

PARISH NOTES (JULY, 1957)  
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

Land of their fathers. This is the season when Americans, Australians and South Africans visit their ancestral homes in England. It is not unusual these days to see expensive cars drawn up outside Loders Church, to hear rich Yankee voices issuing from behind the churchyard yews, or to find the sons of Uncle Sam on the tops of altar tombs, taking snapshots of the church, and declaring it to be a "vurry cute li'll ole place". If you happen to be the person, you heed these warning noises and take cover; if you do not, you will find yourself picking your way through a jungle of family relationships in the parish registers with an excited American who would gladly keep you at it for a week. Nevertheless, you are glad to see him at church on Sunday, to hear of his enjoyment of the service, and you can safely show him round when you know you will be at Dottery at three. Our overseas visitors have included cousins of Mr. George Randall, namely Professor and Mrs. Satterly, of Toronto, and Mrs. Babcock, of Los Angeles. The former come to England every two years, and one wonders whether that is often enough, seeing that a haircut in Toronto costs 7/6d. Mrs. Babcock is not so frequent a visitor - she was last in England when she was two. The party was brought over to Loders by another cousin, Mr. Roland Gent, the memory of whom is still green in Loders. One of the Americans taking photographs in the churchyard was Mrs. Barrick, of Stillman Valley, Illinois. She is a descendant of the John and Jane Bishop who flourished in Loders c. 1800. Her zest for photographs and for discovering the history of the church had, she confessed, an ulterior motive. When she gets back to Stillman Valley she would not be allowed to stay there unless she gave the local Women's Bright Hour an illustrated lecture on her English tour, to be repeated to the other eleven societies to which she belongs. Mr. Fred Taylor has had a sister from Canada, Mrs. Teague, staying with him in Uploders. She comes to England every ten years, and this time she came in a plane specially chartered for their staff by the Toronto store for which she works.

The Day of the Year. Preparations are well in hand for the fete at Loders Court on Saturday, August 3rd, and if you have not yet had a charming beggar on your doorstep asking for goods to furnish the stalls, then the pleasure is still to come. There is something to be said for direct giving to the old parish church, which is the mother of us all, but there is still more to be said for combining the giving with the fun of a village fete, and the fete is now the last bit of home-made gaiety remaining to us. The Bernard Gale troupe of dancers, whose style was rather cramped by showers last year, have eagerly consented to come again, and shew us what they can do. This will be in the afternoon. There will also be ample opportunities for the entire family to exercise its skill - mother, father and offspring - for we hear murmurs of pram derbys and pie parades, whatever they may be. In the early evening there will be a show by a concert party from Bridport Industries, at the Court. This will be in place of the social at the Hut. The fete will be preceded by a week of skittles at the Loders Arms, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osborne.

To nurse the Esquimaux. Miss Dorothy May Fooks, daughter of Mrs. Fooks, of Askerswell Post Office, is sailing for Labrador in August. She has signed a two-year contract on the hospital staff of the Grenfell Mission, and so fulfils a lifelong ambition to be a missionary nurse, although it is Esquimaux she will be nursing, amid ice and snow, and not black people in tropical Africa, as was her original intention. Miss Fooks trained at the Weymouth General Hospital, and duly qualified as a State Registered Nurse, a Queen's Nurse, and a Health Visitor. For the past five years she has been working at Hawkesbury Upton, in Gloucestershire, and has always been in her place in Askerswell Church when at home. In these days of self-seeking it is an inspiration to see a most valuable member of our community giving her skill and care to humanity much less fortunate than ourselves. The people among whom she will be working are not in our happy position of having a state health service on tap.

Baby News. The infant daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L.C. Stewart, of Nine Bottles, was baptised Fiona Elizabeth at Askerswell Church; and the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Woods, of Yondover, was baptised Katrina Caroline in Loders Church. A second daughter has been born to Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Crabb, of Yondover.

An invitation. All who are interested in Loders School are asked to an "open day" at the school on July 24th, beginning at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Hine and her pupils are busy preparing an entertainment of dancing, physical training, recitations and a play. The more people they have to watch them, the better they will be pleased. Light refreshments will be served.

Much Sympathy will be felt for Mr. George Hyde, of Uploders, whose mother, Mrs. Adelaide Beatrice Hyde, died recently in Bridport Hospital. She was a sister of Mr. Charlie Gale, Mrs. Harry Crabb and Mrs. Hilton. Her home was at Burton Bradstock, but she was brought back to Loders, her birthplace, for burial.

Mrs. Cecil Marsh, of Higher Pymore, has kindly undertaken responsibility for the Dottery stall at Loders fete, and will welcome contributions. The proceeds of this stall will go towards the cost - which is very substantial - of the recent renovation of Dottery Church.

Sunday School Activities. The elder children of Loders Sunday School celebrated Whitsun, the birthday of the Christian Church, with a picnic on Eggardon; and the tiny tots and their parents had tea and games on the Vicarage lawn. At the invitation of the chapel steward, the Sunday School attended the anniversary service of the Uploders Chapel, and



contributed musical items to the programme.

A coachload of our Mothers' Union went to the deanery festival at Toller, which was so crowded with mothers that the service had to be relayed to those who could not get into the church, and tea had to be divided between the village hall and the vicarage lawn. The sermon was preached by a Franciscan friar from the neighbouring friary at Hook. A professional bachelor, in the rough brown habit of the Franciscans, might seem an odd choice of a speaker for mothers, but the mothers found to their delight that he knew as much about home life as they, and could make the truths of religion homely and real.

Newcomers to Uploders. The farm cottage lately occupied by Mrs. Steele is now the home of Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Watts and their baby Rosemary. Mr. Watts has joined the staff of Upton, having served three years with the Forces in Germany. He is a native of Beaminster, and his wife of Maiden Newton.

A Birthday Party. Our local Women's Institute celebrated their tenth birthday by inviting Litton Cheney W.I. to a party. The birthday cake had been made by Mrs. Knight, and we can vouch personally for its excellence - although we ourselves, being of the superior sex, are not W.I. Mrs. Harry Legg and Mrs. Carver gave us a piece for seeing them home after the party. (We leave our readers to guess whether it was themselves or their load of W.I. utensils that they were glad to have seen home).

Loders' Choice of a patron saint when they built their parish church was Mary Magdalene, whose day is July 22nd. Loders feast, the fair which for centuries was associated with Mary Magdalene's day, is now only a childhood memory of some of our octogenarians, but we still keep the Sunday nearest Mary Magdalene - July 21st this year - as our dedication festival. It is sometimes said that strangers who look on the beauty of our church for the first time appreciate it more than we who live round it. But we can give the lie to this by crowding the ancient place on July 21st to thank God for it. In Loders Church we have a treasure without price.

Folk Dancing at Bovington. Loders and Askerswell schools were among the three thousand children who attended the County folk dancing festival at Bovington. The day was hot, and our young people to the number of forty-nine made the journey in a thirty-five seater bus, but they thoroughly enjoyed themselves - Askerswell School sports are on July 25th at 2.15 p.m., and everybody is welcome.

An Eye-opener. In that mood of despondency which can afflict thoughtful people at times, the Psalmist once said "There is not one godly man left; the faithful are minished from among the children of men". And that is exactly how the faithful feel now, on occasion. But those of Loders and Askerswell who joined the recent pilgrimage to Glastonbury came back electrified by their experience. They found Glastonbury crowded with thousands, upon thousands of fellow members of the Church of England who had come to worship in the place where the first church in England was built. "I had no idea there were so many churchpeople", said an Askerswell pilgrim. Which is a reminder that when Elijah, in a welter of self pity, said he was the only one left who had not forsaken God, God replied "I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed to Baal".

#### Services in July

<u>LODERS:</u>	7th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
	14th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	21st.	Dedication Festival, H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
	22nd.	St. Mary Magdalene, Children 9: H.C. 10.
	28th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
<u>ASKERSWELL:</u>	7th.	Evensong 6.30.
	14th.	Matins 10.
	21st.	Evensong 6.30.
	28th.	H.C. 10.
<u>DOTTERY:</u>	7th.	H.C. 9.30.
	14th.	Evensong 6.30.
	21st.	Evensong 3.
	28th.	Evensong 3.



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Loders Fete. We hear from those who have relatives coming to stay with them for the August holiday that these relatives welcome the coincidence of their holiday with the fete. As the fete is really the parish-get-together of the year, it is the ideal place for renewing old acquaintances, and its home-made amusements are a welcome change from the usual dietary. Some fete-goers aver that when the weather is kindly, they are amply entertained simply to sit there on the lawn of the paternal manor house and browse over the pleasant scene. We are lucky to have had for many years a manorial lord and lady who make the parish so free of their home, and are old fashioned enough to enjoy being like the old woman who lived in the shoe. If you notice any men of the parish looking pensive these days, you can be reasonably sure that they are figuring out where to find an old pram. The fete is to include a "Pram Derby", in which devoted husbands, pushing their wives in a pram, will race each other. The school children are busy devising themselves as competing street vendors, and the good cooks are preparing for a musical procession of pies. Mr. Bernard Gale's dancers will no longer be wondering how they will get to the fete to entertain us, now that the bus strike is over. The charge that is made to adults for admission to the fete is to save the trouble of charging for the entertainment. Our good friends the performers like to feel they are making a tangible contribution to the financial object of the fete. Several of the July fetes in this neighbourhood have had the misfortune to be damped down and extinguished by unfeeling showers, which has posed the question, What shall we do if it rains? When one has faith that it will be fine, one does not carry an umbrella, so we have no wet weather arrangements. If it rains, we shall carry on at the Court to the best of our ability.

A nice Gesture. A member of Dottery congregation who had been putting by her odd pence has now handed it to Mrs. Cecil Marsh to use as change on the Dottery stall at Loders Fete. It is the best part of £2.

A tip for the hard-up. There is skittling each night this week for various prizes at the Loders Arms. The top scorers each night will play off on Saturday night for £5.

Ringers at large. To choose Dartmoor for an outing, as our ringers did, is usually to cause that shy lady to blanket herself in fog and drizzle, but this time she elected to beam on them, and give them more than a glimpse of her beauty. Perhaps she was in this mood because she knew her guests were not in the best condition to admire her, they having been kept awake the night before by thunder and lightning, and had recourse early on the trip to sedatives frowned on by the Band of Hope. At Plymouth they were recovered enough to enjoy the sunshine and the new city centre that has arisen from the ashes of the old. Those who had had the unwisdom to bring their wives were hustled off to the sales, and came back to the coach weighted down with bargains and looking decidedly wiser. At Torquay the company bestowed its patronage on a variety show, and one of them, a son of the soil, won a smart leather briefcase, suitable for carrying sermons. The return journey to Loders was less melodious than usual. Obviously the previous night's disturbances had left an arrears of sleep to be made up. Nobody remembered to thank Mr. George Hyde for his efficient arrangement of the outing, and only one commended his skill in bringing together so many staunch supporters of the Exchequer under one roof.

Askerswell Bell Fund has been enriched by a donation of £5 from Mrs. Battershell, of Shipton Hill Farm, and her sister Mrs. Young, of Ashington. The donation is in memory of their mother, the late Mrs. Williams, who had a long and happy connection with Askerswell, and whose husband had been captain of the ringers.

The affection that the people of Loders and Askerswell have for their village schools was shewn when both schools had an "open day" to mark the end of term. A concourse of mothers and friends, and all the babies of the parish, gathered in Loders playground, under the benign eye of Boarsbarrow, to watch the children do gymnastics and folk dancing, and hear their recitations. Each round of applause frightened some of the babies and touched off a round of crying, but the total effect was a large and cheerful noise which left the performers and their teacher, Mrs. Hinde, in no doubt of the satisfaction they were giving. The Vicar apologised for the absence in London of the chairman of the managers, Sir Edward Le Breton, and asked Lady Le Breton to propose the thanks. This she did charmingly, suggesting that the people of Loders might emulate certain other villages by doing the old folk dances along the village street. She herself might be induced to give a lead. With this idea to ponder, the company went into the classroom to inspect the children's books, and then had tea. At Askerswell the "open day" began with sports on the playing field. The afternoon was warm and sunny, and resulted in a most pleasing concentration of parents, friends, ex-pupils, and all the young life of the village. The children were delighted to have watching them three of The Ladies, whose loyalty remains though they themselves have left the village. As soon as the running and jumping had ended, The Ladies made a welcome issue of chocolate and sixpences, and an adjournment was made to the classroom, where Mrs. Willmott presented the prizes,



and congratulated the children and their teacher, Miss McCombie, on the excellent performance. After inspection of the children's books, everybody went into the playground for tea under the kindly oak, and so ended a very happy afternoon.

Now we know! Mother, explaining things to her child in Dorchester market: "That black and white one there is a bull. Black and whites are always bulls".

The Askerswell and Loders Wolf Cubs won the shield at the recent Bridport district rally. In their present form the pack are a new entity, and this success has given them a fillip.

Dottery has lost a regular member of the congregation and a very pleasant neighbour by the departure of Mrs. Dowsett. She has gone to live in Hastings, leaving a generous contribution to the fete stall.

We have heard it said that if you see chocolates made, you will never eat another, but this is clean contrary to the experience of our Women's Institute, whose summer outing was an inspection of Fry's factory at Bristol. Samples of what they saw being made were offered them, and gladly eaten, in every department, and nobody refused the selection box with which they were speeded on their homeward journey after a sumptuous tea in the canteen. Their only regret seems to be that chocolate is not more amenable to smuggling; for it shewed an over-ready tendency to melt and combine with photographs and compacts in handbags. So fascinating was the tour that the ladies were oblivious of their feet until the guide told them they had walked two and a half miles in the factory, but there was no oblivion about their figures among the rounder ladies when they reached a narrow stairway, and were advised by the guides to descend sideways.

The comment of our most distinguished reader on our paragraph last month about the W.I. celebrating their tenth birthday was: "Tenth birthday my foot! Feminine vanity! They must be at least forty". And so, we suppose, they are, if they be dated from when they began. The ladies prefer to date themselves from when they revived.

The long stone path which helps to make the approach to Loders Church so beautiful, has been re-laid by Mr. William Gill, of Uploders, and evokes much praise from the people who use it. He has also repaired the altar tombs which needed it, and the churchyard is now in apple-pie order, except that the moles still contrive their unsightly mounds. Our churchyard moles are a law to themselves. They spring every trap without getting in it, and they seem to appreciate an occasional dosage of arsenicated worms. A recent article in "Country Life" gave the times of day when moles of sober and righteous habits throw up their mounds and can be rewarded with a heavenly crown, but our moles are nonconformists whose times of mound-making are when nobody is about. Anybody who can think of a solution has the freedom of the churchyard to try it out.

The late Mr. Albert William Makewell, who died at the North Middlesex Hospital in June, at the age of sixty, was cremated at Enfield, and his ashes were interred in one of the Studley family graves at Dottery. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Rhenish. He had been a regular visitor to Dottery over many years, and was hoping to retire there. Ill health had obliged him to have several operations. He leaves a widow.

The Village Pound at Askerswell is being tidied up by Mrs. Aylmer, Miss Edwards, Miss McCombie and Mr. Swaffield; and Mrs. Adams has made a professional looking signboard for it. Their motive is purely antiquarian, and has nothing to do with the recent urge of some of the local cattle to stray. What was once the old pound of Loders is now a pretty garden with a well in it that looks romantic enough to be a wishing well. Bradpole pound has been less lucky, even if it is more used. Night by night it stables an Adam Lythgoe lorry.

#### Services in August

LODERS:            4th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.  
                     11th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.  
                     18th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.  
                     25th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.

ASKERSWELL:    4th. Evensong 6.30.  
                     11th. Matins 10.  
                     18th. Evensong 6.30.  
                     25th. H.C. 10.

DOTTERY:        4th. H.C. 9.30.  
                     11th. Evensong 6.30.  
                     18th. Evensong 3.  
                     25th. Evensong 3.

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STOP PRESS - It's catching. To-day we have a strike on our own hands - the Concert Party has announced that it will not be putting on the variety concert promised. At this late hour it will be almost impossible to replace them.