

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

"Season of Mists". We move into the fogs of November fortified by a radiant summer and a mellow autumn. The choicest experience that this summer offered was the early morning communion at Loders Church. You went along the sleeping village street with the jovial sun patting you on the back. Before you got to the church gate you smelt them - roses, a mass of them, covering the churchyard wall; roses that dropped in a few hours if you picked them, but, left on the wall, looked and smelt divine. You went along the gravel path through a floral guard of honour, lines of purple ageratum on your left, and ceanothus on your right. To the soft chime of the minute bell, you followed the crazy paving into church, where you found a pew, and knelt. You felt that the great coloured window in the east was giving you a look of welcome; you scented honeysuckle, and located a shy pot of it in Mrs. Harry Legg's window. The bell stopped; the voice of the priest broke the stillness of the chancel; the holy thanksgiving had begun. No, there is nothing sweeter than Loders Church in the early summer morn, and if next summer is as nice as this has been, you can see for yourself.

Attractive Posters painted by a member of the congregation, Mrs. F. Gill, summoned Loders to harvest festival on the second Sunday in October, and the summons was answered in no uncertain manner. The church was quite full for matins, and full again for evensong. The evening congregation included the oldest inhabitant of Loders, Mrs ("Granny") Hyde, who is in her ninetieth year, and one of her runners-up, Mrs. Martha Crabb, who is eighty-six. These grand old ladies did a thorough inspection of the decorations, and pronounced them as fine as any they had seen. The prevailing gold of bracken, chrysanthemums and masses of corn, was relieved by the purple of Michaelmas daisies and the yellow of giant dahlias, and the fruits ranged from the aristocratic fig to the common blackberry. This year the porch was decorated by children. Puckish groupings of acorns and chestnuts might suggest the hand of pixies, or even squirrels, but the conker in the corner was obviously the offering of a boy. Morning service was taken by the youthful Rector of Symondsburry, who is enamoured of Loders, and at both services the choir did an anthem in which the solo was sung by Mrs. W. Tiltman. Those who sent eggs, honey, jam and grapes are hereby thanked by the sick parishioners to whom they were distributed, and there is a special "thank you" from an old lady to the grower of "them turrible fine onions".

The next occasion for full churches is Nov. 6th, Remembrance Sunday. The Queen will be leading the national homage to the dead of the two world wars at the Cenotaph; we shall be paying our respects at the memorial tablets in church. Those who think that memories of war should be allowed to fade and die should think again. Peoples who forget the price of war are more likely to find themselves at war than those who keep it in mind. And then there is in remembrance the element of common decency - of shewing gratitude to those who gave their all that we might live, and of helping with alms the war disabled, and notably the blinded, whose infirmities cannot fade, if a people's gratitude can. All the Remembrance Sunday collections at our churches will be for Earl Haig's, or a similar, fund. At Loders the Remembrance Service will be at 11 a.m. Dottery will be at 9.30 a.m., and Askerswell at 7 p.m.

The Good Wishes of Dottery, and especially of the young communicants, were with Miss Doris Parker at her marriage to Mr. Frank Oxenbury, of Bridport. Nobody regretted it more than Miss Parker that the wedding was away from her own parish church. Her fiance is a Roman Catholic, and the fancy which Roman Catholics have, in common with Plymouth Brethren and Jehovah's Witnesses, that they are the only true Church, had to be humoured. It is gratifying to know that Miss Parker remains a member of the Church of England, and hopes, when she is home, to be at Dottery Church, with the friends with whom she was confirmed. She is sure of a welcome.

One of the swallows to have flown away from Loders this autumn (see October issue) has turned into a robin redbreast, and, we are happy to hear, is remaining with us for the winter, at least. Mrs. Howell and family were waved off with moist eyes, leaving their cottage at Yondover to be taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, of Croydon, who are relations of Mrs. Howell. At Askerswell there has been a shuffling round, which results in the amiable figure of Mr. Sidney Fry being seen in The Square almost daily, instead of that once-in-a-blue-moon when state occasions brought him down from the fastnesses of Nallers. Mr. Fry's son-in-law, Mr. Tom Foot (and family) has moved into Nallers, and Mr. and Mrs. Burt have moved to Mrs. Quinn's late abode at Legg's Mead, and Mr. Fry has moved into Mr. Burt's. Askerswell hasn't altogether adjusted itself to the idea of seeing Mr. Fry daily. The sight of him, once so rare and precious, makes one think there must be "something on". He is distressed that Askerswell

should think he has given up work. Could he part so lightly with his second nature, he asks?

Askerswell Church Council will meet at Captain and Mrs. Aylmer's house, at the latter's kind invitation, on Wednesday, November 9th, at 7.30 p.m.

Dr. Kathleen Hughes, a penultimate occupant of The Old Cottage, Loders, has been accorded the high distinction, for one so young, of election to a Fellowship and Lectureship of Newnham College, Cambridge. Until her recent move to Cambridge she was lecturing in medieval history at Royal Holloway College, in the University of London. Dr. Hughes was, and still is, a great lover of Loders Church. She will have the good wishes of those who remember her as she takes up her new responsibilities.

The children of Loders day school held a little sale to raise funds for their Christmas party and made the gratifying sum of £10.4/-. Askerswell children lately had a surprise visit from their former teacher, Miss Robinson, who was staying in Bridport. She took luncheon with the children, who were pleased to see her again.

Local Elections. These might be highly popular if they followed the fashion of our recent Mothers' Union election. The members met over a sumptuous tea at Loders Court, where they were guests of Lady Le Breton, and in the feelings of mutual goodwill engendered by china tea and walnut cake, proceeded to the election of officers. It will give no surprise that in these auspicious circumstances the election rose to the level of a male election. No feminine nonsense of bits of paper and the veiled malice of the secret vote here! The Enrolling Member was re-elected for a further three years on a healthy show of hands, with no opposition, and the committee got back without a scratch. Our diplomats might learn a thing or two from Lady Le Breton. The difficulty with which our Agricultural Discussion Club is annually faced is the election of a secretary. There is never any difficulty about the coveted dignity of chairman, which Mr. Charlie Gale had bestowed upon him in five seconds by a unanimous show of hands. The secretaryship is different. It is associated with writing and the keeping of accounts, to which the true farmer is allergic, and the Club gets a secretary only by marking the victim beforehand, seeing he is at the meeting, and frog-marching him into the job. This time the victim marked beforehand was Mr. Bob Hawkins. But at the meeting the utterly unexpected happened. As Mr. Hawkins was doing the bucking and kicking proper to secretaries before they are impounded, somebody idly suggested that Mr. Ward would not make a bad secretary - and he accepted like a lamb! There was a breathless hush. The first to find his voice was our Mr. Gray, a local farmer of renown, and a light of the Methodist community. He put the situation exactly. "Friends", he said, "this is wonderful. We were Abraham, come to sacrifice Isaac, and we have found a ram caught in the thicket".

A contract for the repair of Loders organ has been placed with Messrs. Walker, of Ruislip, who have undertaken to begin the work next June, for £330. Walkers are reputed to be England's best organ builders. They are certainly the biggest. The organ in the London Festival Hall is of their making, and they have just completed a £4,000 overhaul of the famous organ in Sherborne Abbey. We feel that our own valuable instrument will be in capable hands.

The congregation at Askerswell are grateful to Mr. Cecil Legg for devoting part of his holiday to blacking the church stove, and to Mr. Charlie Gale for supplying the materials gratis.

Services in November

<u>Loders:</u>	2nd. All Souls, Requiem 10 a.m.
	6th. Remembrance SV, H.C. 8: Special Service 11: Children 2.
	13th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
	20th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	27th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	6th. Remembrance Service 7.
	13th. Matins 10.
	20th. H.C. 10: Evensong 7.
	27th. Matins 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	6th. Remembrance Service 9.30.
	13th. Evensong 3.
	20th. Evensong 3.
	27th. Evensong 6.30.

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

"Come wind, come weather". It is so often the lot of a parson to have to chide his people that he grasps any opportunity of congratulating them with both hands. Remembrance Sunday was a terrible day for weather, and half empty churches seemed imminent. But our people seemed to think that pelting rain was a small thing to put up with in honouring men who had been ready to put up with death in doing their duty, and in consequence our three churches were surprisingly full. The collections for Earl Haig's Fund came to £15.12/-, and were our biggest contribution to that most deserving object. A widely travelled visitor who was at the Loders service said afterwards that she had heard Mendelssohn's Dead March many times, but that it had never "got" her as it had that morning. On occasions like this Loders is very conscious of its good fortune in having Mr. Tiltman at the organ.

Under the weather. Three of the small staff of Loders men who serve Dorset County Council in keeping us tidy have fallen victim to illness - one to fatal illness. Mr. Albert Reed and Mr. Oscar Gale have been off work for weeks, the former with high blood pressure and the latter with jaundice. Their mate, Mr. Cecil Legg, returned to work after a long absence with heart trouble, but found that he had to give up, and died shortly afterwards. His funeral at Loders Church was attended by a large congregation, and six employees of D.C.C. were bearers. Mr. Legg was one of the comparatively few natives of Loders still living in the village.

Cheaper than Coal. Askerswell Church has for sale some paraffin heaters which became surplus when the Gurney stove was put in. They are in good working order. There are some oil lamps as well, also in good order. Anybody who is interested will find Mr. Adams, of Folly Cottage, a ready and accommodating salesman.

From strength to strength. The sale held by our Women's Institute in aid of their funds made a profit of some £25, which, we are told, is the most it has ever made, and it gave quite a crowd of children and grown-ups a most enjoyable afternoon. If all the children fared the same as young Nick Willmott it can be seen why they liked it. He went with three pennies to spend, and came back with a load of sweets, toys, and oranges and two pennies. His mother was not so successful. She came back with an exquisite wastepaper basket and nothing. Askerswell is now taking an energetic interest in the W.I. It accounts for nearly half of the regular attendance, and its members rarely miss. One of them, Mrs. George Bryan, has been elected president. Uploders has supplied a secretary in Mrs. Taylor and a treasurer in Mrs. Spencer, and Loders a vice-president in Mrs. Wells.

Better than Ovaltine. - Uploders pensioner, to Vicar, making pastoral call: "I be glad you be come sir. Life don't seem right if passon don't call. I shall sleep like a little topper tonight."

A thought for others. The children of Loders School are putting extra effort into this year's mission sale because the proceeds will go to help fellow Christians in the West Indies (the most loyal of British colonies) who have lost their homes and schools and churches in two hurricanes. The with help of Miss Swain and Mrs. Lemnox, their teachers, the children are putting on a Nativity play, which will follow their sale. The whole school is taking part in this play. The biggest difficulty has been to fix a time. In previous years it has been on a Saturday afternoon, but this year the children's Saturday was unknowingly appropriated by the Women's Institute for a shopping expedition to Exeter. So they have changed the day to Friday, December 9th. The sale will begin at 5.30 p.m. (to fit in with the Askerswell bus) and it will be followed in about half an hour by the play.

Two babies have been born since our last Notes. One was to Constable and Mrs. Edrich, of Loders, and although it weighed only three pounds at birth, and touched a low point of two and a half pounds, it is now doing well. It is a girl, and was baptised Heather Valerie at Portway Hospital, Weymouth. The history of the second baby is sad. It was a boy, born to Mr. and Mrs. Read, of Pymore Terrace, and baptised Trevor. It had to be operated on at Odstock Hospital, Salisbury, where it died at the age of two weeks. It was buried at Dottery.

Two inhabitants of Uploders have lately got on to the front page of the Bridport News and received honourable mention in the Dorset Daily Echo. We congratulate them on such an achievement. This would seem to present us with an opportunity of copying in toto the Bridport News reports, and thus returning the compliment the News so often pays us, but considerations of style forbid it. Mrs. Granny Hyde, who keeps the little shop in Uploders, became a household word overnight by reaching the age of ninety in the service of the public. In these days, when

everybody leans heavily on the welfare state, Granny Hyde is a survival of rugged Victorian independence and self-help. With her old dog and her cat, she sleeps alone over the shop at night. Nationalisation held more terrors for her than burglars, and now that this is in cold storage for four years, she sleeps soundly. By day, besides dispensing lollipops to small boys, and woodbines to naughty wives, she helps the balance of payments by keeping thirty hens to supply the packing station with eggs. She has a lingering suspicion that there is some connection between the troubles of the Chancellor and the fact that her hens have stopped laying. Strange to say, she has a good opinion of modern youth. She cannot speak too highly of her grand-daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Hyle, who, she says, tidies her up every day and waits on her hand and foot. Another of Granny Hyde's peculiarities is that she adores medicine. Most ancient people attribute their longevity to never having seen a doctor, but she ascribes hers to plenty of physic. The ordinary medicine bottle she disdains, and insists on a magnum, holding near half a pint. It pleased her highly that two doctors called on her birthday, and naturally they did not call empty-handed on so fine an advertisement. Whatever may be the cause of her longevity, we are sure that the parish hopes it will continue to operate for many years. Uploders without Granny Hyde is unthinkable. The other front-page item was Mr. Roy Taylor, the demon cyclist, who pedalled from Uploders to the edge of the Sahara and back, covering 4,160 miles in thirteen weeks, wearing out a set of tyres, and the seats of how many trousers we are not told. Meeting cows on a Dorset road is irksome enough to any racing cyclist, but Roy found that this was nothing to meeting eight camels driven by two Arabs in a narrow street. Fired with enthusiasm for French foods, he brought back his father a doing of snails already cooked, but with the best will in the world Mr. Taylor senior could not enter with them into the intimate relationship of consumer and consumed, and Roy, somewhat crestfallen, had to eat them himself. His mother was no help. He is now off to London to earn the wherewithal for another tour.

When ends do not meet. Mr. Adams, chancellor of the Askerswell exchequer, had bad news - like that other Chancellor - for the autumn assembly of the church council. He predicted that expenditure this year would exceed income by about £30. The proper cleaning of the church, begun this year, and being done to the great satisfaction of everybody, has added to church expenses, and so have the repairs to the church doors. The only income is from church collections, and an annual receipt of £4 odd from the Charity Commissioners. The council were agreed that something ought to be done promptly to save a repetition of the bank overdraft under which the church laboured for some years, but the question was "what"? Some favoured a bazaar, others thought that the good people who do not come often to church would not be content to let the few regulars bear the whole maintenance of a place which belongs to the whole parish, and would willingly subscribe to some form of free-will offering. It was left to the Rector to sound local opinion.

Midnight on-Christmas Eve has become a very popular time for the first service of Christmas at Loders. Growing numbers of parishioners find a delight in singing the old songs of Christmas in their old church at the time when the shepherds of Bethlehem were watching their flocks. Some find further delight at matins on Christmas Day, when the children sing carols round the tree in the chancel, and go back to their pews clutching presents. For a full list of Christmas services, see below. Do not leave out of your Christmas the One whose birthday it is.

Services in December

<u>Loders:</u>	4th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	11th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.	
	18th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	Christmas Eve: Midnight Communion.	
	Christmas Day: H.C. 8: Matins & Children's Carols 11.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	4th. Evensong 7.	11th. Matins 10.
	18th. Evensong 7.	Christmas Day. H.C. & Carols 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	4th. H.C. 9.30.	11th. Evensong 3.
	18th. Evensong 3.	Christmas Day. H.C. & Carols 9.