

The Village Echo

The Journal of The Pavey Group
of The Village of Charmouth

Journal No 5

Summer 2001

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The Village Echo

The Charmouth Historical Journal

Summer 2001

Progress

There have been some very exciting developments since the last edition of the Echo. The most recent was a visit of Roger and Gill Joye, descendants of the prominent Pryer family. "Pussy" Pryer was an exceptional entrepreneur in the village. He was a monumental mason, (on the site of Bragg's shop), a builder, plasterer, undertaker, parish clerk and, it was discovered only last week, the village estate agent.

Roger and Gill brought a fund of recently discovered memorabilia to show us. Included were over forty outstanding photographs of the Pryer family. They are now photographed and perfectly secure on our hard disk. On the subject of records, Chris Cook brought in a assortment of post cards and photographs. These have been scanned, photographed and returned to Chris with our especial thanks.

An envelope with £30 in it was dropped through my door a week or so ago. It was a contribution to the Pavey Group from the Walking Group from the Friends of the Charmouth Heritage Coast Centre. They'd held a Boot Sale and donated half of their takings to us. This was a most generous gesture. I have expressed our thanks to the excellent people of that organisation on your behalf.

The Open Week is only a matter of days away. We have great hopes for the success of the week. We have a wide range of new displays and a public meeting on local history that promises to be most interesting. Our speaker, Jane Ferentzi – Sheppard is the chairperson of the West Dorset Family History Centre in Bridport. There is a modest charge to members. I am afraid the need to cover costs requires an admission charge. Please come.

The Editor

Derrick Warren`s
Childhood Memoirs of Charmouth
1924 – 1942

Occasionally a new face drops by the Pavey Room with a tale to tell of Charmouth past. It is surprising how frequently a rich vein of local history is revealed. Such visitors seem to have a heightened awareness and recall of times past. This ability might stem from the fact that they were first impressions, being young at the time, or perhaps, in response to the very human need to be identified with a specific place of origin. Whatever the cause, this “nostalgic imperative” is very good for our cause.

One of the best examples of such a happy coincidence arose some time ago now when a Derrick Warren came to the village. He proved to be a most interesting gentleman whose association with Charmouth and clear recall of it extended over seventy-five years. We have met several times and there has been much correspondence relating to his early years in Charmouth. The outcome has been his *Childhood Memoirs of Charmouth 1924 – 1942*, which has proved to be a unique account of the personalities and events of the village as seen in the bright detail of a child’s eye. The work is based upon a village map with numbered addresses, identifying the occupants of that time and with anecdotes associated with them. It is an exceptional document in that it puts faces on people that are known solely through bald entries in documents.



**Mary
Derrick**

Miss Helen Derrick in Donkey Chaise

Outside Red Bungalow, Higher Sea Lane 1914

**Mrs
and**

Derrick Warren's father built The Red Bungalow Higher Sea Lane for his parents in 1909. It was lived in by their daughters Nell and Madge Derrick until 1955.

A Mr Alefounder lived at *Tillicum* before the war. He never wore clothes on the beach. Derrick's aunt used to say to the children, "It's only Mr Alefounder, he'll use his newspaper". Later, the house was occupied by the Le Froy family, and then by Miss Howard and Miss Brennan in the late 50s. Miss Howard was alleged to be a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk who was paid to keep away from the family as she lived in a "relationship" with a Miss Brennan. This was not done publicly in those days, particularly in a small village. Derrick describes Miss Brennan "as always looking raddled. She wore violent make-up, wore men's clothes and had a man's haircut."

Hammond's Mead was a large house lived in by Miss Evans, a wealthy spinster. She was extremely deaf and had a whiskery chin. She used a long ear trumpet. When she died she bequeathed the marsh, the fields to the south and west of the house to the village. They were never to be built upon. The endowment included what was to become the picnic area on the east side of the river by the footbridge. This area was mined during the war and it was here that one of Andrew Peach's father's cows was blown up. The house became a hotel which was knocked down over 10 years ago .

Derrick continues with his word picture of the village in the pre-war years with vignettes of many of its characters. He tells of a Miss Etheridge of



Newlands Cottage, a brilliant violinist, a friend of his Aunt Nell, a concert pianist. They held musical evenings together until Miss Etheridge "went funny". She cut her throat with a razor – badly. She did not die for two days after.

He recalls Charlie Larcombe and the Hunters living in the Coast Guard Cottages in Lower Sea Lane. He describes Charlie as a fisherman with a round, red, cheerful face, always smoking a pipe. He wore a blue fisherman's sweater and always wore rubber thigh boots turned down over his knees. (They said that he

Charlie Larcombe

had no other footwear). He and Ted Hunter were lifelong friends and the source of many stories.

How many people remember the Charmouth zoo and aviary? There certainly was one. It was run by a Miss Sheldon and was adjacent to the new school on Lower Sea Lane. The house subsequently became the surgery of the village's first dentist, Anthony Potter, whose first patient was Reginald Pavey and the second – Cecil Stork. Another quiz question is to ask how many people remember the swimming hole on the mighty Char just north of Newlands Bridge?

Derrick's recall of the wartime Charmouth is of particular interest in that it is the only account that has emerged to date of those years immediately following the miracle of Dunkirk. Derrick's father bought a contractor's caravan just after the Great War and put it in the garden of the Red Bungalow. The youngsters of the family used it as their holiday retreat when their grandmother was still alive. Derrick used to cycle from Chard and spend holidays at the caravan between 1938 – 42. He says:

I was there in September 1940, aged sixteen and in my School Cadet Force at Chard. Thalatta, (next door to The Red Bungalow), was occupied by a defending force of twelve men and a lieutenant. The armament consisted of one two-pounder, ex naval gun mounted on the back of an old lorry. The cliffs and the neighbouring fields had been mined and an anti-tank barrier of steel pipe scaffolding and barbed wire entanglements had been erected across the level stretch between the cliffs and the front of the factory.



Swimming pool just above Newlands Bridge

A year later, from Cain's Folly, Derrick saw his first German plane shot down. It was a Heinkel 111 destroyed by two Hurricanes. It fell into the sea about a mile due south of the river's mouth. Three crew men jumped – two parachutes opened, the third "candled" – it did not open. An RAF launch came out from Lyme and picked them up. A Chard doctor, Dr Glanvill, pronounced one dead. He is buried in Lyme cemetery. Vic Hunter witnessed this incident. He went to Lyme in Reggie Bragg's grocery van. They saw the Air Sea Rescue craft come in – the people booed the prisoners.

Derrick Warren's chronicle of his boyhood years in Charmouth ended with his call-up in 1942. He was commissioned in the Royal Corps of Signals and served in the Mediterranean and Northern Europe. Upon demobilization he joined the Ordnance Survey. This was to become his lifelong career. It is a remarkable coincidence that his first independent assignment was the responsibility for the 1956/7 survey of the Charmouth and Lyme Regis area.

The dates within the memoirs will give some indication of his years. His energy and enthusiasms belie the arithmetic. He still comes to Charmouth to swim, may he long continue to do so.

Peter M Press

Editor's Note.

It is our intention to publish Derrick Warren's memoirs in full under a separate cover.

It should be ready by next winter.

Articles Needed

We would be delighted to receive any article on any Charmouth historical theme. The subject could be of a personality – a family member perhaps – or of a subject that interests you.

If you have an idea for a topic that you would like to discuss or require help with any research, we would be only too pleased to help.

Whatever the case, please drop by the Pavey Room – you would be most welcome.

The Editor

Family Histories of Charmouth and its Environs

The stated aim of The Pavey Group is 'to create a village resource where the social history of Charmouth's past, present and future may be recorded and preserved for our future generations'. This is now particularly important, as the mobility of families has increased greatly since Pavey's main work in the 1960s and, consequently, much of the knowledge of individuals and families may well be lost.

One useful way of approaching this social and community history requirement is to adopt the techniques of the genealogist or family historian, by charting the family structures and relationships back from the present day and, wherever possible, attaching notes and anecdotes about the individuals concerned.

This may sound a difficult task but, in fact, family history charts can be produced quite simply and, together with as much information as it is possible to recall or find about each person concerned, can be in any form one wishes. Usually, of course, the further one goes back in time, the less information can be found or recalled; memories and records being subject to decay and loss over the years.

So how does one approach the making of a family tree? This is not the place to consider the techniques of family history in detail, there are numerous books written on the subject, covering the many forms of records that can be found in county record offices and other archives, the use of computers to organise your records and now, of course, the use of the Internet. But most of us who have been researching our family histories over the years had no access to such technology and simply used the more common records that have always been available. The essential steps are as follows:

- (1) Start by asking older members of your family about their ancestors and the details of their lives. There is no better way of getting the basic framework of the family, but always remember that memories can sometimes be deceptive where detail is concerned. As a first objective, see if you can construct a chart showing the names, dates and places of birth, marriage and death of your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. Depending on your age now, this exercise should take you back to between 1850 and 1900. At this stage just concentrate on these main ancestors and ignore the brothers and sisters in each generation.

- (2) Most people are unable to achieve this first objective straight off and further research may be necessary. There is an enormous range of records available, but a select few should help you fill in any gaps in your charts. Most of these documents are available for examination by the public at no charge. The most important of these and where they can be found are shown below:

Census Returns: Censuses have been taken every 10 years since 1801 [except in the 1940s]: the Returns are available to the public after 100 years and are invaluable in discovering the family structures in the 19c. The most useful are those from 1851 to 1891: they show details of all households with names, addresses, relationships, ages, occupations, etc., and, importantly, where each person was born: this is invaluable in tracing mobility of ancestors. The Charmouth Returns for 1841 to 1891 are available on microfilm in the Pavey Room and in the Dorset Record Office [DRO] in Dorchester.

Parish Registers: Parish documents can take various forms, but the most important for our purposes are the registers of baptisms, marriages and burials kept, over varying periods of time, for the Anglican and Non-Conformist Churches. Registration started in 1538 but, for most parishes, the earliest registers are now lost. For Charmouth, the parish church registers are available from 1653 to the present day: those for Non-Conformist churches and chapels are of later date. Copies of the parish church registers on microfilm can be found in the Pavey Room and the DRO: the latter also has a handwritten transcript of the registers from 1653 to 1966.

General Register Office Records: These GRO records comprise a national index of all births, marriages and deaths occurring in England & Wales since compulsory registration began in July 1837. The index provides a reference number for each event that has to be used when ordering appropriate certificates. A full copy of this index is available for examination in the DRO: a partial set, covering births and deaths only from 1837 to 1894 is in Bridport Museum, where a charge is made for entry and opening hours are limited.

Charmouth Parish Records: These comprise a wide selection of documents relating to the parish and are held by DRO. An index to these records is held in The Pavey Room, which also has copies of some on microfilm.

- (3) Always take full details of any information that you find relating to members of your family and take note of the reference number and/or title of the document concerned
- (4) As a separate record, show as much information as you can about each of the individuals on your chart. In some cases there may be very little; in others, you may well be able to find sufficient information to describe the lives of the people concerned in some detail.

The Charts. In paragraph 1 above, it is suggested that you try and construct a pedigree. As an example of a pedigree, I have included an example for part of my own family which had some links with Charmouth and the Marshwood Vale in the 19 century. My maternal grandmother was Frances Sarah Budden and I can trace my direct line through her back to 1660, when the Budden family first appeared in Loders. Frances's mother was Mary Jane Budden [nee Hannam]: she was the daughter of Jerimiah Hannam, who was born in Sutton Montis in Somerset. He was a long-serving coastguard who, on retirement, settled at Buckhouse in Marshwood, where he was the dairyman.

Two of his children were born/baptised in Charmouth. Mary Jane Hannam married Henry Budden, whose father, Robert, had migrated from Loders to Whitchurch Canonicorum by about 1820, having married Sarah Larcombe in Symonds bury. The attached pedigree starts with Frances Sarah Budden, as she was the last to bear that family name in my line.

On the reverse of the pedigree, I have included some notes about the lives of the individuals on the chart. Such notes may be entered on separate sheets of paper depending on their length and, particularly, where there are separate documents and photographs

Included with this issue of the Newsletter is a blank pedigree form: this can be used to provide such a pedigree and notes relating to your family and ancestors concerned. If you wish to do this, but would like some assistance or more information about the records available and their use, several members of this group, including myself, would be happy to help.

N.B. The two pedigrees are loose inserts in the centre fold of this journal.

Phillip Hares

The Sundry Anecdote File 11

The blackout requirements caused lots of problems during World War II. Reub Frampton, the village butcher remembered leaving the Coach and Horses late one night to take the very few paces to his home at Winton House which was conveniently situated right next door. There was no moon and the night was pitch black when Reub heard a plaintive cry of “help”. This cry was repeated at frequent intervals so he was able to locate the source eventually, which proved to be from the corner of Barr’s Lane and the Street. There he found Henry Turner with both arms wound firmly around the unlit gas standard.

It turned out that Henry had got “cidered up” at the Star before setting off home. When he got outside and experienced the cool, clean night air, the full effects of the cider hit him and having reached Barr’s Lane he was quite unable to go any further. Instead he clung to the lamp-post as if his life depended upon it. He found its stability reassuring, in fact it was the only solid and reliable feature in his very unsteady world. Anyway, Henry was finally persuaded to transfer his embrace from the lamp-post to Reub who then helped him the rest of his way home to Bridge Road. When they arrived, Reub knocked the door and Henry’s wife Nan, opened it and immediately started to berate Reub for leading her husband astray in the pub. Although perfectly capable of leading anyone astray in a pub, Reub was most hurt as on this occasion, he was of course quite innocent.

When she ran out of words, Nan resorted to physical assault and started kicking him (Reub) in the shins. Reub’s devotion to what he considered to be his duty to a friend, survived this onslaught and he continued to stand his ground, by protesting that “ If I’d let go of him, he’d have collapsed in a heap”.

Tale as told by Reuben Frampton to Malcolm Bowditch on 19th June 1983

Charmouth Ghosts

Manifestation Number 11 .

It's The Limes Again.

I have to admit that, had this piece been commissioned even two years ago, it would have taken a very different form.

It was in 1994 that my wife Anne and I completed the purchase of Mulberry Lodge. (Would it be appropriate at this stage, to point out that Mulberry Lodge is a part of the building that was once known as the Limes? Charmouth Lodge is the other part of it, not all of it as suggested in the February edition of the *Echo*).

Just a day or two before exchanging contracts, we told a couple who had a holiday home in the village about our proposed move. We were a little surprised by their reply. "Mulberry Lodge? Isn't that the place with the ghosts?" I cannot truly remember what I said to Arthur Banwell. But we were shortly to have an interesting conversation with the vendor. The vendor was the Rev. John Robinson and after we had discussed details of the sale, he said that he understood that my wife was concerned about the ghost. He went on to tell me what rubbish it all was and to think nothing more of it. It was just a tale invented by his cousins when they were young girls. We were told later that the Rev. John Robinson, a distant cousin of the five Whittington sisters, was indeed that young boy playing the piano when the ghost actually laid hands on him. (See *The Village Echo No 4*). He never entered the room again. That room is our dining room. It is said to be above the position of a well in which a nun was drowned. (Of course we understand that long before the house existed, a convent was on the site). That room is the one whose floor is now of concrete and it was the Rev. Robinson who arranged for the concreting to be done. Clearly, we had to enquire further. Yes – the house has a ghost. Yes – a nun was drowned in a well that was below what is now our dining room. However, it (or she) is a friendly ghost. She would say "Hi!" as she passed a sister (a Whittington sister that is) on the stair. We can confirm that the house gives no sense of foreboding; on the contrary it has a warm, comfortable feeling. There have also been sightings of a monk who has appeared in the garden of the Limes where there are now four modern dwellings. We are told that the house that was once on this site was a place of rest for monks who had travelled from Forde Abbey to fish for mackerel. Monks and nuns! – an intriguing concept.

Some time later, Anne had an interesting encounter with a lady who

had been a friend of the Whittington sisters. She would come to visit for their tennis parties. Of course, she asked whether we had seen the ghost. Anne said that we hadn't and that the Rev. Robinson had told us that it was all rubbish. Our visitor then proceeded to give us a very different version of our vendor's feelings about the ghost – something more closely related to the version described in the of the February edition than the one we were given on the telephone. Anne was told of another tennis visitor who was awakened in the night by a loud cracking noise. The visitor switched on the light to find that the stone of a ring on the bedside table had been split into two pieces and that the wardrobe had been moved across the room.

Well, do you believe a word of it? I didn't. But now I wonder...

I think it was one day in the summer of 1999 that we were in the garden. Anne asked if I would fetch something from the house. As I turned to return to the garden, a figure came down our stairs and across the hall. Why had she sent me into the house for something and then come in herself? I continued out and there she was – still in the garden! I didn't believe it. A grey clad figure had come down the stairs and was making straight for the wall that divided our house from Charmouth Lodge – a wall that wasn't there until 1979. I had to confess that this extreme sceptic was feeling a little uncomfortable.

Some time later, Anne was in the dining room getting ready for her day at college. I was in the garage. Anne left the dining room, only to be aware of a figure moving away from her and up the stairs. Similar thoughts crossed her mind. "What is he doing back in the house when he is supposed to be getting out the car? We're going to be late". Then of course she realised that I was still outside, and anyway why would her husband be wearing a grey/brown cloak? Again the figure was on our stairs that weren't there before the house was divided.

Clearly, it is easier for Anne than for me to admit these things. Perhaps her experience was more ...(thinks) real. Is that the right word? I just feel uneasy that I have experienced something in which I thought I didn't believe. Anne stresses that she didn't feel at all threatened. I now wonder what the situation would have been had we been together on each occasion.

There was a third occasion. Anne sensed the presence of a cat. It was neither the neighbour's nor ours and the doors were locked. This prompts two questions; do ghosts have cats? Do cats have souls?

Finally, John Farrell, who lives across the road, tells us that his dog will not walk along the pavement outside of this house.

By "S.M."

Schalchs and Haggards in Charmouth

The inspiration for this piece was the watercolour, painted in about 1835 featuring two children, a boy and a girl, sitting side-by-side on a couch. Both appear to be wearing dresses, but this was usual for boys as well as girls, even into the twentieth century. However, in the original, the boy is wearing blue and the girl is in pink - and lest there be any lingering doubt - the girl is holding a doll and the boy has a whip by his side. This, too, was traditional; certainly in the early part of the nineteenth century when this picture was painted. Both children look very grown up and older than their actual age that I guess to be between one and two years.

The portrait is framed in bird's eye maple by none less than Harrods Ltd. of Knightsbridge. There are pencilled notes on the back of the frame as follows:

Schalch

James Ansdell
B. 11 March 1832
D. 12 December 1895

Annie Martha Ansdell
B. 5 March 1831
M. 1848 to Vernon Hugh Schalch
D. 12 June 1915

It is the name Schalch (pronounced Shalk) - no doubt that of the Harrod's customer - that connects the picture with Charmouth, for the Schalch family lived at 'The Court' for quite a number of years and it can be seen that the little girl, Annie Martha Ansdell, grew up to marry Vernon Hugh Schalch. This couple went on to have at least two daughters and one son as evidenced by inscriptions on two headstones in Charmouth cemetery.



Ansdell c.
Annie Martha

James
1835
Ansdell

One reads:

Anna Martha widow of Vernon Hugh Schalch

b. 5 March 1831

d. 12 June 1915

'and their daughters'

Mary Edith

b. 25 December 1852

d. 28 May 1924

Anna Verner

b. 13 February 1866

d. 11 May 1932

So it would seem that, despite the slightly different spelling of the name and with Annie no doubt being preferred by the family to the more formal Anna, the little girl in the watercolour is the same person as that first-named on the headstone.

The second headstone reads:

Vernon Ansdell Schalch
son of Vernon Hugh Schalch
d. 12 February 1935 aged 85

also of his wife
Helen Grant Schalch
d. 1 May 1942 aged 80

The Schalch family lived at 'The Court', Charmouth for many years, the first owner being Vernon Hugh Schalch who had inherited from his aunt, Catherine Stuart. The family were descended from Andrew Schalch, a Swiss, who set up the foundry to produce cannon at Woolwich in the reign of George II. When Vernon Hugh died in 1877 the property passed to his widow Anna Martha, the little girl in the picture, apparently because their son, James Hugh Gordon Schalch, who was returning from service in India was not expected to enjoy a long life. However, one wonders why Vernon Ansdell did not inherit because he was an older son, born in 1850.

My father, Alfred Bowditch, was gardener at 'The Court' for over half a century and he started on 23rd September 1921 when he took over from the retiring gardener, Frank Clarke, also known as 'Whistling Rufus' because of his habitual whistling.

At that time the Schalchs in residence at 'The Court' were the new owner, Mary Edith – generally known as Edith – who had inherited from her mother Anna Martha on her death in 1915, her younger sister Anna Verner, known I believe as Daisy and her brother James, or Jim, mentioned above and who surprised everyone by living an active life for some 40 years with his sisters after his return from service in India. James entered very fully into the life of the village and was chairman of the Parish Council from 1897 – 1901. Pavey records that he was also chairman of the Council School from 1921–28 and honorary secretary of a number of organisations including the Lawn Tennis Club and the Annual Flower Show. He was also a keen golfer and was secretary of both the Charmouth Golf Links (at the top of Stonebarrow Lane) and the Charmouth and Lyme Golf Links. The photograph, received by James Schalch 'with F.W.Kirby's compliments', shows a group of male golfers and two females, presumably supporters. Circumstantial evidence suggests that James is one of the three wearing white tops. It is not certain whether the photograph was taken at Charmouth or at Lyme Regis.

As things turned out, he did rather well for one of whom very little was expected. In 1909, 'The Charmouth Birthday Book' was published with the objective of raising money for the building of a Church Hall. Persons either living in the village or having associations with it agreed to sponsor a selected day of the year. In return for their sponsorship, they were granted the privilege of choosing a short quotation for inclusion and their names were appended. James Schalch was the sponsor for September 27th and his quotation was from Shakespeare, '*A fellow of no mark nor likelihood*'. In choosing this quotation, could it be that he was making an ironic reference to himself?

These then were the Schalchs who, for the next eleven years were to be my father's employers. However, during this time, Mary Edith died in 1924, as indicated on the headstone, and the property was left to her sister Anna Verner, or Daisy.



T h e

Court

It was when she died in 1932 that the association of the Schalchs with Charmouth and ‘The Court’ was ended, with James having died at the age of 72 in 1929. The affairs of the family at Charmouth would appear to have been wound up by their brother, Vernon. Colonel Vernon A. Schalch C.B. was of course another son of the little girl in the picture and he lived in Branksome Park, Bournemouth. It was he who wrote a reference for my father dated 15th August 1932. It was at this time, when they were clearing out the house, that the picture passed into my father’s possession.

It is at this point that the famous Haggard family name should be introduced into the story because of its association with Charmouth and relationship with the Schalchs. Much of the following detail emerged from reading Christopher Hassall’s ‘The Timeless Quest’, a biography of Stephen Haggard, an accomplished and highly regarded actor, novelist, poet and unhappy soldier in the Second World War.

Squire William Rider Haggard had his seat at Bradenham Hall in Norfolk and his wife Ella bore him seven sons and three daughters. Alfred Hinuber, born in 1849, was the fourth child and third son and it was whilst he was with the Indian Civil Service in Bengal that Alfred met, for the second time, a friend of one of his sisters. She was Alice, the daughter of Andrew Schalch of the Bengal Civil Service. It is probable that Andrew was the brother of Vernon Hugh; certainly they were related. In 1873, Alfred and Alice were married and they returned to England. Their third child, Godfrey, was born at Wanstead in 1884. However, it was not long before they moved to Charmouth and Alfred rented ‘The Limes’ in 1889, just down the road from his mother-in-law’s home at ‘The Court’. Both Alfred and Alice sponsored the Charmouth Birthday Book (March 31st and April 1st respectively) although at that time she and Alfred were living in Bedford.



**Schalch at
mouth Golf Links ?**

**James
Char-**

Hassall records that Alice subsequently returned to Charmouth, where she lived in old age, and was apparently ‘Stone deaf, a cripple, blind in one eye but indomitably cheerful while she taught herself Braille in preparation for the loss of the other’. She died in 1925 at the age of 74 and was interred in Charmouth cemetery.

Godfrey lived at Charmouth until 1901 when he was sent, at the age of seventeen, to Caracas, where his Uncle William was British Minister. He returned to England in 1906 when he spent most of the year with his celebrated uncle, Sir (Henry) Rider Haggard, author of *King Solomon’s Mines*, *Allan Quartermain* and many other novels. Pavey records the fact that Rider Haggard was a frequent visitor to Charmouth and ‘The Court’. He writes of having heard the story that, on one occasion when he needed names for a book he was writing, he chose Vince (who kept the grocer’s shop) and Holly (the proprietor of the Axminster Bus). The novel was ‘*She*’. Although the story deserves to be true, Pavey was never able to verify it. Certainly the time scales fit, with both Vince and Holly well established in Charmouth prior to the 1887 publication date of the novel. In 1908, at the age of twenty-four, Godfrey was appointed Vice Consul to Central America and started work in Guatemala City where he met and married Georgianna Ruel in 1910. It was there that their first son, Stephen Hubert Avenal Haggard (the subject of Hassall’s biography) was born in 1911. On their return to England, Georgianna Haggard took over ‘Beech House’ in the 1920s. Godfrey later became Sir Godfrey and was very fond of Charmouth. He wrote for example, ‘*There is something insidious in the zephyrs that blow there, a charm that calls and keeps you, so that you buy a house – and then you are done for*’.

That more or less completes a brief version of the story of two famous families and their association with Charmouth, and three of its houses, over a period of about eighty years from around the middle of the nineteenth century to the 1930’s. However, there is a corollary to this piece – a rider perhaps! – that is of some interest and relevance. The obituary column of the Daily Telegraph, dated 22nd November 1991, featured Cdr Hugh Alfred Vernon Haggard, the son of Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard and great-nephew of Sir Rider Haggard. Hugh Haggard was a submariner and famed captain of HMS *Truant* and his is a fascinating story. One example of his experiences will serve as an illustration. In 1940, off Norway, and whilst on the bridge of *Truant*, he was somewhat surprised to detect the characteristic smell of shale oil from a British torpedo’s exhaust. He was no doubt even more surprised to note that *Truant* was the target of the attack but, nevertheless, such was the case. It emerged that another British submarine, HMS *Clyde* had mistaken her for a U-boat. The conclusion to this story was that the Admiral Submarines, Max Horton, gave both captains a hard time; *Truant* for being caught on the surface and *Clyde* for missing at such short range.

Malcolm Bowditch

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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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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

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Wednesday 2pm to 4pm
Thursday 7pm to 9pm
Or By Special Arrangement***

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