

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

The Parish Notes enter their eighth year of publication this month. They began in July, 1948, when 100 copies were printed and 110 were sold. (Our resourceful distributors are nothing daunted by minor details like lack of copies - when copies are short, they sell the same one twice, or even three times). The circulation is now upwards of 200, and the number of readers is anybody's guess; for a single copy may be read by every member of a household who can read, sent on to relations in, say, London, and end up creased, soiled, and hardly legible in Australia. That the London newspapers may be done without was demonstrated by the recent newspaper strike, but it is less certain that life in these parts could be sustained without the Notes. Mrs. Harry Legg and Mrs. George Gale will bear us out in this; for it is they, and the other distributors, who get the black looks when the Notes fail to appear on time. What the attraction of these Notes is we do not know, unless it be that they are intensely local. Perhaps this was in the mind of the Uploders lady who said the Notes were better than the News of the World. After all, the News of the World is bound to be gospel truth, because it tells you things you did not know; whereas the Notes are about the things you know, about yourselves even, and you get a kick out of this monthly demonstration of what lies a Vicar can tell. He, for his part, cannot think why you put up with him. That other luminary of the Great British Public, the editor of the Mirror, spends much of his time in gaol, or defending libel actions, and that inspite of his every word being conned by legal experts before it is published.

The Fete will be on Saturday, July 30th, at Loders Court, at the kind invitation of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton. It is to provide money for restoring one of the treasures of Loders Church - the organ - work on which is hoped to begin very soon. We are as yet in no position to give details of the entertainment the fete will offer, but we believe this will be supplemented by a week of skittling for a pig, and by a social in the Hut on the night of the fete.

The happy event which Dottery in general and Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh in particular found so long in coming was the signal for much rejoicing. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh are now the proud parents of a daughter, born in Bridport Hospital. Both mother and daughter are doing well. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Marsh have entered the order of grandparents as into a new lease of life, and are probably the most congratulated grandparents in West Dorset.

Askerswell Choir are pleased to know that their mentor, Miss Wilkinson, is now making sufficient recovery from her accident to write, in a recent letter: "Not so very many weeks hence I hope to see you all". Although she still suffers considerable discomfort, each week brings improvement, so that she can now do "a little dot-and-carry without a stick". She even managed to attend Holy Communion at Great Bromley Church on Whit Sunday.

The Sick List. Miss Sarah Barnes, of Dottery, was seized by acute appendicitis and rushed to Dorchester Hospital and operated on in the small hours of the morning. She is now getting on well - as is Dr. Peter Henderson, of Loders, who is convalescing after an operation in Bridport Hospital. Mr. George Hansford, of Cuckolds Corner, lately home from a major operation and a long session in Dorchester Hospital, is, at 75 years, as full of life as ever, and was busy clipping the garden path when his father in God called on him. It is not surprising that Mr. Hansford's sociable nature made him many friends among the other patients. He now gets calls from them, and of letters not a few. His address, like Loders Vicarage (which often becomes "Lodgers Vicarage" on an envelope) is subject to rationalisation, and he finds he is now living at "Cuckoos' Corner". If there is any consolation at all in having eye trouble, Mrs. Hine and Mrs. Welstead have found it. They both live in New Road, they are in Weymouth Eye Hospital together, they were successfully operated on within a few days of each other, and they share a pleasant ward looking out on the refined part of the beach. To complete their good fortune, they are readily accessible to the gallant Captain Welstead, whose visits, we'll wager, are as good a tonic as any the hospital can supply.

Comings of age. Miss Eileen Tilley, of Uploders, celebrated her 21st birthday at her place of employment, the children's hospital, Carshalton; and Mr. John Spiller's was celebrated at his home on the Dorchester Road. His father, Mr. Harold Spiller, recalls that on his twenty-first birthday Askerswell bells were pealed morning and evening. We hope the day is not too

distant when those bells can be rung again.

Bridport Industries, per Mr. Cecil Legg, have presented a sample rope to Askerswell Church for the flagstaff, and Mrs. Legg is repairing the flag. It seems that the flagstaff will soon be in a position to give vent to the proper feelings of the populace on high days and holidays.

The thinning ranks of the "old original" inhabitants of Askerswell have been further depleted by the death, at the age of 83, of Mr. Mark Fooks. His widow, with whom much sympathy will be felt, and he, had been married for fifty-four years. Mr. Fooks had been a bellringer, and a member of the choir when the choir was over thirty strong. Like most ancient men, he lived much in the past, and never tired of comparing former times with the present, unfavourably to the present. He remembered when, of an early morning, no less than fifteen men passed through the Square to their work on Court Farm, and did not doubt but what "them were the days".

Ave atque Vale. Mr. and Mrs. Squire, late of Misterton, are settling into the house at Askerswell vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nantes; and Mrs. Miller and family have moved from Spyway to the council estate at Bradpole - a change which they are not sure they altogether like. Mr. Squire should be an addition to the assets of the parish; for he has had experience of churchwardening and school managing at Misterton.

Askerswell please note. The service on Sunday, July 3rd, will have to be at 6.30 p.m. instead of the usual time, because the Rector is taking evensong at 7.30 p.m. at Shipton Gorge that day.

Working under Difficulties. Those familiar with their bibles know that times were so dangerous that the masons who rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem after the Babylonian exile had to work with a trowel in one hand and a spear in the other. Uploders contains, between the Travellers' Rest and Stony Head, one of the most dangerous bits of road in the West Country, the scene of accidents unnumbered; and, as we write, the most dangerous bend in it is in process of being straightened. Motorists who chafe at the slowing down imposed on them by all the cautionary signs of "Road Works Ahead" might give a thought to the difficulties the men are working under. The road that these have constantly to cross and re-cross is now teeming with summer traffic. Sometimes thick fog adds to their danger, and when the sun is out it strikes on the white chalk they are moving as on virgin snow, and makes their eyes ache. The critically minded are inclined to ask, Why couldn't a job like this be done in the winter, when there is less traffic about? If the local roadmen had their way, the job would probably not be done in the height of the summer traffic. But theirs is to do and die, theirs not to reason why. Projects like these have to await the approval of Highest Authority before they can begin, and if approval is not given before the summer traffic begins, the work cannot begin till then. If the local authority thinks to defer the work till the traffic has abated, it is up against the hard fact that the work must be finished within a certain time to qualify for the government grant which alone made the work possible. So, from our own roadmen's point of view at any rate, the goings-on at The Travellers are not mere midsummer madness.

July 22nd. should be a significant date for every inhabitant of Loders. It is St. Mary Magdalene's Day, and she is the patron saint of Loders. The Sunday afterwards, July 24th, will be kept as the dedication festival of the church, as it has been for perhaps a thousand years.

Bradpole Church will be keeping its 109th Dedication Festival on August 4th. The Vicar and church council of Bradpole invite Loders church council to a festal evensong at 7.30 p.m. that day, at which the Bishop of Lewes will be the preacher, and afterwards to refreshments in the Forster Institute. We are sure Loders will give this strapping youngster of 109 the encouragement she deserves.

Services in July

Loders:	3rd. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	10th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	17th. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	24th. Dedication Festival. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2;	
	Evensong 6.30.	
	31st. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
Askerswell:	3rd. Evensong 6.30.	10th. Matins 10.
	17th. Evensong 7.	24th. Matins 10.
	31st. Evensong 7.	
Dottery:	3rd. H.C. 9.30.	10th. Evensong 6.30.
	17th. Evensong 3.	24th. Evensong 3.

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

The Floods in Bridport invaded the office of our printer, and delayed the appearance of our fete posters, but these are now up, and people are getting to know what is in store for them at Loders Court on Saturday, July 30th. This year our pleasures will all be home made, but they will be none the worse for that. The children will be delighted to know that Netherbury have lent us the overhead railway, which was the high light of their fete, and that there will be children's sports as well as pony rides. For the grown-ups there will be a hand-braiding competition, similar to that held at the Bath and West Show. There will also be a floral arrangement contest, and one for hat decorating, a good variety of sideshows, and request performances of such last year's favourites as knobbly knees, ankles and tent pegging. As the fete is in aid of the overhaul of the organ, it is fitting that the social at the hut in the evening should be run by the choir. Your editor can say at first hand what a rapturous evening you are in for, because the choir have been rehearsing at the Vicarage, and passers by, unable to resist the lure of siren songs, have piled up at the Vicarage gate, where the Vicar has thought it prudent to put in an occasional appearance, lest the songs be thought to emanate from him. Skittles, the inevitable accompaniment of a village fete, are in progress at the time of writing, for three nights at the Crown, Uploders, and for three nights at the Loders Arms. The prize is £5.

Whilst Loders choir is in our thoughts it may be added that, on the spur of the moment, the choir recently took themselves to Beer for an evening on the sea, mackerel fishing. Like most anglers they had not the remotest expectation of catching anything; indeed, if the ladies had considered close contact with a live fish at all possible they would have stayed on terra firma. Some naughty water sprite seemed to know this, and as the gossiping gondola idled round the bay in the setting sun, he lured it over a shoal of mackerel. Suddenly it seemed that mackerel were leaping on all the lines at once, and from the lines into the boat, on to the ladies' laps, and all over the gentlemen's Sunday suits. How the gentlemen coped with the situation they still cannot understand - the rush of mackerel, the shrieks of the ladies (which unnerve the bravest), and the danger that the agitation might upset the over-laden boat. But cope they did, and before they could really grasp what was happening, they had become possessed of a whole box of mackerel. At supper in a field, over good ale and strawberries and cream, they had much to talk about, and could not but be pleasantly conscious of their increased stature in the eyes of the ladies. It is a mercy that the Reverend Lionel Brown is unaware that the lamp outside the Bridport Congregational Church was used for a division of mackerel towards midnight.

The Ringers' idea of a good outing differs somewhat from the Choir's; the preference of the former is for a long journey in a comfortable coach, frequent halts for refreshment, and lovely scenery whose claims to attention may be rejected in favour of the darts board of a cosy inn. This year Loders ringers made the long trip through the Wye Valley on a hot, thirst-promoting day. Their objective was the high ground of Symond's Yat, commanding a view of several counties and the looping of the River Wye at Chepstow, but instead, in a manner unaccounted for, they found themselves in two motor boats, racing down the Wye listening to the tall stories of the boatmen about this season's catch of salmon. The young bloods of the party made a purchase of grey Edwardian toppers, and put them on. The effect of this on the captain, Mr. Harry Crabb, was interesting to observe. It is worth recording that the party got home safely; for which they may be grateful to the steadying influence of Mr. Churchwarden Lock.

The Junior Choir of Loders had a prim and proper outing, and proved that this kind of outing may be as pleasant as any other. They went by coach to Salisbury and joined the children's festival in the cathedral, where they found themselves part of a huge congregation of children from all over the diocese. It was the first time some of the Loders children had been in their mother church of Salisbury, and they were impressed. They had a picnic tea on the green, under the great spire.

Loders Women's Institute went by coach to Plymouth for their outing, and, we hear, had a most enjoyable day. The W.I. are fairly respectable, and do not do the kind of thing that gets people into the Parish Notes.

A Country Wedding. Although the day was Thursday instead of the more usual Saturday, Loders Church was well filled for the wedding of Miss Shirley Smith, of Dottery, and Mr. Peter Hattam, of Netherbury. The bells chimed, the organ played, and the bridal party rewarded the congregation's long wait by looking exceptionally pretty when they did arrive. As the weather was fine, the feast

was held on the grass in front of the bride's home, and merrymaking continued there till sundown.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Court Cottages, Loders, on the birth of a son.

Mary Miller, who was in a serious accident near Folly Cottage, Askerswell, and is now a patient at Portwey Hospital, Weymouth, is not "out of the wood" yet, but is making some progress, and there is hope that her damaged leg may be saved. The hospital says she is a wonderful little patient. When she was run into by the motor cycle, her only thought was for her young brother, who had been cycling with her and was, fortunately, unhurt. She is not yet fourteen, but she has long been a mother to her four brothers and sisters, and more so since the death of her father. Her bicycle was wrecked, and Mr. Adams, of Folly Cottage, has been shewing it to youthful cyclists as a warning against what may happen on the roads.

Miss Beryl Tilley is back home in Uploders after a successful operation in Weymouth Hospital.

Askerswell's Losses. The congregation of Askerswell Church have noted with deep regret the departure from the village of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory and their son, who were regular attendants at church. On top of that comes sad news of the impending departure of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who also were regular attendants. They seemed to have been made for Askerswell, and everybody will be sorry to lose them. Mr. Barker had been useful to fall back on as a deputy organist. We hope that he and his lady may find a house in the neighbourhood, so that they can always be popping back. One wonders what is to become of the congregation of Askerswell if it is to go on losing its members at the present rate. It has lately lost the four Normans by removal, and marriage is about to rob it of another stalwart, Miss Bryan. Ten regulars is a big proportion of the congregation of a small community to lose inside a few months. Yet the remedy is simple. If of all the baptised people in the parish only half kept the Fourth Commandment by attending once a fortnight the services would be comfortably furnished with worshippers. All our time is the gift of God, and one hour a fortnight is but a small return.

One of the amenities of Loders is that to live in it is to be on the best kept stretch of railway line in the whole of the Exeter district - an odd distinction for so truly rural a village. For this honour we have partly to thank our local foreman ganger, Mr. Clem Poole, whose team has just won first prize for the third year in succession.

Dottery and Loders escaped damage in the thunderstorms which discomfited Weymouth and Bridport, but there was some excitement at Askerswell. The River Asker intruded on Mrs. Swaffield's cottage in The Square, and we gather that Farmers George Bryan and Michael Biss did bailing of a kind that Dorset farmers are not familiar with to get the water out of the cottage. Miss Webb and Miss Croxton over opposite barricaded their house successfully against the flood, and sent an urgent summons to the fire brigade to pump the water out of Mrs. Swaffield's. But all the brigades were heavily engaged on other sectors of the field, and regretted that they could not come. So the inhabitants of The Square wore themselves to a frazzle, and went wearily to bed, knowing that everything was under control and that they had earned their sleep. After an experience like that, a person of Miss Webb's crudition was bound to be dreaming of lakes, and of arms coming up out of the lake, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful. Then she awoke with a start to find that the disturbance in the lake was really the arrival of the fire brigade, and the time - 3 a.m.

Services in August

<u>Loders:</u>	7th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	14th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	21st.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	28th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	7th.	Evensong 7:	14th.	Matins 10.
	21st.	H.C. 10: Evensong 7.	28th.	Matins 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	7th.	H.C. 9.30:	14th.	Evensong 6.30.
	21st.	Evensong 3.	28th.	Evensong 3.