

LODERS, DOTTERY & ASKERSWELL.

Not what they expected. The year has come round to midsummer once again, the roses are scenting the gateway into Loders churchyard, and many a visitor goes down the path to the Church in search of the age-old peace and beauty of a rural sanctuary. To his surprise, he finds the porch full of organ, and the church a workshop echoing the merry whistle of an apprentice boy. For the first time in many years the organ has been taken to pieces, and is now in process of thorough restoration. Sunday by Sunday the congregation have eyed the thousand bits and pieces of organ spread out in the Lady's Chapel, and wondered how it was all going to be got back again. But going back it is, every bit to its proper place, cleaned, and, where necessary, renewed. By the time these Notes are in our readers' hands, the job is likely to be completed, with the organist out of the public eye in which the piano in the chancel has kept him, and with choir and congregation humbly conscious of the extent to which tuneful singing depends on the sustained note of the organ. In a highly technical business like this, the layman is not competent to judge, but the work looks to have been very well done. If Walkers, the greatest name in contemporary English organ building, could not make a good job of it, who could? All the work, apart from that which had to go to the factory, has been done on the spot by one craftsman and an apprentice boy of sixteen, who have lodged at the Loders Arms, and worked from nine in the morning till nine or ten at night. The craftsman is not only a maker of organs, but a player of them. He is organist and choirmaster of the fine parish church of Launceston, in Cornwall, whither he repairs at weekends, and his apprentice is a choirboy. It was a comfort that the dismantling of the organ shewed that nothing more needed doing than was estimated, and that the woodworm had not gone too far. The only addition to the estimated price of £330 is an extra £13 4s. for a rise in wages, which is not to be begrudged a craftsman of such skill and industry and courtesy. But £343 will just about empty the "kitty," and give the fete at Loders Court on August 4th. a good *raison d'etre*.

Askerswell Churchyard was the mute beholder of a sad scene on the morning of midsummer day. An hour or so before matins a young man came with a casket of ashes and buried it in one of the Burt graves. The ashes were of his young wife, Mrs. Kathleen Stone, who died at Hillingdon Hospital, Middlesex, on June 9th, leaving two children. Mrs. Stone was a niece of Mr. Burt, of Legg's Mead, and a great lover of these parts.

Newcomers to Shatcombe in Uploders are Mr. and Mrs. Spillman. Mr. Spillman has just retired from the postmastership of Wimborne, and completed forty-six years in the postal service which he began at the bottom of the ladder as a messenger boy. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Rogers, of Yondover. There is no question as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Spillman will like Loders; for they have known and loved it for years. Their memory goes back to when nobody in Loders - "not even the gentry" - had a car, and when the road link with civilisation was a covered-in wagon, driven by Carrier Stephen Crabb, which left the Crown (one wonders how) and went to Weymouth.

The bells of Loders were rung to celebrate the wedding of P.C. Fred Tilley, whose home is in Uploders, and Miss J.M. Boon, of Dorchester. The service was at St. Peter's, Dorchester.

A young man stood in the porch of Loders Church till the children's service was over, then came in, bought a guidebook, and with its help inspected the things of interest. He said it had been his life's ambition to come to Loders, and he had now achieved it. His name, he said, was Lother, he was Dutch, and his Dutch ancestors had come to live in Loders in the early sixteenth century. When there is time for an investigation, it will be interesting to see whether the parish registers corroborate this story.

Dottery people are busy finding the wherewithal to furnish a stall at Loders fete on August 4th. The proceeds of this stall will go to the cost of restoring Dottery Church, for which tenders have already been invited.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derek Barnes, of Court Cottages, was christened Michell Louise in the presence of a full gathering of the Barnes family, and of the Sunday School.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" Mr. Alfred Gale, whose home is in Uploders, and who works for the Bristol Aircraft Company, has flown out to Salisbury, Australia, where he is attached to the guided missiles range at Woomera. He is not likely to be home for two years. When Alfred's plane touched Singapore, he arranged to meet his naval cousin, Mr. Oscar Symes (also of Uploders) whose ship happened to be in dry dock there. When the cousins met, they were not at all certain that they were embracing the right person; for Alfred was not a little foxed by the beard of tropical luxuriance that Oscar was wearing, and Oscar was rather dazzled by what he called Alfred's "middle age spread". We hope Alfred got the sympathy he deserves; for according to Falstaff it is not middle age, but grief and sighing, that blows a man out.

Mrs. Ethel Crabb is out of Bridport Hospital after a successful operation, and making good progress towards recovery.

The ladies' organisations of the parish have continued their round of gaiety. The Mothers' Union so enjoyed their festival at Sherborne Abbey that they went to another in Salisbury Cathedral, and being free of the epicures' aversion to anti-climax, followed up the cathedral festival by going to the deanery festival at Bradpole, where, for the edification of its readers, the local newspaper photographed them taking tea. The Women's Institute, not to be outdone by the wonderful tea partaken of by the Mothers' Union in honour of their twenty-fifth birthday, put on another wonderful meal to celebrate the Women's Institute ninth birthday, and Mr. Fred Taylor, and Mr. Barker the only husbands to turn up among the many guests, were handsomely rewarded for their bravery. There were savouries of many kinds, luscious conglomerations of jelly and ice-cream, and a truly magnificent birthday cake from the fair hand of Madam President herself. The husbands of the parish endure it all with a shy hope that those diminishing occasions when they do not have to get their own tea will benefit by all the practice their ladies are getting.

The children of Lodors Sunday School, and some of their parents, joined in the anniversary service of the Uploders Chapel, and enjoyed a musical programme by the children of Bridport Methodist Chapel. There was a surprise for each child at the end of the service, in the shape of a packet of sweets. Many of the parents have tender feelings towards the little chapel in Uploders; for it was there that their own Sunday Schooling was done.

What has St. Mary Magdalene to do with Lodors? Ask that question in school, and every hand shoots up. The octagenarians of the parish know the answer too; for they remember the fair that used to be held along the village street on the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, which is July 22nd. She is the patron saint of the old church of Lodors, which Lodors people may not speak much about, but which they are proud and fond of all the same. St. Mary Magdalene's day falls this year on a Sunday, and will be observed as a day of thanksgiving. Lodors is lucky to have such a church. A little reflection on how it has stood, and what it has stood for, amid the changing centuries, ought to bring everybody within its walls on July 22nd.

Appointment with History. Dorset is a county rich in antiquities, and believing that knowledge should begin at home, Miss McCombie arranged for the senior children of Askerswell School to visit Dorchester Museum, and hear a talk on the Roman occupation of Britain by the Curator, Col. Drew. He made his subject so palatable that the subsequent proposal to have the picnic tea at Maiden Castle was eagerly accepted. After tea the party inspected the site of the Roman temple, and returned home by the same means as it had come - in the chariots of Miss McCombie and the Rector.

Dottery loses more parishioners by the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Beale from The Gardeners' Arms, but Lodors has gained two because they have come to live with their daughter, Mrs. Elliot, in Yondover. Their health has greatly improved since the move to Yondover and Mr. Beale, who is almost blind, welcomes the many callers he now gets.

£5 goes abegging. This is the first prize for the skittles in connection with Lodors Fete. There will be a week of skittles in Uploders beginning on July 9th., and a week in Lodors beginning July 16th. These dates are not as near the fete as could be wished, but they are determined by the availability of the skittle alley. Plans for the fete, on August 4th, are now taking shape. Mr. Bernard Gale's ballet dancers have kindly promised to give an hour's performance, and there may be some surprises in store. As every child in Lodors seems to have a bicycle, there is to be a competition for the best decorated bicycle. The choir have again promised to run the evening social and dance in the Hut, and Mrs. Brown and Miss Peggy Pitcher are devising a delectable menu.

SERVICES IN JULY.

LODORS 1st. Holy Communion - 8 & 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2.
8th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2, Evensong - 6. 30.
15th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.
22nd. (Dedication Festival) Holy Communion - 8 & 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2.
29th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.

ASKERSWELL 1st. Evensong - 7; 8th. Matins - 10.
15th. Holy Communion - 10, Evensong - 7.
22nd. Evensong - 7; 29th. Matins - 10.

DOTTERY 1st. Holy Communion - 9. 30; 8th. Evensong - 3.
15th. Evensong - 3; 22nd. Evensong - 3.
29th. Evensong - 6.30.

LODERS, DOTTERY & ASKERSWELL

August the Fourth. To the world at large, this is the date on which the 1914-18 war began, to the people of this neighbourhood, it is the date of Loders Fete. Once again Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton have invited us to Loders Court and, given a fine day, the setting for a fete could not be more congenial. Like all fetes, this one will have a financial motive - to help pay for the excellent work that has been done on the organ, but we hope that it will also be a happy social event. Certain friends in Bridport are coming out to entertain us during the afternoon. Mr. Bernard Gale is bringing thirty dancers, and they will do a scarf dance, sailor's hornpipe, tarantella, minuet, solo, Scottish sword dance, dance of the silver hoops, and hunting dance. After tea, well known masters of mirth from Bridport Industries will give a variety show. As these artists wish to help the organ fund, we shall charge adults a shilling admission to the fete, which will cover the two shows but children will be free. The children are likely to provide us with entertainment of their own; for they are hard at work on a competition for the best decorated object on wheels - bicycles, tricycles, prams, scooters, motor cars, etc. In the evening there will be the usual social and dance in the Hut. The choir are running this, with the help of a few friends. We gather that there are to be gypsy songs, conjuring, and a visit from Dick Turpin, who will himself do the standing and delivering on this occasion. Dottery have a stake in this year's fete in the shape of a stall whose takings will go towards the renovation of Dottery Church. Arrangements are being made for the transport of Dottery and Pymore people who are coming over to the fete.

Ringers' Outing. Rain which had been falling most of the night was pelting down when Loders ringers, at seven o'clock in the morning, boarded the coach that was to take them to Salisbury, Winchester and Bournemouth. Some expressed their contempt for the English climate by a look, and others pinned their hopes to the adage "Rain before seven, shine before eleven." Landlord Maddison, of The Farmers' Arms, saw many crates of liquid comfort into the back of the coach, and came aboard with the calm and confident look of one who knew that he was backing a winner either way - if the sun did not come out and make the ringers thirsty, the rain would dispose them to drown their sorrows. It transpired that the rain cleared long before eleven and the weather behaved itself for the rest of the day. At Salisbury some of the party who had never seen it visited the Cathedral, and with commendable patriotism declared that, while it was a fine bit of work it did not quite come up to Loders Church. Winchester Cathedral in its immensity did wring from them an admission that it beat Loders Church, but only by a hair's breadth. At Bournemouth most of the party went to a variety show. The secretary, Mr. George Hyde, had booked the seats en route, but not without difficulty; for every time he made for a telephone kiosk to ring the theatre, his charges made for the nearest "local" and took some winking out. As the coach was about to leave Bournemouth, the driver of a "Royal Blue" delivered into their care a little Weymouth girl who had been in Bournemouth with a choir party and had got lost. The ringers' coach overtook a Weymouth bus and transferred her to that. Mr. Hyde has since received a letter of thanks from her parents, who received her safely. She was home well before the rest of her party, who had been searching Bournemouth for her, and did not leave until they had learnt from the police that Loders ringers were seeing her home. The ringers had taken the precaution of 'phoning the police before they left Bournemouth.

Askerswell Children had what they described as a perfect day's outing at Charmouth. Being a small school, they did not require a coach. They were taken in their teacher's car and those of Mrs. Ascott, Mrs. Hansford and Mrs. Battershell. Mrs. Ascott also brought a load of toys for beach games. The school ended the summer term with a programme of sports, which emphasised its good fortune in having a playing field of its own. Loders Children are congratulating themselves on having beaten many larger schools and obtained fifth place in the inter-schools sports at Beaminster. They ended the summer term with an "open day" for parents, and a play. Seven pupils pass on to school in Bridport next term.

Cherry Cottage in Uploders has been vacated by Mrs. Pethen, who has gone to live with her daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Kemp are busy settling in. The newcomers already feel that they are among friends. Mr. Kemp is a native of Leamington and his wife of Birmingham but they came to Uploders from West Coker. Mr. Kemp is a house decorator by trade so the refurbishing of his new home is not quite the headache that it is to some amateurs.

Miss Shimeld, of Askerswell, and Mrs. Pearl Symes of Yondover, have both been in Portway Hospital, Weymouth, where they have successfully undergone operations.

Mrs. Greening, of Askerswell, gave birth to a baby daughter, which was taken to Portway Hospital but died there after living for only fourteen hours. It was baptised Florence by the hospital chaplain, and buried at Askerswell.

Much sympathy is felt with Mr. Jim Steel, of Uploders, who has been forced by ill-health to give up his post as shepherd at Upton Farm, after working there for fourteen years. Shepherding is in Mr. Steel's blood. His father and his grandfather were shepherds before him, and he is gloomy at the prospect of life without sheep. To the modern suggestion that it is a lonely job he makes the laughing rejoinder that there are always the dog and the sheep to talk to, and that the shepherd is nothing like as lonesome as is a worker in a big factory, who is only a number among thousands of other numbers. Mr. Steel, who was born at West Stratton, began to follow sheep at the age of thirteen. His eyes light up when he recalls the twenty years of shepherding that he did in the Highlands of Scotland round Inverness. In imagination he still sits among the mountain heather and picks out the streams in the glen below, and his heart warms when he recalls the friendly crofters, who would never let him pass their door without a cup of tea and a chat. Immediately before coming to Upton Mr. Steel shepherd at Beaminster. His sheep at Upton are now in the care of Mr. Harry Crabb, which pleases Mr. Steel; for, says he, "there ain't much anybody can tell old Harry about sheep."

"Church Illustrated," the new church picture magazine which was floated eighteen months ago, was given a fair trial by nearly a hundred of our parishioners, but it has not shaped to expectations. Most of those who have not already given it up only take it out of a sense of duty, and the ladies who distribute it are uncomfortably conscious of this. We have reluctantly decided to deal with it no longer on a parochial basis, and we thank our kind distributors - Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. F. Gill, Mrs. Albert Gale and Miss Daphne Marsh - for their good offices. The balance owing to subscribers who have paid in advance will be refunded. Anybody who wishes to continue with Church Illustrated will find directions inside for obtaining it by post.

Ladies' Outings. Our Mothers' Union spent an enjoyable day in Bournemouth. The dull weather made the shops more attractive than the beach, and a glorious bout of spending was had by all. The party got safely home without losing any of the naturally errant members of the Women's Institute. At Tinley's coffee house in Exeter some of them made a rendezvous with Mrs. Rudd senior, who used to live at Corfe Farm, but is now in Exeter. "Wiser than the children of light." As the Lodgers minute bell for matins was sounding on a recent Sunday morning, the stragglers saw a car pull up near the police station. Four people got out of it, armed with literature, and began a door to door canvas. They were Jehovah's Witnesses, trying to sell the publications of their founder, Judge Rutherford. He was an American, and the strength of this sect is in America. He claimed, before he died, to have sold 130 million pieces of literature. We leave it to our readers to work out the Judge's profit if he made only a penny on each piece. The House of Lords has lately rejected a claim by the purveyors of this literature to be exempt from national service. Mistaken as Jehovah's Witnesses may be, one cannot but admire their zeal for their religion. They, like the Communists, put heaps more effort into propagating a false faith than we Christians do into spreading the true one. Jesus Christ aptly summed up the situation when he said "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

SERVICES IN AUGUST.

LODERS 5th. Holy Communion - 8 and 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2
12th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2
19th. Holy Communion - 8 and 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2
26th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2, Evensong - 6.30

ASKERSWELL 5th. Evensong - 7
12th. Matins - 10
19th. Holy Communion - 10, Evensong - 7
26th. Matins - 10

DOTTERY 5th. Holy Communion - 9.30
12th. Evensong - 6.30
19th. Evensong - 3
26th. Evensong - 3