

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

Harvest Thanksgiving. The wetness of this summer had got on everybody's nerves; the corn harvest had not fulfilled its early promise and had been difficult to get in. Under these circumstances a muted and half-hearted harvest thanksgiving was expected in some quarters, yet, in the event, our churches never looked gayer, congregations were very good, and there was no lack of conviction in the singing of the harvest favourite, "We plough the fields and scatter". This, we hope, is a sign of spiritual maturity. To count your blessings and be thankful for them when they have fallen below expectations shews good sense. The round of harvest services began at Dottery on a Friday night, in heavy rain. There had been heavy rain in the day as well, when the church had been a decorating, but its effect on the profusion of flowers and fruit and the skill of the decorators was nil, and on the size of the congregation, very slight. Askerswell decorators also managed to make the church a veritable tableau of harvest, in bad weather. Loders were lucky in having a dry day for their decorating, and what could be said about their effort has already appeared in the Bridport News. But what were Loders farmers thinking about this year when they cut their corn? The weather, we suppose. Only Mr. George Randall remembered to make a sheaf for harvest festival, and the decorators found themselves short of the corn which has always been the feature of the chancel. Fortunately Mr. Cecil Marsh and Mr. George Bryan let Loders borrow the masterpieces they had made for Dottery and Askerswell, and Mr. Gray, of Mappercombe, sent a sheaf or two, and these, with Mr. Harry Legg's miniature hay rick and his corn dolly, gave the chancel the look we have come to love. As usual, Loders choir gave tuneful vent to the spirit of harvest in their anthem "Ye shall dwell in the land", with Mr. Tilley doing justice to the bass solo. The morning congregation was not quite up to its normal harvest proportions, but the evening shewed why. The church was then so crowded that some people had to be put in the chancel. When the ringers found their pew taken, they cheerfully sought niches for themselves about the organ, where all was well with them until the organist pulled out the great diapason, which he loves to do on state occasions, and then they felt an alarming weakness in the region of their false teeth. At Dottery £3 was added to the collections by the disposal of the vegetables etc., and at Askerswell £5.

Remembrance Sunday falls this year on November 9th. As the Queen leads the national homage to the war dead at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, so shall we pay our respects at the war memorials in our three churches, and be true to the promise "At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them". The remembrance service in Askerswell will be at 10, in Loders at 11, and in Dottery at 6.30. The collections will be for Earl Haig's Fund, which is still doing a great work for the war-disabled.

Mrs. Hinde writes apropos the recent highly successful jumble sale at Loders School; "Would you please convey my sincere thanks to all who gave for the jumble sale - I think every person gave something - and to those who came and made it such a success? We raised £17.10/-, and I am so grateful to everyone for their help and generosity". The sale was to raise the wherewithal for the children's Christmas party, and not only did it do this handsomely - it also gave everybody an exciting afternoon. Many former pupils made it the occasion of a return visit to their old school. Askerswell people, with typical neighbourliness, descended on the jumble en masse, and returned home with rewarding bargains not a few.

A Triple Christening took place at Askerswell on Sunday, November 26th. The principals were Caroline Anne Welsh, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, newcomers to Nine Bottles; Alistair John Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stewart, now of Woolcombe Farm, Toller, and formerly of Nine Bottles; and Steven Robert Crabb, son of Mr. and Mrs. (nee Joan Crabb) Roy Crabb, now of Flush, Dorchester, and formerly of Upton. The three neophytes were quiet throughout the service, except for the actual christening, when, possibly to the satisfaction of their parents, they "cried out the devil" in chorus, drowning the voice of the officiant. He, however, was only too pleased to bestow the blessing of the font on those whose parents have ventured abroad, and yet have their affections rooted still in Askerswell.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Francis, of Yondover, on the birth of their first child, a daughter. Before her marriage Mrs. Francis was a sister at Bridport Hospital. Her preference for home for this important event rather shews that informed opinion regards hospital as a mere runner-up.

A harvest wedding. Miss Janet Symes, of Yondover, was the first bride in the present incumbent of Loders' term of office to conceive the happy thought of fixing her wedding for the eve of harvest festival, when the church would be looking its best. Unconsciously she conjured up the pre-Christian rites of harvest, as old as the hills, by coming to our harvest like the goddess Demeter, not crowned with corn ears and holding a poppy like the original, but sporting a few shy heads of corn in her bouquet. If her bridegroom, Mr. Harry Wilkins, of Collingbourne Ducis, was proud of the lovely creature at his side as of another Demeter, he could not have been aware that in some of the ancient mythologies the harvest goddess has the disagreeable

habit of eating her husband when she tires of him. Be that as it may, the bridal party made a perfect picture in their harvest setting, and among the large congregation were the church decorators, who had compressed a day's work into a morning so that all should be ready for the wedding. But the thunder and lighting that joined in the pealing of the bells as the wedding party left the church for the feast at The Bull in Bridport, could well have been done without, even were it the benediction of Zeus from Olympus.

A son of Askerswell. Mr. William Dawe, who died at a ripe age at Chilfrome on October 23rd, was one to whom Askerswell Church owes much. For many years he was a churchwarden, and it was he who was most energetic in raising the money for the restoration of the tower, and for the purchase of the present organ as a war memorial. He was born at North Eggardon Farm, and lived for some years at Court Farm. His widow and four sons survive him. Some of his old friends in Askerswell attended his funeral at Chilfrome.

The seventh centenary celebrations of Salisbury Cathedral came to a close with three great services at the end of September - one for the civic dignitaries of Wiltshire and Dorset, one for the parishes of Dorset, and a final one for the parishes of Wiltshire. We, of course, attended the Dorset service - a coachload of thirty - and after a pleasant evening ride over the Plain, found ourselves part of a congregation of 3,000 beneath the highest spire in England, which is calculated to weigh 1,600 tons, and has been supported for six centuries by piers which were never meant to carry it. Virtue is not always rewarded in this world, as the matter of seating on these mighty occasions proves. Those of our party who reached the cathedral early, found themselves in seats which commanded a vista of pillars and vaulted roof, but not of the proceedings; while some of those who arrived late were hurried by harrassed stewards to splendid seats before the choir screen, which had been reserved in case of emergency. But both the seeing and the unseeing were caught up in a paean of praise which inspired them. Those at the far west end heard the choir in the east hovering in the heights above them, rising and falling, like a chorus of cherubs - such nice tricks do the acoustics of the cathedral play. The presentation of the alms by the sidesmen lifted many an eyebrow. In our churches, two is the number of sidesmen that walk up the nave to the altar with the plate, but here a small army seemed to be marching by - two, four, six, eight, up to thirty, and the Lord Bishop had to shew strength with his arm in elevating the huge alms dish. We came out of the cathedral, thankful that the rain pounding on the roof during the service had stopped, and made for the north-east corner of the churchyard, which commands the best view of the cathedral. There we ate our sandwiches, and watched the crowd of worshippers slowly melting away. Suddenly the flood-lighting came on, and a gasp escaped us, like the gasp that rushes to meet the climax of some breath-taking fireworks display. There before us, picked out of the darkness by the searchlights, was the cathedral. The grey stone was no longer grey, but a warm honey colour. The lace-like carving stood out as no eye in daylight sees it. We were looking at a fairy palace, privileged to a sight that the long-dead creators of this thing of beauty never saw; and as our coach bore us homeward, we could not resist pausing on a hill to look back.

To the lovers of sales, a reminder that an afternoon of delights is in store for them at Askerswell School, on Saturday, November 15th, when the Working Party will be holding a sale in aid of the bell fund. Here is a chance to pick up Christmas presents with cheapness and quality in rare conjunction, and, perchance, a little superior jumble.

Roses from among the thorns. Major and Mrs. Robin Chater, daughter and son-in-law of our trusty friend Colonel Scott, are back in England after a two-year appointment in the United States, and have appeared at service in Loders Church, where they received a warm welcome. At Fort Knox, where Major Chater was Liaison Officer, they were the only English among forty-three thousand Americans, but the great lump of American ignorance about England at Fort Knox is now so leavened that the Americans no longer ask if there is room for any fields among the dark satanic mills of England. Mrs. Chater's brother, Dr. Ian Scott, is on the staff of the General Hospital at Louisville, but he works so hard that he scarcely saw her. Major and Mrs. Chater now have a posting to the B.A.O.R. in Munster, where her brother, Lieut. Donald Scott, of the Scots Greys, will be stationed. So Mrs. Chater goes from one brother in America to another in Germany. Her sister, Miss Joan Scott, a nurse in the Red Cross, is in Hong Kong. The family are hoping for a reunion at Netherbury next year.

Services in November

Loders:

2nd. H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11; Children 2.
9th. H.C. 8; Remembrance 11; Children 2.
16th. H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11; Children 2.
23rd. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.
30th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.

Askerswell:

2nd. Evensong 6.30. 9th. Remembrance 10.
16th. Evensong 6.30. 23rd. H.C. 10. 30th. Matins 10.

Dottery:

2nd. H.C. 9.30. 9th. Remembrance 6.30.
16th. Evensong 3. 23rd. Evensong 3. 30th. Evensong 3.

The days before Christmas are among the nicest in the year, beset though they may be with fog and wet. Children sit round the fire with puckered brow figuring out what they would like from Father Christmas; mothers grapple with puddings and cakes, pretending that Christmas is a dreadful time, but loving every minute of it; fathers know that it is they who will have to do the shelling out, but feel that to be a somebody in the family for once in a while is worth the ensuing bankruptcy. As Christmas draws nearer, and the preparations become more hectic, let us try to recall the wherefore of all the bustle. Without the Christ child there would have been no Christ mass. His is the birthday we are keeping, but in these days it is easier than at the first Christmas to have no room for the babe of Bethlehem. History is always repeating itself. People leave the Christ out of Christmas through thoughtlessness, or perhaps because of the ingrained superstition that he is a kill-joy. But just try sharing the festivities with him, and you will find that you had been missing the real joy of Christmas.

The Christmas programme at our churches will take the usual form: Loders, midnight Communion with carols on Christmas Eve, carols by the children at the Christmas tree in the chancel at eleven on Christmas morning, and the carol service of the nine lessons at 6.30 p.m. on the Sunday after Christmas; Askerswell, choral Communion at ten on Christmas morning; Dottery, choral Communion at nine on Christmas morning. Loders Choir will serenade the parish with carols shortly before Christmas, in aid of the Children's Society; and we gather that a party from Askerswell School will be doing likewise in Askerswell, in aid of the school repair fund.

November was the birthday month of our two oldest inhabitants. Mrs. Gibbs, of Dottery, was 94 on the third. She keeps excellent health, of mind and body. Back in the summer she did the return journey by car to Hertfordshire, 185 miles each way, and her daughter, Miss Gibbs, holds that Mrs. Gibbs was easily the better traveller. "Granny" Hyde, of the Uploders stores, is a close runner-up. She was 93 on November 23rd. Her health has given the parish many anxious moments in the past year, but she is now back in harness, with an eye to business as sharp as ever. Those who called and congratulated her were assured by the grand old lady herself that she was 62 last year, and is 63 this year. Such modesty well becomes the chief ornament of the village. Jealous people in the next village may say it is vanity, but they cannot deny that she is still a woman.

A daughter was born to Mrs. Clifford Pitcher in Bridport Hospital, and both are doing well.

Miss Edwards' Working Party had a wet afternoon and a rival sale at Uploders Place to contend with when they held their sale in Askerswell School on behalf of the bell fund, but the gross takings of £72 suggest that whoever suffered by the collision, it was not the Working Party. The schoolroom was crowded with customers, most of whom had viewed the rival sale in the morning, and were in no doubt as to where the bargains were to be found. A pleasant interlude to the buying and selling came when Jennifer Knight, of the Brownies, Pat Ascott, of the Guides, and Bill Hansford, of the Cubs, presented Miss Edwards with a tastefully chosen travelling clock, as a mark of appreciation of all she had done for the young people of Askerswell over many years. Mrs. Knight, of Cuckolds Corner, went to the trouble of inviting all ex-Brownies, Cubs and Guides to contribute. Their response was warm and spontaneous.

The annual Women's Institute sale will be in the Loders Hut on the afternoon of Saturday, December 6th.

Loders Church is indebted to Mr. Charlie Gale, of The Forge, for mending the chiming apparatus of the treble bell, and for declining payment. Had the machinery been repaired by the bell-founders in London, the job would have cost a good Sunday collection. In these days of high labour costs, a bit of work done gratis for the church is worth its weight in gold, and should command the gratitude of those who are responsible for the state of repair of the church, namely, all parishioners.

The Sexton of Askerswell, Mr. Samways, has done excellent work in levelling the path up to the main entrance of the church, and putting down gravel on all the church paths. The path to the main entrance had become slippery, and one member of the congregation is known to have had a fall on it, so the gravelling will be welcomed for more than aesthetic reasons, although it has certainly smartened up the approach to the church. The pulling of a heavy roller on a slope might have taken the stuffing out of a man half Mr. Samways' age (he is 81). He makes light of it, however, and says that the paths are in for another rolling when the gravel has settled.

Always in the days leading up to the Mission Sale, Mrs. Willmott and her chicks in Loders Sunday School get the feeling that the sale is going to be a flop, and always the Vicar tells them that it will be a great success, and always he is right. He, of course, can afford to be cheerful, having none of the work and worry, and he is on safe ground in assuming that the parish would never let the children down. The sale is on Friday, December 12th, at 5.30 p.m. Besides Christmas gifts, there will be cakes and jumble, but the main attraction will be a nativity play and other items by the children.

Dottery Church has lately been inspected by an architect from Salisbury under the

new scheme of quinquennial surveys now established by act of Parliament, and is in the enviable condition of having emerged with almost a clean bill of health. The repairs recommended are few, but we wonder what the faithful will say to the suggestion that the tree overshadowing the east window of the chancel be removed, and that in the east window itself plain glass be substituted for the coloured. The architect was surprised to find no evidence of woodborers in the floor. Did he but know how Dottery Church, on its eminence, catches the weather, he would understand the worms objecting to such working conditions.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newberry, of Yondover, was christened Derrick John at Loders on November 9th.

Changes at Uploders Place. After fourteen years residence at Uploders Place, Mrs. Lane has gone to live at Medway Farm, Rotherfield, Sussex. Her companion, Mrs. Adams, has gone with her, and also Mrs. Adams' husband, Colonel Adams, and her mother, Mrs. Gordon. It was through Mrs. Gordon that we came near to having Sir Anthony Eden as a parishioner when he was house-hunting some months ago. Mrs. Gordon's late husband was champion steeplechaser of Europe, and a friend of Sir Winston Churchill. When Uploders Place was in the market, Mrs. Gordon suggested to Sir Winston that it might suit Sir Anthony. Sir Winston passed the tip, with the result that Sir Anthony and Lady Eden arrived in Loders one Saturday afternoon. Mr. Derek Barnes saw them looking over a wall at Loders Court and at the Church before they went on to Uploders, where they had tea with Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Gordon. It will surprise our readers that the only fault Sir Anthony could find with the house was that it was not big enough. And so we lost a most desirable parishioner, who would certainly have put Loders on the map. Uploders Place was purchased eventually by a Mr. Dodderell, of Blandford. He and his family have not moved in yet.

Anthony Lumby, son of Captain and Mrs. Lumby, of Askerswell, was among those confirmed by the Bishop of Lichfield in the chapel of Shrewsbury School on November 29th.

Coming Events at Askerswell, of which we have been asked to give notice, are:

December 10th at 2.15 p.m. School play and concert (with collection for school and bell fund); December 16th, School party, 2 p.m.; December 17th and 18th, carol singing round the village for the School fund. The Community Club have decided to give the profit of their Christmas whist drive on December 16th to the School fund. The Managers are extremely grateful for this kind gesture. They will shortly be called upon to replace a large window which has to be reinforced with sacks to keep the wet out, and to do repairs to walls and roof. Any funds over and above those necessary for these items could easily be swallowed up in a scheme for new cloakroom facilities. Loders Agricultural Discussion Club, which is proposing to enliven the village with a grand Christmas whist drive on December 22nd, has, before now, been referred to, in all seriousness, by the natives of Loders, as "The Disgustion Club". The other day we heard a native of Askerswell call it - most reverently - "The Concussion Club". Which caused us to regard the hierarchy of the Club with new interest. Even though the chairman, Mr. Harold Saunders, hails from "Rook'ems", so amiable a farmer cannot be the cause of the disgustion, but the poleaxe of Mr. Albert Wells, the secretary cum butcher, may have something to do with the concussion.

The Architect who did a recent survey of Loders Church found it structurally sound and well cared for, but he has recommended a host of small repairs, chiefly to the stonework, which, over the next five years, will cost several hundred pounds, mortgaging the proceeds of several summer fetes to come. Brigadier Hammond and Mr. Gilbert Miller have already saved the parish many pounds by cleaning the gutters and downpipes, and are now engaged on removing the large accretion of moss, which holds moisture, and flakes the stones when there is frost. Tedious as this de-mossing is, if it prolongs the life of the stones, and of the fine set of medieval gargoyles, it will be well worth while, and is a duty towards future generations.

Services in December

<u>Loders</u>	7th.	H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	14th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	21st.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	Christmas Eve:	Carols and Communion 12.	
	Christmas Day:	H.C. 8: Matins & Children's Carols 11.	
	28th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2:	
		Carol Service of Nine Lessons 6.30.	
<u>Askerswell</u>	7th.	Evensong 6.30.	14th. Matins 10.
	21st.	Evensong 6.30.	Christmas Day. H.C. 10.
	28th.	Matins 10.	
<u>Dottery</u>	7th.	H.C. 9.30.	14th. Evensong 3.
	21st.	Evensong 3.	Christmas Day. H.C. 9.
	28th.	Evensong 3.	