

## Parish Notes (September, 1954)

### Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

The Profit on Loders Fete was the record sum of £160.5.3. Another such fete next year should complete the amount needed for the overhaul of the organ. The balance sheet is as follows: Gross Receipts £176.15.3., made up of Stalls £77.8s.8d. (Jumble £15.3, Glass and China £6.18.2, New stall £13.13., Children £5.2.2., Flowers £3.16.3., Housewife £3.11., Cakes £9.17.9., Produce £8.12.1., Ices £6.1.6., and Photographs £4.13.9.) Sideshows £41.12s.3d. (Skittles £21.5., Darts £3.16., Ponies £1.11., Table Skittles £1.12., Hoopla £1.15., Hidden Treasure £1.4., Tent pegging 16/-., Knees 6/-., Ankles 14/-., Fortunes £3.6., Family treasurer £4.12.6., Aunt Sally 7/9., Town criers 7/-.) Competitions £19.3s.4d., (Chicken £3.5.4., Sherry and churchwarden's weight £2.16.9., Doll 13/3., Mystery parcel £3.13., Cake £4, teapot £4.15.), Social £16.10s.6d. (Door £10.1. Chocolates £2.0.6., Refreshments £4.9.), Teas £18.10s.6d., and Donations £3.10s. Expenses were £16.10s., made up of Radiogram £1., Advertising £1.16s. Posters £1.2., Skittles £4.11s., Hut 10/-, and Teas £7.11s.

Loders Luck. In the past eight years Loders has not had a wet day for its fete. Once there was a wet morning, when lack of faith was mocked by a lovely afternoon. But to have got a fine day in this wettest of summers for fifty years was luck superlative. Fete day was the first really fine day after a plethora of dismal ones, and it was the novelty of the sunshine that attracted the crowd to the Court as much as the programme. To match the occasion the organisers presented the best entertainment they had ever concocted. First, the Mayor of Bridport gave a sample of the town crying that has more than once made him champion town crier of England. Then he adjudicated the efforts of eight miserable locals who had been compelled by Miss Randall to dress up, march to a rostrum and imitate the Mayor. They looked like state prisoners going to the block, but the crowd enjoyed it hugely. Green draperies suggestive of the toga and a little cross-gartering had transformed the ample figure of our worthy village butcher into another Nero; academic cap and gown had changed the Vicar's churchwarden into another Frank Sinatra as he would look in the act of receiving an honorary doctorate of Law at Chicago University; and a greenish bowler hat capping the moustachios of the sporting landlord of The Crown had converted him into Old Bill of the 1914-18 war. Old Bill was an easy winner, and with native generosity he tossed the fruits of victory into the treasurer's lap for the good of the cause. Then followed a display of dancing typical of various nations by Miss Sally Bryants' school of dancing. Loders Court made the perfect background for this, and the dancers delighted the crowd by doing much more than they had promised. A tent-pegging race in which the horses were gentlemen, the chariots wheelbarrows, and the charioteers ladies, leavened the decorous proceedings with spills and thrills. For the aesthetically minded there was a ladies' ankles competition won by Mrs. Rudd junior (who, we hear, always wins, at any fete). In a competition for the knobbliest male knees the Vicar's churchwarden came into his own. Some two hundred people saw the family treasurers exhibition, which ranged from the baby shoes of a Czar of Russia to a photograph of Loders Mothers' Union in the naughty nineties. In the evening the merry-making transferred to the Hut, where another crowd enjoyed a full menu of dancing, games, songs by the church choir, a comedy by the Women's Institute, and a display of Hawaiian dancing. We went to bed feeling tired also that we had had something for our money.

The Guides and Brownies of Askerswell have had an enjoyable day by the sea, the Guides at Charmouth and the Brownies at West Bay, where kind friends lent them huts.

Something akin to a gasp of astonishment passed through the Loders congregation on a recent Sunday morning, when four sets of banns were called at once. The Loders parties to the banns were all young men - Arthur Crabb, Ted Harris (of Dottery), Harry Newberry and Wilfred Crabb. There have also been christenings on three successive Sundays - Eileen Audrey Burrell, Julian Eugene Ward and Peter Douglas Bolton.

Presentation to Miss Robinson. Askerswell school children and their parents said goodbye to the school teacher on the last afternoon of the summer term. Speeches were made in appreciation of Miss Robinson's work for the school and the village, and regret was expressed that ill health had cut short the career of so - Contd/-.



excellent a teacher. Miss Edwards, as senior school manager, then presented Miss Robinson with two mementoes of the latter's choosing. an electric hair drier, and an electrical device that serves morning tea. Miss Robinson said that these useful articles would keep her constantly reminded of her happy days in Askerswell.

Mr. Eric Burnell has done a job for Loders Church that might easily have absorbed £50 of church funds had it been done by a contractor. He has painted the steel bell frame with red oxide to preserve it from rust. This was hard work because the painting had to be done in awkward positions in a bad light, and it took a long time - his August holiday, several Saturday afternoons and many evenings. He is now painting the iron gate of the south porch, and dressing the tower door with linseed oil. The church is also indebted to Mr. John Pavey for fitting to the lectern electric lights given by Mrs. Lenthall, and to Mr. Harry Sanders for work on doors and windows. At Askerswell Mr. Cecil Legg is about to devote part of his summer holidays - as he always does - to re-furbishing the church stove. These contributions of time and labour from our artisans are very valuable indeed.

Goings and Comings. Mrs. Norman and family have moved from Nine Bottles to the suburbs of Bridport. This puts them rather far from Askerswell Church, but they are determined to remain active members of the congregation and it is good to see them in their familiar places Sunday by Sunday. Mr. & Mrs. Fred Legg have moved from their cramped quarters in Uploders to a council house in Bradpole. These also say what we are not displeased to hear, that Loders Church will still be home to them. Mrs. Slade's old home in Yondover is now occupied by a widow, Mrs. Foot, and her son and daughter-in-law and their son. Mrs. Foot has retired from business in Weymouth. She is no stranger to these parts, having run what is now the annexe of The Greyhound in Bridport for twenty-five years. Mr. and Mrs. Rudd senior, of Corfe, will be spending their winters in Chard. Mrs. Rudd will be missed by the Mothers' Union and the Women's Institute.

Much sympathy is felt in Askerswell for Mr. Farwell, whom death has robbed of his life's partner for more than half a century. Mrs. Farwell died at home, as she wished, after a period in Damers Hospital, Dorchester, and was laid to rest in Askerswell churchyard, after a choral service.

Among the letters of appreciation of the Loders broadcast service was one signed M. & H. Crabb, of Rhondda, Glamorgan. It says: "Congratulations and grateful thanks for your broadcast service this morning, which my wife and I enjoyed. It made us feel very near to dear Loders. I left Loders in 1908, and there is little difference in the singing, which was one of the unforgettable memories of my early years. The alteration in the bells since the new bell was added is hardly noticeable; in fact I think they sound sweeter. It is good to know that the name of Crabb continues to be associated with the bells. I would like to know for how long that name has been among the ringers. We trust the service will be an inspiration to the people of Loders, who can feel proud that their act of worship was shared by thousands like ourselves who felt privileged to hear it." Mrs. Chater (nee Alison Scott) writes from Germany. "I have just been sitting with my ear glued to the wireless listening to the service from Loders and felt I must write to say how much I enjoyed it. We have never managed to get the West of England home service before. It was rather faint, but I heard every word, and felt I could almost hear Mr. Thomas's amens and Mr. Tilley's magnificent bass. It was lovely to be sitting in the middle of Germany, and yet to be with you all in Loders Church".

The Wessex Sound Recordings, of 70, South Street, Bridport, say that they recorded the whole service, and that discs may be had at £1 each.

#### Services for September.

Loders. 5th. H.C.8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.  
12th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
19th. H.C. 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.  
26th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell. 5th. Matins 10, 12th. Evensong 7.  
19th. H.C. 9.30, Evensong 7. 26th. Matins 10.

Dottery 5th. H.C. 9. 12th. Evensong 3.  
19th. Evensong 3. 26th. Evensong 6.30.



Harvest Festival. The lateness of the harvest puts us in a dilemma over the festival services. If we held the festival while the autumn flowers remained uncut by the night frosts, we might find ourselves singing "All is safely gathered in" while much of the corn is still standing in the fields; if we waited for all the corn to be got in, we might have no flowers. Neither alternative is palatable, but we prefer to risk the flowers and wait till the corn really is safely gathered in. Nobody interested in the land can be sincere in harvest thanksgiving knowing that the corn is still out. So our festival services will be late. Askerswell will be on the first Sunday in October, with Holy Communion at 10 a.m. and evensong at 7 p.m.; Dottery will begin with evensong at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday October 7th., and continue with evensong at 3 p.m. on the following Sunday; Loders will be on Sunday October 10th., with Holy Communion at 8 and 11.45 a.m., Matins 11, Children 2 and Evensong 6.30 p.m. Our parishes seem to have fared better with their corn than the country as a whole. Most of our corn is in, and the quality of some of it is surprisingly good.

The Date chosen for Loders Sunday School outing was changed to suit the convenience of the organisers, and these thanked their lucky stars that they did change it. The date first proposed turned out to be a "soaker", the date finally settled upon was perhaps the best day of summer - an almost cloudless sky, and a really hot sun. In these conditions Weymouth is all that children can desire, and ours had a glorious time. They stuck the Loders flag in the sand, and settled to a solid eight hours of fun, which included donkey rides, round-a-bouts, Punch and Judy, floats and a motor boat trip to Portland. The motor-boat proprietor was offering trips at 3/- for adults, and children under eleven free. His face reflected the doubts he began to feel about the wisdom of this arrangement when Mrs. Willmott came aboard with eighteen under-elevens, half filling the boat, and he could only charge 3/-. To his honour be it said that he didn't quibble. He only looked. The return from Portland was the signal for an al fresco tea on the sands. The children wish to thank the people of Loders for giving them this outing. The house to house collection produced just over £15, which was generous, coming so soon after the orgy of begging which is a concomitant of the annual fete. But Loders has a name for generous giving.

Askerswell Church is advertising for somebody who will do two hours dusting a week, and light the stove in winter. The Church Council offers 6/- for the dusting, and 4/- for the stove. It sighs for those palmy days when Miss Tuck kept the church in apple-pie order for £3.15s. per annum, and then refused to take for what she had spent in cleaning materials. Loders and Dottery are very conscious of the blessings they have in Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Gale. The race of vergers is becoming extinct.

Askerswell School is in the capable hands of Miss Sellers, a supply teacher, while it awaits the appointment of a head teacher to succeed Miss Robinson. The County Education Committee are more leisurely in this matter than are the managers.

The happy consequence of two September weddings is that Loders has gained two new homes. Mr. Arthur Crabb has brought his bride, formerly Miss Barbara Lee, to live in his parents' old home at Yondover, and Mr. Harry Newberry and his bride, formerly Miss Christine Hawkins, have made a home with his parents at Yondover Farm. Parish organisations regard the young wives hopefully as potential recruits. Dottery, on the other hand, has lost a well liked young man by the marriage of Mr. Ted Harris. He and his bride, formerly Miss Mildred Marsh, are making their home in Melplash parish. But that isn't so far off that we have given up hope of ever seeing him again.

Distinguished Visitors. The clergyman and his wife who, on a recent Sunday, attended Holy Communion and Matins at Loders, and evensong at Askerswell, were the Rev. Sir Reginald and Lady Champion. They were staying the weekend with Capt. and Mrs. Aylmer, at Askerswell. In Capt. Aylmer's naval days he was used to addressing Sir Reginald as "Your Excellency", for the latter was then Governor of Aden. On his retirement, Sir Reginald came forward to help the man-power of the Church by taking Holy Orders. He was ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury and is now Vicar of Chilham, in Kent.



Christenings. Dennis John, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Bages was baptised at Dottery; and Albert Mervyn Thomas, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Macey (of Wootton Fitzpaine) at Askerswell. Mr. and Mrs. A.F.W. Budden, of Allington, brought their daughter Caroline Rachel to be baptised at Loders in the parental font. Mrs. Wallbridge of Uploders, a great grandmother of Caroline Rachel, was able to attend the service.

The Deserted Smithy. The Forge is generally the busiest spot in Uploders. The clang of metal upon metal and the hiss of the bellows reach you before you turn the corner and behold homely cart-horses waiting to be shod, or impatient farmers clamouring to have a vital bit of machinery mended. Now the door is shut, and silence reigns. The reason being that the smith, Mr. Charlie Gale, has damaged his ribs. He did it on a Saturday night, but we hasten to add that it could have been done as well on any other night. We are glad to report that Mr. Gale is making a good recovery, and finds laughing easier than he did. But while the Forge remains silent, we shall continue to be reminded of an epitaph on a stone in Loders churchyard, now decayed and lost. It was to a Loders blacksmith named George Cox, who died in 1823, and it ran:-

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,  
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,  
And in the dust my vice is laid.  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My nails are drove, My work is done.

More Goings and Comings. The houses of Loders continue to change hands, and Loders Church continues to lose old friends and to gain, at least a prospect, of new ones. The Coombs have left Cloverleaf, and the school has lost two promising pupils in Jennifer and Christopher. Mrs. Coombs wishes to say goodbye through these Notes - the furniture removers descended on her earlier than she expected. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory have left Waynflete for a flat in West Bay. They have been most useful and congenial parishioners, and the sting of losing them is somewhat mollified by the hope of retaining them on our electoral roll. Mr. and Mrs. Richards and Geoffrey have left Loders, much against their inclination, for Bristol, but are resolved to return one day. Our best wishes for Mr. Richards' recovery of health go with them. Meanwhile Mr. Gill, a retired veterinary surgeon, and his wife, and the youngest of their five children, Michael, are settling into Cloverleaf, which Michael, who had had considerable farming experience, hopes to farm. Mr. Gill is on his native earth; for he is a Dorset man. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, of St. Alban's, have taken Waynflete to be within reach of the sea, and in the hope of having found a warmer climate. We trust that all the new arrivals will like Loders, and find us good neighbours.

Miss Bryan is holding a jumble sale for school funds in Loders School on Thursday October 7th. She is still open to receive jumble and will welcome buyers on the day.

Miss Holmes and Miss Butterworth, who were the pivot of Loders social life when they lived here four years ago, paid a return visit in September, and called on many of their friends. They look as young as ever, and are still full of good works. What Shakespeare said of Cleopatra is equally true of each of them "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety". Loders loss has been the gain of Ashton Keynes, in Wiltshire, where they are more than pulling their weight.

The Vicar was in camp on Salisbury Plain at the end of September and conducted a parade service for the 2nd. Regt. of the Honourable Artillery Company, of which he is chaplain. The H.A.C. band came down from London to lead the singing. The Vicar is grateful to Capt. Aylmer and Col. Scott for deputising for him at Askerswell and Dottery, and to that veteran clerical cricketer, the Rev. R.H. Moss, for taking services at Loders.

#### Services in October.

Loders. 3rd. H.C.8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.  
10th. Harvest. H.C.8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.  
17th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
24th. H.C.8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.  
31st. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
Askerswell. 3rd. Harvest, H.C.10, Evensong 7. 10th. Matins 10.  
17th. Evensong 7. 24. Matins 10. 31st. Evensong 7.  
Dottery. 3rd. H.C.9, (please note time). 7th. Harvest, Evensong 7.30.  
10th. Harvest, Evensong 3. 17th. Evensong 3. 24th. Evensong 6.30.  
31st. Evensong 3.