was my privilege to know him. To glean of his local knowledge, enjoy his reminiscing, and profit from his wisdom, never coming away without learning from him. More and more I grew to respect and admire his inventive mind and his technical skills, above all, his tireless self-giving. He was kind and gentle, courageous and strong. With his passing, part of the best that is genuine Charmouth goes with him."

**Peter Childs**

## **“Distant Friends”**

Many of our visitors to the Pavey Room over the past two years have been eager to tell us of their past association with Charmouth. We have met former residents, descendents of former villagers and relatives of present Charmouthians. Even more have told of happy times on annual holidays here as children, several of whom have recall of over sixty years ago. Without exception these visitors have expressed great interest in our enterprise, we have already been presented with family trees, memorabilia and photographs for our collection. It has been a mutual pleasure in talking with such visitors. It is apparent that their memories of Charmouth are very important to them.

It has occurred to us that a greater effort should be made to foster closer links with such folk. From personal experience, I am very well aware of the depth of feeling that one retains throughout life for one's native heath. This is especially so with those who have emigrated. People it seems, have to belong somewhere. Even though they may be happy and secure in their new life, the nostalgia for the place of their first awareness persists for a lifetime.

Considering the number of people who have moved away from the village over the years, might it be worth the effort to re-forge that link with those separated by distance and time? Do you have family or friends in distant places that might appreciate being kept in touch? Please let us know if you have anyone in mind. I am sure it will be worth the effort; we could always see what happens.

## **The Next *Village Echo* July 2001**

To date, two articles are promised for the next edition. The first, by Malcolm Bowditch, is on the Schalch family, who were prominent in village affairs at the turn of the century. The other is by Phil Hares, a well experienced family historian, who has done excellent work on the genealogy of Lodors. Phil's forbears were firmly of Charmouth stock. His topic is to be *A Guide to Family Research*, a very relevant theme that will assist in building up a greater family picture.

There is a likelihood of another ghost story appearing and there will certainly be another article for the Anecdote File. Again, if you have a tale to tell we would be very pleased to receive it – even if the truth is strained a little.

Ed.

## **May Copp`'s Shop**

Aunt May had a little shop  
 At the bottom of Old Lyme Hill.  
 There you could buy from her large stock  
 And put money in her till.

You opened a door which rang a bell  
 Aunt May would appear ready to sell.  
 Hairnets and pins, ribbons and bows  
 Knitted tea cosies, knickers and hose.

Bright pink corsets in every size,  
 Hundreds of Buttons, hooks and eyes  
 Blouses and shirts, hankies and socks,  
 All done up in a neat little box.

Balls of wool in every hue,  
 Ties and scarves to name a few  
 Patterns for knitting, patterns for dresses  
 Needles and cotton, combs for your tresses.

Tea cloths and towels, dishcloths and dusters  
 Aunt May never got into a fluster.  
 Bales of cloth lace and trim,  
 All of her shelves were full to the brim.

Buy a new pin to put in your hat,  
 Get all the gossip, stay for a chat  
 Oh what a shame it all had to stop  
 The treasure trove of Aunt May's shop.

Sadly now the shops are gone.  
 Aunt May and the world have both moved on.  
 I've written this down so we don't forget  
 As we go to the shops on the Internet.

Rita Whatmore

## **Our Sponsors**

**This list is of those people and organisations who have given most generously in support of the Village Echo and the Pavey Group**

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Joel & Chris, The White House Hotel  
Mr & Mrs Ray Capewell, The George Inn  
Mr & Mrs John Davis, The Hensleigh House Hotel  
Peter Sayers, South West Building & Electrical Services**

### **Winter Opening Schedule**

***The Pavey Room will be open Tuesday mornings from 9am to Noon  
and on Thursday evenings from 7pm to 9pm.***

### **Summer Opening Schedule**

***Tuesday 10am to Noon  
Wednesday 2pm to 4pm  
Thursday 7pm to 9pm***

***Or By Special Arrangement***

<p><b>MORGANS OF CHARMOUTH</b>  5-6 The Arcade - Charmouth - Dorset DT6 6PU  Tel: 01297 - 560202</p>   <p>The Village Store  With A Difference  Open 7 Days A Week  Come Pay Us A Visit</p>	<p><b>Royal Oak Inn</b>  Charmouth      Dorset</p>  <p>Carol and Jeff Welcome You  To a Friendly Village Pub  Palmer's Real Ales - 01297 560277</p>
<p><b>MACE</b>  <b>J.R.W.BRAGG</b>  (Chris and Caroline Taylor)  for a  Friendly Welcome and Value For Money  Now Incorporating the Village Butcher  to 'Meat' all Your Local needs  Tel: 01297 560252</p>	<p>YOUR <b>LONDIS</b> STORE  IN CHARMOUTH</p> <p>TELEPHONE  CHARMOUTH 560304</p> <p>OFF LICENCE - FRESH PRODUCE  SUN COTTAGE WHOLE FOODS  FREE LOCAL DELIVERIES</p>
 <p>Steve and Gill Pile  Charmouth Post Office  Tel/Fax: (01297) 560563</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Post Office and Banking Services</li> <li>* Cards, Stationery and much more</li> <li>* Remember to have your Pension or Allowance paid at Your Local Post Office</li> </ul>	<p><b>FRANCIS LOCK</b>  M.R. PHARMS.S.</p> <p><b>PHARMACIST  CHARMOUTH</b></p> <p>Developing &amp; Printing  Kodak Films  Toiletries &amp; Cosmetics</p> <p><b>Telephone: Charmouth 560261</b></p>
<p><b>VINCENT HAIR DESIGN</b></p> <p>Specialists in all aspects  of Hairdressing</p> <p><b>THE STREET  CHARMOUTH</b></p> <p>Telephone:  Charmouth 560221</p>	<p>Gwen Oxenbury</p> <p><b>BED AND BREAKFAST</b></p> <p>GreenBanks  Lower Sea Lane, Charmouth  <i>Five Minutes From beach</i>  Tel : Charmouth 560227</p>
<p>Ray and Rosalind</p> <p>Stow House,  The Street,  Charmouth,  Tel: Charmouth 561228</p>	<p><b><u>BED AND BREAKFAST</u></b>  <i>Pharmacy House, Lower Sea Lane,  CHARMOUTH, Dorset, DT6 6LH</i>  Mary Davis – Tel (01297 560025)  En-suite, Tea/coffee making facilities  T.V., Radio and Hair Drier  Full English Breakfast  5 minutes from the Beach  Always a warm welcome</p>

## ***The Village Echo***

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