

Food for Talk. Askerswell fete is still the marvel of the neighbourhood. Once again one of the smallest parishes has beaten the big parishes at money-raising, and this year it passed the record it set up in 1954. Then, the gross receipts were £232.1.11d. and the nett £217.15.5; this time the gross were £263.19.3, and the nett £221.2.3. Of this eminently satisfactory sum, the ladies who met week by week at Miss Edwards' to sew and sell, raised nearly a half. And they enjoyed the weekly meeting so much that they speak of continuing it until all the money needed for the bells has been raised. This is typical of the spirit that animated all Wing-Commander Newall's fete workers. When the bills started coming in, one would say he would pay for the printing, another would pay for transport, another for advertising by loud speaker, another for the hire of skittles. An old friend in Essex sent £6 in memory of old times, and a friend in the next parish sent £5 in memory of his mother. Some of the local farmers were extremely busy in fete week, but they did all the hauling as they had promised - and their turn of duty on the skittles. Their devotion was matched by a supporter at Legg's Mead, who astonished everybody by the number of tickets she sold for the bedspread; and by the children of the village school, who made themselves useful in a host of ways. Even the weather was helpful. In a thoroughly wet week, only one evening's skittles had to be abandoned, and on fete day itself Askerswell was enjoying the sun while the fete of their unfortunate neighbours at Beaminster was being washed out. It is being asked where the items in the exhibition of relics of old Askerswell came from. Most of them were kindly lent by our local archaeologist, Mr. Butcher, of Upper Sturthill, who has his own museum. Visitors were thrilled to see (as they thought) the actual cutlass used by the smugglers at Travellers' Rest, and the 18th century blunderbuss which Spyway kept in store for nosy Excisemen, but they had not read the label carefully enough. The label said "Blunderbuss as used at Spyway", and the operative word was "as".

At the time of writing, Loders ringers still have some vacant seats for their annual outing, which is on Saturday, July 5th. It will be to Southampton via Romsey, and back through Bournemouth for a show. Mr. Harry Legg or Mr. George Hyde are the ones to see about seats. The ringers are gratified by the size of their Christmas collection, which pays for the outing. It was £22.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Randall, late of Uploders, and now of Cucklington, Wincanton, brought their infant son to be christened at Loders Church on June 15th. He was given the names Peter David.

Dottery have decided to have a stall again at Loders Fete, on August 2nd. The proceeds of it will be for Dottery church expenses.

Police-Sergeant Edrich and his family have left Loders for a new appointment, carrying with it a new house, at Weymouth. They were eight years in Loders. Two of the children, Eddie and Hazel, had grown up here, and were tearful at leaving their friends in Loders School. Eddie had a healthy boy's proper endowment of mischief, which found an outlet in Choir, Sunday School, and Cubs. All his friends in these organisations felt a pang at his departure, and are hoping to meet him on trips to Weymouth.

Loders School got a good report on their performance at the West Dorset Festival of Folk Dancing. The Adjudicator wrote: "A nice feeling for dancing, good gentle style, a little more weight in swing. Very praiseworthy effort. More real drive in the dancing than in any other team". On Monday, July 21st, the school invite the Managers, parents and friends, to an "open afternoon", beginning at 2.30. Proceedings will include a Pageant of Loders, shewing scenes in the long history of the parish. This will be most appropriate to the day; for July 21st is the eve of the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, patron saint of Loders, the day which in old times ushered in the week of revelry called Loders Feast. Askerswell School also obtained a good report at the Festival, but the report is not to hand.

Loders Branch of the Mothers' Union attended the great service marking the seventh centenary of Salisbury Cathedral, and the Deanery President was among those who presented purses to the Dean.

Colonel and Mrs. Dennis have sold their house at Matravers, and gone to live, for the time being, with Mrs. Dennis' sister at Portesham. Their eventual aim is to settle near their son, who has now completed his tour of duty in Ghana and returned to England. Colonel and Mrs. Dennis were at Matravers for fourteen years, and liked attending Askerswell Church.

The christening of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Brake at Dottery on June 15th was a great family occasion, the relatives and friends filling several pews. His names are Stephen Leslie.

Askerswell had a wedding on its fete day, and the pessimists were doubtful whether so small a parish could do justice to the two events on the same day. But it turned out that neither very much affected the other; indeed, the people who had come from Loders to the fete on the bus were glad to have the long interval to opening time filled in by the pleasing spectacle of the wedding. The bride was Miss Grace Marie Biss, of Medway Farm, and the groom, Mr. Arthur James Boucher, a carpenter, of Little Bredy. The bride was attended by a bevy of small bridesmaids, who were the

admiration of all, and the bridal party left the church to the thunder of the organ and the merry chiming of the bells.

The Chapel in Uploders invited Loders Sunday School to its anniversary service, and the children responded well. Mr. Pedler, a master of Colfox School, conducted the service, and Mary Willmott made her debut at the harmonium, albeit with unfamiliar hymns.

Very Catching. Chideock Women's Institute, and a few brave males, were the guests of Loders W.I. at the latter's birthday party in the Ex-Servicemen's Hut. Having heard a whisper that it was also the birthday of a guest from Chideock and of a Loders member, the President called them out and presented them with bouquets. The sight of these lovely flowers jogged the memories of other ladies, and it was whispered to the President that this was also the birthday of Mrs. So and So, etc., etc., etc. The President was taken aback by what she had started, but good staff work behind the scenes (it was getting dark outside by this time) produced emergency bouquets for all the birthdays, and some to spare. Something more to masculine taste than flowers might have jogged the memories of the male guests, and what would Madame President have done then?

Where time is money. If all motorists in distress making use of an establishment within the orbit of these Notes are charged at the rate your Editor was, then we shall soon be famous as the place where time is extremely valuable. Your Editor pulled up at this establishment, and asked a gentleman who seemed to be admiring the view to screw up a nut, which he did before one could say "Jack Robinson". So expeditious was he, in fact, that your Editor, who was in an unnatural hurry, thought to press on him a half-crown. But the mechanical gentleman forestalled him by demanding six shillings. If cheek is to succeed it must be colossal cheek, and we regret to say that this did. Within five minutes of having pulled up, your Editor, minus six shillings, was back on the road, and the gentleman, plus six shillings, was back to his view.

For those who like details, here is the balance sheet of Askerswell Fete:- Receipts, Working Party 136.17.4, Bargains 17.8.1, Produce 18.6.0, Teas 6.10.4, Roulette 7.6.3, Bran Tub 1.18.2, Hidden Treasure 13.9, Mile of Pennies 12.9, Name of doll 1.3.7, Lawn Skittles 4.11.0, Fortunes 1.12.0, Museum 1.11.0, Ices 3.15.0, Cherries in cake 1.13.0, Gate 5.10.6, Skittle Week 28.9.6, Donations 26.1.0, Total Receipts £263.19.3d. Expenses, Working Party 11.16.0, Roulette 2.9.6, Ices 3.6.0, Skittles, 7.10.0, Licence 1.0.0, Advertising 1.17.6, Printing 5. 3.0, Coach 3.0.0, Announcing van 2.10.0, Loud Speaker 3.15.0, Insurance 10.0, Total Expenses £42.17.0d. Profit £221.2.3d.

The late Mrs. F. Samways. Askerswell was greatly shocked by the sudden death of Mrs. Fred Samways. It occurred in unusual circumstances. Her husband, the esteemed Sexton of Askerswell, had been ill, and under the doctor. Mrs. Samways and her daughter, Mrs. Greening, were standing by Mr. Samways' bed, awaiting the doctor. Shortly before the doctor's arrival, Mrs. Samways collapsed, and then died in his presence. She had been in ill health for some years, but only her family circle were aware of this. To her neighbours she was the epitome of energy and good spirits, often cycling into Bridport when the bus was not convenient. She was a native of Gattistock, but her family moved to Askerswell, and she attended the village school. She grew into "a character", and succeeding rectors, not excluding the present one, delighted to sit opposite her as she griddled cakes on an open fire, and dispensed shrewd judgments, quaintly phrased, on the world in general, and her neighbours in particular. Askerswell will seem very much poorer without her. Never has the Establishment had a more critical friend - or a more loyal supporter.

Sunday, July 27th, which is in the octave of St. Mary Magdalene, will be observed as the Dedication Festival of Loders Church. The idea of having a day of thanksgiving for a treasured possession is slowly sinking in - but too slowly. The fete will be on the following Saturday, and new items of entertainment are in prospect to keep it fresh and attractive.

Dottery Obituaries. Mr. Joe Harris, formerly of Belshay, died suddenly in Bridport, and was buried at East Pennard. Mr. William Day, of Pymore Terrace, died in Port Bredy after a long illness, and was buried at Dottery.

Services in July

<u>Loders:</u>	6th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	13th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	20th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	27th.	Dedication Festival,		
		H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	6th.	Evensong 6.30.	13th.	Matins 10.
	20th.	Evensong 6.30.	27th.	H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	6th.	H.C. 9.30.	13th.	Evensong 6.30.
	20th.	Evensong 3.	27th.	Evensong 3.

PARISH NOTES (AUGUST, 1958)
LODERS, DOTTERY AND ASKERSWELL

Saturday, August 2nd. The sun has been quixotic this summer, but we are looking to him to shine down on Loders Court on fete day. The fete has become a kind of family reunion of Loders people, and we are fortunate in being able still to have it in the pleasant grounds of the manor, which has been for centuries the focal point of the social life of the village. We recollect being told last year that the fete brought together on that occasion some thirty scattered members of one particular family, who greatly enjoyed their get-together in the setting of their childhood. It is not easy to devise something new in the entertainment line year after year, but at least the fete committee have succeeded in producing variations on the old theme. Our faithful standby, Mr. Bernard Gale, has devised a woodland ballet which we have not seen before, and our friends in the Women's Institute have kindly promised their pageant of hair styles from the cradle to the grave - a pure delight hitherto enjoyed by ladies only. For children of all ages there is a fancy dress competition of what they would like to be, real or imaginary, comic or serious. For the handy people (whom we have in plenty in this neighbourhood) there will be a chance to display new things that they have made out of old (within the bounds of decorum, of course). For gardeners there is something easier than growing fine vegetables and flowers - a competition for the biggest weed grown in a garden. Such has been the season, violent rain alternating with violent heat, that the eternal battle with the jungle has inclined to the jungle this year, and it would not surprise us if both Vicar and Squire were keeping their eye on some exotic plant with which they hope to achieve a walkover in this competition. The really new item in the afternoon's entertainment is a "Bedstead Relay" for ladies and gentlemen, married or unmarried. The committee were somewhat exercised as to whether this was entirely proper to a church fete, but other fetes have put it on without repercussions in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. It should be THE laughter-maker of the afternoon.

Greetings from a former vicar. On July 22nd, the feast day of St. Mary Magdalene (Loders' patron saint), the Vicar received good wishes from a former Vicar of Loders, the Rev. Leslie Beardmore, who was here 1935-39. His letter will interest those who knew him. Writing from his home in Worthing, he says: "My thoughts usually turn to Loders at the commemoration of St. Mary Magdalene, so here is a line of greeting which you should receive tomorrow, unless away on holiday. After doing about eight years of hospital work, I am now retired, and my wife and I are living here in a small house, both enjoying fair health, and able to lead a still fairly active life with our bicycles and footslogging. We hope the same of yourselves and your fast-growing family. I wonder if you have been able to improve conditions at the vicarage with a water supply and electric light, both of which were lamentably lacking in our days there. Please convey my heartfelt regards, and those of my wife, to Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, and we hope they are supremely happy in the well-being of their daughter Peronnelle. I daresay there are several gaps in the community at Loders. But others of the veteran clan will still be holding their own, and preserving their blessed link with the church and its traditions. I always try to hold Loders and Dottery in remembrance every Friday - you, as vicar, and in the background those whom once I was led to serve and love. I see you now have Askerswell in addition to Dottery". Miss Ruth Palmer, daughter of the Rev. Charles Palmer, who was Vicar 1939-47, was staying in Askerswell for a weekend in July. She called on some of her old friends in Loders, and attended matins. She is now working in London as secretary to the Melanesian Mission.

The people of Askerswell heard with deep sympathy of the death of Mrs. Dorothy Marsh, of Hembury, whose gallant battle with a long and devastating illness had been the admiration of them all. Her children cared for her with that devotion with which she had nursed her late husband through a similar illness, five years ago. She was a native of Netherbury, and became a school teacher, holding posts at Netherbury, Askerswell and Corscombe schools. She was living at Watford when she married her late husband, and they made their home at Medway Farm until 1942, when they moved to Hembury. The funeral service was at Askerswell Church, and a large company of relatives and friends came to pay their respects. It was followed by cremation and scattering of the ashes at Weymouth.

Much sympathy has been felt at Dottery for Mr. and Mrs. Wensley, who by the recent death of their daughter, Mrs. Daisy King, of Billericay, have now lost two of their three children. Mrs. Wensley tells us that there was originally a strong local prejudice against decorating Dottery Church for festive occasions, and Mrs. King was the first to begin breaking this down by decorating the font with white violets for the christening of the baby who is now Mr. John Marsh.

Dottery has lost another family of young people by the removal of the Harrises to a house off Victoria Grove, Bridport, and the band of young communicants suffers further depletion. This family says, however, that their hearts will remain in Dottery, and that they hope to come back for the monthly communion.

Mrs. Townsend (nee June Roper), another of the Dottery young communicants who comes along to service when she is home, has presented her husband with a son. Her first child was also a son, and she would not have looked askance at a daughter this time.

A party of students from the University of London rang touches of minor and grandsire on Loders bells after morning service on St. Mary Magdalene's day. It was fitting that the bells should ring so tunefully on the feast day of Loders' patron.

The annual outing of Loders ringers was to Southampton and Bournemouth, and for once the weather left nothing to be desired. On the outward journey they rang at Ringwood, and called at Romsey Abbey. At Bournemouth they saw a variety show. On the way home they exhausted their stock of songs, and had to eke out the rest of the journey on hymns. The company were grateful to the ringers' secretary, Mr. George Hyde, for his excellent arrangements.

The many friends of the Norman family, late of Askerswell and now of Walditch, will like to know that Joy has secured the final certificate of the National Nursing Education Board. For the past two years she has been training with the Church of England Children's Society, and is now one of the Society's staff nurses.

The wedding of Mr. Leslie Baggs, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baggs, of Uploders, took place at All Saints, Fareham, on July 12th. His bride was Miss Mary Bone, of that parish, and his brother, Mr. Reggie Baggs, of Dottery, was best man. Until his marriage the bridegroom was working at Wooth. He now has a job on a farm at Fareham, and is making his new home there.

Changes at Matravers. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Marsh and family have left Uploders, much to the sorrow of Askerswell School, where Billy Marsh, the youngest pupil, was shewing great promise, and was the pet of his playmates. The new owners of Col. Denis's old home are now in residence, and are finding the peace of these parts and the views from Matravers exactly to their liking. They are Miss Myers and Miss Taylor, and they have with them a valued retainer of 25 years' standing, Miss Ruth Ellerman. It looks to be the disposition of all three to put down deep roots, and to be averse from change. Miss Myers was at Epsom for 40 years, and Miss Taylor was at Swanage for over 30 years. Voluntary work for the hospitals has been Miss Myers' hobby, and, as her father was before her, she is a governor of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. We hope that roots will go down deep in Matravers. There is reason why they should; for the ladies did a thorough reconnaissance of these parts before making their decision, lodging for nine months in West Bay Road.

It seemed that all the young people and all the young mothers of Loders were in the school playground to see the school's pageant of Loders on the eve of Loders' patron, St. Mary Magdalene. A half-holiday at Colfox School had enabled many expupils of Loders to come as well. The parish should now be versed in its own history. The pageant began with the descent on the Boarsbarrow Britons of some highly altruistic Roman soldiers, who had come only to improve the Britons' houses, give them good roads, and stop them quarreling (shades of Mr. Kruschev!). There followed a scene from Saxon life in Loders, and then the coming of a posse of Norman monks, under Prior Tommy Dennett, to take possession of the manor and church of Loders for the Abbey of Montbourg in Normandy. A glimpse of the hard times that followed the Black Death, and then the destruction of the stained glass and statuary of Loders Church by a villainous looking mob from Powerstock. The next scene shewed the flight of King Charles II, the King spirited through Loders by royalist villagers very much afeared of being caught by the roundheaded lord of Loders Court (Sir Edward's face was a study in this episode). The pageant ended with scenes of contentment under the benevolent despotism of the lord of the manor in modern times, and with a universal shout "We are all proud that we belong to Loders" (Here Sir Edward was positively beaming). Lady Le Breton then presented prizes, and called for cheers for the actors and their teacher, Mrs. Hinde. Tea was served in the schoolroom by Mrs. Chard and Mrs. Miller, and so ended a pleasant and worthwhile afternoon.

Askerswell School ended the summer term with the traditional sports in the field which the school is so lucky to possess. There was a full gathering of parents, the weather was fine, and two faithful septuagenarians again demonstrated their kindly interest in the school by climbing the sharp hill to the field. The teacher, Miss McCombie, called on Miss Edwards, a manager, to present the prizes, and little Billy Marsh presented her with a handsome bouquet - upside down and inside out, but with irresistible charm. Tea was served by Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Gillingham, Mrs. J. Hansford and Miss Cann.

Services in August

<u>Loders:</u>	3rd.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	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:	Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	3rd.	Evensong 6.30.	10th.	Matins 10.
	17th.	Evensong 6.30.	24th.	Matins 10. 31st. H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	3rd.	H.C. 8.30.	10th.	Evensong 3