

Compliments of the Season. We would like to wish our readers a happy new year, and we are thinking not only of the two hundred and ten who cheerfully pay for a copy of the Notes, but the large family scattered all over the world to whom a copy is sent by their friends. We do not know why, but it is pleasant to feel that our simple everyday doings are compassed about by a cloud of invisible witnesses who are deeply interested in us, and that the Notes get as far as the military hospital in Singapore, the farthest reaches of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the steamy jungles of the Amazon. Any pride that the Editor might have in this is sobered by the recollection that once in 1957 the Notes were threatened by a libel action, and that very occasionally they tread on an unsuspected corn. May we plunge into 1958 proclaiming with Peter Quince that "If we offend, it is with our good will"?

Christmas in Church was very happy. The good ladies whose deft fingers change the interior of the church into a Christmas card were at the top of their form. The mild weather seemed to coax everybody to service, and, incidentally, took some of the hazard out of Messrs. David Crabb's and Horace Read's yearly feat of carrying a big decorated Christmas tree from Loders school to the chancel (if a wind does not blow them and the tree over Eggardon, there is always a chance that the bus, sweeping round Church Corner, will take them on the radiator). Askerswell and Dottery had good congregations. Loders was well filled for the midnight service, and again at matins on Christmas Day, when the children delighted the congregation by singing four carols beside the tree, and were rewarded with packets of sweets at the hand of the Enrolling Member of the M.U. (Mrs. Lenthall). It was very cheering to have at all the services old friends who were home for Christmas, which also applies to Askerswell and Dottery. Christmas at Loders ended, as usual, with an evening carol service. Whole families turned out, perhaps to hear one of their number read a lesson, and favourite carols were sung with gusto. Church collections during the eight days of Christmas came to about £34. Our readers will forgive this exposure of the business side; but the running of churches gets no cheaper.

Loders Choir did their usual two-nightly tour of the parish, singing carols and collecting for the Children's Society. A drizzle of rain tried unsuccessfully to damp their spirits, and only moved the genial host of The Crown to appear before them with a dish of his lady wife's toothsome mincepies. The large party crowded into Upton Peep for further hospitality, which keeps up its flow year after year. On the following night, the carols ended with the customary party round the Vicarage fire. A small group of children at Matravers gave their neighbourhood a further serenading, and the financial result of the joint effort was £9.3/-.

Christmas Parties. Our children have had a good filling of these. Askerswell School started the season by inviting parents and friends to a nativity play, produced by Miss McCombie, with Miss Edwards doing the dresses. During an interval, one of the Bethlehem shepherds passed round a hat, and collected a most useful £5 towards the cost of the new ceiling in the classroom. A few days later, the same company met again for tea and games, and presents from a tree supplied by Mrs. Ascott. Loders School had, as usual, a tree given by Sir Edward Le Breton, who has risen to this occasion for so many years that the estate must be getting sparse of Christmas trees. After games there was a tea, for parents and friends as well as children, and Santa Claus managed to get through to them with a sack of presents before the party broke up. On the following Saturday Loders children were the guests of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton at what we surmise was the thirty-eighth annual "Court Party". A bus collected children from the outlying parts. In the billiard room they were entertained by a conjuror and a Punch and Judy show. The conjuror was ingenious. The children came near to exposing his tricks, as they thought, but he was only leading them up the garden path, and left them in more of a maze than before. A move was made to the dining room for tea and crackers, at the end of which Alan Wheeler called for cheers for the host and hostess, and these were given in no uncertain fashion. As the children left for home, a rather youthful Father Christmas bestowed on them oranges and half-crowns.

The weather on the night of Loders School mission sale seemed to us in the valley as bad as it could be, but those brave souls who came down to us from the Dorchester Road, where a gale was blowing, thought that our weather was no weather at all. It appeared from the crowded schoolroom that nobody had been kept away, and the company vastly enjoyed a nativity play produced by Mrs. Hinde. The stalls were well furnished with attractive articles. Many of these had been given by friendly grown-ups, and some had been sent by ex-members of the Sunday School. The sale produced £50.7.6d for missions. Sir Edward Le Breton moved a vote of thanks to all who had contributed to its success.

An oak panel has been fitted above the altar at Askerswell Church. It hides an unedifying expanse of wall, shows up the altar flowers and candles to advantage, and is friendly with the side curtains and frontal. For this improvement we have to thank Miss Wilkinson, whose generous donation on leaving the parish paid for it; and Mrs. Aylmer, who persevered with an able but dilatory craftsman till he made it.

The ashes of the late Mrs. Castree, of Bridport, were interred in the Samways family grave in Loders churchyard. Mrs. Castree was a Samways, and was born in the thatched farmhouse which once stood on the site of the present Church Farm. Her family were active members of Loders Church, and for some years she taught in the Sunday School. At the annual meeting of Loders ringers Mr. Harry Legg was re-elected captain, Mr. Harry Crabb vice-captain, Mr. George Hyde secretary and Mr. Bill Maddison treasurer. Mr. Legg was also appointed steeple keeper. The two Harrys are devising a plan of campaign against the owls who have taken up residence in the belfry, and whom not all the wire in the world will keep out. It is desirable that this should be done soon; for one of the ringers is an ex-sailor, and sailors are sensitive to the super-natural, and ropes which start jiggling about when nothing human is touching them are bad for the nerves.

The sale held in the Loders Ex-Servicemen's Hut in early December in aid of the Chapel funds was well supported, and made the satisfactory sum of £22. It was organised by Mrs. Pope, of Bradpole, and Mrs. Pearl Symes. Mr. Pope played recordings of songs by the Bradpole children's choir.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rudd, of Corfe Farm, on the birth of a daughter, and to Mr. Thomas Rudd, the paternal grandfather, on being counted worthy to have the young lady called Thomasine after him.

Three newcomers to Loders are now settled in. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their son Ernest have come from Crock Lane to Mr. Harris' former farmhouse in New Road. They originated from Hereford, where Mr. Davis senior was a cathedral sidesman, and his son was at the cathedral school. The bungalow at Loders Cross, vacated by Mr. Imray, is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Woolley. They come from Yorkshire. The third family is that of P.C. Elliott, lately of Bridport, who has taken up residence in the magnificent new police station at Welplot. Our former policeman, Sergt. Edrich, is in Cyprus. After a year of exemplary behaviour without a policeman, when we thought Authority was beginning to trust us, it is somewhat deflationary to have this bastion of the Law established in a dominating position in our midst. Strangers, seeing it, might jump to the wrong conclusion about our characters. But Mr. and Mrs. Elliott shew promise of becoming very acceptable neighbours, and if we persist in our good behaviour he may tell us why the south door of his mansion should be painted Mediterranean blue, and the east door canary yellow. We are sure there must be some deep reason for it.

A farmer in God's Acre. It is proving lucky for Loders churchyard, not to mention Loders church, that when Mr. and Mrs. Miller retired from farming in the Marshwood vale, they should come to live in Uploders. Like all the retired people we know, Mr. Miller finds it impossible to lie fallow, and his keen farmer's eye was quick to note that the corner of churchyard beyond the tower needed cleaning up. Day after day he clocked in at the churchyard with billhook and saw. He demolished the nettles, freed the old yew trees of ivy and an undergrowth of alder, brought many a hidden grave to light, and ended up with a bonfire which the small boys of the neighbourhood, who are not easily pleased in these matters, said was "super". We hope Mr. Miller's ears have burned with the praises bestowed upon him. Good work has also been going on in Askerswell churchyard. Mr. Samways is repairing the collapsed dry stone wall bounding Parson's Way.

The Askerswell lectures finished this year's session shortly before Christmas. The subject had been the appreciation of painting. This had seemed to some who attended to be not "up their street", but the reward of bowing to the majority was to find the course entertaining as well as interesting. The lectures were illustrated by filmstrips. The company found that television cannot really better the pleasure of meeting a live lecturer (who can be questioned, or disagreed with, or put in his place) in the amiable fellowship of one's friends. It is hoped that this year's lectures may be on the notable buildings of Dorset.

Services in January

<u>Loders:</u>	5th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	12th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	19th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	26th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	5th.	Evensong 6.30.	12th.	Matins 10.
	19th.	Evensong 6.30.	26th.	H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	5th.	H.C. 9.30.	12th.	Evensong 3.
	19th.	Evensong 3.	26th.	Evensong 6.30.

PARISH NOTES (FEBRUARY, 1958)
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

Focus on Salisbury. The mother church of Wiltshire and Dorset, Salisbury Cathedral, attains her seven hundredth birthday this year. There is to be a series of celebrations, which will allow of every parish in the diocese taking part. The young people of the diocese will set the ball rolling by gathering at Old Sarum on April 12th, marching to the Cathedral, and handing the Dean a bag of silver coins as a birthday present from their parish to the mother church. Some of the young pilgrims will walk all the way to Old Sarum, disdaining forms of conveyance other than Shanks' pony; some will do the pilgrimage on bicycles; and some, according to The Times, hope to start a new fashion by arriving in helicopters. The names of the young pilgrims who are to represent our parishes will be given in our March number; meanwhile, parishioners may begin to put by the silver coins for the birthday bag. Musical parishioners may like to know that in March the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, with the Salisbury Musical Society, will give a performance of Handel's "Samson" in the Cathedral - an apt reminder that Handel lived for a time in the Cathedral Close. On June 28th, bishops from all over the world, attending the Lambeth Conference, will take part in a commemoration service at which the preacher will be the Archbishop of Canterbury. On September 29th and 30th there will be festival services in the Cathedral for the parishes of the diocese. Scores of our parishioners will wish to take part in one of these. We hope to arrange transport, and make a day-to-be-remembered of it. The uninitiated may wonder what Old Sarum is (where the pilgrims are to gather on April 12th). It is a big rocky mound, two miles out on the road from Salisbury to Stonehenge. It is the site of the former capital city of the diocese of Salisbury, and it holds the remains of the original cathedral, begun in 1057. By the thirteenth century the bishop and burgesses of Old Sarum were tired of this barren spot. They decided to move south, to the rich meadows where four rivers meet, and there, in 1220, they began to build the present Cathedral which, in the setting of its Close, is one of the loveliest buildings in the whole world. Except for the spire, which was carried to its extreme height of 404 feet in 1274, the Cathedral was completed and consecrated in 1258. In our mother church we Dorset people have a goodly heritage, and we should find no difficulty in echoing the words of the Psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth".

The bare face of Lent is not pleasing to contemplate after the beauty of Salisbury, but self-discipline has its part to play, like beauty, in bringing us near to God, and Lent is upon us. Lent has little meaning for the generality of people today, but if our fathers found its quiet and its heart-searching so necessary in their slow-moving times, then our hectic ones have surely not outmoded it. Let the self-discipline be of the positive sort - shewing kindness in our own homes (where we least often shew it); sweetening our tongues when discussing our neighbours; using the privilege God has given us of getting straight through to him in prayer; reading our bibles, and taking part in the family worship of the church each Sunday.

Christenings. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harper, late of Uploders and now of Shipton Gorge, was baptised Annette Dawn in Loders Church on January 12th; and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb, of Uploders, was baptised Alfred Henry on January 19th.

A blanket of snow covered Loders Cemetery when the coffin of the late Mr. Frank Clark, draped with the Union Jack, was laid to rest. As a youth Mr. Clark, who was a native of Blandford, advanced his age to get into the Dorset Regiment. He served in the Boer War, and the Great War. On his return to civilian life, he took up work as a post office engineer, but a disease which pursued him for the last twenty-six years soon obliged him to retire. When Captain Welstead, another veteran of the Boer War, lived in Uploders, he found much to talk about with Mr. Clark over the latter's garden gate. Mr. Clark once said it was the best of his few remaining pleasures to have a "pucka captain" to salute. Last of the parties. Because they came well after the spate of Christmas parties, our Cubs' and Brownies' parties were all the more appreciated. Brown Owl (Miss Edwards), who presides over the Brownies, invited the ruler of the Cubs, Arkala (Miss McCombie), to hold the Cubs' party in the Owl's House, alias Miss Edwards' cottage, in Askerswell, and a right royal time they had. At a later date Arkala assisted Brown Owl in giving the Brownies a party, and those small ladies went home full of tea, excitement and presents. We hope the parties did not make too big a hole in Brown Owl's and Arkala's purses.

Three new members were admitted to the Mothers' Union at a service in Loders Church last month. They were Mrs. Parker, of Dottery, and Mrs. Dennett and Mrs. Miller, of Uploders. After service, Lady Le Breton entertained the company to tea at Loders Court, and was warmly thanked by the Enrolling Member, Mrs. Lenthall.

The middle cottage in the row of three known as Court Cottages, Loders, stands empty, and many a passenger regards it ruefully. For years it was the home of two of the best liked inhabitants of Loders, Miss Edith and Miss Elizabeth Hinks, and these have lately gone to live at Frome Vauchurch. Their father was coachman to Lady Nepean, at Loders Court, and they liked to recall old times, such as Primrose Day, when their father used to drive Lady Nepean through the village in a coach meticulously dressed with bunches of primroses. Miss Edith did domestic service in South Africa and Malta, and was with Lady Le Breton for twenty-three years. Miss Lizzie (as her friends called her) practically began her conscious life as a pupil at Loders School, and stayed on there as a teacher for forty

years. She cannot properly be said ever to have left the parish. It was only the problems of advancing years, and not any dissatisfaction with the parish, that resolved them to leave. They are now sharing a bungalow with Mrs. Harvey, who was in service with Miss Edith Hinks at Loders Court. They said they would often be thinking of Loders, and we are sure they will be.

A sewing meeting has come into being at Askerswell, in preparation for the fete, which is hoped to be another big heave towards the goal of the bell fund. Offers of help will be readily accepted by Miss Edwards, or Mrs. Aylmer. It has come to our knowledge that the male knitter and sewer is not an utterly unknown phenomenon. If Askerswell should contain any such creature, it would be well for the ladies to admit him to their circle, and so take him out of circulation for an hour or two each week.

The senior members of Loders Choir relaxed a little from their weekly round of choir practice and took dinner together in the cosy parlour of the George Inn at Chideock. The weather co-operated by producing a background of ice and snow which made them glad to be round a good fire, and subject to the charms of roast pork and fruit flan. They did get home, and at a most respectable hour.

A surveyor from Dorchester has lately made an inspection of Askerswell Church, in accordance with the new plan for having churches reported upon every five years. His report will soon be available. Apart from the bells, which he knows are in hand, he seems to have found nothing very seriously at fault. He noted that the roof was liable to lose a few slates in a gale, and suggested that when the money was available (!) it would save expense and trouble to have the entire roof re-nailed. His auditors were vaguely aware of having heard this line of argument before, perhaps in a garage, where the groans at having to pay bill after bill at ten pounds a time on an old car are countered thus: "Well, Sir, the only way to avoid these recurring bills is to invest in a new car - let us quote you". And so, to avoid a trickle of £10 bills, you are invited to lay out £500. Either way, you pay. Doubtless, the Church Council will prefer to continue to deal with individual slates as they come off. Unfortunately for the surveyor, the Council are not obliged to act on the report. If they could be sure that the bees had left enough honey under the slates to foot the bill, they might. The bees have been there for years. Loders and Dottery have been notified that they are due for inspection this year. In view of what has lately been spent on the churches, it is to be hoped that the surveyor may not find further scope.

"Quiet" Weddings. The strange theory is gaining currency that if you want a wedding without pretty dresses, and bridesmaids, and choir, and organ, and bells, you cannot have it in church. The sooner this idea is scotched, the better. The picturesque wedding is quite in order for those who like such things, and usually gives pleasure to a large number of people, but the frills are not essential. Without them the wedding is equally valid; for the essence of Christian marriage is a man and a woman taking each other exclusively for life, in the presence of God, and certain human witnesses. If you want a "quiet" wedding, only the priest, the bride and groom, and two witnesses, are needed, and the service may be at any time between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. But stay - what the Army calls your "security" needs to be absolutely leakproof. Otherwise, what happens to your "quiet" wedding may resemble what happened to that shy but genial friend of Loders belfry, Mr. Charlie Lathey, when he lately essayed to marry a widow of Bridport. To avoid an affectionate demonstration by his workmates and half the town, he fixed the wedding for 8.45 at Loders on a Sunday morning, confident that the time and the day would fox them, if Loders Church did not. But his "security" slipped up somewhere, and he and his bride found themselves plighting their troth either to other, before a sea of bright, early-morning faces, including the Mayor of Bridport's. Charlie found that having them all there was nicer than he had imagined. He, too, was happy, and he is no longer shy.

A lesson to newcomers. A lady who has lately pitched her tabernacle amongst us, and charmed us in every way, had her electric light fail at an awkward time. Neighbours opposite, with their wonted kindness, put her in touch with the Electricity Authority, but the time was when the Authority did not function. She was then put in touch with another friendly neighbour who dabbled in electricity, and after an exhaustive examination of the entire wiring system he was at his wits' end to find nothing wrong. In a final gesture of despair, he looked at the meter. His eyes lighted up. He called for a shilling, put it in the slot, and the mystery was solved. Alas, life is full of snags these days for those who are not proletarians versed in the ways of slot machines.

Services in February

Loders:

2nd. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
9th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
16th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
Ash Wednesday. Children 9: Litany & Communion 10.
23rd. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.

Askerswell:

2nd. Evensong 6.30. 9th. Matins 10.
16th. Evensong 6.30. Ash Wednesday 11.
23rd. Matins 10.

Dottery:

2nd. H.C. 9.30. 9th. Evensong 3. Ash Wednesday, 7.30.
16th. Evensong 3. 23rd. Evensong 6.30.