

Those who were unaware that Saturday, August 1st, is the date of Lodors Fete, will soon find themselves unable to think of anything else. The good people who run stalls, sideshows and entertainments are already doing their annual house-to-house blitz, inviting gifts of things to sell, and asking for help in manning stalls and sideshows. Lodors people have the reputation of being cheerful and generous givers. This makes easier the task of those noble souls who go round collecting and organising. Were they not kindly received, we should not be able to persuade them to do the job year after year. Mrs. Harry Legg has again undertaken the teas; the collectors for the stalls are Mrs. G. Miller for Uploders, and Mrs. T. Rudd and Mrs. Greening for Lodors; and Mr. Spillman has been prevailed upon to run the sideshows, a job in which he has had much unofficial practice in previous years. So that everybody may know in advance what the fete is in aid of, may we say that it is to repair the stonework of Lodors Church? The battlements of the Ladye Chapel and the tower are in rather urgent need of attention. When the architect did his recent inspection, he found some large blocks of stone so unsecure that he lifted them off for safety's sake. Since then it has been discovered that two pinnacles on the turret near the main church entrance were completely unstuck, and a danger to passengers below. They each weigh a good two hundredweight. They have been lifted off and put in safety. Apart from the damage they might have done to humans, it would have been a great pity had they fallen in a storm and been smashed. They are around five hundred years old, and are still in a state of good preservation. We only come down on the parish to pay for repairs which we cannot do ourselves. Many items ordered by the architect, such as cleaning of gutters and downpipes, and the tedious job of demossing, have been done by voluntary labour; the remainder must be for the stone mason.

We are doing what we can to make the money-raising pleasant. Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton have again invited the fete to the grounds of Lodors Court; the Beaminster Silver Band have agreed to come and play; we also hope to have a children's fancy dress procession, and a small variety entertainment after tea. Mrs. Carver is running a baby show; the number of bony new arrivals fully warrants this. If the weather continues its present form, we can guarantee an enjoyable afternoon.

The parishioners of Dottery will again have a stall at the fete. What it makes will be for Dottery Church.

Classes for the Confirmation in October will begin in August, at a time which the Vicar will notify the candidates. Of these there is a goodly number, some young, and some not so young. It is by no means too late for anybody who had not made up his mind to give in his name.

Badgers on the warpath. In normal times, the badger is a shy person, who keeps himself to himself, and is the farmer's friend in helping to keep down rabbits and other pests. But the present is not normal. Rabbits are very scarce, and the badgers are hungry. In consequence, the parishioners of Askerswell have come to feel akin to an Indian village subject to the nocturnal visitations of a man-eating tiger. Askerswell is thought by the knowing to be an object of interest to a large company of hen-eating badgers, and scarcely a hen-roost has escaped. It is certain that the badgers must come from another parish: they are so ill-mannered. They subject Askerswell House to the same treatment as the council houses of Legg's Mead; and when their appetites could as well be assuaged by old hens they choose young pullets - and young pheasants even. Our crime reporter informs us that the tally of losses is: Mr. Sidney Fry six pullets; Mr. Michael Biss eight pullets; Captain Aylmer seven pullets and seven young pheasants; Mr. Herbert four hens; Mr. Gillingham one broody hen and a sitting of eggs; Mr. Greening three hens. Mr. Norman Marsh also lost four pullets, but here a fox is suspected. None of these gentlemen reproaches himself for not having locked his hens up. The badger broke in to each hen house; at the Bisses' he removed a glass window without breaking it. The people of Askerswell are not the sort to sit down under this kind of treatment, so the victims took counter measures. Captain Aylmer spent a moonlit night sitting in an upper room with his gun trained on the lawn, but the hen-eater did not come. Mr. Michael Biss and his wife spent the night in an apple tree with their guns primed, but again, no badger came. Now Mr. Sidney Fry places more value on his beauty sleep. No night watching for him! He had noted the hole in the hedge through which the hen-eater had come, and had fixed a noose over it. As he was watching television, a great barking of dogs led him and his wife outside, with gun and torch, and there was the badger caught in the noose. Mr. Sidney quickly despatched him. It is disconcerting to find that it is not always the effort that wins the reward. Next morning (which was Sunday) Mr. Sidney had the carcass on view on his front lawn, and invited the Rector and the ladies to view it as they went up to church. Next day the Rector called on Mr. Sidney, expecting to hear that he had sold the skin for fifteen and six, and feasted on the hams of his enemy. But no, Mr. Sidney indicated a spot in the garden and said "Er's buried there, all the twenty-two pound of 'er". The Rector's assumption that "er" would be dug up and consumed when "'er had 'come" a bit more" proved to be wrong; for Mr. Sidney said, with a grimace, he could still seem to taste the last badger he ate. On the night following Mr. Sidney's

triumph, his son-in-law, Mr. Tom Foot, ran another badger down in a car on the way up to Nallers, and despatched it with the starting handle. This badger also went uneaten. Yet who could wish for better than meat nourished ~~on~~ on pullet and young pheasant?

The summer evensongs at Loders Church continue to attract a sizeable and appreciative congregation. The next will be on Sunday, July 26th, at 6.30 p.m. This will be the Dedication Festival, when thanks are offered for what the lovely old church has stood for, down through the centuries. We hope there will be a turn-out for Loders' St. Mary Magdalene of harvest festival proportions.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Oxenbury, of Dottery, was christened Michael John, at home, on June 28th. At the time he was dangerously ill, and remained so when we went to print.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells, of Loders Post Office, gave a party for the twenty-first birthday of Robin, their younger son, at the ex-Servicemen's Hut. A good time was had by all, except, perhaps, by Robin himself, who ministered unceasingly to the needs of guests afflicted by the thirsty weather. As the police force - and the Church - were there in strength, the behaviour was exemplary.

Askerswell is sad at losing Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rogers, who had been managing Mr. Eades' farm. The farm has been sold, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are moving to another farm at Membury, near Axminster. Our best wishes will go with them, and also our thanks for the share of stoking that Mrs. Rogers did so cheerfully to the church stove each winter.

Loders is also sad at the prospect of losing Mr. and Mrs. William Graves, who will shortly be leaving the Crown Inn, and taking up residence at Frampton, near Dorchester. His philosophy and wit were above the level of bucolic landlords in general, and went down exceptionally well with a glass of ale. Now that he is going, we regret that we did not imbibe more frequently of that fountain, which, in defiance of St. James, put forth the sweet and the bitter simultaneously. By instinct, if not so much by practice, a great Church of England man, he served as a sidesman of Loders Church, and was ever the genius of the sideshows at the fete. Like all good churchmen, he saw that the spiritual and the material are complementary rather than antagonistic, and it was entirely in character that his first present to the church should have been a set of prayer books, and his last, a bottle of whiskey for the fete skittles. We wish him all the best, and trust that his prophecy that we may still occasionally see him and his lady wife over from Frampton to church, may come true.

A family re-union. The family of Colonel Scott, late of Loders, and now of Netherbury, spent the weekend of June 14th all together at Netherbury. What makes this news is that the Scotts are the second Dispersion - they are to be found in the four corners of the earth - and like the first Dispersion, their family loyalty and affection is strong. They all came to morning service at Loders - the first time they had been together there since Allison's wedding, seven years ago. The party included their old nannie, Colonel Scott, Dr. Ian Scott, Captain Donald Scott, Mrs. Robin Chater, and Miss Joan Scott. Major Robin Chater, unable to be with them on this particular Sunday, clocked in at church a fortnight later. Only Atom was needed to make the party complete, and he, alas, is deceased. (For the edification of the uninitiated, Atom was a black Alsatian of ferocious aspect but gentle mien, who used to sit in the church porch. Worshippers were a bit scared of him, and saw they got to church before he did. It does not follow that everybody was in church by eleven).

The anniversary services of the Uploders Chapel were more than usually gay this year. A coachload of young Methodists from Dorchester came over for the afternoon service, had tea in the Parish Room, and took part in the evening service. Two of their number sang duets. Loders Sunday School made their annual pilgrimage to the afternoon service and contributed choruses and hymns. Chuck Willmott sang a solo. The afternoon preacher was Mr. Pedler, and the evening Miss Hosking, both of them teachers at Colfox School.

Services in July

<u>Loders:</u>	5th.	H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	12th.	H.C. 8; Matins 11: Children 2.	
	19th.	H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	26th.	Dedication Festival, H.C. 8; Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.	
<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 6.30.
	19th.	Evensong 3.	26th. Evensong 3.

PARISH NOTES (AUGUST 1959)
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

Fingers Crossed. As a few days will have elapsed between the writing of these Notes and the reading of them, and it is possible for the weather to have undergone a sea-change betweenwhiles, it may be that on the eve of Saturday, August 1st, the prospect of fine weather for the fete is not as rosy as at the time of writing, but we live in hope. The ground is cracking open, we know, the root crops are languishing, and the cows are giving less milk, but it would be a pity if the weather broke as we were about to enjoy the Beaminster Silver Band and the games of skill and hazard in the hospitable grounds of Lodors Court. Come what may, we shall probably have the happy time we always do. The junior choir propose a football match on bicycles, and the ladies of the choir have formed a tug-of-war team which challenges all comers, provided the comers be also ladies, and in every sense of the word. The children of Lodors School will be giving recitations, songs and dances, and there will also be a demonstration of dog handling in place of the Comic Dog Race which has been cancelled owing to soaring temperatures. Mrs. Carver has roped in a lot of entries for the baby show, and has beguiled Dr. Maxwell Jones into the terrifying job of venturing an opinion as to which is the bonniest. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. William Graves, late of The Crown and now of Frampton, the innocent looking lawn skittles will be played for a bottle of Highland Cream Whiskey, and Mrs. R. Pitcher has promised a ready-for-the-oven cockerel for the ladies. Opening time of the fete will be 2 p.m., admission for adults being one shilling, and children free. A lady who lives at Sidmouth has unwittingly made us more aware of the worth-whileness of the fete by sending us enlargements of some snaps she took of the stonework of the church from unusual angles. She gives the turret and its coronet of pinnacles as it appears from close under the base, and various of the medieval gargoyles as they jut out against the skyline. To restore some of this precious stonework is the financial object of the fete. The lady from Sidmouth says in her letter: "Earlier in the month (July) I visited Lodors Church, being attracted by the description of Sir. F. Treves, and I was enchanted".

The people of Askerswell are stepping up the tempo of preparations for their fete on Sept. 5th, in aid of the bell fund. Wing-Commander Newall has again undertaken the chairmanship of the committee, with Mr. Adams as secretary, and Mr. Waley as treasurer. The committee say they are most willing to co-opt anybody who wants to help. Still alive and kicking after having made two hundred aprons for charitable purposes with her own hand, Miss Edwards has got her working party into stride, though they sorely miss the deft fingers of Miss Carr, of South Eggardon, who was one of their keenest members. She has moved to South Devon. By presenting a pig for skittling for the second year running, Mr. Sam Fry has demonstrated that although he lives far away in the Olympian fastness of Nallers, he still has a soft spot for Askerswell Church.

Two more hen-eating badgers have been accounted for at Askerswell. Mr. Sidney Fry caught his second badger in a noose protecting his hen run, and Mr. Biss caught one in a rope near his hen house.

A field day for twins. Four sets of twins had a part in the christening in Lodors Church on July 12th of Jennifer and Jane Crabb, the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crabb, of Uploders. Dulcie and David Newbery, and Mark and Karen Green, assisted the singing, while Rosamund Willmott read the lesson and Mary Willmott accompanied at the organ. At the church door the newly christened twins, supported by the other twins, posed for a photograph.

By one of the ironies of fate, Mrs. Mabel Read, of Uploders, who seemed the stronger of the two, died, and her husband, whose life was despaired of in hospital, survived, and, to the delight of his children, has made a splendid recovery. In the absence of the Vicar, who was attending the clergy school at Salisbury, the funeral service, which was choral, was taken by the Rector of Symondsbury. On the following Sunday the Vicar paid tribute to Mrs. Read's cheerfulness, and commended the care for their parents shewn by the children, all of whom live away from home but took turns of duty during the emergency.

Miss Ruth Squires, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Biss, of Askerswell, who met her bridegroom while she was on the staff of Askers Road House, was married at Askerswell Church to P.C. Anthony Michael Rolls, of the Bridport Police Force. The service was sung by a church full of guests, with Mr. Harold Spiller at the organ; and the weather conspired to make it as pretty as a village wedding at its best can be. To the chiming of the bells, the party went down the hill to Medway Farm, where the sunshine enabled much of the feasting to be done in the garden. Mrs. Biss senior, having had a fill of practice, is now an expert wedding hostess. P.C. and Mrs. Rolls are making their home in St. Andrew's Road, Bridport.

The new landlord at The Crown, Uploders, is Mr. Jack Verrinder, of Southall, Middlesex. A glowing testimonial from his workmates on his retirement shews that he was manager of the shipping and auxiliary services department of Quaker Oats, having worked his way up from the bottom. An unmistakeable military bearing that one does not naturally associate with Quaker Oats is explained by his having been in the Royal Marines for eight years, which included the Great War. (He and Mr. Owen senior, of Matravers, have discovered that they were on the "Resolution" together). Mr. Verrinder is a man of parts. That he played for Southall soccer club merits his wife's description of him as

"a keen sportsman", and well accords with his lively, cheerful nature, but to be told in the same breath that he is a champion player of bowls is disconcerting, for is not bowls a kind of therapeutical occupation for the aged and decaying rather than a sport? Be that as it may, Mr. Verrinder has played for Middlesex, and has a sizeable box of medals of the kind commemorating the engagements in which bowlers take part. In fact, it was coming to Lyme Regis for holidays and bowls which minded Mr. Verrinder to retire to these parts. He is no stranger to licensed houses; his daughter keeps an inn at Richmond. Both his sons work for the A.E.C., and the elder is commercial marine manager. Mrs. Verrinder was a church worker at Southall. We hope she and her husband will be happy and take root here.

The new teacher for Loders School is Mrs. Joan Scott, a widow with an eighteen months child, who hopes to take up residence at Welplot shortly, and to take over the school from the supply teacher, Miss Sellers, next term. At present she is an assistant teacher at Heatherland Junior Mixed School, Poole, and while her late husband was serving in the Army, she taught in Army schools at Osnabruck, Germany, and in Tripoli. She is a product of the Bristol Diocesan Training College at Fishponds.

Good Neighbours. Askerswell is happy to have back from Weymouth hospital Mr. Fred Swaffield, who battled successfully with a serious illness culminating in blood transfusions and an operation. While he was away from home, Messrs. George Bryan, Sidney Fry, and Peter Rogers set all his anxieties about his garden at rest by ploughing and sowing it for him; and he wishes to place on record his deep appreciation. He also wishes to thank those who gave his wife lifts to the hospital.

The Vicar preached the sermon at the Founder's Day Commemoration Service of Lord Digby's School in Sherborne Abbey on July 18th.

For their annual outing Loders ringers rather charily chose a route which on a previous occasion had taken them through fog and drizzle, but this time the weather was perfect and Exmoor made up to them. They went to Lynmouth, and then along the coast to Minehead. On the return journey they made a detour to Wellington, and spent the evening at the inn which Mr. Jim Follett, formerly of Uploders, keeps there. By the grace of God they got home safely, and next morning were manning their ropes as if nothing had happened. Although they rarely say so, they are deeply grateful to Mr. George Hyde for his excellent arrangements, and to their landlord, Mr. Bill Maddison, who ministered to their needs en route.

An itinerant missionary caravan, and tent, sponsored by the organisation known as the Children's Special Services Mission, is operating in this neighbourhood, and hopes to visit Loders for a few days towards the end of August. The missionary would put his caravan and tent in a field, and invite the parish to a series of services. It is so rare that a country parish gets the opportunity of a fresh voice, and a new angle on religion, that the missionary will be most welcome. Perhaps our readers would keep an eye open for the announcement of when he will be coming.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Crabb, of Loders, on the birth of a daughter. Askerswell School feels the benefit of having its own playing field this glorious weather, and parents shared it for the annual school sports at the end of term. Parents were afterwards entertained to tea by the children, and several friends of the school have since told us how impressive were the children's good manners. These are surely as much part of education as the three r's, and the pity is that not all schools realise this.

Services in August

<u>Loders:</u>	2nd.	H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	9th.	H.C. 8: Matins 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: Evensong 6.30.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	2nd.	Evensong 6.30.	9th. Matins 10.
	16th.	Evensong 6.30.	23rd. H.C. 10.
	30th.	Matins 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	2nd.	H.C. 9.30.	9th. Evensong 3.
	16th.	Evensong 3.	23rd. Evensong 6.30.
	30th.	Evensong 3.	