

The Village Echo

The Journal of The Pavey Group of The Village of Charmouth

Journal No 8

Spring 2002

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The Village Echo

The Charmouth Historical Journal

Editorial

I was delighted with the submissions for this issue of *The Village Echo*. For the first time, we received more articles that can be published in one issue. A greater good fortune is that two new contributors, Peter Bide and Mike Thomas have submitted articles. Mike has written a warm memoir of his grandparents, Mary and Lionel White who will be well remembered by the older generation of the village. Peter Bide's account is a history of his house, Carrum. It is quite unique in that he has documents of the site that predate the actual construction of the houses on that corner where Carrum and Littlecote stand and where Sandford Cottage once stood. This is the second of our biographies of a dwelling, a format that is of particular interest and will it is hoped, encourage further articles along these lines.

Peter Childs has produced another of his excellent whimsical tales seen through a child's eye of a distant time. Malcolm Bowditch has found two more stories that reflect his particular brand of humour. My great fear is that they will run out.

In the last issue of *The Echo* Harvey Pitcher wrote of his year as an evacuee in Charmouth. By coincidence he found that a friend of his had been stationed in the village in 1940, following the miracle of Dunkirk. From the lines of his verse, this young soldier's horror of his recent past is palpable; yet at the same time, one can sense his stoicism in the face of what might transpire – the German invasion.

So, especial thanks to all our contributors – very well done!

It is particularly sad to report that Cecil Stork has gone. Cecil was one of the first supporters of our village historical enterprise, whose encouragement and input over the years was cherished. He was a great source of village tales which he would recount with that distinctive droll humour of his. He is missed.

The Editor

My Very Dear People

**HIS MAJESTY'S BROADCAST
FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE
ON JUBILEE DAY, MAY 6, 1935**

A Childhood Recollection.

What a day it was to be alive! Not since 1887 when Queen Victoria came out of her long retirement had there been a Royal Jubilee. For months village committees had been meeting to lay plans for the celebration of King George V and Queen Mary's "Silver Jubilee". Hours spent sitting in uncomfortable chairs, arguing who was to do what, with whom and of course where, oh where, was the money coming from to pay for it all.

At last all was to be put to the test. The vagaries of chance and chaos would soon be unleashed against the "Best Laid Schemes", lovingly bolted together by those of whom it was thought were good at that sort of thing in Charmouth. At last the village was about to demonstrate its Love and Loyalty to the Crown and was determined not to be found wanting. There may have been the odd republican lurking under a Jurassic rock somewhere and indeed one or two Germans who had settled in the parish after the first war were still regarded with deep suspicion. But by and large the village was monarchist to every man, woman and child with a hand large enough to wave a Union Jack.



H.M. King

George V

At that time I was a young boy, dirty, dusty and rather wild. There were two events I was really looking forward to. The Band, which was to lead the procession down The Street and a great bonfire to be lit late that night on the beach. I knew a bit about the bonfire as the Scouts and Wolf Cubs had been combing the beach for many days looking for drift wood and piling it high over the many old car tyres and mattresses. We had an easy job compared to other Scout troops in the area. The Broadwindsor group demolished a derelict cottage. Such was their royalist devotion that they carried all the timber to the top of Pilsdon Hill (over 950 ft), the highest point in Dorset. They said they wanted to turn it into a mountain for the night but we all thought they were showing off. Getting above themselves!

That afternoon at about half past one, the parade assembled outside the *New Inn* at the top of The Street. The bar was doing a fine trade; the village constable found it necessary to impose his authority on the usual miscreants in no uncertain manner. Just about the entire village was there. There were the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Wolf Cubs and The Ancient Order of Foresters resplendent with their green sashes and wooden axes. Then of course came the British Legion proudly bearing their standard; the ex-Servicemen with gleaming, clinking campaign medals on their best Sunday suits. Then came children in fancy dress being fussed over by aunts with safety pins and by various other self appointed members of the village great and good. All was now ready for the triumphal march down The Street. There was only one problem. Five minutes to march-off and where was the band?

Sadly, since WW1 the village band had been allowed to fall in numbers to a point where the decibel level of the din it could raise, reflected no credit on the village. To the relief of those who lived near the practice hut it had finally been disbanded. Other groups from remote and alien places were invited to lead the parade and then play for an hour or two in the playing fields. Caution had to be used as some bands had a very limited repertoire and could only rise to "Colonel Bogey" and 'Abide with Me". Some were even more deplorable in that they did not even have proper uniforms. Another problem was the distance they had to travel to the parade and of the antiquity of the transport available. Also, before a reasonable level of musical proficiency could be reached, an adequate intake of refreshment was necessary. The logistics of musical entertainment was a finely balanced affair and nobody was very surprised at this latest crisis. Nothing could be done. There were very few telephones in those days and punctures were frequent and took hours to repair. Apprehension was rampant.

"Where be they? `Tis always the same. They baint comin' or they broked down agin. Tidden good enough. Tis a cryin' shame. Keep us standin' round dressed up like spare clergymen at a donkey's funeral. Nothing to do but watch an' bray. Ark now, shut thee trap, they be yer. Casn't y'ear em?"

Miraculously, as if responding to a great wave of faith, no doubt initiated by the vicar, several loud bangs coming from within a cloud of smoke announced the arrival of the band. About ten musicians tumbled out of a decrepit bus and propped their instrument cases against the pub wall. The big drum got stuck in the front doorway and had eventually to be lowered from the emergency exit at the rear of the bus. A request to enter the *New Inn*, strictly for comfort reasons, was granted and after much animated discussion the band formed up in three ranks. All that is except the drummer who had not yet emerged from the pub. A small junior bandsman was dispatched to find the drummer who eventually appeared, glass in hand, claiming that an attempt had been made to steal his tiger skin. Oh how we boys longed to bang that big drum and strap on the rather tatty tiger skin.

Suddenly the British Legion contingent was ordered to attention and with a resounding Bang, Bang, Bang, from the mighty drum we all set off down The Street. I cannot remember if I marched with the Wolf Cubs or in the fancy dress section. All I can vividly recall is being overwhelmed by the importance of the occasion and an intense pride and joy at living in that best of all possible villages, Charmouth, which was, to my small mind, undoubtedly the centre of the British Empire and the envy of the world. Not only was I marching behind a great band, more or less in step, as I always found marching very difficult, but I was going to meet an important person and be presented with a Jubilee mug from which I must never drink, but must be truly thankful. The following day this beautiful mug was ceremoniously deposited in a china cabinet at home and I never saw it again. The Vicar blessed us as we passed the Church, where later there was to be a service of thanksgiving. My mother said that the importance of the occasion was such that even Charlie Larcombe turned up to say his prayers.

In the evening there was a speech by the King on the wireless to which I was made to listen. He sounded a nice man and said how important we children were. I learned much later that he was not very nice to his own sons. It was said that nearly five hundred million people listened to his speech which I thought at the time must be more people than could fit on to the Isle of Wight. It was also said that the King was heard as far away as Afghanistan. My father said there must be at least one person in that place

who owned a wireless set. We wondered how he got batteries for it. I had to wait at least sixty years before Afghanistan was ever talked about again! That night at Ten o'clock, the King sitting in Buckingham palace pushed a button which lit a bonfire in Hyde Park This was a signal to light all the other bonfires in the country. Not much happened on Charmouth beach without Percy Smith having a say in it and no doubt he deputized for His Majesty on this occasion. It was magnificent. That night, as I went to bed I could see a great red glow on the top of Pilsdon from my bedroom window. What a day. What a night. Never forgotten to this day.

Peter Childs

Progress!

Since the last issue, three exceptional ladies have arrived at the Paveway Room, each one with a distinctive talent. Hilary Munday has created a website in the name of the Paveway Group. This means that our fame extends immediately far beyond Chideock; we now have a worldwide presence. Our modest resource centre can be 'read' literally throughout the world simply by tapping in our website address. The address is:

members.aol.com/thepavewaygroup

Jean Kendall is a multi-talented lady - photographer, illustrator and a genius with a heap of papers. She brings order to the filing system in the Paveway Room. To date she has catalogued a great number of records, sorted photographs and has even interpreted scripts on old documents.

We now have a real genealogist! Maureen Bullows appeared one evening at the Paveway Room and said she would like to help in any research task that we might need. Within days she had indexed the 1841 Census and has nearly finished the 1861 document. Her familiarity with the many data sources of local and family history has already produced rich findings. Hers is a rare talent – I am so pleased she lives opposite The Elms.

Your efforts are really appreciated Hilary, Jean and Maureen. Thank you most sincerely

The Editor.

Sundry Anecdotes File

No 5 *Their Finest Hour?*

In the summer of 1940 the Battle of Britain raged in the skies and the prospect of a land invasion loomed. In May of that year Anthony Eden asked for men who were ‘capable of free movement’ to volunteer for a new force to be called the Local Defence Volunteers (LDV), soon to be disrespectfully known as ‘Look, Duck and Vanish’. The qualifications required for the admission of volunteers were clearly minimal and men flocked to enlist. In July the LDV became the Home Guard and by 1942 there were one and a half million of them. About twenty-four were Charmouthians.

The Charmouth volunteers trained hard throughout the summer of 1940, for it was clearly a very serious business, but there were lighter moments. The simulation of a genuine invasion, for example, was all a part of the training programme for the Home Guard and on one such occasion the local platoon was rounded up at about 10 pm on a Saturday night and summoned immediately to take part in an exercise. Being a Saturday night, quite a number had to be dragged from the various pubs in the village (there were five to choose from in those days) and several had been in their favourite bars for some time by then. However, although some were barely ‘capable of free movement’ by this time, the platoon made its way to the top of Stonebarrow where it had to take up a defensive position against an anticipated attack by the Wootton Fitzpaine and Monkton Wyld platoon. Finally, with preparations complete and with everyone lying in ditches or behind trees and banks, a profound silence ensued as the ‘enemy’ was awaited. There were no cars to be heard or machinery of any kind, just the deep silence of the countryside emphasised by the hoot of a distant owl, the cry of a dog fox or the rustle of a dry leaf stirred by the occasional zephyr. The tension was tangible.

Then suddenly there was another noise, louder, more persistent – and closer. It was the sound of a mouth organ being played. It was ‘Roll out the Barrel’ and it was Denny Jerrard playing it! Guided by this admittedly stirring and patriotic outpouring, the ‘invading force’ struck and the entire Charmouth platoon was captured. The officer-in-charge that night was the senior NCO, Sergeant Sidney Herbert, and he ‘went ballistic’. But, as Denny later explained, he didn’t like the thought of his colleagues cowering in ditches and felt it to be his duty to play the platoon into battle!

By late summer the situation had become critical and a real invasion was expected at any moment. During the first week in September the omens were bad and getting worse. On 7th September 1940, General Brooke - in charge of Southern Command - sent the signal 'Cromwell' to the whole south coast. The code word 'Cromwell' meant 'invasion imminent and probable within twelve hours'. It must have been on this occasion that the Charmouth platoon was summoned to assemble at the WI Hall, then situated just below the *George* on the opposite side of the road. I can remember my own father departing with his rifle, he had a very serious look on his face and suggested that my mother 'should not wait up'!

Lance-Corporal Ron Frampton was walking down the Street when he was challenged by George Restorick who was on guard at the *George Hotel*, 'Halt, who goes there?' Before Ron could reply, a shot rang out. 'That's it! The buggers have arrived' cried George (who had recognised Ron all along) and together they set off across the road towards the WI Hall. When they got there, they were greeted by a scene of total confusion - and a residual whiff of cordite smoke. Someone had accidentally released a 303 round through the wooden roof of the hall. As of course everyone knows, there was no invasion but who could doubt we were ready for them had they dared!

Ron Frampton recounted these incidents to Malcolm Bowditch on 29th December 1994

Malcolm Bowditch



Charmouth Platoon 1944

CLARENCE VILLA TO CARRUM HOUSE

1843-2002

Although we have held the deeds to this house since the mortgage was paid off some years ago, I hadn't really got to grips with sorting out the nuggets of information from the mass of legalese until the article on the Well head appeared in the previous issue of the Echo . Although I had realized on first acquiring the deeds, that we had a complete set of all conveyances since the land was bought in 1843, I have only now sorted them out to include the relevant local people. The result may be of some interest, as it is linked to several Pavey references. Katharine knew R.W. Pavey from her time as a teacher at the old school in the 1960's, and we have a personal copy of the Pavey researches plus an extra page or two.

The parcel of land on which the group of three houses were built between Beech House and Lower Sea Lane was probably originally church land, with Beech House as the rectory. The area now occupied by the tennis courts was known as Rectory Meadow.

Photo :- Ray Lancaster

Littlecote and Carrum



It appears that Isaac Cooke bought Beech House (perhaps from the Church Commissioners) and the strip of land bordering The Street. He then sold the house to Miss Kennaway and the land to William Hoare (the village carpenter). He then sold the first plot to John Hodges in 1843 who subsequently had Clarence Villa built, the second plot to Samuel Dunn (the village builder) who built Littlecote and retained the third plot for the building of Sandford Cottage. This dwelling was demolished in 1958 to widen Lower Sea Lane. I would think that Samuel Dunn and William Hoare built all three houses between them.

All three houses originally had their front gardens enclosed by cast iron railings. Carrum House still has these, of a very distinctive pattern, while those of the other two houses were removed when Lower Sea Lane was widened in 1958. The same patterned railings can be seen as a short section behind Peach Electrical in Bridport, and more extensively, in front of the foundry just west of Bridport, which makes it probable that they were cast there in the last century.

There are some interesting stipulations in the indenture between Hodges, Hoare and Dunn when the plot was sold:

1. The property should be enclosed on the East and South by a seven foot wall 'properly pointed and of good stone and lime'.
2. John Hodges 'shall not construct or open in any wall or building he may erect any window facing East towards the piece of land sold by William Hoare to Samuel Dunn'. This appears to have been subject to compromise as we have a small bedroom with a window facing east!
3. John Hodges 'shall not at any time permit the trade or business of Innkeeper or Beer or Ale Housekeeper in any dwelling house to be erected without the consent of William Hoare and Samuel Dunn'.

At some point John Hodges must have bought Beech House, as he had the adjoining shop built and operated as a butcher for many years. There was a right of way passage between Beech House and Clarence Villa when John Hodges owned both properties, but this was blocked off later (probably when the house was sold in 1877). Our bathroom still extends over what was the passage.

I believe that Clarence Villa was the only one of the three houses to have a cellar and when we bought the house in 1961, the original pump with its stone trough was still there, with the initials J.H. in lead. Unfortunately the

wooden parts were riddled with woodworm and had to be taken out, but we still have the basic parts. The pump drew water from a small stream which flows under the cellar flagstones, into a tiny reservoir and out into the main drain. Under extreme conditions it has an unfortunate habit of emerging at other points in the cellar. There was also a copper boiler for the laundry, heated by a coal fire with a cleverly constructed spiral brick flue which runs under the kitchen floor to the chimney. This also had to be dismantled after our errant stream on one occasion changed direction and emerged on the side of the wall! The stream is probably one of the many which emerge in a line parallel to Lower Sea Lane on the northern side at roughly the same elevation along a junction of Lias sands and clays and which can be seen after wet weather.

John Hodges died in 1874, and in his will left Clarence Villa to his two unmarried daughters Eliza and Ellen. Beech House was left to Richard Hodges, his son, although it was let to Robert Manley. In 1877 the two sisters sold the house to George Mortimer, who had traded as a grocer for some years previously in what is now Londis stores. Whether or not he lived here or let the house is not clear, but from the subsequent conveyance it is evident that he moved to London and then to Devon before selling the house to George Hodges, from Portland, in 1909. George Hodges died in 1934, leaving the house to his son Alfred, who let the house to R.G. Cabell, while operating a boarding house at Claremont at the top of the village. His address for the next conveyance is given as Southlea in Higher Sea Lane. The house next changed hands in 1948, when Alfred Hodges sold it to A.G. and R.G. Cabell. A.G. Cabell was living at Knapp Cottage, and R.G. Cabell was already living at Clarence Villa. They were both listed as grocers.

We bought Clarence Villa from the Cabells in 1961, and as we didn't particularly like the name, and I had been reading Hutchings *History of Dorset*, we decided to call the house after one of the Saxon names for Charmouth; hence 'Carrum House'. There is, incidentally, one house in the village, which has another of the Saxon names; I leave it to you to find it, if you don't already know it.

Peter Bide

Charmouth 1940

When the Second World War started in September 1939, the author of this poem, a native of Greenock on the Clyde, was twenty-one. In January 1940 he was sent to France, where his regiment, the 77th (Highland) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, joined regular army divisions stationed on the Franco-Belgian border. After the Netherlands and Belgium surrendered in May 1940, this British Expeditionary Force was compelled to fall back on Dunkirk, whence they were evacuated to England by a hastily collected rescue fleet. More than a third of a million British and French troops were saved in this way. In the danger and confusion of the Dunkirk evacuation the 77th Regiment was split up. During the last two weeks of June it reassembled temporarily in Dorset, with its regimental headquarters in Bridport and another battery living in tents around Charmouth.

Harvey Pitcher

CHARMOUTH JUNE 1940.

Each passing year still serves
To strengthen glimpses of the past
And wake afresh one memory
Whose cogent strength remains intact
As first the day a moment came
When past and future both
Were lost in present joy
Of Sun and Sea and Sky
And meadow stretching down
To one forbidden strand
Where sand and sea conjoined
To front in distance, hostile land.
Freed I became from all the recent past
Indifferent to future's shape or fortune's cast

'D.A.'
2001

Village Politics at Work

When I was a lad during WW2, Sidney Herbert was the village pharmacist and well known by everyone. During this period he performed a secondary function as a sergeant in the local Home Guard whilst Sidney Marston (the original owner of *Bymead*) was captain. He can be seen on the left hand side of Captain Marston in the famous photograph of the Home Guard taken in the Playing Field under the yew tree, just below the pavilion. Some time later, after the war, Sidney Herbert became Chairman of the Parish Council, a post he held from 1952 until 1966. He had a rather droll sense of humour appreciated by many, but perhaps not by all. As one of the former category, I have a special memory of his humour at work that dates from about 1952 - 53. As Chairman of Council, he took the chair at a public meeting in the Church Hall convened in order to decide how the village should recognise the imminent coronation of the new Queen.

Looking down on the assembly of villagers and accompanied by a couple of other local worthies including the rector at that time, the Rev. Mackie, the chairman was doing a good enough job, although perhaps his progress was marginally slower than it might have been. In any event, it was at this point that someone from the floor, with a note of exasperation in his voice said, "The point is Mr Chairman, what are we to spend it on. Is it to be £5 or will it be £5000?" Without missing a beat, our chairman replied impishly "I think you may take it directly from me that the expense will be somewhere between the two sums of which you speak."

Malcolm Bowditch

The Coronation 1953

As many will know, the coronation was recognised by the planting of trees at the northern end of the Playing Field. Other trees had already been planted just inside the main gates to the field to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of King George V. Whilst talking of trees and as a matter of interest, I wonder how the yew tree came to be where it is? Good in a churchyard but maybe not ideal where children play?

Malcolm Bowditch

MARY AND LIONEL WHITE

She was born Mary Elizabeth Cheney into a family whose blacksmith ancestors had lived in Puncknowle and Litton Cheney in the Bride Valley east of Bridport for centuries. She was my maternal grandmother, and for those of us who grew up in Charmouth in the 40's and 50's she was known affectionately as Granny White. Mary left school in 1891 and came to live in Charmouth with her Uncle Fred Cheney, and his wife Mary.

Fred was Charmouth's policeman in the 1880s and 90s and through him Mary obtained work at the Manor House as nursemaid. In due time she met Lionel White, a 16 year old apprentice stonemason working for Pussey Prior on the corner of Lower Sea Lane opposite Sandford Cottage, later Bragg's shop. Lionel was a chorister in St Andrew's Church, where Alice Pavey was Organist and Mr Cole, Choirmaster. Lionel courted Mary and they were married on 4th June 1896 by Rev Horton in St Mary's Puncknowle

They lived for a while with Lionel's parents William and Hannah at Primrose Cottage in Charmouth, until Lionel, working as a journeyman stonemason, moved to Portland with Mary and their two young children, Frederick and Blanche,. From there they moved to Chatham where Lionel worked at the Naval Dockyard, and to Feltham, where Harold was born and where Lionel helped build the parish church near the railway station.

They moved back to Charmouth, with three children Fred, Blanche and Harold after Lionel developed eye problems, caused and aggravated by stone dust. Lionel then became gardener to the Whittington family, following in his father's footsteps, as groundsman of the Charmouth Lawn Tennis Club. He and Mary also took on the role of Church caretakers, a job that they held for over 40 years. Their home for many years was to be Manse Cottage, now part of the *Queen's Arms*. the Manse at that time was occupied by the Chapel Minister, the Rev Ogle, and his family. Eventually Hilda and Charles were born. All five of Mary and Lionel's children were educated at Charmouth School in Lower Sea Lane where Mr Cole was also Headmaster. Fred became Landlord of the *George Hotel* and later a seedsman for Sutton Seeds. Blanche left the village to become a nanny in Bushey near Watford; Harold to become gardener for the Pavey family for 50 years until he retired after Reggie Pavey's death, and Charlie to work for United Dairies in Exeter. Hilda, my mother, who married Tom Thomas lived in Charmouth most of her life.

Mary suffered badly from varicose ulcers and on the day war was declared, on 3 September 1939, her left leg was amputated at the knee. Whilst this obviously affected her mobility she remained active, and ran the household of 2, Firlands, where they lived, moving around with an artificial leg. Going to Church with Lionel now meant using a wheel chair, but Mary was determined and never missed morning or evening services

One of her many regular responsibilities was catering for the Annual Lawn Tennis Tournament and on the last evening, for the Annual Lawn Tennis Club Ball. On this 'Grand' occasion the Misses Beryl and Joan Whittington would act as hostesses and be accompanied by Captain Symonds and often by their nephew John Robinson.

I remember the kitchen at 2 Firlands as always being warm due to the range on which Mary cooked. It was alight throughout the year and it was there that she entertained her many friends, one of whom, Mrs 'Birdy' Partridge dropped in for a glass of gin with hot water every evening, with the exception of Sunday, a day of 'rest and abstinence'.

Mary's other main activities centred on the braiding of nets, a skill she had learned from her mother and grandmother. Braiding was the main home industry of many women living in the Bridport area. My job every evening was to fill the many wooden 'needles' with twine, taken from skeins revolving on the 'Bridport Swift' which, when used with a 'lace', dictated the size of the holes of the nets. Some of these nets were huge seine fishing nets, which, when completed, filled half the kitchen and would weigh several hundredweights.

One of Lionel's responsibilities was the raising and lowering of the Union, St. George or St Andrew's flags on the Church tower flag post. Lionel was not very good at heights and the 40ft ladder from the belfry to the tower top usually meant seeking Dutch courage from a couple or so pints of cider beforehand at the *Coach and Horses*.

When Lionel died aged 78 in 1951, Mary moved to the newly built bungalow at 2 Wesley Close. She had now retired from net making for arthritis had made braiding too painful. She saw her first television in the Church Hall where she viewed the Queen's Coronation. She was convinced she saw both my friend David Manuel and me several times that day, she could have been right. Both David and I had been chosen to represent the

Dorset Army Cadet Force at the Coronation. We were positioned on the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace and the television cameras were directly behind us.

I pushed her to church every Sunday morning and placed her near to the pulpit, where I could see her from the choir gallery. When I was called up for National Service, this weekly duty was willingly taken over, much to her amusement, by Bert Smith the village undertaker. Bert also looked after her in his caring professional capacity when Mary died aged 79 on 13 March 1956. She lies next to Lionel in Charmouth Cemetery.

Granny White loved children of all ages. She knew them all and always welcomed them whenever they called, which they often did, sometimes, in the Spring bringing her wild daffodils, primroses or snowdrops. Whenever you had occasion to thank her she would usually reply 'You're as welcome, my dear, as the flowers in Spring'.

Mike Thomas



Mary and

Lionel White

Pavey Room Opening Times

Summer Opening Hours - Tuesday 2nd July - Thursday 12th September

Tuesday 10 am – 12 Noon
Wednesday 10 am – 12 Noon Or By Special Arrangement
Thursday 7 pm – 9 pm Please Phone 01297 561270

Jubilee Opening Times 4th and 5th June

10 am – 12 Noon

Winter Opening Hours

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Thursday 7 pm – 9 pm Please Phone 01297 561270

Note :- Monday Mornings 9am – 11am are work days

N.B. It would be appreciated if those requesting a special arrangement for a visit to the Pavey Room make a contribution to the Pavey Group.

Modern Times

An increasing number of our members have E-mail addresses. If you do, may we have them please. It would be a great economy in postage for the quick news and other group circulars. (Not for the Echo though.)

Please E-mail, phone or tell Jeff or Peter of your E-mail address. Our E-mail address can be obtained via our web site (see page 6 of the Echo).

Many Thanks

Peter Press

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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