

PARISH NOTES (JULY, 1960)  
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

July is the month when the thoughts of those most responsible for the fabric of Loders Church turn to the impending parish fete (on Saturday, July 30th, this year). The fete itself, to be held again in the grounds of Loders Court at the kind invitation of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, is pleasant to contemplate; it is a gathering of the clans, and we enjoy each other's company so much that we are unmindful of the rapid erosion going on inside our pockets. But the work that has to go into the fete beforehand is not so pleasant, and some of those kind people who took the lion's share in time past are, for various good reasons, not available this year. It was a relief to the Church Council to find that not all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had been able to dislodge Mrs. Olive Legg from the key position of controller of teas; and that Mr. Spillman, who made a successful debut as organiser of side-shows last year, was willing to take them on again. The main difficulty was to find a stalls organiser. When nobody was forthcoming, Mrs. Carver stepped into the breach, but it is her misfortune and ours that she is now under the doctor, and has to confine herself to staffing the stalls. The business of collecting what is sold on the stalls has fallen on the Vicar. Buying is something he does not mind (when he has the money); selling is something he leaves to those who were born with the clutching hand; begging is something entirely alien to his noble and independent nature. So when you see him at your doorstep, trying to look like the Man from the Prudential (but feeling like Our man in Havana) think instead of the displaced pinnacles and decayed marlons lying about on the church roof, and the £550 needed to renew or reinstate them. If only these Notes could run to pictures, we would show one of the debris on the Ladye Chapel roof. That would do the trick; for all Loders people love their old church. Meanwhile a programme of entertainment is beginning to take shape. We have booked the Beaminster Silver Band, the school children have promised a short display of country dancing, the Women's Institute a mannequin display of home-made hats, and Mr. H. Newbery Senior is giving as a prize for skittles the first pig we have had for years. Mine Host of the Crown, fresh with the glory of winning, with Mr. Critchard, the open pairs bowling championship at Weymouth, and beating an international in the process, is laying on some spicy competition in bowls. The number of new babies in the parish, and their mothers' pride in them, has made a baby show inevitable. It seems therefore that if the sun will but beam on us, we should be in for a jolly afternoon.

The daughter of the late Mr. Dick Waley has been settling up her father's estate in Askerswell. Before returning to her home near Chippenham, she left £50 towards the new bell which she and her brother and Miss Croxson are giving. We hope to see them, and the remaining "Ladies", at the dedication of the bells.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Spiller, of Askerswell, have now joined the order of glamorous grandparents. The wife of their son, John, gave birth to a son in Bridport Hospital. This accounts for the unusual verve in the organ the Sunday afterwards.

Dottery are again running a stall at Loders Fete. Dottery rely on this stall to pay their Quota, and relieve the church collections of a burden.

Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton celebrated their ruby wedding on June 19th. The news was a pleasant surprise to us. They both wear so well that we may be forgiven for not having anticipated it by inference. Had the ringers known, they would have pealed the bells. Dorset superstition rules that to do it after the day would bring the recipients certain bad luck, which God forbid.

The sale at Loders School on a hot Saturday afternoon had West Bay and the Saturday shopping to compete with. Yet it raised £16 for the school fund, provided a couple of pleasant hours for those who like jumble sales; and was timely for those who rely on such sales to replenish their wardrobes. Uploders now looks a little less unlike Saville Row in consequence.

Some divine is on record as having said that the true nature of a parsonage is to be the public house par excellence of the parish. Loders vicarage would have qualified for his approval in June, when it was so public that its regular inmates would have remained unsurprised at meeting anybody on earth within its venerable precincts. On Whit Tuesday the lawn was edged around with adoring young mothers, watching the multitudinous toddlers of the parish at their Whitsun frolic. Mothers and children loved to have an unorganised couple of hours of play, tea and buns, and the mothers a good old gossip. They warmly thanked Mrs. Willmott for renewing the annual opportunity. The second publicanising of the vicarage was after the Mothers' Union Deanery Festival Service in Loders Church, when well over two hundred members of that venerable institution took possession of the lawn for tea, our own M.U., whose function it was to prepare the tea, having been embattled in the kitchen and the dining room from ten o'clock that morning. Bravo for the Mothers' Union! thought a mere man, as he peeped through the kitchen window, and saw so many women milling round the sink, where the nice women know they belong. What would have happened had the unfriendly looking sky translated looks into action, we were saved from trying to picture; for the rain kept off, the tea was up to the best Loders

reputation, and the members boarded their buses feeling that their journey had been worth while. Not so the Vicar of Toller. He had been the only man among all those women for most of the tea. He said that when next he recited in the psalm "I am become like a bottle in the smoke", he would know what it meant. The third public occasion at the vicarage was the meeting there of the clergy of the Bridport Rural Decanal Chapter. After admiring the church, which was still decorated with roses, sweet peas, delphiniums and madonna lilies from the M.U. festival, and saying the Litany in it, they repaired to the drawing room to hear a paper on the Wrath of God in the Epistle to the Romans, and thence to the dining room for the customary tea of strawberries and cream.

A triple christening took place in Loders Church on Whit Sunday. The babies chiefly concerned were Malcolm Charles Record, Linda Rose Newberry and Sarah Jane Harbron. There were infants in plenty, relatives of the neophytes, to join with the Sunday School in assisting the ceremony.

Weddings. There have been two in Loders Church since our last issue. The former was that of Miss Pauline Follett, and the latter Mr. Clive Crabb's. Miss Follett has been gone from Loders for some years, and until lately was living in Battersea, but her ambition was to be married in the church she regards as home, and the opportunity came after she had met her future husband, Flying Officer R.K. Findlay, at her father's hotel in Barnstaple. In her Loders days Pauline was the dearest needlewoman in the missionary working party. We were not surprised to be told that her magnificent wedding dress was her own handiwork. Mr. Clive Crabb's bride was Miss Susan Scourey, of Sunningdale, Berks, who had formerly lived in Bridport and worked for Bridport Industries. Her father went to New Zealand as chauffeur to the Governor General, Lord Cobham. Mr. Crabb went with him as footman, and in that capacity waited on many eminent persons, including the Queen Mother and the present Prime Minister. Clive likes New Zealand, and hopes to get back there eventually. For the honeymoon he and his wife are staying with a friend near Paris.

The treasurer of Askerswell Church has put up in the porch an appeal for help to meet the running expenses of the church, which we herewith commend to all parishioners of Askerswell. While its tiny population has been engaged so successfully on the special task of raising £1,200 for its bells, ordinary expenses, and items such as fallen slates and the repair of the stove, have been quietly dissipating the credit balance on the current account, with the result that the bank has respectfully pointed out that Askerswell is in the red. Now is the time for one of those "agonising re-appraisals" with which Mr. Heathcote Amory has made us acquainted. It behoves us to examine our consciences to see whether infrequent or non-attendance at church has been reducing our share of its upkeep; or whether, if we are regular, our giving is in proportion to our income. Our mother Church of England makes no levies: she relies on our sense of fair play. In the present prosperity it is a scandal for any house of God to be in the red.

Friday, July 22nd, is St. Mary Magdalene's Day, the patron saint of Loders. There will be Holy Communion at 8 o'clock that day, and the Dedication Festival will be continued on the following Sunday, with an evensong at 6.30 added to the usual services.

Loders Women's Institute suffered from no inhibitions in the celebration of their thirteenth birthday. Nothing went wrong; indeed many voted this the happiest of all their birthdays. The cynics hold that this thirteenth birthday was free of calamity because the birthdays of Loders W.I., like the women of Samaria's husbands, are more than those confessed to, and that this, in fact, was not the thirteenth. The refreshments, including a cake made by Mrs. Rudd and Mrs. Christopher, were the envy of the guest institutes. A television addict remarked how refreshing were Mrs. Herbert's old time songs, and the very alive play, "Ghosts of long ago".

Miss McCombie, for four years the teacher at Askerswell School, is to become a pupil again. In the early autumn she goes to Reading University to study for a year, with the hope of gaining the Diploma in Rural Education, and possibly of becoming later a lecturer on this subject. The children are sad at the prospect of losing her: in recent years she has been the only teacher to stay long enough for the children really to know, and they have profited by her discipline and insistence on good manners. On Monday evenings she had been running a wolf-cub pack, and there also she will be greatly missed. We hope she will find her true niche, with the happiness that comes of being in it.

#### Services in July

<u>Loders:</u>	3rd.	H.C. 8 & 11.50:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	10th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	17th.	H.C. 8 & 11.50:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	24th.	(Dedication Festival)	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:
			Children 2:	Evensong 6.30.
	31st.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
<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. 9.30.	10th.	Evensong 3.
	17th.	Evensong 3.	24th.	Evensong 3.
			31st.	Evensong 6.30.

Our "Fate". We are wondering what it will be on Saturday, 30th July. The fate of a fete turns on the weather, and at the time of writing the weather is as uncertain as Mr. Kruschev, blowing fair and warm one minute, and lowering and cold the next. Our hope is that the good fortune of Loders may continue. Since the war, at any rate, the weather has never seriously affected our fete. By the laws of chance we are due to be facing some of the tribulations bestowed by Jupiter Pluvius on our less fortunate neighbours. But come what may, we shall try to carry through the programme at The Court. We have not forgotten the chastisement of our lack of faith that year when it rained cats and dogs till lunch time, but the afternoon was serene and fair - and we were wallowing in the Black Hole heat and congestion of the Hut. We have been asked why the fete should begin at the rather inconvenient time of two o'clock. The answer is, presumably, that it always has done. Originally this time may have been found to suit the bus, which we must learn to suit if this remote spot is to be at all viable. Experience has proved that two o'clock is not a minute too early. The custodians of the gate have reaped a rich revenue by coming on duty at one-thirty, and we well remember the time when everybody was so keen to get down to the buying, that Sir Edward and the great Lady who had declared the fete open were half way to the stalls, while the then churchwarden, Mr. Eli Lenthall, was still delivering himself of a vote of thanks which, as becomes a good farmer not given to oratory, had taken him weeks of blood, tears, toil and sweat to prepare. There is a little more news of the fete to add to the previous announcement. Miss Bowyer, the Matron of Bridport Hospital, has kindly - and bravely - found time in her busy life to judge the baby show; the Women's Institute have generously added a handicrafts exhibition to their hat parade; and in view of the handsome prize offered by Mr. Newberry for the skittles, Sir Edward is allowing these to continue ad lib after the fete. The prize is a pig, valued at £7, and is on view at Yonderover Farm. As it is a sow, with Landrace affinities, she could be the foundation of a fortune to the enterprising.

About Ourselves. This is the first time for many years that these Notes will not have been typed by Miss Muriel Randall at Bridport Industries. She is no longer able to do them. We would like to place on record our gratitude for the time she gave, and the skill. In the days when the typing was done by a commercial firm, unfamiliar with local names, the Editor had often to correct each copy by pen before publishing. This was as much to save his own skin as for the sake of exactitude; for misprints can be uproarious, libellous, and even obscene. With Miss Randall misprints were a rarity. The only deviation from severe rectitude that she allowed herself was a slight liberty with quotation marks, which would have intrigued the mighty architect of The King's English. But good workmanship has its distinguishing mark, and this was hers. When we were casting round for her successor, Mr. Graham Roper, of Dottery, and also of Bridport Industries, who kindly prints the Notes for us, volunteered to continue the printing. He sounded the Secretary, Mr. Anthony Sanctuary, who was immediately sympathetic, and who, to our joy, offered to find somebody to do the typing. So thanks to him, to Mr. Roper, and to some damsel blushing unseen, our happy connection with B.I. is to continue.

Loders Congregation has lost two regular members by the departure to Berrow, Burnham-on-sea, of Miss Friend and Miss Carden of Uploders. Miss Friend had been one of our parishioners for twenty-three years. Burnham is her home. We shall greatly miss them, and so will those in Uploders who depended on them for lifts into town.

Obituary. There were three deaths in Loders last month, which is about half of the average for a whole year. The first was that of Mrs. Maud Whittle, who for many years had lived in the creeper-clad cottage opposite the school. She nursed her husband (who is now 90, and at Port Bredy) through many serious illnesses, and then pre-deceased him, she being 84. By a lucky coincidence, Mr. Whittle was well enough to come out to Loders to see his wife a few days before she died, when she appeared to be in good health. His mind is as clear as ever. Although he had the help of his daughter and son-in-law, he directed all the arrangements. In Port Bredy Mr. Whittle has for a mate Mr. Walter Tudball, formerly cobbler of Uploders, who is now 92. The second death was of Mrs. Ellen Galer, late of Bristol, who with her husband had been staying with Mrs. Masters at Yew Tree Cottage. They were a devoted couple, and much sympathy will be felt with Mr. Galer, who may not be widely known in the parish, but whose fine voice is appreciated in church. She was 77. The third passing was of a lifelong invalid, Miss Agnes Hansford, of Loders, who confounded medical predictions by reaching the ripe age of 71. This achievement was partly due, no doubt, to the constant care bestowed on her over many years by her sister, Mrs. David Crabb, and more recently by her niece Jessie. All three funeral services were at Loders Church, followed by burial at the cemetery.

Our attention has been drawn to a recent number of the Illustrated London News, which gives a picture of a group of boys in Scotch College, Melbourne, admiring a Baskerville Bible presented to the school by Sir Winston Churchill. Baskerville was printer to the University of Cambridge in the mid-18th century, and his workmanship is highly prized.

The big bible from which the lessons are read in Loders Church is a Baskerville, dated 1769. We also have a Baskerville prayer book. Both were originally in the Le Breton family, and were presented by Sir Edward many years ago.

A new teacher for Askerswell. There were twelve applicants for the post which Miss McCombie gives up this term. Of these the school managers interviewed two, who were both so excellent that it was a puzzle to choose. They appointed Miss L.M. Grigg, who since 1954 has been head of Kewstoke Church School, Somerset, a two-teacher establishment with sixty children on the roll. Miss Grigg began her teaching career at Kewstoke in 1932, and was there as an assistant for ten years. When she had gained five years' experience at Milton Park Road Infants' School, and a further seven years at Winterstoke Secondary Girls' School, the managers of Kewstoke recalled her as head. Kewstoke is devastated at the prospect of losing her. She has been organist and choirmistress of the parish church, leader of the Girl Guides and the local youth club, and also a Sunday School teacher. In age she is a very young 46. Her object in coming to Dorset is to be nearer her brother, who teaches in Dorchester, and to get a change. (The changes in her teaching career have been so few and far between that nobody can begrudge her this one.) The managers regret that the school will have to be served by supplies until Miss Grigg can take up duty in January, 1961. She has to give Kewstoke a term's notice. The managers did not receive definite notice from Miss McCombie until 10th June. They did not do too badly in getting the advertising, the consideration of applications, the interviews, and the appointment of a teacher, done by 20th July. They are grateful for the quick and amiable co-operation of Mr. Easton at County Hall, and immensely so to Mrs. and Miss Shimeld for helping with teacher's accommodation.

A welcome is, we are sure, awaiting the opportunity to reveal itself to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Millington, who are busy settling into the late Mr. Dick Waley's old home in Askerswell. They come from Romsley, near Birmingham, and have a love of the country which has brought them in their retirement to Dorset. Mr. Millington was an engineer. They have one son, an accountant, who is married, and lives in Dudley. They also have a dog, who will assuredly keep them free of tramps and ensure that the Rector is better dressed when he calls next time.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Head (nee Rosemary Hyde, late of Uploders) on the birth of a daughter, their second, who is to be called Mary Jane. The proud grandmother, Mrs. Tom Hyde, of Waytown, was in attendance at the confinement.

Further congratulations, to Major and Mrs. Robin Chater (nee Alison Scott, late of the Old Mill, Loders) on Major Robin's terrific appointment as Military Assistant to the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East Forces, Sir Dudley Ward. He takes up duty in Cyprus in October, being at present in North Africa. We always had a feeling that Major Robin was destined for the stars, and we are sure that having a wife whose charm as a hostess is a good advertisement for England among "the lesser breeds without the law" - was no disadvantage to him. Another daughter of Loders, Mrs. Denis Laskey (nee Perronelle Le Breton) is achieving fame as a hostess at the British Embassy in Rome. It looks as if she may have the Queen to entertain on the state visit to Rome next year.

Notice re Fete. Mrs. Frank Gill has kindly volunteered to collect the articles for the stalls in Loders on Thursday, 28th July; and Mrs. Hallett in Uploders towards the end of the week. If either of these ladies should call on you in place of the Vicar, you will know she is authentic, and will doubtless be as gracious to her as you were to him when he called.

Presentation to Miss McCombie. A very pleasant and sunny afternoon of sports at Askerswell School ended in the giving away of prizes by Lady Le Breton, and the presentation to Miss McCombie by Mrs. Newall, on behalf of managers, parents and friends, of a suit case and a dressing case. The Rector thanked Miss McCombie for her good work in the school, and wished her well in her new work. The company then did justice to an ample tea.

#### Services in August

<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 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.
	28th.	H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	7th.	Evensong 6.30 14th Matins 10.
	21st.	Evensong 6.30. 28th H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	7th.	H.C. 9.30. 14th Evensong 6.30.
	21st.	Evensong 3. 28th Evensong 3.

PARISH NOTES (SEPTEMBER, 1960)  
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

Getting out of "The Red". The reaction of Askerswell people to the news that their church is getting into debt was quick and characteristic. They called a general meeting, which decided to hold a Christmas Fair in the School, on the afternoon of Saturday, 12th November. The Fair is to include a stall for Christmas presents, another for cakes and groceries, and another for flowers and vegetables. There was a lively debate as to what the jumble stall should be called. Just as nowadays the undertaker likes to be called the mortician, the ratcatcher the rodent operative, and the chimney-sweep the fluonologist, so, it seems, the jumble sale likes to sound a bit more impressive. A shudder went through the meeting when somebody suggested "second-hand stall". This reeked of the back streets of Bermondsey. After much discussion, the jumble stall was put down as the "bargain stall". When the Rector began to argue that this title might imply, to the detriment of the entire Fair, that bargains were not to be had on the other stalls, the chairman, Mrs. Aylmer, put her foot down, and said there was to be no more argument. The jumble stall would be known as the bargain stall, and the Rector was to make it known through the Parish Notes that there would, of course, be bargains on the other stalls. Hence this paragraph. And so it came about that he thought discretion the better part of valour, and voiced no objection, when an area of fun and games for the children was designated "children's corner", which can also mean a place of prayer. What's in a name, anyhow? Our village meetings would not be true to form if they ceased to make us laugh at ourselves. And all that really matters is that from now onwards the staunch churchfolk of Askerswell will be busy making and acquiring saleable goods for the Fair. P.S. - When it comes to raising money for the parish church, all are staunch churchfolk.

A friend took a wonderful lot of colour photographs of Loders Fete, on 30th July. We have been looking at them in a lighted projector. "The rain, it raineth every day" quoth Shakespeare, and the present rain makes it hard to believe that these pictures, which have captured even the warmth of the sunshine, the bright hues of the flowers, and the exuberance of the summer frocks, are not fakes. But the fete was blest with perfect sunshine. Its being sandwiched between so many wet days, made it the more appetising. The grounds of Loders Court were never more delectable. The band playing country tunes down on the tennis court, gave a nice lazy pleasure to the multitude sitting and sipping tea on the grassy surrounds. A mild sensation was provided by the little girl who ate a wasp with a doughnut, but this was not as silly as it sounds, for the Matron of Bridport Hospital was at hand, judging the baby show, and she knew exactly what to do. The thing that really made the husbands sit up was the parade of the Women's Institute wearing home-made hats that had cost no more than a shilling. Why had this not been done before, they demanded one of the other? The hours they had fretted away in the anteroom of the salon, and the agony of writing out the cheque! All that is now a nightmare of the past. See that the wife joins the W.I., pay her subscription even, if that is unavoidable, and the hat problem is solved for ever.

Ponies and music. At last year's fete, the pony that gave the children rides did not like the band, and tried to bolt. All Mr. Miller's superb horsemanship did not serve to keep the pony on the job for long, and it had to be sent home. This year, an old-fashioned rocking horse was pressed into service in the pony's place. The horse of wood appealed to the children even more than the one of flesh, and, incidentally, took more threepences, which raises the interesting subject of the response of animals to music. Horses may not be musical by disposition, but that they can be trained to it is obvious to all who have enjoyed the musical ride at military tattoos. Now cows seem to be innately musical, and some go-ahead farmers have put wireless in their milking parlours. One farmer parishioner says "I can't make it out, but the coos do let down their milk better when there be a good chune on, for certain". A gentleman farmer who has given some thought to this phenomenon fancies that to the lilting tunes of "My Fair Lady" the milk flows at only a smooth and happy pace, but the thunder and lightning of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in C Minor brings it cascading down and would save quite a bit of electricity could it be played every day at milking time. But please do not suppose that all farmers who have wireless in their cowsheds were thinking of their cows, or even of the ballistics of milk production, when they put it there.

The balance sheet of Loders Fete is as follows: Receipts, Cake stall £12.3.6; Jumble £14.16.0; Children's stall £5.2.0; Books £2.3.8; Produce £10.1.1; China and glass £10.3.0; Flowers £9.5.6; New stall £17.15.7; Bottle tombola £20.2.0; Ices £12; Dottery stall £21.2.3; Baby show £1.7.0; Fishing £5.5.11; Hidden treasure £2.8.0; Roll-a-penny £2.19.6; Ping-pong £2.1.0; Electric train £1.13.3; Lawn bowls £2.19.0; Roulette £13.19.5; Rocking horse £1.2.6; Port £3.13.0; Sherry £4.7.6; Chocolates £4.11.0; Teas £29.7.10; Gate £13.12.0; Donations £13. Total receipts £254.1.3. Expenses, Band £10; Bridport News £1.18.6; Posters £1.5.0; Skittles £1.15.0; Teas £9.14.1; Prizes £9.5.2. Total expenses £33.17.9. Credit Balance £220.3.6. \*Fortunes £3; Skittles £12.17.3; Grocery competition £1.2.6. (further receipts) Compared with last year, stalls takings at £134.14.7 were about £14 up; sideshows at £49.12.10 were £2 up; competitions at £13.14.0 were about the same; teas at £29.7.10 were £2 up; donations at £13 were £10 up; Gate at £13.12.0 was £4 down; expenses at £33.17.9 were £3 up; and the profit was £20 up. It is remarkable that in

all these ups, the attendance was about 100 down. So those who were there must have spent more. Thanks to the fete, and to all those kind people who gave to it and worked for it, the first phase of repairs to the church can now be put in hand. The Vicar is agreeably surprised to find that his first experience as stalls canvasser was pleasant. Without exception, everybody was nice and forthcoming with the necessary. Feeling at the outset like Daniel about to enter the lion's den; he felt at the end like a lion in a den of Daniels. He now knows the taste of every brand of tea drunk in Loders, and he has the measure of most of the home-made wine. One extremely nice lady helped him on his way with a draught of Bristol Milk, which sad to say, is more to be desired than Loders milk.

The flight of time. Harvest festivals have come round again, and reminded us of this. Little corn has been grown in the parish this year, but what there is is excellent, and at the time of writing, a break in the wet weather had allowed much of it to be got in. The Uploders Chapel will begin the pleasant round of harvest services on Sunday 18th September, at 6.30 and will continue with the customary sale of harvest goods on the evening following, in aid of chapel funds. Dottery will begin its harvest on Thursday 22nd September at 7.30; and continue on the following Sunday at 3.0. Askerswell and Loders will keep harvest in October.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bryan, of Askerswell, are to be congratulated on the felicity of their domestic arrangements. Mrs. Bryan has lately given her little son a much desired baby sister, born in Bridport Hospital.

Mr. William Thomas Ashley Morby died at his home in Loders on 16th August at the age of 72. He was cremated at Weymouth, the Vicar conducting the service. Mr. Morby was an invalid when he and his wife retired here from the North, but he found Loders congenial, and was able to get out and about and enjoy the countryside on his good days. He had the long dry summer of 1959 to explore Loders at its best, and he was much in love with it. We found him a good neighbour, and, in his quiet way, a generous supporter of good causes. We also admired the calm philosophical way in which he managed to live with a trying illness. The affection in which his business associates held him was demonstrated by two of them, who travelled all through the night to attend the brief funeral service.

Sunday School Outing. By almost universal request, this was again to Swanage. On the eve, a little girl watching television at Loders Court, while the rain came down outside, followed the exposition of the weather charts, and noted that Swanage was just inside the area of fine weather predicted for the following day. For once the prophecy came true, and the outing had warm sunshine, on the only fine Tuesday in the month. Children, parents and friends, accompanied by the old Sunday School flag, which is planted on the beach, filled two coaches, and were soon learning what a way the paddle boats and the fun fair have with money. They came home in the early evening, with a happy day to talk about, and the fate of nobody who had got left behind to worry over.

Those were the days. These items from the churchwarden's accounts of Askerswell in 1787 are rather quaint. They are also a sad commentary on the present financial inflation:- Paid for carrying old lead to Bridport and bringing home new lead for tower 5s.9d. Paid for carriage for oaken plank and lime and other materials 3s.0d. Paid for wood to make fire and other materials to melt solder, 1s.6d. John Brown the carpenter's bill £1.17.3. Thomas Gale the mason's bill 7s.1d. Francis Holt the smith's bill 2s.9d. For ringing the 5th November 5s.0d. Paid for a quarter of thousand nails 8d. Paid for stone and two bushels of lyme 1s.0d. Paid for cleaning and washing the church 1s.0d. Paid for the King's proclamation of a fast day 1s.0d. Paid for an abstract of the laws for better ordering of society 1s.6d. Paid the Pentecost money 1s.0d.

#### Services in September

<u>Loders:</u>	4th	H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	11th	H.C. 8 ; Matins 11; Children 2; Evensong 6.30.	
	18th	H.C. 8 & 11.50; Matins 11: Children 2.	
	25th	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	4th	Evensong 6.30;	11th Matins 10.
	18th	Evensong 6.30;	25th H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	4th	H.C. 9.30;	11th Evensong 3.
	18th	Evensong 3;	22nd Harvest 7.30.
	25th	Harvest 3.	

Loders, Dottery & Askerswell

"Ere the winter storms begin!" The old hymn presumes that the winter storms will have the decency to hold off until the ingathering of harvest has been duly celebrated. The experience of Dottery Church the other night proves that this is presuming too much. When the bell of the little iron church summoned the hamlet to the first service of harvest, the rain was emptying down, and the faithful were lamenting that this was the dirtiest night of the year. However, a good congregation turned up. The interior of the Church seemed all the cosier, and the decorations the more satisfying, because of the rain rattling on the roof, and the wind whining at the door. On the following Sunday the weather was the precise opposite. Those who had boggled at turning out on the Thursday night, swelled the ranks of those who like afternoon service, and a warm sun shone through the open door, lighting up the interior of the Church with autumn gold. Uploders Chapel had been lucky in having another such day for its harvest in the previous week. As is now customary, the organist of Loders Church played the organ and many church people joined in - and much enjoyed - the service. Askerswell harvest will be on Sunday, Oct. 2nd, with Holy Communion at 10, and Evensong at 6.30. Loders will bring up the rear on Sunday, Oct. 9th, with services at 8, 11, 2, and 6.30. On Monday, Oct. 3rd, from 2p.m. onwards, the harvest gifts of Askerswell will be on offer to the public, for a consideration. The Church expenses account is already hungry for the proceeds.

A Glut that was not wasted. Both Miss Edwards and Mr. Adams, of Askerswell had a glut of plums this year. Ours is not plum country, and they had no trouble in selling them to their neighbours at sixpence a pound. Miss Edwards netted £11, and Mr. Adams £2. 3. 3. Very nobly they gave this towards church expenses, mention of which is a reminder that the meeting to arrange the Christmas Fair, also for church expenses is put forward to Thursday, Oct. 20th, 7.30.p.m., at Askerswell House.

Busy Stork Mrs. Arthur Crabb, of Yondover, has presented her husband with a son, and Mrs. Heard of Askerswell, hers with a daughter. The former Miss Shirley Foot, of Travellers Rest, also has a daughter.

Mr. & Mrs. Roy Head. (nee Rosemary Hyde) of London, timed the Christening of their daughter, Mary Jane, to coincide with their holiday at Waytown. It took place during the children's service at Loders Church on Sept. 25th. If good lungs are an asset, Mary Jane is fortunate. Hers are as powerful as her three-year old sister's, who seemed to take special note of the performance.

A measure of the severity of recent rains is that for the first time in our memory (which admittedly is not as long as some), Mrs. D'Alcorns cottage near the railway bridge at Yondover was badly flooded. The cottage is called "Sunnyside", but it looked anything from that when the lawn vanished under water, and the furniture floated on the ground floor. A great quantity of mud brought down by the water had choked the drains. Mrs. D'Alcorn is a widow, and on the sick list. She cannot speak too highly of her neighbours, who rescued her, and did not put her back until they had cleaned and dried the cottage.

A familiar Figure in Uploders has been removed by the death of Mr. Charles Masters, of Matravers. Before retirement he had been a grocer in Ilchester, but he was a countryman at heart, and found a consuming interest in his garden. Few people would credit that when he died he was nearly eighty. His favourite means of locomotion was still a bicycle.

We are sorry that the names of several people who helped at the fete were missing from the reports in the local papers. It was not our fault. We usually send the papers a list, but this time the reporters came and made their own list.

A neighbour was certainly right in saying that the death recently of Mrs. Elsie Carver had wrought a subtle change in the character of the church end of Loders, and left it sadly bereft of an indefinable something. People and events fascinated her, and anyone wanting to know the set-up of the village at any moment could get it from her, from a kindly and often humorous angle.

Because she went daily to work in Bridport, she was always being asked to do errands. Her pleasure at doing the neighbours a good turn was so obviously sincere that they did not hesitate to ask her again and again. Some even found that she was ready not only to fetch paint from Bridport but to put it on. Good neighbour though she was, it was her dying that shewed her at her best. When she became mortally ill, she still carried on her job as stalls organiser of the fete, and completed it from her bedroom. There she loved to receive visitors, and be kept "in the swim" of village life. On the day of her death she was still in her chair at the little window overlooking the street, exchanging light railery with the passersby. Now that she is gone, they cannot look up at the empty window without a pang. However, it is much to be thankful for that one who seemed condemned to a lingering death was taken quickly and gently in her sleep. Her husband wishes, through these notes to thank neighbours and friends for all their kindness during the illness.

In the old days it was the universal custom for wills to include bequests to the parish church. Where Askerswell and Loders are concerned, the good custom is reviving, not through bequests, but by relatives giving something useful to the church in memory of the departed. The latest gifts to Loders Church are one of £50 by Mrs Olive Legg in memory of her late husband, Mr. Harry Legg; and another of £250 by Mr Whittle in memory of his late wife, Mrs. Maud Whittle. Mrs. Legg's gift was to be used on the bells (her husband was captain of the singers) and it came at the right moment to pay for new bushes for the clappers, and a new set of bell ropes, which were badly needed. Mr. Whittle's gift was for the church repair fund. He had read that the first phase of repairs would cost about £500. When he heard later that the fete had taken £250 towards this, he thought he would like to add the rest, and promptly sent a cheque to the vicar's warden. Thanks to him, the work is now being put in hand. The whole parish is under an obligation to these generous benefactors; for the need was essential, and had these gifts not been forthcoming, the parish would have been asked to find the money. Mr. Whittle is now in his ninety-first year, is in possession of all his faculties, and is the marvel of the medical staff of Port Bredy Hospital. After the sale of his cottage in Loders, he hopes to live with his daughter and son-in-law. Our warmest good wishes go with him.

Loders is sad at the impending departure of one of its nicest families Mr. & Mrs. Peter Herbert, and their three children. In the three years of their stay here they had made a niche that will take some filling. We shall miss the children from day and Sunday School.

Uploders Forge in jeopardy. The parish is wondering what may be the fate of the Uploders smithy, now that its operation for the past twenty-four years, Mr. Gale is selling up and going into semi-retirement at Vinney Cross. It is the last of the village smithies, the solitary memorial of the days when the horse was the motive power of agriculture. Not so long ago there was enough shoeing and wheelwrighting to keep six smithies busy all the time. There was another smithy at the late Granny Hyde's, and others at Matravers, Mrs. Richard Hyde's, Mrs. d'Alcorn, Mrs. Record's and on the site of the car park at the Loders Arms.

Lance-Corporal Maurice Matterface has brought glory to Uploders by winning for two successive years, the bugle championships of the 1st Bn. the Devonshire and Dorset Regt. in Cyprus.

#### Services in October

LODERS: 2nd. H.C. 8 & 11.50, Matins 11, Children 2.  
9th. Harvest. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2, Evensong 6.30.  
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.

ASKERS: 2nd. Harvest. H.C. 10, Evensong 6.30.  
9th. Matins 10, 16th. Evensong 6.30.  
23rd. Matins 10. 30th. Evensong 6.30.

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

PARISH NOTES (November, 1960)

Loders, Dottery & Askerswell

THREE DATES TO REMEMBER. First, the Christmas Fair in Askerswell School on Saturday, Nov. 12th, at 2 p.m. there will be something for everybody, from children to seasoned seekers of jumble. The rumour that among the several delicacies to be won is a Scotch salmon, has been confirmed by Captain Aylmer. The second date, a very different occasion, is Remembrance Sunday, Nov. 13th, when we honour the dead of the two world wars, and when we should all be in church because we all owe a debt to these men. The services will be 10 a.m. at Askerswell, 11 a.m. at Loders, and 6.30 p.m. at Dottery. The Collections will be for Earl Haig's Fund. The third date is the Women's Institute Sale, in the Hut, on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 26th. W.I. funds are depleted at present, and the sale is to help them. The W.I. does a good work in fostering the country way of life in these days when the country is wide open to the baneful influences of the town.

REJOICING IN THE RAIN. The weather for harvest festival at Askerswell and Loders could hardly have been worse. Yet the ladies who decorate contrived to turn each church into an Aladdin's cave of autumn colour, wherein the horn of plenty seemed full to overflowing. In spite of the combine harvester, Loders chancel looked, as it always loves to, like an old-time harvest field, with an alley-way of sheaves reaching from the arch to the altar. At Askerswell in the afternoon the infant daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Bryan was baptised Margaret Jean, not without difficulty; for the harvesters had turned the ancient font into a floral monument. At evening service the rain was doing its damndest (may we anticipate criticism of the use of this term by saying that it figures in the Concise Oxford Dictionary, which is much more respectable than we are?) Yet the church was comfortably full, and many of the congregation were old boys and girls of the village who had come from away, and on such a night, to be at the harvest home. When Loders Church was being decorated on the day before harvest, a gale was blowing. It brought down a very large and lofty ash tree in the grounds of Loders Court. The fallen giant was alarmingly close the west end of the Church, and fell when the decorators were going in and out. But mercifully it fell away from the Church instead of on it. Not a harvesty king of experience and yet we can look back on 1960 harvest festivals with pleasure. Even those mournful gentlemen, the church treasurers, have no real cause to grumble, for the collections at the tempest-tossed harvest of 1960 beat those of the golden and bumper harvest of 1959.

MISS SHIMELD. made a lampshade, sold it dirt-cheap for a pound and sent the pound to Askerswell Church expenses. Another person did some work and gave the wages thereof to the same object. His name may not be mentioned. But the work was legal.

ARRIVALS. Mrs. Clifford Pitcher of Loders, has pleased her husband by presenting him with a son. (Since the latest increase of agricultural wages, sons are at premium among farmers) Mrs. Wyke, Of the Three Horse Shoes, Spyway, has doubtless pleased her husband by presenting him with a daughter, who should be at a premium in a busy hostelry. Mr. & Mrs. Bouher (nee Gracie Biss) have also had a daughter, at Medway Farm.

DEPARTURE. A regular attender of Loders Church since Sunday School days, Miss Beryl Tilley, Of Shatcombe, has now gone to live in Bridport on her marriage with Mr. John Hoskins. The surviving harvest decorations were furbished up by friends for the wedding, so that the church was as inviting as the weather outside was forbidding. A large congregation joined heartily in the singing; Singing of a different kind, and dancing, kneaded the company into one jolly party at the feast in The Bull afterwards. So often is it otherwise at a wedding feast, when the relatives of the contracting parties face each other like two opposing armies which never engage.

THE MIGRATION. which seems to affect Loders, and only Loders, every autumn is now in full swing. Mr. & Mrs. Masters have left Cloverleaf Farm and in their place we welcome Mr. & Mrs. Wilkins, who have come from a 400-acre farm at Cheltenham. Mr. Wilkins' first wife died.

He has three children by her, and his present wife has six. They are all grown up, and are at present planning a family reunion at Cloverleaf of Christmas. Mr. & Mrs. Wilkins enjoyed our harvest festival. In Uploders, Mrs Swaffield, a resident of thirty-three years' standing, has gone to live with her daughter, Mrs. Combes, at Parkstone. Mrs Swaffields husband died fifteen years ago. Mrs Swaffield is still a keen gardener - at 85. Her cottage has been acquired by her neighbour, Mrs Cordier, in the hope that her parents may be induced to live there. Also in Uploders, Mrs. Brake, of New Road, has left to live with her niece in Portland, and Mrs. Stewart of Chideock, the recently widowed mother of Mrs. Ellis, is coming to live in the cottage vacated by Miss Friend. At Well Plot, Miss Lily Burgess is leaving for Bradpole, and her flat is being taken by MR. & Mrs. Neave, of Boarsbarrow. In Loders, Mr. & Mrs. Wood and family will soon be leaving Court Cottages. These are all the moves we can think of for the moment. There must be something about Loders. At present it is a place that everybody outside is trying to get into, and everybody inside is trying to get out of. A thing we nearly forgot - the Uploders forge has been bought by a lady in Chideock who improves old places, and the thatched cottage at the school by a lady in Poorton who proposed turning it into tea rooms, and is now said to have sold it hastily.

THE LATE MRS. EMMAELINE POMEROY, formerly of Pymore Terrace, was buried in the grave of her husband at Dottery, after a choral service. She died suddenly at her daughter's home in Bradpole.

DEEP SYMPATHY is felt with Mr. Sidney Hansford, of Uploders, in the loss of his wife. She was taken ill whilst helping at the fete in 1959, but her will power enabled a partial recovery, and she was able to walk about and to meet her friends in Uploders. Shortly before her death, which was quite unexpected, she had been spending many happy weeks with her sister, Mrs. Daisy Gudge, in Pymore.

THE FLOODS. In recent heavy downpours of rain, which caused flooding in some of the homes near the river in Loders and Askerswell, Dottery had cause to be thankful that it is high and lifted up, and vulnerable to lack of water rather than superfluity of it. Our worst sufferers were Mr. & Mrs. Jack Dare, of Hole Farm. They were hit by a kind of tidal wave which did them hundreds of pounds worth of damage, but they came up smiling. When Jack got out of bed and saw water coming up the stairs, he wisely decided to meet it in his bathing trunks. Like a true Englishman, his first thought was to dive and save his dog, which he did, nearly losing himself in the process. But his barrel of cider he could not save. At the Old Mill, Brigadier Hammond, as becomes a sapper, was equipped with anti-flood devices, but had no time to fix them. He looked found from his television to see water bearing in on him from all angles. At Sunnyside, Mrs. D'Alcorn slept blissfully while the water lapped the bottom of the stairs, and when she came to, good neighbours had already put things right for her. At Lower Hembury, Askerswell, where the worst might have been expected, the biggest alarm was the mistaking of a floating bag of apples for a corpse. The post office Mrs. Swaffield's and Mrs. Orage's all had water in, plus various farm-yard products, which made one lady think that cows might be fed on lavender.

SERVICES IN NOVEMBER

LODERS: 6th. HC 8 and 11.50, Matins 11, Children 2.  
 13th. HC 8, Remembrance 11, Children 2'  
 20th. HC 8 and 11.50, Matins 11, Children 2.  
 27th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL: 6th. Evensong 6.30. 13th. Remembrance 10.  
 20th. Matins 10. 27th. HC. 10.

DOTTERY: 6th. HC 9.30. 13th. Remembrance 6.30.  
 20th. Evensong 3. 27th. Evensong 3.

PARISH NOTES (DECEMBER, 1960).

Loders, Dottery and Askerswell

The Day to which the people of Askerswell have looked forward for thirty years is nearly here. On Dec. 3rd, at 3p.m., the Bishop of Salisbury will dedicate the bells, which have been rehung, and had a treble added to make them a peal of six. Several Loders people have asked whether they may attend the service. They will, of course, be welcome. It is taken for granted that the people of Askerswell, who have worked so long and so doggedly for this day, will all be there. The bells were last rung on Boxing Day 1929, for the wedding of Mr. & Mrs Chard, who now live in Bradpole. They were not safe then, and in the years of disuse that followed, the wheels and stays became a prey for the worm. The dripping of rain through the leaking tower roof rotted the beam ends of the frame. By 1953, when the belfry was cleaned out, it had become the stronghold of a gaggle of jackdaws, who did not part with their nests - a put-load of sticks in all - without a fight. The first step in the restoration was to give the tower a new roof. This was done in 1954, at a cost of nearly £300. From then until now the main work has been money raising. To the joy of everybody with an ear for music, three good friends of Askerswell undertook to pay for a sixth bell to complete the peal. Miss Croxson gave £100 in memory of her late friend Miss Myra Webb; and Mrs Plummer and her brother, Mr. Waley, gave £50 in memory of their parents, the late Mr. & Mrs. Dick Waley. The names of Miss Webb and of Mr. & Mrs Waley were embossed on the new bell. John Taylor & Co., the bellfounders, sent their bellhanger to install the new frame, and the bells, on Oct. 31st last. The masses of equipment seen by the congregation on the tower floor made the bellhanger's job look Herculean, but he had done it single-handed, by Nov, 9th, when Loders ringers came over to test his workmanship, which, incidentally, they found highly satisfactory. The Long Brddy builders who cut the holes for the frame in the tower walls, have developed a healthy respect for the craftsmanship of the ancient builders of the tower. After all these centuries their mortar was still like granite to pierce. And to Mr. George Bryan and the Rector the phrase "the dust of centuries" is now something more than a phrase. They demolished the old belfry floor at Messrs Taylor's behest. To round matter off, Messrs Taylor have now served their bill - for £1210. 16. 0. But that is not the end. There is still a builders and an electricians bill in the offing; and unless some kind soul gives one, there is a fifteen rung ladder for the belfry to be bought. Messrs Galpin, of Toller, kindly gave two dozen sacks of sawdust as a sound-deadener over the ringing chamber. The answer to the much asked question "We have the bells- but have we the ringers?" still lies in the future. We have a nucleus to begin with, and we hope that volunteers will come along, so that what the bellhanger calls "the best light peal in Dorset" may have a skilled and loyal band of ringers. Anyway the bells had to come first. Their lightness should commend them to lady ringers - aesthetically as well as physically. Their weight is only half that of Loders.

Mrs Willmott asks our readers to remember the Sunday School mission sale, Experience has proved that a Friday night at 5.30 is the most suitable time for it, and this year the Friday will be Dec. 16th, in Loders School. Mrs. Scott and her children have again kindly volunteered to put on a play for the occasion. The promising noises that now issue from the school as rehearsals proceed apace, have the authentic Christmas ring, and augur well for the entertainment. One nice parishioner has already brought to the Vicarage a beautifully dressed doll for competition. It will doubtless be followed by a stream of all sorts of saleable goods; for there is a large circle of old Sunday School pupils, and of missionary minded people, who have a soft spot for this sale.

Remembrance Sunday always seems a milestone in the passage of time and this year at Loders it was notable for the absence from the Memorial Service of Sir Edward Le Breton.

It was the first time he had missed in forty years, and the service was not quite the same without him. As the time-honoured lesson, "The souls of the righteous", issued from the lips of his deputy, Mr. McDowall, our thoughts stole away to the County Hospital at Dorchester, where Sir Edward was recovering from an operation. Having enjoyed a remarkably healthy life, he does not suffer hospitals gladly. His spirit was so powerfully with us that those who know him best would not have fainted had the chancel door opened, and he come in to read this, his favourite lesson. As it was, he had had to be content with briefing Mr. McDowall from his sick bed, and Mr. McDowall discharged the commission faithfully. Sir Edward is now at home, and the bells of the ringing practice seemed to proclaim that all is right again in the little world of Loders. The homecoming was the more joyful because his daughter, Mrs. Laskey, was able to get a lift from Rome in the Prime Minister's plane, and pass a few days with him.

Mr. Lock, churchwarden of Dottery, seems to love hospital in inverse ratio to Sir Edward. He has been in Bridport Hospital for eight weeks. More than once he has been on the verge of going home, and then a relapse has put him back in bed. The hospital staff are coming to regard him as a fixture. His unfailing good humour is so beneficial to the other patients that he is not likely to be let go easily when the doctor gives the "all clear". The Dottery congregation, who have missed him from his familiar seat, hope he will soon be home.

Moving with the times. When young people are confirmed, it is the custom to give them a manual of prayers to use when they exercise their new privilege of attending Holy Communion. We have just read that one vicar gave each of his candidates an alarm clock instead. Another vicar, whom you all know, wishes he had done likewise; for, with a few exceptions, he finds that his candidates cannot get up for the eleven o'clock service, let alone the eight.

Loders congregation have benefitted again by Mr. Spillman's partiality to the paint brush. He has smartened the iron gates of the south porch of the Church with a coating of black paint. He has also given the ladies who decorate a useful and elegant blue jug for the chancel flowers.

Christmas arrangements will follow the usual pattern. At Loders the midnight service, with carols, on Christmas Eve; and on Christmas morning at eleven the children's carols by the Christmas tree in the chancel. At Askerswell and Dottery Holy Communion on Christmas morning at ten and nine respectively. In the week before Christmas, Loders choir will serenade the parish with carols, and collect for the Children's Society.

Mrs. Fooks has left Askerswell to live in Bradpole. Askerswell is not so flush with churchgoers that we can lose her without a sigh. Her health has never been robust, but the hill up to the church has never daunted her, and she has set a wonderful example of Sunday duty. It is some consolation that she has not gone far.

The success of Askerswell fair exceeded all expectations. The profit was no less than £100, and the Church current account, which had been looking rather sick, has received a good "shot in the arm". The rain, of course, was in attendance at the fair, but so was the biggest concourse of parishioners and friends that the school had ever seen. A school twice as big would still have been comfortably full. People had to go out into the rain to get a breath of air. The struggle at the stalls was terrific, but there was fun in it. People who had been kept apart by the "telley" loved this great get-together. Warmest thanks are due to the organiser, Mrs. Aylmer, and all her helpers.

#### Services in December

Loders: 4th. H.C. 8 & 11.50, Matins 11, Children 2.

11th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

18th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Christmas Eve, midnight service 12.

Christmas Day, H.C. 8, Family service 11.

Askerswell: 4th. Evensong 6.30. 11th. Matins 10.

18th. Evensong 6.30. Christmas Day H.C. 10.

Dottery: 4th. H.C. 9.30. 11th. Evensong 6.30.

18th. Evensong 3. Christmas Day H.C. 9.

The Carol Service of the Nine Lessons at Loders will be on Sunday, January 1st, at 6.30 p.m.