

PARISH NOTES (NOVEMBER, 1957)  
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

Will we? At the eleventh hour, on the eleventh day, of the eleventh month, in the year 1918, the Great War came to an end. Our victory begot unspeakable relief rather than exultation, because it was darkly over-shadowed by the millions who had been killed, and the millions who had been bereaved, and the millions who had been maimed for life. We solemnly vowed never to forget the price of war; and of the glorious dead we said, "At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them". But did we? Out of sight so often means out of mind. The memory of the Great War grew dim, and the neatest of the Devil's accomplishments was that of persuading people that he did not exist. Before we knew it, war was upon us again, and if it was less bloody, it was more beastly. It was no longer a respecter of women and children, old people and hospitals. When it ended in 1946 we vowed again never to forget, and again we said, "At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them". But will we? One of our churchwardens, looking through the register after the last Remembrance service, pointed out that the collection for Earl Haig's fund is a little less each year, and the congregation gets a little smaller. The Devil is only too happy for us to go on thinking that he does not exist, and that a third war can be staved off by international agreement. It is he who encourages us to forget. Kipling, with his poet's insight, was aware of this when he wrote his Armistice hymn with the refrain "Lest we forget, lest we forget". War begins in the heart and in the mind, and there alone can it be grappled with and conquered. Let us not forget. The war memorial, which at Askerswell, Dottery and Loders is in God's house, is the only proper place to be at on November 10th (Remembrance Sunday). The remembrance services will be at 10 at Askerswell, 11 at Loders and 6.30 at Dottery.

An Autumn day of great beauty shewed to perfection the harvest festival decorations of Loders Church, which were admired by a large congregation in the morning, and by a really crowded one at night. Beside all the beautiful flowers, there was a big array of corn, which made the chancel look something like a harvest field before the coming of the combine. The village thatcher capped the scene with a corn dolly holding pride of place beneath the chancel arch, and away in a shady corner he had a hayrick, with a jar of cider, a loaf of bread and a truckle cheese for the labourer's lunch. The lady who kindly added a pot of jam could not have known how jam fights rough cider. Canon Dittmer, the Dean Rural, gave the morning congregation a well-earned rest from the Vicar by taking the service and preaching, while the Vicar was trying to do likewise for the Dean's flock at Burton Bradstock. At both morning and evening services the choir sang, with great success, an anthem which the prevailing Asian flu had done its best to extinguish, and the evening lessons were read by members of the Askerswell Young Farmers' Club. On the day following, some visitors chanced on the church in its harvest glory, and one of them sent the Vicar a letter in these terms:- "I recently had the pleasure of driving round parts of West Dorset with friends, calling at your church en route. We were delighted and fortunate to see the church dressed in all its glory for the harvest festival. We all expressed admiration for the labour of love bestowed by all your parishioners, from the very young in the porch to the more mature in the interior. Will you accept a small donation to your church maintenance fund?" The "small donation" was two guineas.

The children of Askerswell School, like Loders children, held their own harvest festival in school, and sent a healthy load of harvest gifts to Port Bredy Hospital. Dottery Church has received a most welcome present in the shape of twenty new combined hymn and prayer books. They are in a large type, which is easy on the eyes, and if anybody should absent-mindedly take one home, "Dottery Church", printed in large gold letters on the outer cover, should ensure a prompt return. The books are from Miss Hayward, of Wooth, in memory of her late sister. Her thought was that the books would match the newly acquired smartness of the church. She may be sure that she has earned the gratitude of the many spectacled worshippers.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fry are in no danger of losing their right to be regarded as the largest suppliers of grandchildren to the ancient font of Askerswell. On Oct. 27th their daughter Norma, of Nallers, brought her baby son to be named Ian Thomas; and their daughter Edna, of Grange Dairy, Dorchester, brought her baby daughter to be named Valerie Joy. As was fitting, they also brought a large congregation to witness the reception of the newcomers into the Church. The Rector much appreciates the kindly thought of Mr. Sidney's family in saving up two or three babies before beseeching a christening.

The Steward of the Uploders Chapel tells us that he, like everybody else, is having to battle with rising costs, and that this year some money raising venture will be necessary to keep chapel accounts "out of the red". A sale of work will be held in the Ex-Servicemen's Hut on December 7th, at 3 p.m. Any gifts could be left with Mrs. Charlie Gale, or Mrs. Pearl Symes.

The rain was emptying down on the last Saturday in October, but merry bells were pealing from Loders tower, and a church full of flowers, fashionable ladies and

gentlemen in tails, was awaiting a wedding. The bride was Miss Susan Anthea Motion, of Gore House, Bradpole, and the bridegroom Mr. John Norman Elliott, of Tittensor, Staffordshire. The bride's family used to live at the Old Mill, Loders, and on their return to these parts, three years ago, they resumed their habit of attending Loders Church, and are on the electoral roll. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott will make their home in Kent.

Change Ringers are always glad of an excuse to practise their art. When some of them learnt that the father of a Loders ringer, Mr. Harry Crabb, was nearing his eighty-fifth birthday, and had himself been a ringer for fifty years, they decided to attempt a quarter peal of Grandsire Doubles in his honour. Mr. Crabb senior lives at Powerstock, but Powerstock lacks one of the six bells needed to make a good job of Grandsire, so the quarter peal was rung on Loders bells, in the hope that the grand old man's hearing might be as good as his walking. When our country correspondent met him swinging along the road to Loders, he pointed out that the Bridport News had made a grave error, and that he wished the universe to know he was eighty-six, and not eighty-five.

"Thic Thur Stay-a-light". One of the delights of pastoral visitation is that it sometimes shews what impact modern science makes on the ancient rustic mind - the Russian satellite, for instance. When the Vicar called on one of the magnificent grannies of Uploders he was met with something like this :- "Now Zur, I be all for this yer science. I always 'ave a said We must move be the times. You should 'ave 'eard what the professor told us on the wireless last night. It were a caution. That there Russian stay-a-light be jist like a gurt white fish, swimmin' round an' round the wurdle. 'Er be stuffed full of powder from 'undreds of pints of dried petrol, and that gives 'er the gee-up and lights 'er up at night. There's a rod what comes up out of 'er nose, and it's the rod what plays the toons. Bain't it wonderful zur? As I sez, We must move be the times".

The Jumble Sale at Loders School measured its strength against a nasty wet afternoon, and won hands down. Mothers and friends battled through the rain to school, and there, in a warm congenial atmosphere, parted company with £14. This will go towards the Christmas party and the school fund. On the following Monday the school learnt that jumble sales have their seamy side; for half the children were away with various forms of Asian flu. Mrs. Hinde struggled on with a bad throat till half term.

There are three new families whom we would like to bid welcome. Mrs. Giles has come to Waynflete, in Loders. She is a native of Gloucestershire, but has been living in Northamptonshire. Her stay in Loders is experimental, to see whether this climate suits her better. She is the proud matriarch of eight grandchildren, half of whom live in South Africa. During the war Mrs. Giles was in charge of training homes for deprived children, five homes in all. The newcomers to Matravers are Mrs. A.J. Masters and her son John. Her family have always been farmers, with experience of Somerset and Wiltshire as well as Dorset. Mrs. Masters' late husband was farming 700 acres at Pokeswell, near Osmington. Matravers, with 74 acres, will be very different. One of Mrs. Masters' four children married Miss White, of Washingpool. The third arrival is Mr. and Mrs. French, with their daughter Pat. Mr. French is by all accounts an excellent cowman, and came with Mrs. Masters from Pokeswell. He has taken the bungalow vacated by Mr. Follett.

The Labourer and his hire. It is fairly common knowledge that churchyard and public cemetery authorities charge extra fees for the burial of non-parishioners. This is to discourage "foreigners" from taking space that the parish is at the expense of providing. Your Vicar, who is usually behind the times (and is not always sorry to be, seeing what the times are), has just discovered that when a non-parishioner is buried in Loders cemetery, the Burial Board charges the relatives one pound for the minister's services, and pays the minister ten shillings; and charges ten shillings for the verger, and pays him five shillings. The Vicar has no quarrel with the Loders Burial Board, because they are only obeying what seems to be ordered by higher authority. But it is a little odd that the Board should make a profit out of the minister. He is not their employee. Indeed, the fact that the cemetery is consecrated gives him some responsibilities there which transcend the Board's. It is odder still that the Board should make a profit out of the verger. All his functions are exercised in church, and he has nothing to do with the cemetery. Here is a nice bone of contention - if our worthy parish councillors need another.

#### Services in November

<u>Loders:</u>	3rd.	H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	10th.	H.C. 8: Remembrance 11: Children 2.	
	17th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	24th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	3rd.	Evensong 6.30.	10th. Remembrance 10.
	17th.	Evensong 6.30.	24th. H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	3rd.	H.C. 9.30.	10th. Remembrance 6.30.
	17th.	Evensong 3.	24th. Evensong 3.

PARISH NOTES (DECEMBER 1957)  
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Some of the shops were dressed up for Christmas at the beginning of November, and one at least had a display of Christmas cards in mid-October. This anxiety of some tradesmen to cash in early on the Christmas spending ought to set us thinking about the true character of Christmas. It all began because on the first Christmas Day God became man, to shew us what God is, and what we must be. The shepherds of Bethlehem had no turkey nor plum pudding, yet their's was a real Christmas because they went to the manger and paid their joyful respects to Him whose birthday it was. If ours is to be a real Christmas, too, we must be like them. The manger is out of reach, but every parish has its house of God, and there God's family should pay their respects on this auspicious day. We in these three parishes shall follow the programme which over the years we have come to like. Loders will have a midnight communion with carols on Christmas Eve; the children will sing carols at the tree in the chancel at 11 on Christmas morning; and there will be the carol service of the nine lessons at 6.30 on the following Sunday evening. Dottery and Askerswell will have communion on Christmas Day at 9 and 10 a.m. respectively; Askerswell will have a carol service on the following Sunday morning; and Dottery will join their mother church of Loders in the evening. At some time before Christmas, Loders choir will be singing carols round the parish in aid of the Church of England Children's Society.

Pulling their weight. The Girl Guides and Brownies of Bridport and District held a Baden-Powell centenary fair in Bridport, which raised the gratifying sum of £72. Askerswell Brownies, who must be the smallest pack in the district, made the biggest contribution, for their stall was responsible for £26 of the grand total. This achievement earned them the hearty congratulations of the G.G. hierarchy. But the Askerswell Brownies are modest about it. They know that most of the credit belongs to their Brown Owl, Miss Edwards, who was making and selling beautiful things long before the fair. And they are not unmindful of the kind supporters of the G.G. in Askerswell who were ready buyers.

Our Remembrance Sunday services left us with a pleasant feeling that we had paid our fallen their meed of homage. A good congregation at Askerswell included a parade of Brownies, and the congregation at Dottery was the largest for this service for some years. At Loders, the new Wolf Cub pack, led by Miss McCombie, held its first church parade. The Cubs were very smartly turned out, and the colour party, which presented the flag at the altar, would not have disgraced the Brigade of Guards. The choir gave a fine rendering of Stainer's All Saints anthem, and the organist (Mr. Tiltman) rounded off the solemn occasion with an impressive Dead March, in "Saul". Before and after the service the ringers rang half-muffled peals, and the flag on the tower was at half-mast. Collections, for Earl Haig's Fund, came to £17.4.2d (Loders £11.12/-, Askerswell £3.2.2d, Dottery £2.10/-).

A Reminder that the sale of work for the Uploders Chapel will be in the Hut on Saturday afternoon, December 7th.

Another boy, making their third, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Scadden, of the Gardener's Arms, Dottery. Mrs. Scadden has made a good recovery, and the new arrival is already much abroad in his pram, getting used to the bracing air of Dottery.

A German baby at Loders font. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Feist, of Fir Tree Cottage, Dorchester Road, whose home is in Eastern Germany, brought their infant son to the children's service at Loders to be christened Stephen Wolfgang. German friends of theirs accompanied them, and it was remarked that their English was more readily recognisable than that of the congregation! Mr. Feist has been working for some years at Chilcombe, where he is highly esteemed. Both he and his wife have become attached to the land of their adoption.

All friends of Askerswell School are invited to a nativity play and concert at the school on Thursday, December 12th, at 2.30 p.m. A collection will be taken to help pay for the ceiling which has been put in the classroom to conserve warmth.

Sputnick Observed. The stolid inhabitants of this part of Dorset have not been falling over themselves to get a look at the Russian sputniks. The County motto being "Whose Afear'd?", they could hardly be expected to. As far as we know, it has been left to a visitor to Loders to take the trouble to behold this marvel of Russian engineering. He is Colonel Francis Le Breton, Sir Edward's brother from Kenya, who has been staying at Loders Court. Noting in his "Times" that the second sputnik would be visible over England at five-thirtyish the following morning, Col. Le Breton contended that everybody ought to seize the opportunity of seeing it. Loders Court is not easily shaken by revolutionary ideas, and this one was received with polite, but uncommitted, interest. In the darkness and cold of the following morning, the Colonel, armed to the teeth with wraps, found that he hadn't to queue for a vantage spot on the lawn. At breakfast, some four hours later, his hosts were mildly surprised to learn that he had lain on his back on the stone balustrade, and had seen the thing go over, dead on time, "just like a shooting star". They were not a little relieved to learn that neither the indoor nor the outdoor staff had been there to see it; for these would also have seen the Colonel's unusual behaviour.

The Women's Institute sale produced about £21 for their funds, and, as always, was honoured by a visit from Santa Claus, who joined the children of the parish in a jolly afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Haines and their two small children have come from Milborne St. Andrew to live at Nine Bottles. Mr. Haines is a farm student, and is working at Lower Sturthill.

It is a good thing for the organisers of sales that the Loders appetite for this kind of fare is insatiable. Close on the heels of the W.I. sale and the Chapel sale, will come the annual nativity play and mission sale of Loders School, and the children have no doubts at all that their effort will be generously supported. It always has been. For one thing, parents know of nothing nicer than to see their children acting, and it is in a good cause. The date is Friday, November 13th, beginning with the play at 5.30 p.m. Mrs. Willmott asks us to say that she would be very grateful for cakes. These are so much quicker to make than garments, and they sell fast.

Loders Cemetery: Burial Fees. In our last number, the Vicar bruited his discovery that the regulations governing Loders Cemetery obliged the Burial Board to charge double fees for the Minister and the Verger in the burial of a non-parishioner, and to keep half of the fee so charged. He maintained that the Board were making a profit out of him and the Verger, and that this was somewhat questionable. The matter was raised at a parish meeting the other night, and it seems that the meeting came down on the side of the Burial Board and not of the angels. The meeting directed the Clerk to send the Vicar a letter, and he has received the following: "At the recent parish meeting I was asked to write you about your recent Parish Notes, where you stated it was odd that the Board should make a profit out of the Minister and the Verger. The meeting asked me to write and enquire if you would be kind enough to state in your next Notes that the Burial Board do not make a profit out of the double fees charged, but that these are paid by non-parishioners so that the use of the burial ground shall not be a charge on the rates. It is in fact a contribution by a non-ratepayer of the parish towards the maintenance of the burial ground, conveniently made by charging double fees. You will of course be aware that the cost of maintenance of a burial ground in any parish is covered by a special rate to the ratepayers of that parish". The Vicar has sent the Clerk the following reply: "Thank you for your letter of Nov. 19th. Would you kindly tell the parish meeting that their thinking is muddled? If the Board charge their client £1.10/- in respect of the services of Minister and Verger, and pay Minister and Verger 15/-, they have made a profit of 15/-, even though this profit be devoted to the laudable object of keeping down the rates. In the churchyard we never charge double fees (although a letter from the Deputy Principal of the Church Commissioners, dated Nov. 19th, 1957, says we may receive double fees if we choose). We do not see that the Board have a right to charge in our names a sum which we have not asked for and do not receive. And we still think it odd that the Home Office, which is the ultimate authority for all rate-borne cemeteries, should allow the ministers of Bridport to have the entire double fee charged in Bridport cemetery, and yet deprive the minister of Loders of half of his. We are not concerned for the cash, which is very little, but with the principle. May I repeat that the quarrel is not with the Loders Burial Board, but with the regulations. May I also say that I am deeply grateful for the courtesy and helpfulness that you as Clerk have shewn me at all times?".

A son has been born to Mrs. Ernest Crabb, of Uploders, in Portwey Hospital, Weymouth. At the time of writing, he was in an oxygen tent, but high hopes were entertained of him. Mrs. Crabb was making a good recovery.

"Court" Party. Lady Le Breton would like it known that the children's Christmas party will be on Saturday, December 21st, at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. Ward, of Uploders, is in Portwey Hospital with a fractured femur, the result of a skid when he was returning from Cerne Abbas on his motor bike, at night. He managed to ride the bike home, but it needed the help of neighbours to get him off.

#### Services in December

##### LODERS:

1st. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.  
8th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.  
15th. H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins; Children 2.  
22nd. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.  
Christmas Eve: Carols & Communion, Midnight.  
Christmas Day: H.C. 8; Matins & Children's carols 11.  
29th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2; Service of Nine Lessons 6.30.

##### ASKERSWELL:

1st. Evensong 6.30. 8th. Matins 10.  
15th. Evensong 6.30. 22nd. Matins 10.  
Christmas Day: H.C. 10. 29th. Carols 10.

##### DOTTERY:

1st. H.C. 9.30. 8th. Evensong 6.30.  
15th. Evensong 3. 22nd. Evensong 3.  
Christmas Day: H.C. 9. 29th. Evensong 3.