

PARISH NOTES (NOVEMBER, 1959)
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

October was a memorable month in that Loders Church was filled to capacity on three occasions within eight days, and most of the parish were at church on one or other of the occasions. First came the harvest morning service. This year our farmers saw to it that there was no lack of corn; an avenue of sheaves from chancel step to altar, sheaves in Ladye Chapel window, and a sheaf in every cranny that could support one, gave the church the appearance of a harvest field, and among the bright faces in the congregation it was pleasant to note former parishioners who had been drawn back to their old home for the thanksgiving. It was fitting for the climax of the agricultural year that one of the Church's big guns, Canon Lovett, of Melplash, should be brought up to fire the opening salvo from the pulpit. The multitude at the evening service had to be content with a shot gun, if one can call a vicar that; for cannons are hard to come by. However, the evening congregation were sensible of the rare honour of having a Pope in their midst, in the person of the steward of the Uploders Chapel, who made the friendly gesture of joining in the parish church harvest, and accepted an invitation to read one of the lessons. The following Sunday afternoon saw the Confirmation service, when the eligible boys of the parish, wearing an unwonted look of seriousness; and the girls, looking like so many brides in white, ratified their baptismal vows in the presence of the Bishop of Sherborne, and a large company of god-parents and friends. There were thirty-three candidates from our three parishes, and two from Bradpole. We were extremely fortunate in the weather. The Confirmation afternoon was a few fine hours sandwiched between two very wet days, and the candidates and their friends, in number about one hundred, were able to join the Bishop and his wife in a stand-up tea on the vicarage lawn. The ladies who served the tea are highly deserving of thanks, and so are Loders Court for entertaining the Bishop and his family so royally at luncheon. (In the good old days of the eighteenth century, according to the churchwardens' accounts, the cost of entertaining "ye lorde Bishophe when he did take ye Confirmation" fell on the parish, and embraced several "pottles of Canary"). This vote of thanks must also include the ladies who decorate the church. No sooner was harvest over than they stripped the church of its reds and golds, and put it in white for the Confirmation. It is difficult not to be sentimental over Confirmation services, and this was as moving as any. Here, in the vastly changed world of the atomic age, the grey old church was doing to the youth of the village the same as it had done for a thousand years, putting them on the straight and narrow path, with God's blessing. Inevitably one found oneself wondering how many of them would stay on it. Much will depend on the encouragement - and above all the personal example - of parents. It was good to see the candidates beginning their life as communicants at the early service on the Sunday following, at Askerswell as well as at Loders; and doubtless the new Dottery communicants will live up to the fine tradition of their church.

A letter from Mr. Shoobridge, the organiser of the Poppy Day collections in their neighbourhood, is a reminder that November calls us to honour the dead of the two world wars. The further time bears us away from the wars, the more forcefully do we need to be reminded of the price that was paid for the liberty we all enjoy. Remembrance Sunday is Nov. 8th this year, and, we hope, will be another occasion on which our churches are full. We also hope that the collections will reflect the current prosperity. Mr. Shoobridge says that church collections do a vital job in maintaining the work of Earl Haig's Fund. Our Remembrance services will be: Askerswell 10 a.m.; Loders 11 a.m.; Dottery 6.30 p.m. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Hunt (nee Diana Forbes), of Beaminster, was baptised Nigel George Ian at Loders Church on Oct. 17th.

Changes in Uploders. Moens Farm, lately vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Bell, has been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. W. Vickery, who have one young child, and who come from that part of Dorset famous for its oil strike, Kimmeridge. Brook House is now the home of Dr. and Mrs. W.S. Morgan, who have just retired from a busy practice in Chesterfield to what they hope will be the peace and quiet of West Dorset. Mrs. Morgan adds another to our growing number of matrons who can claim to be of the noble army of nurses. She trained at Bart's. Their two children both live in America, and they hope to visit them soon. Mr. and Mrs. George Randall and family are now installed in the house in New Road best known as "Captain Welstead's". Higher Yondover Farm, their home for many years, now empty, seems all wrong without them. Miss Marjorie Randall has just sailed to take an attractive post under the Tanganyika Government.

Old Boys of Loders School. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bartlett, of Matravers, have staying with them, until January, Mr. Bartlett's elder brother Willoughby, who is on holiday from New Zealand, to which he emigrated forty-eight years ago, and where he is now a successful farmer of fifteen hundred acres. The brothers are both thoughtful men, and your reporter counted it a privilege to be present the other day when they awoke from a post-prandial siesta and began to exchange ideas. They are unanimous in ascribing any success they might have achieved in life to the strict discipline imposed on them by their old master at Loders School, Mr. Fooks. Looking at the local countryside with the eye of a comparative stranger, Mr. Willoughby is impressed by the quality of the thatching, and the tidiness of the hedges. Mr. Herbert agrees, but alleges that while the hedges may be tidier, thanks to hedge cutting machines, the men who can lay a hedge get fewer and fewer. Mr. Willoughby attended harvest service at Loders Church, and stoutly maintains against all that is said in praise of the golden age of church-going, that he never saw

the church more crowded, or better decorated, or heard heartier singing. Mr. Herbert concurs. Mr. Willoughby cannot think, when England is so splendid in its natural scenery and old buildings, why anybody should ever want to go holidaying on the continent. Mr. Herbert is entirely with him there, and insists that there is no need for anybody to go further than Lodgers. A problem that puzzles Mr. Willoughby is why New Zealand, with ten times fewer cars than England, should shew ten times more battered mudguards. Thereupon Mr. Herbert archly enquires the price of whiskey in New Zealand, and is assured it is lower than here. Mr. Willoughby sees the light, and says "Oh no! That ain't the reason". Mr. Willoughby is convinced that people in England are happier than New Zealanders; they are more contented, and not so prone to over-reach themselves. Not having lived in New Zealand himself, Mr. Herbert prefers to reserve judgment. Mr. Willoughby alleges that any young man who wants to get out of the rut and make his pile can do it here without bothering to go to New Zealand. Mr. Herbert nods sagely. Mr. Willoughby contends that the British farmer is the most pampered farmer on earth. At this stage brotherly love shews the first sign of discontinuing, and our reporter deems it the proper moment to withdraw.

Askerswell Bells. At their recent meeting the Church Councillors had before them two estimates, one from Mears & Stainbank for £915; and the other from John Taylor for £985. Although the Taylor estimate looked dearer, examination shewed it to be in effect cheaper, because it covered more work than Mears & Stainbank were offering to do, such as transporting the bells to the Taylor foundry, tuning them, and fitting them to the new metal frame before they and the new frame were installed in the tower. Another point that inclined the councillors to Taylor was that Miss Croxon had offered to give a sixth bell, to complete the peal, in memory of the late Miss Webb, and the new bell could only be satisfactorily attuned to the other five in the foundry, as Taylor proposed. Finally, the matter was clinched in favour of Taylor on the strong recommendation of Canon Cox, the Master Ringer of Salisbury Diocese, whose knowledge of bells and bellfounders is equal to anybody's, and who had done us the kindness of studying the contending estimates. When the bells are rehung, they will be put lower in the tower, so as to throw up the sound and make it less for the houses beneath; and so as to reduce the strain on the tower, not that the tower shews any weakness, but because it is a good principle to reduce strain to a minimum. Provision is also to be made for the ringing to be from the ground floor instead of the first floor.

Gats Ecclesiastical. Lodgers congregation have been lamenting the death of their white cat, Titus. He was himself utterly unloving, and yet capable of inspiring great devotion. He was the scourge of the moles in the churchyard, the cross that the church mice were born to endure, and the reason why the birds in the yew trees thought twice before they twittered. Following becomingly on a mis-spent youth, his old age was pious. The congregation were used to his strolling down through the chancel during service, taking a prominent seat on the chancel step for as much of the sermon as he could suffer, and leaving with dignity before the collection. He is buried in a rough corner outside the chancel where he sunned himself in old age, and so far his grave has never lacked flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes have kindly presented a successor, in the person of a Siamese with a pedigree as long as the list of vicars on the south wall. He was named Tiglath Pileser, after the Assyrian king who harried the Jews, but somehow has come to be known as Tig. He has not yet finished sowing his wild oats.

Services in November

<u>Lodgers:</u>	1st. H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	8th. (Remembrance) H.C. 8; Memorial 11; Children 2.	
	15th. H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	22nd. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2; Evensong 6.30.	
	29th. H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	1st. Evensong 6.30.	8th. (Remembrance) 10.
	15th. Evensong 6.30.	22nd. Matins 10.
	29th. H.C. 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	1st. H.C. 9.30.	8th. (Remembrance) 6.30.
	15th. Evensong 3.	22nd. Evensong 3.
	29th. Evensong 3.	

PARISH NOTES (DECEMBER, 1959)
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Our church collections on Remembrance Sunday produced £19.5.7d for Earl Haig's Fund (Dottery £3, Askerswell £4.5.7d, Loders £12). An observant reader of the Bridport News tells us that we beat the collection at the great parade service in Bridport by £4. As our combined population in these three parishes is under 800, and the population of Bridport is over 6,500, we certainly did not do badly in a good cause. It is gratifying to know that while the world at large regards us as a small community absurdly fighting each other over the noises of diesel engines, to Earl Haig's Fund we are the blue-eyed boys of the Bridport area.

Askerswell Bells. The Faculties Committee of the Diocese of Salisbury are urging that the new bell frame to be put in Askerswell tower should be of wood, and not iron, as sea air corrodes the latter unless it is regularly painted with lead oxide - now an expensive business. The Rector and Churchwardens have replied that the Church Council always had a preference for wood, but had been given to understand by the bellfounders that the price of oak would be prohibitive. It now seems that the bellfounders have discovered an African hardwood called iroko, which combines all the qualities of oak with a relative cheapness, and they are willing to fit a frame of this instead of iron for £50 extra. At the moment the reply of the Faculties Committee to this proposal is awaited. Meanwhile the Diocesan Board of Finance have awarded the bell fund the maximum grant of £20, and the West Dorset Guild of Ringers have made a second grant of £5. If the iroko frame is approved by the Faculties Committee, it will add £50 to the bill, but down the years will save several times that amount in painting.

Christmas Shopping opportunities. The annual Women's Institute Sale is to be held in the Loders ex-Servicemen's Hut on Saturday, Dec. 5th, at 3.30 p.m. It holds promise of being once more the enjoyable social event that it always has been, and one specially liked by the children. The Mission Sale will be at Loders School on Friday, Dec. 11th, at 5.30 p.m. The children are rehearsing an entertainment, which, no doubt, their adoring parents will dub the nicest show on earth. Saleable articles have begun to trickle into the vicarage. Mrs. Willmott says she could never have too many. The other day she was quite touched at receiving by post a most acceptable parcel from a supporter of the sale, who had remembered, although at present she is out of the parish.

Guy Fawkes Day was observed hereabouts with gusto. The children had bonfires on high points, at Boarsbarrow, Waddon and Shatcombe. At Askerswell House there was not only a bonfire, but a communal firework display, and the village children were outnumbered by adults. These were no ordinary adults either, but included admirals, captains, group-captains, colonels, knights, magistrates, a brace of divines, and the cream of the local aristocracy, who enjoyed themselves hugely, and were delighted with their hostess, Mrs. Aylmer, for thinking up such an agreeable entertainment. The roving photographer of The Tatler does not know what he missed. By universal consent the best bonfire was at Shatcombe. It had been assembled by young Tommy Dannett, Brian Hyde, David Gill and Co., with an industry which, if only it could be applied to lessons, would surely land them in the University. Ronald Tilley capped it with a few gallons of used motor oil, and the resulting blaze was colossal. Here again, it seems that the older people (and of these there are not a few in Uploders) enjoyed it most. Said 83-year-old Mrs. Wallbridge: "When Ernest and I went to our beds that night, we didn't want the light on, t'were that bright. We opened our windows and let in the heat, and really, Mr. Willmott, t'were the first time our old bones have really bin warm this winter". If the owners of Mrs. Wallbridge's cottage should read this, and subsequently detect a lot of blistered paint, they would, we trust, not lay it to the charge of the boys, but write it off as "Act of God".

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Read was baptised Alan in company of relatives, Lady Le Breton, and the Sunday School, in Loders Church on Nov. 22nd.

Obituary. We have had four funerals in a month, which is rare in our healthy community, and by them we have lost some valued friends. It is hard to adjust ourselves to the thought that we shall no more see Mrs. Susannah Tiltman in her accustomed place in Loders Church. Well after she had turned eighty, she would walk from New Road to morning service, and was still doing the decoration of the bell on the chancel step at festivals. She was also a regular member of the M.U. and the W.I., one who had to have a really good reason for staying away from meetings. Being young in spirit, she was never out of place at the Sunday School outings, which she attended right up to last year; and having suffered misfortune herself in the Great War, was able to comfort and help keep on an even keel those who told her of theirs. She was one of the few people in Loders of whom it could be safely said that everybody liked her. At Dottery there were two funerals, first of Mr. Walter Wensley, husband of our former verger, and then of Mr. Frederick Joy, of Pymore. Mr. Wensley had been an ailing man for years, and yet succeeded in reaching eighty. Mr. Joy died in Southampton Hospital at the early age of fifty-four. A native of Bradpole, he had spent all his working life at Pymore Mill. Askerswell saw the sad spectacle of Mr. Dick Waley following his wife to the grave only two months after her funeral. He having been always regarded as in the pink of condition, this was a shock to his children, and also to the parish, which he had served so well during his short

residence, as fete treasurer, sidesman, church councillor, Ruri-Decanal representative, and one of the voluntary stokers of the church stove. He had a heart attack while driving his car, and swerved into a lorry, receiving fatal injuries. It was some consolation to hear from the pathologist that he suffered very little pain; and had the heart attack occurred elsewhere than in the car, it could well have left him a lifelong invalid, which he, above all people, would have found hard to endure. Doubtless a thrill of pride went through his children when the inquest adduced that his gentlemanly instincts did not fail him even in the accident. His first thought was for the lorry driver. He said "Are you hurt?". and when the driver replied "No", he said "Thank heaven for that!". He also took on himself the blame, but there was none. So passes one who shewed us that it is possible both to enjoy life, and be a Christian.

The wood and glass door in the south porch of Loders Church, although certainly made by a carpenter who knew his job, had for long been something of an eyesore, on account of the drab varnish with which a later hand had daubed it. The offer of Mr. Spillman, of Uploders, to burn off the varnish and re-paint the door, was accepted with alacrity, and he has made quite a professional job of it, although postmastering is his proper profession. May we point out again, in case any other practical man feels movings of the spirit, that a gesture like this is the equivalent of a "fiver" put on the church plate?

While on the subject, we have another nice gesture to record. Mr. Malcolm McDowall is causing, and paying entirely for, a time switch to be fixed to the electrical heating in Loders Church. The chief beneficiary will be the Vicar, who will no longer have to get up at 3, 4 or 5 on Sunday mornings to switch on. As Mr. McDowall's proficiency in the field of electricity is an unknown quality, and the vicar is not yet seeking martyrdom by electrocution, this is clearly a case where cash is more appreciated than "in kind". Christmas arrangements at Loders Church will follow the pattern we have learnt to love. There will be the popular midnight service at 12 on Christmas Eve; the Sunday School will sing carols at the tree at 11 on Christmas morning; and there will be the carol service of the nine lessons at 6.30 on the Sunday after Christmas. Dottery and Askerswell will have the usual communion service at 9 and 10 respectively on Christmas Day. Loders Choir will be singing carols round the parish shortly before Christmas in aid of the Children's Society.

"Court Party". Lady Le Breton asks us to say that this will be on Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, at 2.30 p.m., and the coach will collect Uploders children at The Crown at 2.15.

Mrs. Eveleigh has left Uploders, and gone to live in her native Bradpole, where her husband was for many years sexton. In some respects she was another Mrs. Tiltman. She regularly walked from Uploders to service at Bradpole, often twice of a Sunday, and was still doing this at eighty, which shews the stuff the older generation are made of.

Our Nonagenarians have recently celebrated birthdays. Mrs. Gibbs, of Dottery, was 95 on Nov. 3rd, and was not altogether pleased at receiving a printed greetings card crediting her with 96 ("That would be an age", she says). Granny Hyde, of Uploders, was 94 on Nov. 23rd. She still prefers to sleep unattended over her shop, and still likes to give the hens "their tea". Mr. Whittle, of Loders, although unwell, cast his vote at the general election, and hopes to be 90 on Boxing Day. Mrs. Martha Crabb, of Uploders, still able to get up in the afternoons and take an occasional walk, hopes to be 90 on Jan. 6th. But our oldest inhabitant is Mrs. Wallbridge's parrot, who can be proved to be at least 100. Mrs. Wallbridge has to confess, with sorrow, that as the parrot gets older she does not grow in grace (she was always reckoned a he until she produced a few eggs in her late nineties). Long years ago, when the parrot lived at Burton, the men who carted sand from Burton beach tried their hardest to teach her a few nautical terms of dubious taste. She resisted, and instead learnt the Lord's Prayer, which she could say right through to the end. But nowadays, when she attempts the Lord's Prayer, which is not as often as it might be, she does not get very far, and it is a bit less every time. But what distresses Mrs. Wallbridge beyond words is that when the parrot sees a titbit on Mrs. Wallbridge's plate, and asks for it, and does not get it, she screams "Go to hell, Mother". As Mrs. Wallbridge is sure the neighbours must have heard, there is no harm in our mentioning it here.

Services in December

<u>Loders:</u>	6th. H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	13th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	20th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	24th. Christmas Eve. Midnight Service 12.	
	Christmas Day. H.C. 8: Matins and Children's Carols 11.	
	27th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2: Carols 6.30.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	6th. Evensong 6.30.	13th. Matins 10.
	20th. Matins 10.	Christmas Day. H.C. 10.
	27th. Matins 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	6th. H.C. 9.30.	13th. Evensong 3.
	20th. Evensong 6.30.	Christmas Day. H.C. 9.
	27th. Evensong 3.	