

Loders, Dottery & Askerswell.

Loders Coronation Plans. At a recent meeting of the Committee, the Secretary reported that the skittling for a pig had produced £26.10. The sum in hand is now almost £100. To enable people to have their fill of Coronation broadcasting, the fancy dress procession from Matravers to the Court will not begin until 3.30 p.m., and the sports will follow the tea instead of preceding it. The sports will give scope to both sexes and most ages, and also to the age-old rivalry between Loders and Uploders, one of which will have the satisfaction of pulling the other through the river. Parish councillors who do not shine in the dialectical battles of the council chambers may be revenged on their more eloquent opponents by attaching themselves to the opposite end of the rope; for eloquence and brawn seldom go together. The Coronation Committee had one matter to settle which might have caused Solomon to think. A Loders inn and an Uploders inn each expressed willingness to cater for thirst at the evening celebrations in the Hut. The Committee, anxious to avoid splitting the parish by shewing a preference for either, informed the worthy landlords that they were quite capable of settling between themselves which should do it. But the landlords were not to be had. They insisted on a decision from the Committee. Thereupon the Committee submitted the thorny question to the gods. An Uploders gentleman spun a coin, a Loders gentleman said "Heads", and so the coin decreed that the Uploders inn should do the job. But ancient rivals may not be placated thus easily. The name of the Uploders gentleman who spun the coin has leaked out, and Loders is deeply suspicious. The committee meeting ended with an appeal from Mr. Wilfred Crabb for inflammable material for the bonfire which he and the other parish councillors are organising. It was news to the rest of the committee that the councillors ever lacked inflammable matter.

Another Easter is passing into oblivion. Ecclesiastically, as distinct from those who suffered by the weather, it is a pleasant memory. Each of our three churches looked beautiful in its own proper style. Plenty of garden flowers were available to the decorators, and these were supplemented by the thousands of primroses, and wild daffodils, gathered by the children on Good Friday. Colour schemes were predominantly yellow. At Askerswell the cross worked on the white altar frontal by Miss Edwards evoked much praise. Loders music was up to its usual high standard, and the congregation that sat and listened to Stainer's anthem "Blessed be the God and Father", were appreciative. Askerswell choir, shewing signs of the expert tuition given it weekly by Miss Wilkinson, sang another beautiful anthem of Stainer's, "They have taken away my Lord". The total number of communicants was about the same as last year, Loders 90, Dottery 30, and Askerswell 35. In proportion to size, Dottery's was easily the best achievement. The total attendances at church on Easter Day were about 450, which is not bad for a combined population of 750. The contribution to the Vicar's stipend, commonly called the Easter Offering, was the highest on record, £30.4. (Loders £27.12., Dottery £2.12.). Askerswell does not figure in this because it has to pay a levy of £12 towards the Clergy Incomes Assessment. Before leaving the subject of Easter, we would like to know what the advocates of a fixed Easter are thinking now. They want Easter fixed on the first or second Sunday in April. They think that by fixing Easter they can ensure fine weather. Let them ponder hard facts. This year the Sundays in March were much finer than the first two Sundays in April. That is the way of English weather. We know that putting the summer holiday in August is not proof against a bank holiday deluge. We may be better off by leaving it to the moon to fix Easter, as she has done from time immemorial.

"Farm" Sunday, as we call it, or Rogation Sunday, as the Prayer Book calls it, falls on May 10th. It is the day when we ask God's blessing on the growing crops. In Loders it is becoming famous for the farm service, attended by the Agricultural Discussion Club, the Young Farmers and the Agricultural Workers' Union, and all others who care to come. The service will be at 7 p.m. Dottery & Askerswell will have no even-song that day so that they can join the service at Loders.

Muffled Peals in memory of the late Queen Mary were rung at Loders on the day of her funeral.

P.C. Edrich, who maintains law and order in Loders and Askerswell, has been successful in passing the Police Sergeants' examination, which makes him eligible for promotion. He was seventh on the list for all Dorset. In our own interests, we should not be sorry if the promotion were long delayed; for he tempers the sternness of the Law with courtesy of manner and cheerfulness of mien.

Askerswell Organ is being heavily attacked by mice. Food appears to be the motive. The palate for meat is now so universally corrupt that mice cannot tell what is meat and what isn't, with sad consequences for the organ bellows. However, there is no cause for undue alarm. Mr. Adams (for whose experience in the Cavalry we may now be thankful) has the situation in hand. A notice pinned to the organ proclaims that parts of it are poisonous; and that there are booby traps in others is obvious to those who know a "Little Nipper" when they see one. It is another cause for thankfulness that the organist, Mr. Harold Spiller, is not allergic to mice, as he is to the jackdaws in the belfry. Indeed, this affront to Music has made him positively bloodthirsty.

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Gill (nee Avril Greening) on the birth of a daughter. The family will shortly be leaving Loders for a new home in Melpash. It was pleasing on Easter Sunday to have Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Bishop, and the whole bench of Bishops, at Loders font for the christening of their second child. Edgar and Valerie are living at Chideoak, but their hearts are still in the old family home.

Weddings at Askerswell are uncommon events, rarely more than one a year, and the last four have emanated from one or other of the Fry families at Nallers. What is to happen now that nobody marriageable is left at Nallers, only the future can shew. Askerswell made the most of the marriage of Ronald, the last Fry of Nallers, to Jean, the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Biss, of Medway. The church was full, as for harvest festival, and the choir turned out and sang an anthem. The bride's mother is one of a family of sixteen, centred on Blandford, and most of these aunts, uncles and cousins chartered a coach, and came to the wedding. As the bridal party left the church, the April sunshine rained confetti, the bells made a joyful gesture, and the ballroom at Askers seemed to stretch to embrace so big a feast. In the quiet of the following morning - a Sunday - Mrs. & Miss Adams and Mrs. Barker, all in their Sunday best, swept up the confetti, adding their blessings to the wedding. Askerswell people are so nice. When Messrs. Samuel and Sidney Fry turned up later with their Hoover they could have sworn there were confetti, and empty boxes not a few, lying about the day previous.

New Parishioners Mr. & Mrs. Howell, late of New Barnet, are now established in Yondover, and with their daughters Jeannette and Annabel, have lost no time in getting attached to the parish organisations. Mr. Howell, a keen gardener, has already transformed his estate. He has two sons, both away from home, - one in the Army. The latest newcomers to Loders are Mr. & Mrs. McDowall, now busily engaged in settling into Raikes. Mr. McDowall is a retired dentist, who served in the Army during the war. He was a sidesman at his church in Sussex. Both he and his wife are lovers of the country, and find Loders enchanting.

The Easter Vestries, shewed the financial position of the three churches to be reasonably satisfactory. Loders accounts revealed a balance of £8 on the year's working, and Dottery a deficit of 14/- amply covered by the previous year's balance. Askerswell has wiped out its debt, paid its dues, established a floating balance of £50, and allocated £25 to a repair fund - thanks largely to the ladies of the parish, who organised sales and a concert. The meeting paid warm tribute to Mrs. Fooks, sidesman, church councillor, school manager and magazine agent, who has left the parish to live with her elder daughter.

Services for May

Loders. 3rd. H.C. 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.
10th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Farm Service 7.
Ascension Day, H.C. 10. 17th. H.C. 8; Matins 11, Children 2.
24th. Whit Sunday, H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11. Children 2. Evensong 6.
31st. H.C. 8, Coronation Service 11, Children 2.
Askerswell 3rd. Evensong 7; 10th. H.C. 9.30, Farm Service Loders 7.
17th. Children 10, Evensong 7; Whit Sunday H.C. 9.30, Evensong 7.
31st. H.C. 9.30. Coronation Service 7.
Dottery. 3rd. H.C. 9.30. 10th. Farm Service Loders 7, 17th. Evensong 6.
24th. Evensong 7

Coronation in Askerswell. The delayed appearance of these Notes, due to the incidence of Whitsun and Coronation holidays, has made a ferment in Askerswell, which we hasten to allay by giving a little Askerswell news first. (Our readers will never be certain that events have happened until they see them recorded in the Notes, and they need the assurance which only we can give that the Coronation was not a lovely dream). Coronation began in Askerswell with a morning assembly of children and adults in the school for television supplied by Wing-Comm. and Mrs. Newall. In the afternoon all the transport the parish could muster converged on the Square and ferried the population to the Road House on the heights overlooking the sea. Here the keenness of the air made the feast in the ballroom a welcome conclusion to the sports, and a company 120 strong did justice to it, having learnt that Miss Edwards' Guides and Brownies would lift the roof with a patriotic song, and, to its surprise, that the physician extraordinary, Mr. Barker, was also a fair hand at the piano. Mrs. Aylmer distributed mugs to the children, the sports were completed, and, not unwillingly, the revellers detached themselves from the embrace of an English June and sought the comforts of the dance in the ballroom, where they were joined by a coachload of Litton parishioners who had found their own celebrations rather flat. The day ended with a bonfire, more welcome for warmth than as a spectacle.

Loders Coronation began with a royal salute from the belfry which was repeated at intervals through the day. An appreciable congregation met in church for prayers, and a move was then made for the television sets, of which wealthy Uploders has three, and Loders one. Mr. Rice-Oxley had converted his small drawing room into a theatre seating nearly forty. The afternoon fancy dress procession from Matravers had to take cover from the rain during the judging, but its progress to the Court was in warm sunshine, and parishioners at their doors and windows cheered it on. The young competitors who formed the procession were already in good spirits (having all received prizes of some sort) when they reached the lawn of Loders Court, and their enthusiasm mounted when they saw tables laden with good things to eat, and a large cake wearing a sugar crown. Dottery were already there. A company of about 300 sat down to tea, and having to duck beneath the tables during a shower only added to the fun. The sports which followed were highly amusing, and the climax was a tug o' war between Loders and Dottery. (The Uploders team had decided to avoid defeat by not competing). As there was a good chance of the teams getting pneumonia without pulling across the stream, they pulled on the grass, and Loders managed to win a tough fight. The festivities then moved to the Hut, whose interior had been transformed by red, white and blue hangings, and whose exterior, like Westminster Abbey, had been fitted with an Annexe, rudely contrived of iron bars and tarpaulin, but delicately furnished with alcoholic comforts, and presided over by the genial landlord of the Crown. The party was true to form. Fathers found their centre of gravity in the Annexe; mothers, children and youths enjoyed the games and dances in the Hut. At nine o'clock the Queen's speech brought everybody into the Hut, winking the most tenacious maltworms out of the Annexe, and Mrs. Harry Legg took this opportunity of unloading on the united company a vast store of ham sandwiches and cakes. The day concluded with a bonfire on Knowle Hill, and fireworks on the bank outside the Hut. These were let off by Mr. Charlie Gale and Mr. Wilfred Crabb with fine disregard for personal safety. When a rocket exploded before taking off, the crowd were relieved to see the living forms of the operators emerge unhurt, and still clothed, from the smoke. The crowd also admired the heroism with which Mr. Gale diverted the aim of a high powered and already fizzing rocket from Mr. Randall's strawrick to the sky. Old people and invalids who were not able to join in the celebrations received souvenir tins of tea or biscuits, and the children have yet to be treated to the Coronation film when it visits Bridport.

The winners in the decorated houses competition were:- Loders 1st. Master D. Crabb; 2nd. Miss M. Randall, Mr. A. Wells and Mrs. H. Legg. Uploders 1st. Mrs. (Granny) Hyde; 2nd. Mr. O. Gale. Dottery 1st. Mrs. Cleal.

Coronation Mugs, the gift of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, were distributed on the lawn of Loders Court by their grandson, Master Edward Laskey, lately home from New York.

Ancient and Modern. An aged widow of Loders, too infirm to go out, and living alone under the thatched roof of a dilapidated cottage, shewed the difference between ancient manners and modern in her attitude to the

Coronation. Having decorated the small window of her only downstairs room, on June 2nd., she arrayed herself in her Sunday best, drew up her chair to her wireless set, and sat before it with clasped hands, as in church. She did not reckon to be seen by anybody. When our roving reporter called on her, she said, in a whisper, "This is all very solemn, isn't it?"

A Shoe has been found at the Hut. The Cinderella whose foot it will fit may have the same on application to Miss Randall at Yondover. A little light on the mystery of how the lady got home without it will be welcomed.

Three Babies have recently been born in Uploders and Dottery. Had their timing been faultless, they might have all arrived on Coronation Day, and made Uploders front page news. The happy mothers are Mrs. Irons, of Uploders, who has a son, Mrs. Frank Powell, of Dottery, who also has a son, and Mrs. Smith, of Dottery, who has a daughter, which gives her family a nice balance of three daughters and three sons.

The wedding of Mr. Guy Bryan, of Askerswell, and Miss Ann Doble, of Wootton Fitzpaine, robs Askerswell of a promising young farmer, who is making his home near Charmouth. That the bride's father regards Guy as a highly suitable son-in-law is to be inferred from his allowing the marquee which housed the wedding reception to be erected over his fully cropped kitchen garden. Some of the farmer guests could scarcely bring themselves to tread on the carpet when they knew there were potatoes beneath but Mr. Doble did not mind as long as they were not treading on his runner beans, which the marquee had only missed by inches.

Capt. and Mrs. Mason have taken the bungalow recently vacated by Mr. Dick Nantes. They are no strangers to West Dorset. They once lived at Morecomblake, and Capt. Mason's uncle was Vicar of Allington. Capt. Mason finds Askerswell a welcome change from rubber planting in Malaya.

The Rumour that there is to be no Loders' Fete this year is only a rumour. The fete will be on Saturday, August 1st. A substantial sum is still needed to complete the restoration of the church fabric. To mention only two urgent needs, the leaded lights of several windows have perished and want renewing, and the organ badly needs an overhaul.

Obituary. The uncertainty of human life is accentuated by the recent deaths of four parishioners. Mr. Albert Hyde, of Loders, developed heart trouble in his early sixties, and was warned off work, yet lived to be nearly ninety. Mr. Howell, of New Barnet, settled in Yondover, seemingly in the best of health, and was dead within a few weeks. Mr. David Nicholson, who came from Bournemouth, and was making a name for his conduct of the Askers Road House, died suddenly. And Mr. Anton Horn of Australia, a chemist, who was staying at the Uploders Forge on a first visit to England, died in Bridport Hospital, leaving his widow to return home alone. Mr. Hyde had been sexton of Loders Church for many years, and also captain of the ringers. On the Sunday after his funeral muffled peals were run on Loders bells.

We offer congratulations to Askerswell Young Farmers' Club on winning the County Rally, and seeming thereby to secure to themselves the right to the new challenge cup for the best Y.F.C.

There are a few seats to be had for the visit to the Diocesan Coronation Thanksgiving service at Old Sarum on July 1st. The route will be via Stourton and Longleat, and the fare is 10/6. Application should be made to the Vicar.

Services for June.

Loders. 7th. H.C. 8 and 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.

14th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.

21st. H.C. 8 and 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.

28th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6

Askerswell. 7th. Evensong 7. 14th. H.C. 9.30, Evensong 7.

21st. Children 10, Evensong 7. 28th. H.C. 9.30; Evensong 7.

Dottery. 7th. H.C. 9.30, 14th. Evensong 3.

21st. Evensong 6. 28th. Evensong 3.