

## LODERS, DOTTERY &amp; ASKERSWELL.

Discoveries at Welplot. Loders is a very old place. Its church is old, its little hills are terraced by ancient lynchetts, its principal hill is capped by an Iron Age barrow, and it stands on a Roman road. But, by an odd quirk of fate, it is the new council houses at Welplot that are supplying the most convincing proof of Loders' antiquity. When the workmen were getting out the foundations, one of them did not agree that the broken pottery they were finding in some quantity was part of an unromantic rubbish dump, and he got in touch with our local archaeologist, Mr. Bill Butcher, of Sturthill. Mr. Butcher, who has a well-stocked museum of his own, had no difficulty in identifying the pottery as Roman, Samian and medieval, and the coin that one of the men had found as belonging to the Empress Faustina (3rd Century). The perfectly preserved skull of an animal, with every tooth intact, defeats him. He thinks it might be that of a wild boar, but awaits the verdict of an expert. Mr. Butcher got in touch with other archaeologists, and the Ministry of Works were sufficiently interested to send down an inspector from the archaeological department, who confirmed Mr. Butcher's opinions. Both he and Mr. Butcher are puzzled by the remains of a line of posts, and venture the suggestion that they are part of a stockade. We understand that the Ministry is too full of Works to excavate the site immediately, but as there is no present prospect of this part being built upon, the place has been officially noted for future attention. At Askerswell Mr. George Bryan's plough has turned up some Roman tiles and bits of a Roman hot-air system, in a cornfield. What with this and Welplot, it seems that when Mr. Butcher can no longer wrest an honest crust from farming, he will not be short of work. As a site for council houses, Welplot is proving to be an unhappy choice. Springs have appeared in some of the foundations, and the scheduled number of houses cannot be built there. The devil may whisper to those of us who are well housed enough to be more interested in the rural charm of Loders that this site was not altogether an unhappy choice.

Another Easter has gone, leaving us amazed at the ingenuity of our ladies in making the churches so beautiful in face of the scarcity of flowers. In the mind's eye one can still see the exquisite east end of Askerswell, the west end of Dottery, and the Easter garden which the children made in the porch of Loders. Communicants were 167 in number, and congregations were large that at the Loders matins being tightly packed. It was pleasant to see at Communion busy mothers who had once passed through Loders Sunday School, and not in vain.

Easter Offerings. At the Easter Vestries the Vicar thanked the congregations for the Easter collections, which form part of his stipend. These amounted to £44 19s. 11d. (Loders £24 8s. 5d., Dottery £5 3s., Askerswell £15 8s. 6d.) "In the red". Because of unusual items of expenditure, Loders and Askerswell ended their financial year with small deficits on their current accounts. Loders receipts were £484 11s. 11d., expenses £496 5s. 11d., debit balance £11 14s. Askerswell receipts were £114 11s. 11d., expenses £127 13s., debit balance £13 1s. 1d. As usual Dottery made a credit balance, of £18 7s. 2d., with receipts at £46 17s. 9d. and expenses at £28 10s. 7d.

The putting on of the clock, with the loss of an hour's sleep to the improvident, might well have reduced the congregation for the early St. George's Day service at Askerswell, but it did not. Guides, Brownies and Cubs, headed by the Union Jack, made a brave show as they marched to church in the April sunshine, and a braver show as they marched from church with the numerous congregation lining the road. The parade fell out at Brown Owl's cottage, where an issue of prog fortified them for the journey home.

Newcomers to Dottery. Mr. and Mrs. L. Bromfield have moved into the farm at Belshay lately vacated by Mr. Harris. They have three children, who should be a welcome accession to the young life of the hamlet. The Bromfields have come from a much larger farm at Netherbury. They established a connection with Loders parish long before they thought of living in it; for their farm at Netherbury was called Yonderover, and some of their mail managed to find its way to the Loders Yonderover, and vice-versa.

A reminder. The grand jumble sale in aid of Askerswell Church funds will be held in the school on Saturday, May 5th, at 2.30p.m. Mrs. Aylmer and her helpers will welcome gifts of anything saleable.

Two former inhabitants of Loders have been laid to rest in Loders cemetery. Though born at Nettlecombe, Mrs. Mabel Greening had spent most of her life in Loders before moving to Mangerton, having lived many years in Church Cottages, next door to the parish clerk. Mr. Greening, who was her second husband, had been employed at Boarsbarrow and Church Farm. The second funeral was that of Mrs. Constance Edwards, who



was brought to Lodgers to be buried from Ferndown. She was the widow of the late Col. Edwardes, D.S.O., who came to live with his daughter, Mrs. Kaye Forbes, at the Old Mill and died there in 1944. His grave always awakens interest, for it has a footstone as well as a headstone, and in the middle an oil painting of roses in a marble frame. Farm Sunday, which is the local name for Rogation Sunday (when prayer is offered for the growing crops), falls early this year, on May 6th. We hope this notice will make Mr. Wilfred Crabb ask himself where his old horse plough can have got to; for with his kind connivance it always turns up in Lodgers chancel for the farm service and is an indispensable part of the proceedings. For the convenience of the many worshippers who have milking to do before they come to church, the service will be at 7 p.m.

Miss Hayward has earned the gratitude of Dottery congregation by presenting to the church a carpet for the chancel, to replace one which had seen its best days. It is good to see Miss Hayward back at church after her long indisposition.

Askerswell Church has lost another valuable member by the removal of Mr. Cecil Legg from the quaint cottage above the Travellers Rest to a new council house in Shipton Gorge. Not only was he a staunch chorister, a bell ringer, and a church councillor, but he was one who regularly gave part of his summer holiday to refurbishing the church stove for the winter. Best of all, his mood was always one of serene cheerfulness, and he made the savour of the church very sweet among the backwoodsmen of the Dorchester Road. We very much hope to see him back in his old pew on occasion.

Mother and Daughter. Dottery Church, which is the offspring of Lodgers, and is still the legal responsibility of Lodgers Church Council, is badly in need of restoration. When this was made known at the Easter Vestry, Lodgers invited Dottery to have a stall for Dottery Church at the Lodgers summer fete. A parish meeting at Dottery warmly accepted this invitation, and Mrs. Cleal is already making aprons for the stall (the market for aprons at Lodgers fete is insatiable).

When the Vicar apologised for holding a business meeting in Dottery Church, his warden, Mr. C. Marsh, told him not to worry. As a boy, Mr. Marsh was present at a concert in the church, and he well remembered that it was not of the sacred variety. A writer to the Dorset Echo reports that he was surprised to find the spaces between the stones in an old wall at Chesil Cove packed with oyster shells, because he had never heard of oyster shells being found on the beach. He learnt later that there used to be an old oyster bed off Portland, which flourished for two hundred years, but of which no trace remains. Mr. Harry Sanders has pointed out to us that there are oyster shells in the mortar of the west doorway of Lodgers tower. We wonder whether these also came from the extinct oyster bed off Portland?

Askerswell Parish Assembly appointed Mrs. George Bryan its representative on the board of school managers.

Askerswell Bells. At the Easter Vestry the Rector was asked to report progress in this matter. The position is that two experts visited the belfry and advised us that the bells could be rehung on their present frame. Mears & Stainbank, the Whitechapel bell-founders, concurred, and submitted a provisional estimate of £300. But when their man came from his job on Netherbury bells to begin at Askerswell, he found that the foundations of the frame had been rotted by years of infiltration of water from the roof, and that the old frame would have to come out and be either repaired or replaced. This would cost at least £900, and there is only some £350 in hand. Application was made to the Baron Bell Trust for a grant, and a hopeful reply was received, but as yet no grant has materialised. So, in the phrase of our parish constable, we must "soldier on".

#### SERVICES IN MAY.

LODERS 6th. Holy Communion - 8 & 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2, Farm Service - 7  
10th. Ascension Day. Children - 9, Holy Communion - 10.  
13th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.  
20th. Whitsunday. Holy Communion - 8 & 11.45, Matins - 11, Children - 2.  
27th. Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.

ASKERSWELL 6th. Matins - 10, Ascension Day, Children - 11;  
13th. Evensong - 7; Whitsunday, Holy Communion - 10, Evensong - 7.  
27th. Matins - 10.

DOTTERY 6th. Holy Communion - 9; 13th. Evensong - 3.  
20th. Evensong - 3; 27th. Evensong - 6.30.



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Personal. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McDowall acknowledge with grateful thanks the information that they are leaving Loders. Would any kind friend who knows whom please communicate at once with Mrs. Malcolm McDowall at "Raides," Loders? (Advert.)

Bulls of Basan. It was delightful to have Loders Church full again for the annual Rogationtide service, and for the parson to be looking down from the pulpit on the faces of so many young farmers. The lessons were well read by Mr. R. Dennott, of the Farm Workers; Miss Caryl Davies, of the Askerswell Young Farmers; and Mr. C. Gale, chairman of the Loders Agricultural Discussion Club. It was Mr. Gale's first appearance at the lectern and his deep voice, coming slowly and distinctly, made everybody hope that it would not be the last. The proper drill for Rogation Sunday is to say the prayers for the growing crops while going in procession through the fields. We may find it possible to do this with the morning congregation next year. But praying in the open fields can at any moment call for steady nerves. We read that when the singing started at a Rogationtide service in a meadow at Ross-on-Wye, a herd of Hereford bulls rushed across the meadow and joined the choir. Fortunately for the dignity of divine worship, the ladies did not stampede, and the bulls left the singing to the choir. When the procession moved on, the bulls fell to the roar, and took a reverent part in the service till it ended.

The Lent savings boxes produced £8 18s. 10d. for the church overseas - Dottery £1 14s. 9d. Loders £1 5s. 4d. and Loders Sunday School £5 19s. 9d.

Two Baby Boys were christened in the presence of a large congregation at Dottery Church on Whit Sunday. They were Philip Arthur, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Baggs, and Michael Peter, the son of Mr. and Mrs. P.S. Hattam (nee Shirley Smith). Being males they know how to be quiet. Whit Sunday was an appropriate day for the Dottery approximation to a mass christening. Whit Sunday was so fashionable a day for christenings in the ancient church that it got its name from the white dresses worn by the candidates. Whit Sunday is also, of course, the birthday of the Christian Church.

A Large and sympathetic congregation attended the funeral at Dottery of Mrs. Tom Truman, who died at the Central Middlesex Hospital at the age of 52. Mrs. Truman was the mother of Mrs. John Marsh, of Higher Pymore Farm. She was a native of Loders, and was christened, confirmed and married in Loders Church. Her son, who is doing national service with the R.A.F., was on the point of departure for Africa when this sad event occurred. Some Jumble Sale! It is not often that Askerswell has a fete or a jumble sale, but when it does, that small community does not do things by halves. Its last fete made a profit of nearly £220, and its recent jumble sale has made a profit of £42 13s. Which means that when the church treasurer, Mr. Adams, goes to Lloyds Bank, he will no longer fool like the tramp who went into The Ritz and ordered one fish ball. He and the rest of us must be feeling mighty grateful to Mrs. Aylmer and her committee of ladies for putting the church in funds again. The Rector tempers all this gratitude with a wish that his flock could be as good at using their church as they are at raising money for it, especially on those lovely summer evenings when Mr. Spiller and he are left to bear the weight of evensong with little support. The beauty of the Askerswell jumble sale is that it always produces fun as well as money. For days after the universal swapping of clothes, it is a game to get right the identity of the people you meet in The Square, and even in Uploders, (it is surprising to what extent familiar clothes and recognition tie up with each other). A nursery section of prams, pushchairs, high chairs and playpens made this jumble sale especially piquant. What ladies, it was asked, were getting rid of these serviceable articles with such abandon, and were they being altogether prudent? More to the point - who was buying them? No purchaser could openly face the eyes that sized up any lady who showed the slightest interest in the prams. Yet they were all sold. Mrs. Swaffield wishes it to be known that the high chairs she bought was quite definitely on behalf of a shy neighbour. The only cool moment our reporter encountered in the heat of that afternoon was when he overheard the following conversation: Lady to neighbour near second-hand stall, "Look at this lovely tweed coat I got for half a crown. It'll do me fine." Neighbour: "Yes, you'll look well in it, and the quality is good. It was mine."

The Steward of the Uploders Methodist Chapel wishes to acquaint our readers of these forthcoming events:- 17th. June, Chapel anniversary services; Thursday, 16th. August, a short open-air service; 30th. September, harvest festival. If the giving of good notice be a mark of good breeding, the pedigree of our worthy Steward needs no looking into.

The staid matrons of our Mothers' Union got quite a kick out of having a twenty-fifth birthday to celebrate again. This anniversary was of the local branch. The celebration took place in the Uploders Room, and was graced by guests from other Mothers' Unions, including Mrs. Gillingham, a seasoned veteran of the Bridport Branch. The memorable point about an excellent tea was a birthday cake made by these talented sisters Miss Marjorie and Miss Muriel Randall. We gather that it was topped by a model of



Loders Church in sugar icing, and a miniature of the Mothers' Union banner. The cake is reported to have been cut by the oldest member, whose identity was not disclosed. The Late Mrs. Samways was buried in Loders cemetery after a service in Loders Church. She often talked of her girlhood, and of her sitting Sunday by Sunday in one of the old box pews of Loders Church, beneath the three-decker pulpit. Much of her life was spent in the farm near the school, now called Waddon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have moved from Loders Court Cottages to Netherbury, and their place has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Harris and their daughter Shirley. Mrs. Harris is back in surroundings of which she is fond; for before her marriage she was Miss Lily Darby. She is glad to be within easier reach of her mother.

Loders Sunday School celebrated the birthday of the Church by a picnic on Eggardon on Whit Monday. The seniors went on their bicycles, and the juniors followed by car. The heat of a lovely afternoon made them devoted to a crate of Corona minerals; and an issue of ice-cream, coming after tea and games, put them in shape for the journey home. On Tuesday the tinies of the kindergarten and their parents had tea on the vicarage lawn, in an appropriate setting of apple-blossom and forget-me-nots. This year nobody let out the Vicar's chickens, because there were none to be let out.

Hail and Farewell. The village inn of Askerswell, The Three Horse Shoes, is in the throes of a change of ownership. The incoming landlord and his wife are Mr. and Mrs. Wykos, a young couple from Southampton, full of enthusiasm for the pleasant and prospering establishment that the outgoing host and hostess are handing over to them. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby have made a niche for themselves in their five years in Askerswell, and it will seem horribly empty. With our good wishes will go our thanks for their many kindnesses to Askerswell Church.

A Pioneer of Vaccination. After reference had been made in a Loders sermon to the alarming decrease in the rate of infant vaccination, which is worrying the Ministry of Health, Sir Edward Le Breton showed us an interesting old certificate. It was issued by the Royal Jennerian Society, a pioneer in the fight against smallpox, and this particular specimen records that "The Governors by an unanimous vote did themselves the high gratification to elect the Reverend P. Le Breton an honorary member of their great royal establishment" on May 17th. 1820, the anniversary of Doctor Jenner's birthday. The reverend gentleman whom the Society did themselves the high gratification to elect, was Sir Edward's great grandfather.

Two of the busiest ladies in Loders, Mrs. Masters and Miss Marjorie Randall, have devoted many laborious evenings to liberating the churchyard wall from the deadly embrace of ivy. The wall is now clean, and smart even, but alas, the ivy has already dislodged many stones, and put the wall in need of pointing. If only this could be done now that the wall is clean, the stitch in time would assuredly save nine later on.

Excitement at Bilshay. After sticking to the work of their father's farm at Dottery with years of quiet efficiency of which the busy world took no notice, the sons of Mr. Charles Barnes have hit the headlines, one by taking a horse to drill mangold in a field and letting it bolt with the drill as far as Bridport Post Office; the other by letting a tractor run away with him into a stream. In neither case was the son very much at fault; Robert's horse had a thorough-bred hunter as its mother, and took fright because Robert had not shaved. Charlie's tractor was a bit porky because a drop of the famous Bilshay cider had got into the fuel tank by mistake. We are happy to report that Robert's ankle is out of plaster, and that no chances are being taken with the thorough-bred - Charlie loads him with chin newly reaped, while a man holds on to the drill.

#### SERVICES IN JUNE.

Loders. 3rd. Holy Communion at 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.  
10th. Holy Communion at 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.  
17th. Holy Communion at 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.  
24th. Holy Communion at 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell. 3rd. Evensong 7.  
10th. Matins 10.  
17th. Holy Communion at 10, Evensong 7.  
24th. Matins at 10.

Dottery. 3rd. Holy Communion at 9.30.  
10th. Evensong 3.  
17th. Evensong 3.  
24th. Evensong 6.30.