

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

Our Organist at Loders believes in being topical. When the great cold gripped us, he switched the Sunday morning canticle from Te Deum to Benedicite, and we found ourselves beseeching frost and cold, ice and snow, fire and heat, to bless the Lord. Till then, we had been blessing it ourselves, especially those of us who are farmers. The rare beauty of the winter landscape, as seen from Boarsbarrow, Bell and Eggardon, did not compensate enough the grim business of having to hunt for water for the cattle while water from a burst pipe in the roof was seeping through the bedroom ceiling. Once again, those who live in old unpiped houses, drawing their water from well or spring, had the laugh over their progressive neighbours. The modern roadhouse on Asker Down, built not as our fathers would have built, in a sheltered hollow, but on the crest of a hill, exposed to all the elements, was easily the worst sufferer, but charity precludes us from reminding Mr. and Mrs. Duke of all they have been through. A good point about the cold was that it tested the loyalty of our Sunday congregations, and they came out with good marks. Parsons in this Deanery have been lamenting the effect of the weather on their congregations. Ours have turned out as usual, with the exception, perhaps, of the Askerswell evening congregation, but even Askerswell had its gallant few who clustered round the stove and politely ignored the clouds of their own exhalations. The attendance at Loders School was at one time depleted by sickness to ten children.

Mothering without flowers. The frost has put paid to the prospect of Loders children taking flowers to the sick and aged of the parish on Mothering Sunday, March 11th. The children have decided to do this after a flower service to be held when there are flowers about. They hope to have all their mothers with them at the mothering service at 2.15 p.m. on March 11th, because they observe the old custom of bringing presents for their mothers to church.

According to Law both Loders and Askerswell should be holding meetings of their church councils before Easter if they are going to achieve the four ordinary meetings required per annum. But as there is no business, we turn a Nelson eye to the Law. There will be plenty of business for the annual meetings in Easter week, and this will concern not councillors only, but all adult parishioners.

A team of ringers belonging to the West Dorset branch of the Diocesan Guild of ringers rang a quarter peal of Grandsire Doubles at Loders. The tenor was manned by Mr. Harry Crabb, captain of Loders ringers.

Major Adams, of Uploders Place, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on his retirement from the Army.

The lambing season is said to be somewhat late this year, but its human counterpart appears to be quite unretarded. We have to congratulate the parents of three bonny lambs - Mr. and Mrs. Derek Barnes, of Loders, who have a girl; Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, of Dottery, who have a boy; and Mr. and Mrs. Baggs, of Dottery, who also have a boy - a ten pounder.

Feeling the cold, but glad to be home all the same, are four Loders parishioners who have lately come out of the heat of hospital. Mr. Irons is home after nine weeks in Dorchester Hospital, and so is Mrs. Paul, who was at the same hospital. Mr. George Crabb is home from Weymouth District Hospital, and Mrs. Hine from Weymouth Eye Infirmary.

Why he stayed at home. Mrs. Wallbridge, one of the octagenarians of Uploders, has been for some weeks at Montacute with relations who have nursed her back to health. The relations offered to have her lodger, old Mr. Hawkins, as well, but he declined to leave the parrot which is the ornament of the Wallbridge menage. This parrot occupies a very big cage in the middle of the kitchen, and the cage is now heavily draped with sacks against the cold. Mrs. Wallbridge inherited the parrot, together with a hundred-weight of seed, from an old neighbour in Burton Bradstock thirty years ago, and the parrot was no chicken then. It has a large vocabulary, and does not mince words. When the Vicar called the other day Mr. Hawkins was atremble lest the parrot should mention the weather. There was no knowing what a product of Burton Bradstock might say.

A permanent teacher has at last been obtained for Askerswell School, and she is due to take over next term. She is Miss Phyllis McCombie, at present serving on the staff of Hawkhurst (Kent) Boys Preparatory School. In spite of her youth, Miss McCombie is well travelled, and has taught in Southern Rhodesia and Kenya. Thanks to the kind co-operation of Miss Shimeld, she will have a cottage to live in off The Square. (The School managers are grateful also to Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Ascott for help offered in the matter of accommodation). The new teacher's arrival will not be an unmixed blessing to the children; for they will sorely miss their temporary teacher, Miss Sellers, to whom they have grown devoted, and from whose long interregnum they have derived much benefit.

An Exodus from Dottery. The population of Dottery, hitherto so stable, is approaching a state of flux. The Leggs and the Muhls have left the Terrace, the Harrises are leaving the farm at Belshay after a quarter of a century there, and the Chubbs are

forsaking their old home for a new house in Allington. The Harris and Chubb girls will be greatly missed; they were very loyal to the little tin church of Dottery, and it is hoped that they will still grace the services on occasion. If, as Mr. Wensley alleges, the Chubb's and his cottage were once the donkey house of a farm, the Chubbs have more than redeemed it.

Guide Books. The 500 copies of a Guide to Loders Church, purchased in 1950 from the old free-will offering fund, are now, with the exception of a few that were stolen, all sold out. Such is the present cost of printing that they cannot be reproduced under 1/6d a copy. (The previous lot were 11¹/₂d per copy). With an artist in the congregation we could produce a more ambitious guide book, with illustrations, but the price of this might exceed 3/-. Being a mere man, the Vicar was ready to do without a guide book till prices got reasonable, but the feminine instinct cannot leave an intractable problem alone. Continual nagging at it has produced a happy solution. Our P.C.C. Secretary, Miss Muriel Randall, is producing a neat, typewritten guidebook, to sell at sixpence AND make a profit for church funds; our artist, Mrs. Gill, has done some beautiful drawings of church and village which she hopes to put on sale in post-card form at a reasonable price. So between them our ladies seem to have given the church something it needs at an economic price, which is no small achievement in these days.

The Bishop of Sherborne has notified us that he will be holding a Confirmation in Loders Church on Sunday, October 7th, at 3 p.m. Now is the time for young people of fourteen or thereabouts to begin thinking about it. Adults who for some reason missed Confirmation are specially invited to think about it.

When people listen to sermons. Some of the good people of Dottery read in the local newspaper that Bridport Methodists had given their minister a birthday present, and they thought of doing likewise to their Vicar. The plan did not commend itself to those stout Anglicans who regard the Easter Offering as the proper channel of appreciation of ministerial merit, but it got some support, with the result that the Vicar was asked to stay behind after service. Blindly guessing at which of his sins he was to be called to account for, he was called instead to accept a copy of the life of Albert Schweitzer, and a box of chocolates for his lady, on the ground that the anniversary of his birthday was near, and that he had been in the parish nine years. (There are nine orders of angels - Editor, Parish Notes). How did Dottery know his birthday? That was the puzzling question, to which the congregation returned the triumphant answer that they had deduced it from his sermon on the deceptions of astrology. But is it good form to listen to sermons so carefully?

Services in March.

Loders: 4th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
11th. H.C. 8: Matins 11; Mother Service 2.15.
18th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
25th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
Maundy Thursday. H.C. 10.
Good Friday. Litany 9: Devotional 11.

Askerswell: 4th. Evensong 7.
11th. Matins 10.
18th. H.C. 10: Evensong 7.
25th. Matins 10.
Good Friday. Devotional 10.

Dottery: 4th. H.C. 9.30.
11th. Evensong 6.30.
18th. Evensong 3.
25th. Evensong 3.
Good Friday. Devotional 7.

PARISH NOTES (APRIL 1956)

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

Counting Heads. When the religious denominations of the British Isles compute the number of their members, they do it differently. Some include all their habitual worshippers, whether child or adult; some include all the names on their rolls, whether they are of habitual worshippers or not. The Roman Catholic Church counts as members all who have been baptised into the Roman Catholic Church, whether practising or lapsed. For some odd reason the official membership of the Church of England is limited to those who make their Easter Communion- something under three millions. You can be baptised into the C. of E. and have made your Communion at Christmas and not at Easter, but the official mind will not count you a member of the C. of E. With the midnight service at Christmas growing in popularity, the number of Christmas communicants exceeds that of Easter, but Easter remains the official test of membership. This is because the Prayer Book lays it down that Easter, the Queen of Festivals, shall be one of the occasions on which the faithful shall make their Communion. And the Prayer Book is not unreasonable in expecting the Lord's people to be at the Lord's own service on the day of his triumph over sin and death. When in future you see figures of membership of various churches, remember that the C. of E. figure is different from all the rest: it is the number of those who attended a certain service on a certain day, in a certain year. The enormous figures of Trade Union membership would melt away to a pitiful fraction if trades unionists who attended their annual meeting were the only ones to count as members. The vast majority of trades unionists never attend a union meeting of any sort, but, all said and done, good thing though it may be, trade unionism is not a religion.

The times of our Easter Communion are: Loders, 7, 8 and 11.45 a.m.; Dottery 9 a.m. and Askerswell 10 a.m. Mothers with young children and breakfast to serve find the Loders 7 a.m. a most convenient time.

Good Friday, the anniversary of the Lord's death, is mis-spent if a few minutes of it are not given to prayer. For times of services look overleaf.

The Sanctuary of Askerswell Church has been enriched by Miss Edwards' gift of a new altar frontal with curtains to match, worked in Sarum red with that skill which has made Miss Edwards' name almost a synonym for fine needlework in Askerswell. The proceeds of the sale of some of her secular needlework, augmented by a few subscriptions, produced enough money to buy a chancel carpet from Axminster. This is in another shade of red, which 'picks up' the frontal, and makes the sanctuary more pleasing aesthetically than it was before.

Mrs. Aylmer and the ladies of Askerswell have got down to the business of making the church accounts solvent. They announce a jumble sale, in the school, for Saturday May 5th, at 2.30. It will be no common or garden jumble sale, but a Grand jumble sale. For the uninitiated it may be said that a Grand jumble sale offers teas, cake and produce and white elephant stalls. Gifts of jumble will be welcomed by Mrs. George Bryan, of Court House Farm.

A letter from Captain Welstead. So many enquiries have been made after the health of our old friend, Captain Welstead, late of Uploders, and now of Dolgelley, N. Wales, that we feel the following extracts from a recent letter of his will be of general interest. "We are nearly recovered from the 'flu, but it leaves an old image like me in a battered condition. Our Bungalow is in a very rough little field, and we have been trying to start a garden, which may take many years. I have stripped the weedy turf off a 66' square, and dug over some, but 'tis very slow work after flu. Dolgelley is the quaintest town I know of. Many streets are no more than 9' wide, and never go straight for more than a few yards. I still get lost in it. Years ago a prisoner escaped from the jail, tried all night to find his way out of the town, and then in the morning gave himself up. The church is not beautiful, but large, and instead of stone pillars in the aisles, it has huge oak posts. Although the population is only 2,500, we have fifteen chapels of various sorts. A few Quakers still exist here. Not one of them quaked as much as I did in the cold of February..... It is a wonderful bit of country to view - little grass fields with stone walls, plenty of trees, and some sheep which live almost wild and can jump six foot walls. How they live this time of year puzzles me. The townsfolk are wonderfully polite, but I shall never understand their language, nor the weird spelling of their place names... I must end now. Greetings to all the nice folk around you - and who is not nice in Loders?"

From Cambridge to Dottery. Mr. R.E.Studley, brother of Mrs. Rhenish, who died at the age of 54 at Cambridge, asked that he might be buried near his father at Dottery, and this wish was fulfilled. Although Dottery Church is modern, and made only of wood and corrugated iron, it seems able to kindle a deep affection in all who know it. Nobody loved it more, or was more regular in attendance, than Mrs. Rhenish's late father.

The Mothering Sunday Service at Loders Church was pleasant and extremely satisfying because it brought parents and children to God's house together. Although the time of service was not easy, parents turned out in strength, and were rewarded with little presents which the children had put on a table in the chancel. The service was taken by Mrs. Willmott. By happy chance, the latest grandchild of the Newberrys of Yondover, Cynthia Mary, was brought to that service to be baptised, and it seemed that the whole Newberry family, from miles around, were there for the occasion. It really was magnificent to see a host of aunts, uncles and cousins, with the parents and grandparents, all round the font for the solemn business of receiving the babe into God's family.

Mr. Peter Hansford of Loders, was married to Miss Joy Welch, of Allington at Allington Church last month. To those in the habit of looking down on Loders from the top of Boarsbarrow, Mr. Hansford, working with his father in the latter's large garden, was a proper part of the Loders scene, but his work has now moved to Bridport, where he has made his new home.

A wild rabbit full grown and energetic, was seen in the road at Yonder the other night. Some were also seen on Waddon a few weeks ago. Mr. Bennett told the Agricultural Discussion Club that rabbits are on their way back to this part of Dorset. He said that Portland had never been touched by myxomatosis, and is full of rabbits.

Sailors do care; Mr. Tony Wells, of Loders, who is in the merchant navy, had the bad luck to need an operation when he came home from Japan on twelve days leave. He brought his young lady, a Guildford girl, home with him, and so great was her distress at his going to hospital that she developed a complaint which took her to hospital as well. They were both in Bridport hospital together. She has since recovered and gone home to Guildford. It will be several weeks before Tony feels the ocean beneath him again. He has the company in hospital of Mr. Gerald Marsh, of Uploders and Mrs. Martha Crabb, of the same address, is in the ladies ward.

The sudden death of the Rev. R.H.Moss, of Vere Cottage, West Road, greatly surprised and grieved the congregation of Loders and especially our branch of the Mothers' Union, who had Mrs. Moss to take their monthly service only a few days ago. Mr. Moss was one of that line of parsons, fast dying out, who made the English Church stupor mundi. He was a winsome combination of the divine and the human - a man of prayer and of great learning, kind hearted and yet a strict disciplinarian, deeply serious yet full of fun and boyish mischief, a man of the cloister and yet a first-class cricketer who had played for Worcester, Lancashire and Bedford. He and his wife were a perfect pair; he for ever teasing her and yet waiting on her with true devotion. At the age of 88 he was still doing the shopping and much of the housework, and at 88 he still excelled his clerical bretheren of the Ruri-Decanel Chapter in papers on current topics. His end was very beautiful. He took morning service at Symondsbury, evening service for the sick vicar of Bothenhampton, then came home and died in his sleep. It is sad to think his serene face will never more be seen in Loders pulpit, nor his voice heard again. Only a day or two before he died, he sang to friends who had come to tea, with his wife accompanying.

Easter Vestries These important public meetings for the presentation of church accounts and the appointment of church officers will be held at Askerswell on Tuesday, Ap.3rd in the schoolroom, at Loders on Wednesday Ap.4th and at Dottery in the church on Tuesday Ap.10th all at 7.30.p.m.

Light in dark places Mr. Charlie Gale and his nephew, Mr. Albert Gale, have earned the gratitude of Loders ringers by putting electric lighting in the tower stairway and in the bell chamber, gratis. This is another laudable instance of parishioners saving their church considerable expense by giving their labour. In this case they have also made the tower safer for the ringers.

Loders Ex-Servicemen's Hut has fulfilled the function of a village hall for so long that it is now frequently mistaken for one. Its ownership at present is in some doubt, but whatever else it may be, it is not the property of the village. It was built and paid for by local ex-servicemen of the 1914 war, who bought a skittle alley with their share of canteen

profits, and made enough money out of the alley to buy the materials for the hut. For some years the hut was a flourishing club for young men, but these now find entertainment elsewhere and the club is moribund. There are no paying members and no meetings. Local bodies who hire the hut are getting concerned about it, and Sir Edward Le Breton, as president and a trustee of the hut, called a meeting of representatives of these bodies to hear their views. He will, presumably, present these views to the owners of the hut, in the hope that the latter will agree to the responsibility for the hut being shared with those who now use it. The immediate difficulty is to establish who the owners are; for the lawyers cannot find the trust deeds, but the matter is being gone into. The Vicar would like to take this opportunity of laying the old bogey that the hut is by nature a cold building. Compared with the church, the schools and the Uploders Room, it is a warm building, for its floors, walls and ceilings are all of wood. If the hut is cold for a meeting this is the fault of the organisers, and not of the hut. It is no use lighting a stove or two in a place of that size an hour before the meeting and expecting it to be warm for the meeting. Experience with Church socials has proved many times over that if the four hut stoves are lighted at 3 p.m. the hut is as warm as anybody could wish by 7.30 p.m. If one insurance company is speaking for all, there is no discrimination against oil stoves for fire insurance.

CHURCH SERVICES

Loders: Maundy Thursday, H.C. 10. Good Friday, Litany 9, Devotional 11
Easter Day H.C. 7, 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
8th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
15th H.C. 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
22nd H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
29th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell

Good Friday, Devotional 10, Easter Day H.C. 10, Evensong 7,
8th Matins, 10; 15th, Evensong 7; 22nd Matins 10; 29th Evensong
7;

Dottery Good Friday, Devotional 7; Easter Day, H.C. 9, Evensong 3;
8th Evensong 3; 15th Evensong 3; 22nd Evensong 6.30; 29th
Evensong 3.