

LODERS, DOTTERY & ASKERSWELL.

The Great War of 1914-18 had a nice sense of timing in coming to an end at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. November always was the solemn month, the time of remembering All Saints and All Souls, when all the churches of the land echoed the mournful notes of Dirge Træ. The sense of victory in the Great War was well nigh eclipsed by its brooding background of tragedy, and so the rain and the mist of November, the falling leaves, and the darkening days, are appropriate to the remembrance of the Great War. This year Remembrance Sunday falls on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. This should freshen up our sense of duty, and bring us to church to honour the memory of the men whose names are read out. The times of services are overleaf, and all the collections will be for Earl Haig's Fund.

A difficult harvest, and a summer of gales and floods, might have lowered the temperature of harvest festival, but it seems to have had the opposite effect. Which means, we hope, that our people know that whether we receive little or much, it all derives from the Almighty. At Dottery the changing of the weeknight service from Thursday to Friday, so as not to clash with the ploughing match, seemed to produce an even bigger congregation. It was very pleasing to have the scattered members of the Harris family, lately of Belshay, back in strength, and to have several families complete from grandparents to grandchildren. At first sight, three babes in arms augured ill for the peace of the service, but they knew by instinct that sermons were meant to be slept through, so the preacher proceeded without competition. Somebody's cat tried to attend the service, but this Mrs. Gale would not tolerate. Finding himself shut out in the churchyard, the cat mounted a tombstone and charged a window repeatedly. Fortunately for the thinly thatched heads in the pew beneath, the glass held. At Askerswell there was a great gathering of the clans for evensong, and the old familiar faces included those of Mr. & Mrs. Studley, from upcountry. Practically every family in the parish was represented, giving a delightful taste of what Sunday worship could be. On the following day those who wanted the harvest decoration came to church and took them, and left a contribution to church funds. The contributions came to £6 16s. It seemed to be agreed that this was a better way of dealing with the produce than to take it to the hospitals. Even before the hospitals were nationalised they found it hard to assimilate the harvest offerings of the urban and the rural districts, and the writer well remembers arriving at a hospital with sacks of fruit and vegetables, and being told to empty them on a big and decaying heap of harvest produce in the backyard. At Loders the church was well filled for morning service, and in the evening the presence of many of the Askerswell Young Farmers made it necessary for some of the congregation to be seated in the chancel. At each service the choir sang an anthem upon which they have not yet ceased to be congratulated. It was all that a harvest anthem should be - lively, crisp, full-bodied, and with plenty of light and shade. Thanks to an absence of frosts, plenty of flowers of fine quality were available for the decorations, and our ladies excelled themselves.

The children of Loders School invite their parents and friends to a jumble sale at the school on Thursday, Nov. 8th, at 3.30 p.m. It is in aid of their Christmas party, and they would welcome the gift of anything saleable.

The Bishop's Query. As the Lord Bishop of Sherborne drove through Uploders to take the confirmation service in Loders Church he observed two notices by the roadside. The first, he said, was small and rather dilapidated, and warned motorists that here was a children's crossing; the second was large, magnificent and new, and warned motorists that here was a cattle crossing. "Would a stranger be right in making the obvious inference as to your scale of values?" asked the Bishop. But he was too tactful to wait for a reply. As he appraised the newly confirmed in the Vicarage afterwards, he said he had a feeling that they were going to be a "good batch." If they turn out like the last "batch" from Dottery they will be good indeed; for in four years not one of these has fallen away from the monthly Communion.

For Loders School. We hope to hold a social in the Hut this month to pay the increased repair premium on Loders School. The Askerswell Young Farmers' Club have promised to contribute items of entertainment from their harvest supper. The date will probably be Thursday, Nov. 15th, at 7.30 p.m., but this will be confirmed, or altered, by posters nearer the time.

Autumn Arrivals. Newcomers to Loders this autumn are more numerous than usual. Upton dairy is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher, from Warmell, and their daughters, Ann and Janet are well established at Loders school. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hansford, and their daughter, Virginia, have come from Berwick to the cottage lately occupied by Mr. Tolley. Mr. Hansford is a son of our Mrs. Spencer, and is no stranger to Loders. The cottage next to Mrs. Spencer has been taken for the winter months by Mr. and Mrs. Quick, late of

Bradpole, a young couple who are looking for something permanent. The new family at Croads are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gale, of Houndstone, and their two children. Our ringers are eyeing Mr. Gale hopefully; for he was a ringer at Gorsecombe. Spinney Cot, the bungalow on the road to West Milton, has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of Beaminster. Mrs. Taylor worked for some years in kennels in Fife, and hopes to begin breeding dogs at Spinney Cot next year. If first impressions are anything to go by, all the newcomers are nice amiable people, and we hope this may be their first - and last - impression of us. Askerswell please note: From the beginning of November until further notice the time of evensong at Askerswell will be 6.30 p.m. The Church Council feel that this will be a better time for the winter, and will encourage people to come. The men of the parish and one lady, have undertaken to do turns at stoking the stove; and Mr Adams, with a fine disregard of his three-score years and ten, insists on cleaning out the stove every week, as he did last year, which is the heaviest job of all. As there are eight names on the stokers' roster, the turns of duty are few. With more names they would be fewer still.

Letting in the light. Men are at work in Lodors demolishing the two ruined cottages next to the Lodors Arms, and making of the site a pull-in for cars. The one useful function that the ruin served, as a notice-board for the Uploders Chapel, was more than neutralised by its ugliness. Nobody will regret its going, and everybody will welcome the view of Boarsbarrow in its place. One of the ancients of Lodors, Mr. George Crabb, who lives opposite, has watched the proceedings with interest. His long memory recalls how one of the cottages housed the village wheelwright and carpenter, how he went bankrupt, and put Lodors in the news by hanging himself from a beam on the morning of the day on which the bailiffs were to sell him up. Having some scruples about the beam, the workmen presented it to the Vicar, who had none, and doubtless the vicarage fire will be its end. (Editor's Note: We have since learnt that the workmen had no scruples about the beam. They found that sawing it up was hard work, and assumed that the Vicar would be better at this than they).

Farewell to "The Ladies". In 1950 Mr. and Mrs. Paddison left their nice old house in The Square, Askerswell, and the house then acquired the unusual distinction of becoming the home of four retired school teachers - Miss Webb, Miss Wilkinson and the Miss Croxsons. Dorset people are good judges of character. They promptly christened the newcomers "The Ladies". To call them anything else has never occurred to anybody, and this after six years, says more for them than a Times obituary. Their strenuous life in London would have been some excuse for their turning Askers House into a sort of enclosed nunnery, insulated from all village activities, with the senior Miss Croxson as Mother Superior, but, true to the form of ladies, they chose instead to pull their not inconsiderable weight in village affairs. Now that their departure is at hand, everybody is sad, and painfully aware that their place in the social life of the village will take much filling. They were the heart and soul of the Women's Institute, pillars of the Community Club, the mainspring of the winter lectures, and the guardian angels of the village school. In the days when there was no church caretaker they took their turn at church cleaning; they also helped with the altar flowers. They put their zest and their endearing sense of humour into church bazaars and jumble sales, and Miss Wilkinson, the musician among them, gave up her Friday evenings to train the church choir. When she returned from a long spell in hospital, suffering still from the effects of a tragic accident, Miss Wilkinson again took up her work for the choir. This notice of The Ladies may sound like an excerpt from "Cranford" but it is no fiction, neither is it circumscribed by the law "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" because The Ladies are anything but dead. Miss Wilkson goes to live with a sister at Great Bromley, and Miss Webb and the Croxsons have taken a bungalow in North Allington.

SERVICES IN NOVEMBER.

LODERS 4th Holy Communion 8 and 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
11th (Remembrance Sunday) Holy Communion 8, Remembrance 11, Children 2.
18th Holy Communion 8 and 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
25th Holy Communion 8, Matins 11, Children 2. Evensong 6.30

ASKERSWELL 4th Evensong 6.30 11th (Remembrance Sunday) 10.
18th Holy Communion 10. Evensong 6.30. 25th Matins 10.

DOTTERY 4th Holy Communion 9.30. 11th (Remembrance Sunday) 6.30
18th Evensong 3. 25th Evensong 3.

The congregation of Loders Church responded well to the R.D.C.'s appeal for help for the Hungarian refugees. A Sunday's collections were given to the appeal, and these amounted to £16 12s. A collection among members of the Mothers' Union raised a further £8 5s. The appeal is still open. Cash contributions should be sent to the chief financial officer at Mountfield, and clothing to Ward's shop, in East Street, Bridport. The refugees coming into England have a powerful claim on our compassion. Most of them have lost everything except their lives.

Filling the coffers. A profit of £10 10s was made on the social held in the Exservice-men's Hut in aid of the repair premium for Loders School. The managers are deeply grateful to Mrs. Randall, who is one of their number, and her family, for running this social. They are also grateful to the Askerswell Young Farmers for providing the entertainment, and to Mrs. Harry Legg and her helpers for the refreshments. The profit will cover the premium, with a little to spare. A jumble sale organised by Miss Swayne for the children's Christmas party made nearly £10. The Women's Institute autumn sale in aid of their funds produced over £17, and, as it always does, gave the children of the parish a happy afternoon, with a bran tub full of bargains, and a foretaste of Santa Claus.

Mrs. Taylor is the new president of the Institute. The children have a suspicion that she is a relative of Santa Claus, and therefore an excellent choice.

Baby news. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb's firstborn was christened Linda Ann at Loders Church, with the Sunday School singing appropriate hymns. There is great excitement in the Bryan family, in Askerswell, over the coming of the first grandchild, a boy, born to Mr. and Mrs. George Bryan in Bridport Hospital. Claims to a likeness are being freely staked by the baby's relations, but the proud father cannot be denied the satisfaction that young George has the distinctive Bryan toe.

Only buyers needed now. The children of Askerswell School, incited by their teacher, Miss McCombie, and abetted by one of the managers, Miss Edwards, have taken on themselves to find the money for the increased school repair premium. This is the object of a sale they are holding in the school on Thursday, Dec. 6th, at 3 p.m. We gather that they have collected a sizeable amount of desirable stuff, some of it suitable for Christmas presents, and all they need now is plenty of buyers.

Welcomed to Dottery. One of the several houses vacant in Dottery has now become the house of Mrs. Dowsett. It was that previously occupied by the Chubb family, and the congregation are congratulating themselves that the new owner is also with the Chubbs in the tradition of practising churchmanship. Mrs. Dowsett comes from Guildford and is an accomplished portrait painter.

Askerswell & Loders are filled with a deep sense of loss at the recent deaths of three esteemed parishioners, all of them unexpected. In Askerswell the happy partnership of Mr. & Mrs. Squires in making a beautiful home and garden of Court Orchard was brought to an abrupt end by a seizure, which led within a few days to Mrs. Squires' death in a Weymouth Hospital. She was buried at Broadwindsor. Mr. Squires, by the way, was a gunner officer in the Great War, and was a messmate of the General Burns who is now commanding the United Nations Force in Egypt. In Uploders Shepherd Steele, late of Upton Farm, died as he was on the point of moving into one of the new Council houses at Wellplot and three generations of a family of shepherds came to an end. At his death he was still pining for his old sheepdog, Nell, whom "the vet" had had to put to sleep. In New Road, Uploders, it was being greatly lamented that the picturesque figure of Mr. Billy Bagg and his cows would pass that way no more. Billy had gone to bed at six on a Sunday evening, been taken ill, and died before the doctor could get to him. It had been his little joke that he was always ahead of the doctor. Much sympathy will be felt for his widow, who shared his work in the fields with him, making passers-by on the Dorchester road think they might be in France, where women working in the fields are the essential landscape.

Observant people were just becoming aware that Mr. Clive Crabb, who helped his brother Raymond work the farm at School Corner, had faded out of the Loders scene, when he reappeared. The reason is he wanted to see the world, and like his neighbour, Tony Wells, he decided that the cheapest way of doing it was in the Merchant Navy. So he joined. He is now home for six weeks, until his next voyage, having been to various parts of Africa. Clive's departure was an opportunity for Mr. Frank Good, who is unbiten by the travel bug, to get back on the land, and he is now helping Raymond.

The date of the children's mission sale in Loders School has been fixed for Friday, December 14th, at 5.30 p.m. Sympathetic grown-ups are busy making things to augment the children's effort, and it looks as if there will be plenty of good things to buy. An entertainment by the children, and refreshments, should make the buying more agreeable still.

New Mistress for Loders School. For sixteen months Loders School has been without a permanent head mistress. The main obstacle to an appointment was that the managers had no house to offer a teacher. When the Rural District Council Education Committee put

forward a suitable candidate in the person of Mrs. Hinde, of Sherborne, and the managers were happy to appoint her. Mrs. Hinde has an infant, eighteen months old, and her husband is serving in the Navy. She has found an eager nursemaid for the baby in Mrs. Pearl Symes, and has quickly settled to her school work. The managers appreciate the services of Miss Swayne, the supply teacher who filled the interregnum.

Towards their century. Our two oldest inhabitants celebrated their birthday last month. Mrs. Gibbs, of Dottery, was 92, and Mrs. Hyde, of Uploders, was 91. Mrs. Gibbs marked the day by dining out in Boaminster, making the journey in Miss Mackenzie-Edwards' chariot; but "Granny" Hyde's business instinct would not allow a trifle like a ninety-first birthday to take her away from the counter of her shop. Both ladies enjoy remarkably good health, though we regret that at the time of writing Granny Hyde is not quite her usual self.

A list of Christmas services may be found at the end of these Notes. The midnight communion with carols, on Christmas Eve, draws a congregation of harvest festival proportions and the children's singing round the tree at eleven on Christmas morning retains its popularity. On the Sunday after Christmas there will be the usual carol service for Loders and Dottery at Loders at 6.30 p.m.

When we have time, we must try to elucidate why Askers House, standing demurely off The Square, is especially attractive to communities of ladies. The four ladies who left it last month are followed by three ladies who have come from the new town of Bracknell, in Berkshire. They are Mrs. Orage, and her companions Miss Kelly and Miss Thwaites. Those in Askerswell who are given to "seeing things" need not pinch themselves if they see one of the new Askers community proceeding to the post office, followed by six cats in Indian file; for the ladies are breeders and great lovers of cats, and this was a not unusual sight in Bracknell. Another of their hobbies is a marionette show, which we may have the good fortune to see when the ladies have recovered from their work.

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Randall and their son Mark have left Uploders for Wincanton for a post on a poultry farm. This is not the first time Mr. Randall has left home. On his war service in North Africa he had the distinction of being captured by Rommel's Africa Korps and escaping to fight again.

Mrs. Hilton, of Vinney Cross, is in hospital at Weymouth for two operations. Her spouse is one of those domesticated husbands who can do anything in the home. It was music to our reporter, who has not yet been "broken in," to hear Mr. Hilton, with a rueful eye on the dishes, hope that she would soon be back.

Special readers of the Daily Express noted, in a picture of boys playing football with Edward Charles, one boy who looked very like Edward Laskey, the grandson of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton. And so it was. The young prince sometimes joins the games at Edward's school. About another picture on the front page of the Sunday Times there is a division of opinion. This picture shewed a gentleman in consultation with the English Foreign Secretary at the United Nations conference. He looked very like Mr. Denis Laskey, Edward's father, who is private secretary to the Foreign Secretary. If our readers can contain themselves till our January number, we may be in a position to confirm or deny this.

The new council houses at Wellplot have now come to life. Smoke rises from the chimneys, curtains grace the windows, and the milkman calls. Everybody in Loders who wanted a council house has got one, and seems well pleased with it. The architect is to be congratulated on toning the new houses to their surroundings. There are no dazzling whites or shocking reds. The houses pass the test of being quiet and unobtrusive when one looks down on them from Waddon or Boarsbarrow.

SERVICES IN DECEMBER

LODIERS 2nd Holy Communion 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
9th Holy Communion 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
16th Holy Communion 8 & 11.45, Matins 11, Children 2.
23rd Holy Communion 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
Christmas. Midnight service, Holy Communion 8, Matins & children's carols 11.
30th Holy Communion 8, Matins 11, Children 2, 6.30 carol service.

ASKERSWELL 2nd Evensong 6.30, 9th Matins 10.
16th Evensong 6.30. 23rd Matins 10.
Christmas Day. Holy Communion 10. 30th Matins 10.

DOTTERY 2nd Holy Communion 9.30 9th Evensong 6.30
16th Evensong 3 23rd Evensong 3
Christmas Day. Holy Communion 9. 30th Carol service at Loders.