

April in February. The prolonged spell of mild wet weather has led the unwary to think that winter is done with and spring is here. The fields are a rich green, the honeysuckle is in leaf, and the primroses, the violets and the wild daffodils have come on so fast that it is being asked whether there will be any left for Easter. English seasons are unpredictable, and spring may or may not be here, but Easter certainly is not here yet. Lent has to come first, and it arrives without fail on Ash Wednesday. Lent is a summons to everybody - the children, the youths, the middle aged and the old - to begin their work in the Lord's vineyard. None is too early and none is too late. Like Samuel, a child can serve the Lord from the earliest years. Like St. Augustine, an adult can say "Late have I loved thee". All that matters is that each works well, and now is the time for new effort, that we may bring forth much fruit in readiness for Easter, the Queen of Seasons and the Spring of Souls.

Askerswell School Centenary. The proposal that the hundredth birthday of the school should be marked by a celebration has been warmly approved. Past pupils (of no matter what vintage), and present, will meet in church for a service at 2 p.m. on March 25th. They will go from church to school for a party, consisting of country dancing, games and tea. It is a pity that parties have to be paid for, but this is where the inevitable jumble sale comes in. A nucleus of saleable goods was bequeathed the school by our late lamented Ladies when they changed homes, and this is being added to daily by other wellwishers. The sale will be in the school on Saturday, March 9th, beginning at 2 p.m.

The Haunted Church!!! One dark night last month a Dottery housewife looked out of her cottage door and saw the church lighted up. It was late, and it was a week night, when there was no service. When she got to the church she found it locked. When she unlocked the door, she found nobody within. She switched off the lights and departed. Later she observed that the lights were on again. She began to feel afraid, and suspecting supernatural agencies, went to a churchwarden. Churchwardens are nothing if not "of the earth, earthy", and this one suspected some practical joker. He switched off, and was pondering the matter in church next day when the lights came on of their own accord. The pious would have thought this a matter for parson with bell, book and candle, but our churchwarden got on to Southwestern Electricity, who concluded that the electrical system of Dottery Church had been rendered somewhat jittery by the recent hammerings of carpenters on the roof.

In Hospital. Mr. Fred Taylor, of Uploders, had the misfortune to get some powdered cement into his eyes at work. For a time his sight seemed to be in great danger, but thanks to the efforts of the Weymouth Eye Infirmary there is a chance of most of it being saved. Mr. Taylor's boundless good nature has made him very popular, and this news will be welcomed by everybody. Mr. Parker, of Dottery, seems a little better after his operation at Dorchester, and Mrs. Darby is now back home at Welplot, looking none the worse for having been rushed to Dorchester in the night. Mr. Day, of Pymore, is making some progress at Portwey.

A letter to the Editor. "Dear Sir - I write as one who has a long and happy connection with Loders. I was married in Loders Church to the twin sister of Elston Paul. We always look forward to our visits to see family and friends, but whilst in London one of the things we look forward to most is to receive our copy of your interesting and amusing Parish Notes. Today (Feb. 12th) I had an experience which I thought might make a story for a future edition. As a London taxi-driver I was hailed this morning to drive a lady and a gentleman and their son to Buckingham Palace for the Investiture. I recognised them as Mr. and Mrs. Laskey and Master Edward, but they did not know me. It was quite a coincidence that out of all the thousands of London taxi drivers Mrs. Laskey should hail me, whose first visit to Loders in 1921 was made possible by her father, Sir Edward Le Breton. Yours sincerely, Arthur Hostler, Clapham Common, London".

Green Winter - Full Churchyard. In five days of February we had four funerals; Mrs. Elizabeth Marsh and Mrs. Elizabeth Symes at Loders, and Miss Martin and Mrs. Williams at Askerswell. Only one of the four had died in the parish, and she was Mrs. Marsh, who had been born in Loders, and lived all her life here. Mrs. Symes, who died in Aillington, was the widow of the market gardener who cultivated a plot near the Old Mill of Loders. Miss Martin died at Charminster. Before retiring to Askerswell, she and her twin sister (who predeceased her) had been teachers of art at the famous girls' school of Roedern. Several Askerswell and Loders homes treasure pictures of local scenes that the Miss Martins painted. Mrs. Williams, who died at Shipton Hill Farm, was one of the large clan of Marshes, who attended her funeral in strength. Her husband had farmed at Hembury and Medway, and had once been captain of the ringers. Loders congregation will miss two septuagenarians who have lately passed to their rest, General Shepherd, of Hove, and the mother of Mr. Thomas Rudd, who died at Sidmouth. General Shepherd was a

familiar figure in the chancel on his annual visit to Lodgers Court, and Mrs. Rudd rarely missed service when she was staying at Corfe.

Major and Mrs. Tolley and their son have left the house in New Road, Uploders, and returned to the cottage in the Cotswolds which they left when they came to Dorset. The fate of many a lovely flower is to bloom unseen. It is being whispered that the comic acting by members of the W.I at their monthly meetings is exoruciatingly funny, the best thing in entertainment that has ever been seen here. But only a fraction of the local population have the pleasure of seeing it, and no male may look on it and live. If hearsay be true, there has been a pageant of the years, from the cradle to the grave. Mrs. Knight has been a most winsome baby in a pram, Mrs. Wells a youthful ballet dancer, Mrs. Harry Legg a pigtailed schoolgirl, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Spencer young-men-a-courting, Miss McCombie a blushing bride, Mrs. B. Osborne one of those engaging ladies out of Country Life who still ride side-saddle, and our perennially youthful Mrs. Mabel Grabb as Age, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything.

Fete versus Gift Day. There is still work needing to be done on the exterior of Lodgers Church and in the churchyard. The question was posed at the Church Council as to how the money should be raised, by a gift day or by the customary fete. The voting was eleven to seven in favour of the fete, on the ground that it spread the giving more widely, and was more fun, although it was also more work.

Television Artist. Lodgers people flocked to their own or their neighbour's television sets to see Mr. Roy Taylor, of Uploders, give an account of his five thousand mile cycle ride to the Sahara and back. The television appearance must have been more of an ordeal than the ride, but Roy came through it well. He now thinks highly of the B.B.C., who housed and fed him well, conveyed him to the studio, and gave him three guineas to boot - all for two or three minutes on the screen.

Askerswell Log Book: More Extracts. Our last month's account of the Askerswell school log book aroused so much interest that we herewith dip into it further. Ex-pupils of the school now in middle or old age who are fearful of what the book might say about them, may rely on the Editor's discretion, provided their generous support of school and church continues. "Alfred Mabey was taken away from this school, his parents intending to send him to school at Lodgers, where, it is to be hoped, he will be better behaved". "Mrs. J. Miller, the wife of a retired coast-guardsmen, being in the parish, has engaged to attend in the afternoon school hours to instruct and superintend the girls in needlework at a salary of 2/6d per week". "The children had their annual treat of tea and cake at the Rectory. Knives, needle-cases and thimbles were given to all who had completed 250 attendances in the past year". "Two little children, William and Mabel Vine, came for the first time this week from Nallers, but it is almost too far for such small ones to come". "The two Vines' names were omitted, as they only attended four times in as many weeks". "A new harmonium was placed in the schoolroom". "Owing to the lateness of the harvest, which has not yet commenced (Aug. 13th), the school will not break up for the holidays just yet". "Mrs. Fox (Rector's wife) gave the children their first singing lesson. As a rule, Thursday afternoon from 4.30 to 5 p.m. will be the time devoted to singing". "Harvest holidays will begin on Aug. 27th". "School was re-opened (Sep. 29th), but with a very small attendance, the leasing not being finished yet". "The children seem to take to the singing lessons, but the harmonium suffers from the damp and the changes of weather. The gentleman of whom it was bought promised to keep it in order for a year gratis, but hitherto he has not looked at it". "Two more boys from Luke White's family were entered on the books. In consequence of the number now attending from that family, the school managers have allowed the five children to come for 6d per week". (To be continued).

Services in March

Loders:
3rd. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
Ash Wednesday. Children 9: Communion 10.
10th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
17th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
24th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
31st. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Mothering Service 2.

Askerswell:
3rd. Evensong 6.30.
Ash Wednesday. 11.
10th. Matins 10.
17th. H.C. 10.
24th. Evensong 6.30.
31st. Matins 10.

Dottery:
3rd. H.C. 9.30.
Ash Wednesday. Communion 7.30.
10th. Evensong 3.
17th. Evensong 6.30.

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

Three Reporters, with their cameras, descended on the centenary celebrations of Askerswell School, and took enough photographs to fill the National Gallery. This is some indication of the interest that the event kindled over a big area. The great day fell on a Monday, and rain was falling too, but young pupils of five, and old pupils of eighty, with school managers, and friends from far and near, two former teachers in Miss Robinson and Miss Sellers, and a former manager in Miss Wilkinson, who had come all the way from Essex - these thronged Askerswell Church for a thanksgiving service. The lesson was read by the present mistress, Miss McCombie, whose discovery of the log book containing the history of the school, and whose enthusiasm, had enabled the centenary to be observed. In his sermon, the Rector pointed out that the people of Askerswell in 1857 saw the need of education and started their own school at a time when the State was doing next to nothing about education and had not provided a single school. He suggested that the lesson to be learnt from this was, when you see a thing wants doing, do it yourself, and do not wait for somebody else to do it. With the strains of "Onward Christian soldiers" still in their ears, the congregation made from the church to the school, where there was country dancing by the present pupils, and the ceremonial cutting by the youngest and the oldest ex-pupil of a birthday cake, so beautifully made by Mrs. Adams that many thought the slaying of it a crime - until they tasted it. Mrs. Herbert Bartlett had sent over old photographs of the school and its pupils, and these gave the veterans something to talk about for hours. Neither was the talk unfruitful; Mr. Fred Marsh got his old class mate, Mr. Ernest Welch, so interested in the bells, of which they were once ringers together, that when Mr. Welch returned home to Weymouth he posted Mr. Marsh £3 towards the bell fund, expressing a hope that other old pupils would also do something.

Reminiscences. The feelings stirred up in old pupils by the hundredth birthday of the school are nicely put in a letter from Mrs. Minnie Hannam, of Weymouth. She says: "I hoped very much to join your gathering on Monday, but find I cannot manage it after all, so I thought I would write to let you see how interested I am still in my old school, where I and my seven sisters and brothers spent our happy childhood days. I am the youngest of the family, and left school fifty-two years ago. This is a long time, but I remember with affection so much about the dear little village of Askerswell. The Rector for the whole period was Mr. Bryan, with a lovely family of four girls and three boys. Mr. Bryan exchanged livings for a year with a Mr. Lynch, of Australia, who, on Mr. Bryan's return, took a living in London, and one of my sisters went with them as nannie. I remember the really beautiful Rectory, where we used to go for sewing and meetings, and to a hearty breakfast after first Communion following Confirmation; also the well-kept gardens and lawns which each spring were covered with a carpet of crocuses. Each of us sat in the choir as we grew old enough. I cannot say we were very happy having to attend twice each Sunday, with Bible Class or Sunday School in the afternoon, but those were the days when religion meant so much to our beloved parents.....I longed to pay another visit to Askerswell, so my daughter took me there last year. It was grand to go back and recall many happy memories. Of course, as with other places, it has changed, with new buildings everywhere, but there was the dear church, unchanged, the school (which really brought a lump to my throat), the steps leading to it, and the river running through the village. How many times I fell down those steps, and how many times I fell in that river, trying to jump across it with the older children. Also the little running tap just past the school; it was still running after all those years. The post office in those days was in a lovely flower garden opposite the school, and was kept by Mrs. Legg, whose daughter Tottie I remember well.....The row of beech trees near the church, and the little stone stile in a lane leading down to the village itself - I should love to go there again, walk over the same ground, and spend hours there. It is not the same just to drive through; one misses so much. I hope I have not bored you, but I want to put into words all that I feel....No doubt there will be many at the party who were at school with me. Will you remember me very kindly to them all?". Mrs. Hannam's composition, writing and spelling are a credit to the old Askerswell school, and would put to shame much that comes out of our modern schools, built and maintained at such prodigious cost.

Mothering Sunday was well observed by the mothers of young children in Loders.

Scarcely one of them was absent from the special service, and they and their children filled the body of the church. They received little presents that the children had brought to church for them. After service the children went through the village leaving posies at the homes of the sick and aged. The superabundance of spring flowers led to most of the inhabitants falling into this category, for something had to be done with the scores of bunches the children brought. Mothering Sunday brought two great grandmothers, Mrs. Lenthall senior, who is ninety, and Mrs. Bryant, to Loders Church. They went on to Upton, where four generations joined each other for lunch.

The christening of Master Norman James Powell, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell, of Salwayash, entailed a great family gathering in Dottery Church, which included the former organist, now Mrs. Billen, of Toller, and her small daughter. Obituary. Uploders was greatly moved by the sudden death, at the age of 45, of Mr. William (Paddy) Irons. He died at Weymouth, where he was cremated, and his ashes are in Loders Church awaiting final disposal. Mr. Irons and his family came to Uploders from Northamptonshire with Mr. and Miss Newbury, for whose family he had worked since leaving school, and by whom he was greatly esteemed. Mr. Stevens, also of Uploders, died in Herrison Hospital at the age of 80, after a lengthy illness. His career had been varied, ranging from haulage, baking and gardening to dairy farming. He had lived in New Road for fifteen years, and prior to that he had been in Nettlecombe for twenty years. His widow, who is also an octagenarian, intends to move to a niece at Nettlecombe. She will be missed by the local Mothers' Union, whose senior member she was.

The Jumble Sale held at Askerswell in aid of school funds raised the eminently satisfactory sum of £26 in the teeth of appalling weather, and gave those who turned out a most enjoyable afternoon.

Loders Church is in luck by the new owners of Brook House, Uploders, who have just taken up residence there. They are Mr. and Mrs. G. Miller, who have retired from farming after 33 years at Broadorchard Farm, Marshwood. The Rector of Marshwood is greatly lamenting their departure; for although they lived a good four miles from the church, they rarely missed Sunday service, and Mrs. Miller was a tireless church worker. They can be sure of a warm welcome at Loders Church, and of finding their neighbours in Uploders pleasant to live with.

A Cub Pack has been started by Miss McCombie, to serve Askerswell, Loders and Bradpole. It meets in Loders School on Mondays at 5.15, and welcomes recruits of eight and upwards. Miss Edwards, who had valiantly captained both Brownies and Cubs, is now free to concentrate on the Brownies. We are fortunate to have our youngsters in such capable hands.

Changes at Lower Sturthill. After forty years under the Fry family, Lower Sturthill has come into new ownership, and it looks as if Askerswell Church, which has lately lost many staunch supporters by removal, is going to be luckier this time, and to exchange one set of good friends for another. Mr. Edward Fry has moved to a 35 acre holding at Milton Abbas, and with him and his family we have lost his daughter Pam, who has a rare genius for domestic work, and who kept the church clean. His brother, Mr. Frederick Fry, who was in partnership with him, has only moved to another part of our wide ecclesiastical domain. He has taken over Watercleaves from Mr. Waterfall at Dottery, i.e. he has moved out of a 250 acre farm into one of 3½ acres, which means that he will have to walk round Watercleaves a dozen or so times before he can sit down. Dottery will welcome the accession of so strong a pillar of the Church as he and his family. The new owner of Lower Sturthill is Mr. Forbes, who comes from Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, with a wife, two boys and two girls. The children are under nineteen, and the eldest, Elizabeth, is a musician, studying the organ and the harp. Their church in Chalfont will be as sorry to lose them as we are glad to gain them. Mr. Forbes was a sidesman there, and he and his daughter have shewn the quality of their churchmanship by appearing regularly at Askerswell service while they are still in the throes of "moving in". Their new cowman, Mr. Stewart, is getting established at Nine Bottles, which is undergoing a much needed renovation. Mr. Stewart was an agricultural student at Edinburgh University, and he and his wife have a very young baby.

The Easter Services are given below. It may be noted that there is again a 7 a.m. service at Loders to enable mothers of families to make their Easter Communion before breakfast. It is hoped that everybody will attend the Easter vestries - in Loders School on Easter Tuesday at 7.30 p.m., and in Askerswell School the following evening also at 7.30.

Services in April

<u>Loders:</u>	7th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	14th.	Palm Sunday. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	19th.	Good Friday. Litany 9; Devotional 11.	
	21st.	Easter Day. H.C. 7, 8 and 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	28th.	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	7th.	Evensong 6.30.	14th. Palm Sunday. Matins 10.
	19th.	Good Friday. Devotional 10.	
	21st.	Easter Day. H.C. 10; Evensong 6.30.	
	28th.	Matins 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	7th.	H.C. 9.30.	14th. Palm Sunday. Evensong 3.
	19th.	Good Friday. Devotional 7.30.	
	21st.	Easter Day. H.C. 9; Evensong 3.	