

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

The weather, which is normally a topic of conversation when one has nothing else to dwell on, has lately been worth talking about, because it has affected everybody for better or for worse. Milkmen, postmen, butchers and bakers who had to do their work on icebound roads, found the weather decidedly trying, as did also those country people who had to get to their daily work in Bridport. School children, on the contrary, found it a joy. A white morning held a possibility that the Askerswell teacher might not be able to get out from her lodgings in Bridport, or that the Loders teacher might be marooned in her home at Askerswell, or that the school bus which takes the senior children into Bridport might not appear. All these hopes, be it added, found some measure of fulfilment, and a sure way of becoming unpopular was to offer a group of waiting children a lift into Bridport. Which is a healthy sign; for when children like school there is something wrong with the school or the children. Some of the nice retired people from foreign parts, who have enriched our lives by coming to live among us, were shaken to find that it was possible for snow to fall in West Dorset. We trust that before they decide to leave, they will duly consider the twenty foot snow drifts, the fifty degrees of frost, and the frozen beer that have made life in other parts of the country more trying than ours.

On Sunday, Feb. 20th, a sizeable matins congregation at Loders could be forgiven for paying more attention to the windows than to the service; for a scurrying snowstorm, coinciding with their arrival at church, was making it problematic whether people from a distance would get home again, especially those with cars. So the service was cut short. By the afternoon Dottery was like the Alps, and one of the faithful phoned to Loders police station a hope that the Vicar would not risk his life to get to church and then the faithful wouldn't be risking theirs either. That night an evensong was scheduled for Askerswell at seven. Two roads lead up from The Square to the church. Three figures, who turned out to be Captain Mason, Mr. Barker and Mr. Gregory, were struggling up one hill to church, and the Rector was trying to coax his car up the other, and lesser, hill to church. The two parties never met, for the gentlemen waited in vain at church for the Rector, and then went in search of him, only to discover that he had failed to negotiate Parson's Corner, had run back down the long lane and disappeared. The fears of these worthy gentlemen abated when they saw wheelmarks retreating towards Spyway; for they knew that their pastor would be in good hands at the Three Horse Shoes, but the marks, unfortunately, were not his. Snow was falling again on Ash Wednesday morning as a surprisingly good number of people were getting to Loders Church for the Communion service. After church the Squire had the congregation into the manor house for sherry, which some found comforting after the Denouncing of God's Judgments against Impenitent Sinners. Those new to Loders were enchanted with this eighteenth century method of getting down to Lent.

Foxes are getting bold. Mr. Arthur Crabb, of Yondover, had a fox come up to the back door and seize one of his cats. The cat, however, gave a good account of himself, for he came home next day, albeit the worse for wear. At Askerswell a fox chased Mrs. Holland's cat into a tree.

Four sets of banns were called at one service in Loders recently. This happened last year as well, and is a rare occurrence in a small village. One of the couples is Mr. Roy Wheeler and Miss M.P. Symes, who are shortly to be married at Hainault, Essex. Roy lately completed his national service with the R.A.F. regiment. He was lucky enough to spend much of his time in the Holy Land, and he confirms what he learnt in Loders Sunday School, that a bather in the Dead Sea cannot sink. Roy tried it for himself. A souvenir which he brought back from the Middle East and thinks much of is a photograph of King Abdullah of Transjordan and himself in a jeep. It records an occasion when it was his job to drive the King.

Mr. Darby, of Loders, who at the time of writing is seriously ill in a London hospital, has surprised his doctors by getting through two major operations. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Darby fell from the top of a loaded haywagon and broke his neck without severing the spinal cord, to which circumstance he owes his life. The neck is now subjecting Mr. Darby to severe discomfort, and the fortitude with which he has borne it has been the wonder of the hospital staff. His family have been by road to see him, in weather that would have daunted timorous spirits.

The Uploders Chapel extends a general welcome to a musical evening there on March 10th. It will be led by members of the Bridport Salvation Army.

Miss Daphne Marsh and her sisters have kindly undertaken to be responsible for distribution of the new C. of E. magazine "Church Illustrated" in Askerswell. We

hope that every household in the parish will buy a copy from Miss Marsh, and so support a venture which, if it succeeds, may be of great service to the Church of England. Lodgers and Dottery have given "Church Illustrated" a good backing.

A Growing Family. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fry, of Nallers, have been blessed by three new grandchildren in a year. These are all girls. The latest is that born to Norma (Mrs. Foot). When the weather improves, it is proposed to make a triple christening at Askerswell Church.

Two Village Evangelists will, on March 19th, begin a fortnight of visiting in Lodgers, Dottery and Askerswell, in connection with the Mission to Bridport. They will also preach in our churches on the Sundays. The Village Evangelists get no pay, and like the travelling friars of old, they look to those among whom they labour to give them food and shelter. They would be supremely happy to be the guest of a different household each day, and there is no reason why we should not bring this to pass. Offers to put one of them up for the night have started to come in, but several more are needed, and these the Vicar hopes to receive. The Vicar has not yet had the privilege of meeting the Village Evangelists, but Mr. Graves, of The Crown, has, and that he is one of the first in the parish to offer them a bed says something for them. It would be good if all the inns of our three parishes could offer to take one evangelist for one night. Inns play an important part in the English scheme of things, and there the evangelists would make the kind of contact they are out for.

Miss Eileen Tilley, of Uploders, has passed her hospital examination at St. Mary's, Carshalton, where she has been training for the last four years. She achieved fourth place.

Mr. John Hyde, of New Street Lane, who was lately married in Bridport to Miss Sylvester, is making a home for the time being, at the Old Mill. It will please his widowed mother, with whom he lived, and who found him a good son, that his new home is only a few steps up the lane from the old one.

A Recruit to Ringing. Mr. Jones, who has come from Weymouth, with his wife and child, to work at Lodgers Mill, and to live in Court Cottages, is a bellringer, and has already tried his hand with Lodgers ropes. It was unfortunate for him that his wife should be whisked off to hospital so soon after their arrival, but she is now home, and well again.

Askerswell Guides and Brownies have greatly missed their meetings, which had to be curtailed because of the illness of Brown Owl (Miss Edwards). We are pleased to report that Brown Owl is recovering, helped no doubt, by a constant supply of affectionate letters from her young charges.

Home again. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vacher (nee Marjorie Budden) are, at the time of writing, visiting Lodgers at the tail-end of a tour of France, Portugal, Spain and North Africa. They live in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Vacher, who in physical appearance is the double of the Aga Khan, is a stimulating character. He is one of those rare beings who thinks for himself, and the fact that he thinks wrongly on certain big subjects like the monarchy, the U.S.A., pacifism and the Anglican Church is the fault of his assumptions, and not of his logic. On his last visit to England he attended the parish meeting and reformed Lodgers before the meeting tumbled to it that he was not a ratepayer, and had no right to speak. In Toronto he is a public figure, known as a ruthless exposé of corruption in high places. Many of the great ones of the earth have had letters from him which they were hard put to answer, and it seems that only once has Mr. Vacher met his match, and that was Dr. Billy Graham. Mr. Vacher wrote asking Dr. Graham why he practised racial discrimination by roping off the black people from the white at his revival meetings. Billy's reply was an appeal to Mr. Vacher for a subscription, which brought the correspondence to a full stop. One wonders whether Dr. Graham's knowledge of the Bible equals Mr. Vacher's. The latter's is amazing.

Stop Press. The Mothers' Union are holding a Bring and Buy Sale at the Uploders Room on Thursday, March 17th, at 3 p.m. This is an "open-to-all" occasion.

Services for March

Lodgers: 6th. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.
13th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2; Evensong 6.30.
20th. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.
27th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.

Askerswell: 6th. Evensong 7. 13th. Matins 10.
20th. H.C. 9.30; Evensong 7. 27th. Matins 10.

Dottery: 6th. H.C. 9.30. 13th. Evensong 3.
20th. Evensong 3. 27th. Evensong 6.30.

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

The Two Village Evangelists who visited us in connection with the Mission to Bridport have returned to their respective homes, Mr. Hyde Parker to Colchester and the Rev. P.A. Unwin to Figheldean, near Salisbury. They were as happy to be with us as we were to have them, and we appreciate their keenness in giving up their time and coming long distances to talk to us about the things that matter most. Mr. Unwin is a busy man. He has two parishes, is chaplain to the big R.A.F. camp at Netheravon, cultivates a large vicarage garden single handed, and runs a small poultry farm. Mr. Hyde Parker, being of the age of 76, and retired, makes up in valour what he lacks of business; for he did the journey from Essex in an ancient car, belching poisonous fumes from the gearbox, which made it imperative for all the windows to be open as he drove. Our readers will agree that the time for open windows is not yet. This car, however, was a real accessory to the work of an evangelist. Its ailing battery and temperamental lights were always throwing it on the mercy of good samaritans, and by the time these had done the necessary with their tow-ropes and screw-drivers, Mr. Hyde Parker had converted them. He would as soon be without his car as Dick Turpin without Black Bess. Both evangelists were reminded how small the world is. Mr. Hyde Parker found himself billeted under the roof of Mrs. Lenthall, whose husband had been bailiff to the Nicholsons, who turned out to be first cousins of Mr. Hyde Parker, and later he found himself the guest of Captain Aylmer, who had served in the Queen Elizabeth with Mr. Hyde Parker's admiral brother. Mr. Unwin, billeted at Lodgers Court, was delighted to find that his host, Sir Edward Le Breton, was the brother of the Colonel Le Breton with whose regiment Mr. Unwin had served in the Middle East, and whom he had met previous to that in Kenya. The evangelists are deeply grateful to the kind people who entertained them, or were willing to, viz. Mrs. Harry Legg, Mrs. Lenthall, Mrs. Kirby, Miss Newbery, Mrs. Graves, Lady Le Breton, Mrs. MacDowall, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Willmott.

If you want to know what happens to what you put in the church collection bag, or if you have any strong opinions about the running of the church, then you should attend the Easter vestry meeting. Askerswell vestry is held in the School on the Tuesday in Easter week at 8 p.m., and Lodgers and Dottery vestry in Lodgers School on the Wednesday in Easter week, also at 8 p.m. The vestry receives a statement of church accounts, and elects churchwardens, sidesmen and church council. It is the ancient parliament of the parish. All ratepayers have the right to attend, and all baptised persons of eighteen years and upwards have a duty to attend.

Mr. & Mrs. H.K. Barnes, of Lodgers Mill, have become grandparents by the birth of a son to their eldest daughter Doreen (Mrs. Doble) in Taunton hospital.

A loss to Lodgers. Mr. Percy Darby, whose brave fight against heavy odds was referred to in our last issue, died in Wimbledon hospital, and after lying a night in Lodgers Church, was buried in Lodgers cemetery. Speaking of him in church on the Sunday after the funeral, the Vicar said Mr. Darby had been a fine example of cheerfulness in adversity, and of neighbourliness. He was the village handyman, and would tackle the mending of anything from a child's doll to a tractor. His charges were so small that those who did not know his desire to be of service, and the satisfaction he got out of his varied jobs, wondered why he did it. His greatest hobby was the mending of clocks, and Mrs. Darby recalls how his household could always tell when the job in hand was "ticklish"; for then he would hum the hymn "Christian seek not yet repose" sotto voce, and woe betide anybody else who made a sound. This hymn was sung at his funeral.

Askerswell was delighted to hear that Miss Wilkinson is now out of plaster, after sixteen weeks, and has left Ipswich hospital, though returning for weekly treatment. She is making progress at learning to walk again. In one of her letters she says "It hardly seems possible that eight months have passed since I last saw dear little Askerswell. The next few months will pass as quickly, I hope, and then I shall enjoy fitting myself into village life again".

Pymore was deeply moved by the sudden death, at an early age, of Mrs. Beatrice Cox. Her working life, from the age of 13, had been spent at the mill, where she had made many friends. These were present in strength at the funeral at Dottery.

Three Weddings were solemnised in Lodgers Church last month. The first was that of Mr. Cyril Godden and Miss Edna Harris, whose home is Dottery although she had been working for the three years previous in Wareham. She and her husband hope to make their new home in Christchurch. The second wedding was that of Miss Rosemary Hyde and Mr. Roy Head (of Tottenham). Miss Hyde has been away from Lodgers for some years, nursing, and Waytown is now the home of her parents, but the sentiment was a sound one which made her come back to the church of her baptism and confirmation for her wedding. The third wedding was that of Miss Jill Goldie and Mr. Albert John Hyde. Like her brothers, she is fond of Lodgers, and feels that the only snag in her wedding is that her new home must be in another parish.

The Uploders Chapel is holding a sale of gifts in the Uploders room on Saturday, April 2nd, at 2.30 p.m. This will be in aid of chapel repairs.

First Foxes - Then Badgers. Last month we were remarking on the boldness of local foxes, who, deprived of rabbits, were turning their attention to cats. It seems that the

repercussions of myxomatosis have now reached our badgers who, living up to their nickname of "The English bear", have visited several local henhouses, and finding them shut up, have clawed holes in them to get at the hens. To date, the casualty list runs something like this: Askerswell, Mr. Down 8 hens killed; Yondover, Mr. Newberry, an unspecified but considerable number of hens killed; Loders, Mr. Ford, 8 hens killed and 10 so mauled that they had to be slaughtered; Loders, Mr. F. Osborne, 2 hens killed; and Loders, the Vicar, 3 ducks and 2 hens killed. Three badgers have been accounted for, two by Mr. Arthur Crabb, of Yondover, and one by the Vicar. One badger that had got into Mr. Newberry's henhouse and could not get out was despatched by Mr. Arthur Crabb, who also caught a second in a wire. The third badger caused some liveliness at the Vicarage towards one o'clock on a black cold night when Christians expect to be snug and asleep. A commotion in the hen run brought out the vicar in his night attire with a gun in one hand and a torch in the other. The torch wasn't one of the best, but it revealed a henhouse with the egg box broken open, and a badger with a hen at its feet. The badger made off, and a hunt joined by Mr. David Crabb failed to locate it. The hunters retired to bed, but a suspicious sound in the hen-run brought the Vicar out again, and his torch caught the badger as it was re-entering the run. A lucky shot got it in the head. Some days later a somewhat apprehensive vicarage household got roast badger for lunch, and the Parish Clerk got badger dripping to rub into his rheumatics. He says it is a sovereign remedy. When roast, the badger meat looked and tasted exactly like venison. Michael had two helpings, but nobody followed suit.

Loders M.U. joined with Bradpole in filling a coach and attending the Lady Day rally of the Mothers' Union in Sherborne Abbey. It was a splendid service, which will be remembered for the carol sung by the Sherborne M.U. choir, and for the sermon by the new Bishop of Dorchester, who is suffragan to the Bishop of Oxford.

Congratulations to Dottery on its response to the visit of the Village Evangelist, the Rev. P.A. Urwin. The special service drew a congregation of harvest festival proportions, and quite half were young people.

The main topic of commiseration in Uploders is not the continuing cold winds but the departure to live with his sister of Mr. Roland Gent. The influence of this cultured and kindly hermit vastly exceeded his sociability. He laid claim to none of the latter; for he successfully parried all "invitations out", and lived the remote life of a Diogenes in a hut, opposite the Forge, cultivating colds in winter, and strawberries in summer. His seeming aloofness did not deceive the people of Uploders; for they knew his lively interest in local affairs, and his generous support of good causes. His only public activity that we know of was to occupy the chair of philosophy at The Crown daily, from 11.40 a.m. to 12.40 p.m. We are glad he was able to vacate the said chair alive, which none of his illustrious predecessors did, and we are certain that the fortunate people to whom he has retired will before long be describing him in the terse formula of a former landlady of The Crown, "Gent by name and gent by nature".

Easter is the queen of festivals, on which the Prayer Book bids us make our Communion. It is hoped that the appended list of services will be studied with a view to action.

Services in April.

<u>Loders:</u>	3rd. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	7th. Maundy Thursday. H.C. 10.	
	8th. Good Friday. Litany 9; Devotional 11.	
	10th. Easter Day. H.C. 7, 8, 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	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.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	3rd. Evensong 7.	8th. Good Friday. Devotional 10.
	10th. Easter Day. H.C. 10; Evensong 7.	
	17th. Evensong 7.	24th. Matins 10.
	31st. Evensong 7.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	3rd. H.C. 9.30.	8th. Good Friday. Devotional 7.30.
	10th. Easter Day. H.C. 9; Evensong 3.	
	17th. Evensong 3.	24th. Evensong 3.
	31st. Evensong 3.	