

LODERS, DOTTERY & ASKERSWELL.

Anatomy of the Fete. The profit of the fete was £203 17s. 9d. Takings were £240 9s. 9d. It is pleasing to note how large a part of the profit derived from the generous giving for which Loders is famous. The stalls and the teas produced nearly £120, which roughly represents what people gave to the good ladies who went round collecting. This year there was a fortnight of skittles, but it made only the same profit, £25, as a week of skittles had made the previous year. Which shows how much depends on the timing. The skittle alley has to be hired, and we could not have it at the usual holiday time. When we did have it, a belated haymaking season was in full swing, and a rival skittles was giving neighbouring Bradpole quite a night life. Our skittles chief, Mr. McDowall, therefore had no increase of profit to show for his labours, but Messrs. R. Dennett and B. Osborne netted the best part of another £7 for him with lawn skittles on the day. In a weak moment Sir Edward had allowed the skittles on his tennis court, and the balls were going straight to his heart until his head gardener, Mr. David Crabb, managed to convince him that there was nothing better for a damp tennis court than to be pressed by hundreds of boots and high-heeled shoes. A new feature of the sideshows (the sideshows took nearly £70 in all) was a roulette worked by Mr. Follett. His irresistible salesmanship added a useful £12 to the profits. How much the survival and success of the fete was due to the presence of mind of the ice-cream department no-one will ever know. People were taking shelter from a storm which looked as if it had come to stay, and were weighing the pros and cons of going home, when the ice-cream department said "Now is the moment." The department (it deserves a capital B, we think) waded through the rain with trays of 'Walls' tubs, and sold seven guineas' worth to the streaming refugees. By the time the ice-cream was consumed, the sun was shining gloriously, and the crowd settled again to the delights of the fete without further thought of going home.

Dottery people went "all out" in support of this year's fete. Their stall made a bigger profit than any other, and competitions for a magnificent box of fruit presented by Mr. Peter Hattam, a cloth embroidered by Mrs. Russell, and a mystery parcel of farm delicacies given by Mrs. Barnes produced over £15. Mrs. Peter Hattam and Miss Gillian Chubb are now detached from the parish. It was a nice gesture of theirs to come back and parade the fete ground with a weighty box of fruit in aid of their old church. But the fete was altogether radiant with nice features. There was the loyalty of a host of friends, including many in Askerswell, which was not to be quenched by the threatening weather; there was the really hard work put in not only by regular churchgoers, but by the not-so-regulars, whose ready help was a reminder that the Church of England is like an iceberg, in that the bulk of its strength is beneath the surface in the deep fund of goodwill that most parishioners have for their parish church.

The choir's contribution to the fete was a social which added £15 to the funds and passed the evening most pleasantly. They took the stage as a gang of gipseys, interlarding the frying of suesages at a camp fire with song and dance. The song that was intensely local in its application was highly popular, and so was the dropping in on them of Dick Turpin, who recited The Highwayman so feelingly that it was felt he had just missed his vocation in being the village policeman. A lady visitor with a good voice insisted on embellishing the programme with some half dozen songs, and a child conjuror from Bridport received rapt attention. But the act that brought the house down was unrehearsed. Our organist was playing the part of the itching tramp on the park seat, and was trying to rid himself of fleas, when Tessa, the Vicarage dog, who was supposed to be home and in bed, but was the principal spectator, sat up and begged for one with all the guile that she brings to bear on cakes and chocolates.

Dividing the spoil. Taking into account the help Dottery had given to former fetes without receiving any direct benefit, the Church Council allocated £20 of this year's fete profit to Dottery. This should cover the work about to be done on Dottery Church. The remaining £122 17s. 9d. will, with money in hand, complete payment for the recent overhaul of Loders organ, the bill for which is £243.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Fry, of Askerswell, have become the proud parents of a daughter, Julie. She arrived shortly before her father was due to attend a school managers' meeting at South Eggardon. The managers cashed in on his so recently acquired mood of starry-eyed benevolence, and got him to promise to pave the way to N allers with the growing mountain of cinders in the school playground.

A daughter has also been born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb, of Uploders. Mrs. Crabb is now home from Bridport Hospital, and both she and the child are doing well.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Parish, of Uploders, was baptised John Edward Andrew in Loders Church.

The Guides and Brownies of Askerswell, under their leader, Miss Edwards, and with the help of transport supplied by Mrs. Ascott, have followed in the footsteps of the school to Char-mouth and had enjoyable days' outings there.

Our Women's Institute have shown an active interest in a worthy cause by sending half of the proceeds of their recent sale to the Cancer Research Fund. The sale made £20.

A Nasty Accident. Mr. Newbury, of Uploders Farm, had the misfortune to have his eye grazed by a horn when he was feeding stock in an outhouse. The eyeball was pierced, and for some weeks the sight of it has been in jeopardy, but it is now hoped that the skilful surgery of the Weymouth Eye Hospital, where Mr. Newbury is a patient, will have saved at least some of it. Mr. Newbury's star was not a lucky one. He has suffered two major fires and several minor misfortunes, but he takes them all in his stride, and if he grumbles, he must do it secretly.

Loders has a special interest in Cyprus now that its policeman, P.C. Edrich, has gone there in response to an appeal for volunteers for the re-organisation of the Cyprus police force. His term of duty lasts for twenty-one months, and he is likely to become a sergeant, having passed the examination some time ago. The ambitions of Master Maurice Matterface have also turned in a military direction. His smallness of stature and good health have gained him acceptance as a drummer boy. He will be sorely missed at Cloverleaf Farm, where he was shewing promise of making a good farmer. The thoughts of Master Frank Good, but not his ambitions, are also on the Services. He has had to register for national service, and will be going before long. This will create problems for his mother in her isolated cottage at Bell, and for Loders ringers, whose small company can ill afford to lose so regular a member as Frank. He will also be missed in choir and Sunday School.

The annual outing of Loders Sunday School to Weymouth did not fail in its choice of a day; for it had hours of sunshine in the midst of weeks of wind and rain. Two coaches, crammed to the doors, took the youth of the village and its oldest inhabitant, ninety-year old Granny Hyde, to the sands, where they disported themselves in the usual way. At tea time they sat round their flag, a dishcloth on a stick, and did justice to the cakes and pop supplied by their old friend, Mr. Gregory, now of West Bay. They were delighted to have with them other old friends in the family of Mr. Elston Paul, and in the family of Mrs. Rogers' daughter from Bristol. The hour before the departure of the coach was devoted to the fun fair.

The junior choir were not so lucky in the weather for their outing to Beer that they had saved up for week by week, and yet the opinion of all was expressed by one of them, David Skeats, who said it had been "super". The smugglers' caves and the winkle-encrusted rocks of this sheltered cove had a spice of adventure that Weymouth lacks. The intrepid ones braved the high wind in a boat, and nosed round the coast to Seaton, only to find its long esplanade forsaken for the shops.

Weddings. Uploders has lost Mr. Rodney Symes to Bradpole by his recent marriage there to Miss Clarice Hile. The bride was a member of Bradpole Church choir, and we hope to hear before long that Rodney dons cassock and surplice and walks beside her. Lack of voice is no disqualification provided one is not bad looking. Dottery rejoices not to have lost Miss Doris Turner by her marriage to Mr. Harold Commons. They are making their home in the cottage at the Gardeners' Arms vacated by Mr. Beale. It is good to have that cottage still occupied by a staunch supporter of Dottery Church.

It could not have been inferred from Mr. Denis Laskey's delightful reading of the lesson in Loders Church the other Sunday that he was in the thick of the London Conference on Suez. He is now secretary to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary.

Classes for the Confirmation at Loders in October are in progress. The number of candidates will not be large this time. If the Vicar has missed anybody who would like to be confirmed, would they kindly see him?

Praise Indeed. Major Ian Scott, late of the Old Mill, was a welcome visitor to Loders Church the other Sunday morning. He is now a doctor in the R.A.M.C., as was his esteemed father before him, and has just ended a tour of duty as senior medical officer to the British Gurkhas in India. The Gurkhas are reputed to be the world's best fighters, but the testimonial they gave Major Scott throws a gentler light on their fierce natures. With apologies to Major Scott for having burgled the testimonial from his home at Netherbury, we submit the following extract:—"During the period each one of us have had the pleasure of serving under your kind command, you have treated us most kindly, and we wish to convey wholeheartedly the following message: It has been an enjoyable experience to have worked under you, and we thank you, not only for having received so many benefits, but also for your justice and parental interest that you took in us all. We thank you for all that you have taught us, and assure you that it will be used to the best of our abilities. In conclusion, permit us, Sir, once more to give our heartfelt assurance that we love you and are proud of you. It is with the deepest feeling of sorrow that we say goodbye to you, and wish you a very happy and safe voyage, Godspeed and His choicest blessings wherever you are." The testimonial was accompanied by a choice specimen of the Gurkha knife, the kukri, in a magnificent silver scabbard.

Loders, Dottery & Askerswell

Harvest Services. To some people it may seem that we are keeping harvest festival rather late this year, but the harvest itself is late, and there is no point in singing "All is safely gathered in" when it is not. Askerswell and Dottery have just finished their harvest, but, at the time of writing, Upton, our biggest grower of grain, has still many acres to garner. Uploders Chapel will begin the round of thanksgivings with a service at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, September 30th, and this will be followed by a sale of produce on Tuesday, October 2nd at 7.30 p.m. Dottery thanksgiving will be on Friday, October 5th, at 7.30 p.m., and will continue at Holy Communion on the following Sunday at 9 a.m. (Dottery please note the time). Askerswell harvest will be on Sunday, October 7th, with Holy Communion at 10 a.m. and evensong at 7 p.m. The harvest at Loders will be on Sunday, October 14th, with services at the usual times, and an evensong at 6.30 p.m. A request by the Askerswell Young Farmers that they might attend the 6.30 evensong, and read the lessons, has been readily granted, and seats will be reserved for them. They attended harvest thanksgiving at Dorchester last year. The desire this year is to be in their own locality.

Harvest Lore. The breathing spaces on the harvest field when the toilers pause for rest are a great time for reminiscences of years gone by. At Higher Pymore they were recalling and laughing over a couple of incidents connected with the custom of villagers growing their lines of potatoes alongside each other's and the farmer's in the latter's field. They recalled how Old So-and-So threatened to "do himself in" when he discovered, after hours of digging and backache, that the potatoes he had got out were not his, but a neighbour's. They also recalled how another villager, before going home, covered over his sacks of potatoes and his tools with a mountain of potato haulms to keep off the night dew, and how next morning, the farmer, seeing the heap, thought it was for a bonfire, and ordered his men to add the rest of the haulms to it, and burnt the lot. That veteran son of the soil, Mr. George Legg, was telling how, on Good Fridays, the men had to work in the morning and go to church in the afternoon. If they did not go to church they got no pay for the morning's work. And that, quoth George, was as things should be.

There are sixteen candidates for the Confirmation which the Bishop of Sherborne is holding in Loders Church on Sunday October 7th at 3 p.m. Of these, seven are Loders, six Dottery and three Askerswell. Just as we talk of the sun rising and setting when it is really the earth that does the moving, so we talk of the Bishop confirming when it is really the candidates who do the confirming. They confirm the action of their godparents in making them junior members of the church, and take upon themselves the duties of full membership. The Bishop imparts the Church's blessing.

The Return of a Native. A gentleman wearing an abridged version of the American ten-gallon hat, and a lady, have been seen in Askerswell of late, and their presence has provoked speculation as to who they might be. The man is Mr. William Marsh, third son of Mrs. Martha Marsh, of Hembury, and the lady is his daughter. Mr. Marsh migrated from Askerswell to the United States at the age of sixteen and this is the first time he has been home for twenty-six years. The occasion of this visit is a sad one; for his wife died recently, and he sold his farm and thought he would look up his people in England before settling to the smaller farm he has bought in New York State. Mr. Marsh has two children. The son is married, and the daughter is a nurse. Mr. Marsh and his daughter are here till early November. They are in process of calling on their large circle of relations, and even hope to see some friends in Scotland. Although Mr. Marsh's 81 year-old mother had not seen him since he was a boy of sixteen, she had, she says, no difficulty in recognising him because "he is more like his father than the others." As a visitor to England the thing that struck Mr. Marsh most was its lush greenness. His own farm had been burnt up by a pitiless sun, and he had been feeding winter fodder to his stock. As a visitor to Askerswell, the thing that struck him most was the decline in population, notably at Spyway. When he left Askerswell the population of Spyway was fifty, and now, when Commander Lumby and his son are away, it is five. At the church Mr. Marsh was impressed by the beautification wrought in the chancel by Miss Edwards' needlework, and he noted that automation had dispensed with the office of organ blower, which he himself had held on a stipend of one shilling per week. But, says Mr. Marsh, that there shilling would buy what five won't now.

The Sick. Mrs. Roper, of Dottery, has successfully undergone an operation at Weymouth and is home again. Mr. Newbury has made excellent progress in the Weymouth Eye Infirmary and hopes to be home any day now. Mr. Irons, of Uploders, after a brief spell of work, has had to return to Dorchester Hospital, but not for long, it is hoped. Mr. Jack Crabb and family are leaving Upton at Michaelmas to work on a farm in Martins-town. He had been at Upton for ten years. He will be remembered for his sense of

humour, and for a unique laugh which could set everybody else laughing about nothing. Mr. Raymond Crabb, his younger son, was an ardent skittler. As skittles are coming increasingly to be relied on to keep solvent churches, young farmers' clubs, political associations, village halls and public houses, these will view Raymond's departure with dismay, though he promises that skittles will always bring him back.

To be or not to be. The whist drive season at Askerswell will open on Wednesday, October 10th. It may also close the same day, for the Community Club, who run the drives, want to settle the future of them. Last season they were poorly supported, made only a few shillings profit, and seemed hardly to be worth the work put into them by one or two enthusiasts. The Askerswell whist drive is an institution of several years' standing, mellowed by memories of pleasant evenings innocently spent in the agreeable company of one's neighbours. This journal, for one, would be sorry to see its demise. Anything that helps to nourish the corporate life of a village is valuable, and this the whist drive certainly did.

That authentic son of Dorset, Mr. Billy Baggs, has lately been forced by indifferent health and advancing years to reduce his farming in Uploders to the keeping of a few chickens and pigs. Most of the land of the farm has lately been sold, and the stock also, but he will stay on in the house. The decision to stay on will give general satisfaction, for his twenty-five years of farming in Uploders and his rugged individuality have made him part and parcel of the local scene. When our reporter called on Mr. Baggs he was sitting on a barrel, bending over his stick and, of course, wearing the ancient hat that Uploders thinks he must wear to bed because they have never seen him without it. Mr. Baggs was chuckling at having scored a point off the doctor. "It were like this," he said - "the doctor fixed a thing like a milking machine on me arm, and pumped, and looked at a little clock. Then he looks at me an' sez, 'Baggs,' he sez, 'your pressure be up a bit. You must stop takin' salt.' I looks straight at 'im, an' I sez 'Can you tell me 'ow I can stop takin' salt? I don't touch the stuff-an' never 'ave. That put the doc in a flummox, I can tell 'ee," concluded Mr. Baggs, with a fruity chuckle. "Did the doctor tell you to stop taking this?" asked our reporter, with a nod towards the hogsheds ranged round the cider press. "That's just where I 'ad 'im again," said Mr. Baggs, "I stopped meself, months ago, because I found a glass of Guinness at Mr. Graves's agreed with me tubes better." We cannot think how this defection of the master cider-maker of Loders will be taken by the cider drinkers.

The Monday night lectures by Mr. Kimber have begun in Askerswell school-room and will continue until Christmas. The company of the lectured find this a most pleasant way of imbibing knowledge, and, not being a closed shop, welcomes anybody else who cares to join.

Rising costs have posed a problem for Loders and Askerswell in respect of their village schools. Loders has been paying an annual premium of £10, and Askerswell one of £7, to the Voluntary Schools Association, and in return the Association has paid the insurances and the normal repairs for which the parishes are liable. Both schools have gained handsomely under this arrangement. They have received very much more than they have paid in, because the Association derives income not only from the premiums, but from big educational charities. But the huge rise in building costs landed the Association with a deficit of £2,500 last year, and the Association proposes to increase its income by doubling the premiums. We feel sure that Loders and Askerswell will agree to this, and raise the extra money, if only because there is no reasonable alternative.

SERVICES IN OCTOBER.

LODERS. 7th, Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Confirmation - 3
14th, Harvest Festival, Holy Communion - 8 & 11.45, Matins - 11,
Children - 2, Evensong - 6.30.
21st, Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.
28th, Holy Communion - 8, Matins - 11, Children - 2.

ASKERSWELL 7th, Harvest Festival, Holy Communion - 10, Evensong - 7.
14th, Matins - 10; 21st, Evensong - 7; 28th, Matins - 10.

DOTTERY 5th, Harvest Festival - 7.30; 7th, Harvest Festival, Holy Communion - 9.
14th, Evensong - 3; 21st, Evensong - 3; 23rd Evensong - 6.30.