

This month's Sarum Messenger was written by Dr. Lunt a few days before his sudden death. So we begin 1949 with a message from our Bishop, but without him. "He,, being dead, yet speaketh". An hour before hearing the Bishop's death announced on the wireless, the Rector of Bridport received a letter from him, saying that he felt very fit, and that he was intending to come to Bridport the following week., Life is like that. We never know what a day may bring forth. If we are worldlings, this fact is melancholy. If we are trying to be worthy to be called into the presence of our holy and loving Father at any time, the fact is the opposite of melancholy.

An apology is due to Dottery. Last month's Notes recorded the peal rung on Loders bells in honour of Prince Charles of Edinburgh, but did not mention the peal of loyal Dottery. This was rung, on the solitary bell, by Roger Chubb, aged three.

The social life of Loders needed some keeping pace with in December. There was something "on" almost every night - dances, whist drives, socials, then, nearer Christmas, carol singing and private parties. This is all to the good. We want the village to have a vigorous life of its own, and not to be a mere dormitory of Bridport. Our male population is envious of the lucky gentlemen who saw the Women's Institute in the relaxed mood of their mutton and lamb party. By all accounts, nothing funnier has been seen since Mr. Oscar Gale appeared as Old Mother Riley at the Victory celebration. Regard for the dignity of certain eminent ladies precludes details.

One keeps hearing that Loders had a wonderful choir in the old days. The present choir is becoming a force in the parish. It gave us quite the happiest social it is possible to have, then it raised £9. 2s. for the Church's Children's Society by two nights of carol singing, and so allowed the church-wardens to devote Christmas Day collections to church expenses instead of to the Society. The choir enjoyed their carol singing, 'spite of having to huddle together round Mr. Wells' tilley lamp to help the winter's rage to freeze their blood less coldly. "Sire, the night is darker now", was true enough when somebody dropped the lamp. They were glad to be invited to sing in the warm bright hall of the Court, with Lady Le Breton listening in the back-ground, and to end up with "eats" round the old Tudor fireplace at the Vicarage. On the following night they lingered so long over refreshment provided at Matravers and Upton Manor that by the time they had worked back to Shatcombe the audience were mostly in bed. It is no small tribute to the charm of Miss Peggy Pitcher, the collector, that the choir garnered what they did.

Behind the Scenes. The choir social owes some of its success to Messrs. David Cnabb, Clem Poole, & Harry Sanders. An hour before the social, it was discovered that the piano ordered from Bridport had not arrived. These three did a strong man act in getting a fine but heavy instrument of Mrs. Laskey's down the back stairs at the Court. Mr. Edgar Bishop drove it in a trailer to the Hut. Then there would have been no coloured lights on the Christmas tree in the chancel but for Mr. Follet. He did in an hour what others had spent a whole morning in trying to do - make them light.

The midnight service on Christmas Eve promises to be a popular institution. The body of the church was comfortably full. There was no light, except from the two candles on the altar, and from the fairy lamps on the tree in the chancel, which gave the Christmas touch.

Many old faces, of relations home for Christmas, appeared at morning service on Christmas Day. This was a memorable service. The children sang carols round the lighted Christmas tree, and received from Mrs. Welstead packets of sweets given by our branch of the Mothers' Union. Prayer books were presented to Margaret & Reginald Drake, and a book token to Beryl Tilley, for unbroken Sunday School attendance. The congregation filled the church.

The Survey of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments contains interesting details about Loders Church. It identifies the figures of the medieval glass in the south chapel as St. Barbara holding a tower, St. Dorothy with a basket and flowers, St. Leonard holding a manacle in his right hand, and a man of the fifteenth century with a staff and bag. It puts the date of the ancient door to the belfry at late 14th. century. It does not agree with our guide book about the Easter Sepulchre in the chancel, and the medieval frescoes on the tower arch. It holds that the Easter Sepulchre is merely a recess tomb, and that the frescoes are 17th. century. The survey says that Loders is remarkable for the number of its lynchets, i.e., hills artificially terraced for grazing.

The Vicar and the People's Warden, Mr. Eli Lenthall, represented Loders at the funeral of the Bishop in Salisbury Cathedral. The vast congregation included six bishops and some 300 diocesan clergy. Loders ringers rang half-muffled peals.

Parish Party. The answer to the oft-repeated question, When is the parish party? is January 13th., at 7.30, in the Ex-Service Men's Hut. Socials seem to go down better than whist drives or dances. They provide a bit of something for everybody. There will be prizes for adult and children's fancy dress, as last year, and the ubiquitous Commander Streatfeild has to come from the back o' beyond to be M.C. He hopes to bring a naval entertainer with him. Commander Streatfeild's heart is always in Loders. The Vicar would never be surprised to receive a cable from Timbuctoo, saying that the Commander regretted his inability to attend the Church Council. A telegram of apology once came from him in Oxford.

The Commission which is reorganising the parishes of this diocese holds its first meeting in Bridport on Jan.5th., Only the clergy of the Deanery can state their views at this meeting. The parishes will give theirs at a later meeting.

The School. On the strength of the £157 raised at the fete, the Managers have applied to the Ministry of Education for aided status for Loders School. The application had the backing of the Diocesan Council. The Managers have incurred a bill of nearly £50 for urgent repairs to the roof. They have emptied their deposit account of £15 to meet this, and they look to the parish to find the rest. It is hoped that the parish party will produce something. The managers have wisely decided not to draw on the £157; for if aided status is obtained. the Government will, in effect, double the £157, for improvements. When the debt on the roof is paid off, the school should make no more demands on the parish. Beginning this year, the Church Council will pay an annual premium, in return for which the Dorset Voluntary Schools Association will do normal repairs.

The late Mrs. Allen, of Vinney Cross, was the youngest of a long lived family. At the age of 79, she just failed to reach the average age of her family, which was about 85. Her cottage was a delight to those with a taste for neatness and old china.

Able-Seaman Oscar Symes was married to Miss D.L. Samways at Allington on Dec.18th. He is the third youngest of Loders' longest family, originally eleven children. He likes the Navy, and has signed on for twelve years.

Parish Registers

Holy Matrimony, Oscar Gaius Symes and Doris Lily Samways, at St. Swithun's, Allington, on Dec. 18.

Burial, Henrietta Jane Allen, on Nov. 27th., aged 79.

Services for January.

Loders. Jan.2. H.C.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.
Jan.9. H.C.8. Matins 11, H.C.11.45, Children 2.15.
Jan.16. H.C.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.
Jan.23. H.C.8. Matins 11, H.C.11.45, Children 2.15.
Jan.30. H.C.8. Matins 11, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.

Dottery. Jan. 2. H.C. 9.30. Jan.9. Evensong 3.30.
Jan.16. Evensong 3.30. Jan.23. Evensong 6.30.

Lent begins on March 2nd. It is the least popular season of the Church's year, and so we should be careful to do it justice. A custom cannot survive for the best part of two thousand years, as Lent has done, without good reason, and the virtue of Lent is that it gives us an annual reminder that we are sinners, and that we ought to do something about it while our limited opportunity lasts. The Vicar asked the Church Council whether the parish would be likely to support a weekday service in Lent. The Council thought that a weekday service would be so poorly attended as to be not worth while. Having lived here longer than the Vicar, the Council should know the parish better than he, and he bows to the Council's opinion, hoping that a Lenten weekday service may become, one day, an established thing. Meanwhile, we can make Lent a reality by attending Holy Communion more often. It is a personal meeting with Our Lord, transcending every other service. One wishes that our young people could have the affection of the older people for it. Most of those who were confirmed last Whitsun have failed their rule of monthly Communion, which was never a very ambitious one, and some let even the great festivals go by. The plea is made that everybody is busy, or tired, yet our hours of work are shorter and our hours of leisure are longer, very considerably, than those of any generation before us.

At Matins during Lent the sermons will be on the prophet Jonah, and at evensong, on the prophet Amos. These prophets are too relevant to our times to be contained in single sermons. The Vicar relies on regular attendance in Lent to make these serial sermons effective.

The profit on the parish party was £10.16.0. Takings were £16.0.0. and expenses were £5.4.0. Some of the refreshments, and certainly the most delectable, were given - as usual, by the handful of generous people who never fail to turn up trumps when Loders is on pleasure bent - but the party was very large, and food had to be bought. Believe it or not, some people are troubled lest the ham they ate at the party might have been eaten illegally! It is unlike Loders to be sensitive to the nice points of the Law, but so like Loders not to have doubts before the ham was digested. Tender consciences should be relieved to know, on the authority of the Bridport Food Office, that the giving away of one's own ham, killed under permit, does not offend the Law. So that particular road to gaol is closed to our genial People's Warden.

We are grateful to Mr. Tilley for doing M.C. of the parish party when Commander Streetfeild found he had to take over his new naval duty near London on that day. Mr. Tilley managed the party without any apparent exertion, although it must have been an exacting job. Those who took the trouble to don fancy dress also merit a word of praise. They added colour, interest, and fun to the proceedings. It was good to have Dottery at the party in such strength.

Mr. B. Slegge, whose recent talks on Dorset drew an appreciative audience, has consented to give three more talks, on the history of the County. These will begin on February 8th, at the Hut, at 7.30 p.m.

Secretary to the Church Council. Miss Vera Logg has resigned this office, which she had held for several years. The Church Council paid tribute to the good work she had done, both as secretary, and for the church generally, & directed that a letter of appreciation should be sent. The Council unanimously elected Mrs. Edgar Bishop to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Ted Harris, of Dottery, is making a good recovery from his recent operation.

A profitable walk. Some people find it easier to think walking than to think sitting. The Vicar is among them. He was walking and thinking in one of our lovely lanes when a horseman drew up and gave

him five pound notes towards the cost of the recent repairs to the school roof. The horseman was by no means a stranger. He had done that kind of thing before, to other good causes. Life is sweeter for incidents like that, and God knows how present day life needs sweetening.

Working Party, Loders Style. Who put the idea into their heads, we do not know - possibly Sir Stafford Cripps - but the girls of our Bible Class asked if they might run a working party among themselves, to make articles for their missionary sale next Christmas. The result is that ten girls now meet at the Vicarage on Saturday afternoons. Jessie Crabb & Margaret Barnes are teaching them to make toys, and articles of clothing, and already the finished work is rolling off the production lines. Jessie Crabb could find a ready use for any unwanted wool, or material.

Church Seating. When people attend the same meeting frequently, they tend to make for the same seat each time. We all have our own preferences, and the seat we habitually use tends to be regarded, both by ourselves and by others, as one to which we have a right. This tendency shows itself quite naturally in church, and when church attendance is small it gives rise to no difficulties, but when the weather is kind, our Sunday morning congregations are large, and contain a big proportion of non-parishioners. Those non-parishioners are very welcome, but many of them do not practise the etiquette of asking the vergers where to sit when they are in a church which is not their own, and the consequence is that regular parishioners sometimes find their favourite seats occupied. This matter was raised at the recent meeting of the Church Council. The Council sympathised with the regular worshippers, and the churchwardens promised to do what they could to see that these situations did not arise, but the Council felt strongly that it was the first duty of the church to make all visitors welcome. We can be certain that Jesus would give up his seat to a stranger, even if the stranger had disregarded the proprieties, and would rejoice that there was another guest in His Father's house. As a matter of interest, seating is something in which the churchwarden is all powerful. According to Dak's "Law of the Parish Church", he allots all ordinary sittings, and is answerable neither to the Church Council, nor to the incumbent, but to the Bishop only. All parishioners have a right to a seat in their parish church when seats enough are available, and they have a right to their allotted seat if they are in it when the five minute bell begins. Non-parishioners have no legal rights in a parish church. Yet as guests, and fellow Christians, their claims are above everything.

Services for February

<u>Loders.</u>	Feb. 6th.	H.C. 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45, Children 2.15.
	Feb. 13th.	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.
	Feb. 20th.	H.C. 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45, Children 2.15.
	Feb. 27th.	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.15. Evensong 6.30.
<u>Dottery.</u>	Feb. 6th.	H.C. 9.30.
	Feb. 13th.	Evensong 3.30.
	Feb. 20th.	Evensong 6.30.
	Feb. 27th.	Evensong 3.30.

Many readers of our Notes have asked why the Sarum Messenger failed to appear last month. The Messenger used to be written by our late Bishop, and is suspended until we have a new Bishop.

May we apologise to readers whose copies of the February Notes were printed on one side only? Our printers' work is such that this error is not likely to be repeated. But if it should be, there is usually a spare copy at the Vicarage.

Our circulation is now about 130, which means that most houses in the parish take a copy. The good ladies who distribute the copies over this extensive parish would have their own answer to any demand of over - enthusiastic readers for a fortnightly issue. One of the distributors is in poor health at present, and we wish her a speedy recovery.

The Church Council Challenged. The opinion of the Church Council that a weekday service in Lent would be futile, has been challenged by the Mothers' Union, who have all agreed to attend a short service on Thursday afternoons in Lent at 3. As the M.U. have, before now, turned out in strength for a service on washing day morning, they should not find a half hour on Thursday afternoons beyond their capacity. It will be a pleasing gesture, provided it is not made a substitute for Sunday worship, which has been an obligation of all able bodied Christians from the earliest days of the Church.

The Centurion's Boots. It is good for parsons to have their sermons pulled to bits and chewed over. Besides, any shred of evidence that somebody was awake and listening, is to be hailed with delight. The nice people do their chewing with the parson, enabling him to explain himself better, and perhaps "larning him" a thing or two. It is curious that so many people should have told the Vicar of their surprise at hearing from the pulpit that Roman centurions wore hobnailed boots, and not sandals. He gave as his authority the Roman Poet Juvenal, who pokes fun at centurions' hobnailed boots in his Satires (XVI, 14, 24). The Vicar has since learned that a member of the congregation once saw and handled, in the old London Museum, a Roman boot, dug out of the London clay.

The Last of the Season. Our most successful series of parish socials will end with a mid-Lent Social at the Hut on Thursday, March 24, at 7.30 p.m. It is designed to give the parish some relief from the rigours of Lent, and to pay off the £17 outstanding on the school roof.

The Food Parcels, that our fellow subjects of the King send us from overseas, have convinced us, if we needed convincing, that the Empire is a good thing. We might temper our gratitude with a little pity for local voluntary workers who distribute the food. If, in the case of Lodgers, they should receive 120 tins of steak, i.e., one for each house, their job would be simple. But it often happens that there are, say, 40 tins of steak, 60 tins of carrots, and 60 tins of marmalade. At Christmas some most desirable food parcels arrived from South Africa - but only eight of them. Much of the food is perishable, and cannot be saved up for a future occasion. So the workers have to think out a fair distribution. When the recipients compare their gifts, the distribution may seem to be unfair, but if the recipients were in possession of all the facts, they would see that it was not. The workers do not take first choice. They accept with good grace what nobody else wants.

Lady Day, March 25, is on Friday this year. The Mothers' Union will make their corporate Communion at 10 o'clock that day, in place of the normal monthly meeting.

Bishop's Appeal. The Secretary, Miss Welstead, has handed over her books to the Vicar, who will be secretary for the time being. Miss Welstead took over from Mr. Ebbs when he left the parish, and has done good work. The end of 1949 should see our target achieved.

The collecting boxes illustrate the maxim "Every little helps". When we have finished with them, we shall be surprised at what they have done.

The Changing Times. Once upon a time, the clerical collar ensured its wearer a compartment to himself in a railway carriage. Passengers would open the door, and step back hastily, as if they had seen a corpse in the compartment. Once upon a time, when a vicar walked through his parish, everybody fled indoors, and paralysis seemed to move along the street with his every step. Now it is different. The passenger steps into the compartment, sees the clerical collar, and exclaims "Ah, my luck is in - just the man!" And now the people who hang over the garden gate are not waiting for the daily paper or the postman. As likely as not, you hear them ask "Have you seen the Vicar up this way lately? I have been looking for him these last three days". What is the cause of this wondrous transformation, that the clerical collar should be sought after? A revival of religion? Alas, no. The answer is "Forms". It is they that have made the clerical collar popular, because its wearer is privileged to testify that the form filler is what he makes himself out to be. Forms are much sworn at, but it may prove their passport to heaven that they gave many a dejected parson an agreeable sense that his people needed his services, and that he was able to do a thing for which they were grateful. But, you form-fillers, be not zealous overmuch! The cleric who was called out of the Bridport sausage queue to sign a form, never retrieved his place in the queue.

To the Parents of Children under five years. We earnestly hope that when your child reaches the age of five, you will choose to send him to our own village school. If the number of pupils in any school falls below a certain level, the school cannot hope to be kept open. Our own school has a very limited population upon which to draw, and needs support. In the year ended March 31st., 1949, some £200 will have been raised by Loders people for the improvement of their school. Where will be the logic of this, if, at the same time, they condemn their school to death by not using it? Local patriotism, and a desire for the fullness of village life, are not the only basis of our appeal. There are sound educational reasons for supporting a school like ours. Education proper begins at the age of eleven. The business of a primary school is not to fill a child with fancy knowledge, but to give him the tools for his education, which are, reading, writing, arithmetic, and discipline. Children could have no better exponent of these than our own Miss Wilkes. She is a teacher of long experience and proved ability.

PARISH REGISTER

Holy Baptism - February 13th. David Reginald Gudge, Dottery.

Services for March.

Loders. - Ash Wednesday, Communion Service, 10 a.m.

Mar. 6th. H.C.8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45., Children 2.15.

Mar. 13th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.15., Evensong 6.30.

Mar. 20th. H.C.8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45., Children 2.15.

Mar. 27th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.15., Evensong 6.30.

Dottery.

Mar. 6th., H.C. 9.30.

Mar. 13th., Evensong 3.30.

Mar. 20th., Evensong 6.30.

Mar. 27th., Evensong 3.30.

99. This is not what you say to the doctor. It is the age which Mrs. Marsh, of Higher Pymore Farm, Dottery, reached on Lady Day. When the Vicar called on her to offer the congratulations of the parish, she was sitting by the fire, with flowers, letters, and presents much in evidence, and a reporter was waiting for an interview. Some centenarians ascribe their long life to the rigid following of some recipe. Mrs. Marsh does not. She says she is a fluke, because the rest of her family were not at all given to longevity. The Church could do with many more such flukes. Mrs. Marsh cannot get out to service, but she is the most consistent supporter of St. Saviour's. Her weekly collection never fails to find the church plate, and the first Sunday of the month can never be in doubt, because her contribution is then two and a half times the normal amount.

Merrymaking under difficulties. Illness has lately touched most homes in the parish, though local patriots have it that our sufferings have been nothing like those of Askerswell and Shipton Gorge. The mid-Lent social was on that account most difficult to run. Widecombe Fair lost Mr. Drake to 'flu, and thereafter the producer, Mrs. E. Bishop, found herself with a different team at each rehearsal. The Misses Joan and Alison Scott had to make heroic efforts to get their Red Riding Hood ready. At the last minute the refreshment department lost Mrs. T. Hyde, who is the parish expert in coffee making - and was lucky to find a substitute in Mrs. J. B. Osborne, who bids fair to be another expert. But the unkindest cut of all was dealt through Mr. Tilley. Instead of singing Widecombe Fair, and MC'ing the party in his own inimitable way, he followed the fun in spirit from a sick bed, and that could not have been easy under an attack like his. In spite of everything, we had a happy evening under the aegis of Mr. Charlie Galé, and the School Managers received a profit of £15-1-6 for their roof. Mrs. Willmott takes this opportunity of thanking those who responded so generously to her appeal for refreshments. Mrs. Taylor also deserves our gratitude for doing her amusing monologue at short notice. The school roof should beam on Mr. Billy Darby every time he goes by. His music contributed greatly to the success of the three winter socials, and saved the heavy expense of hiring.

A Problem for Decorators. The exceptional sunshine has brought out the daffodils and hyacinths. All through Lent they, and pussy palm, have added to the brightness of the church. When Easter comes, the daffodils and the primroses may be over. The decorators must find something for the church then, and are hoping that the May flowers will oblige. Easter is the greatest of the festivals. The Prayer Book refuses to say how many times a year we should make our Communion, but it does clearly direct that Easter shall be one of them.

Holiday or Holy Day? Good Friday is the dying day of Our Lord. If He means anything to us, we shall be thinking in love and wonder of what He did for us on that day. Calvary will be repeated. There will be a handful of sympathisers at the foot of the Cross, and there will be a multitude of holidaymakers, on the roads and at the seaside, callously indifferent to the Man of Sorrows, and crucifying the Son of God afresh. Holy Scripture teaches that the way of multitudes is the way to perdition. It was not the priests nor Pontius Pilate who signed this death warrant, but the multitudes; for they alone could have saved Him. In Loders, farm work will have to continue on Good Friday. As you go about the farm, or bend over your garden, think of Calvary, and in the evening come to the 8 o'clock service in your old parish church, where the Good Friday watch has been kept for 800 years and more.

Concerning Organists. Mrs. Brown gave up her position as organist on Lady Day, and Mr. Bill Tiltman took over in April. We are very grateful to Mrs. Brown for upwards of two years of service. If anybody would like to add to the testimonial which the choir and the church council are giving her, Miss Vera Legg would be pleased to receive it. We had no organist for the last Sunday in March, until Mrs. Welstead was prevailed upon to play for matins and Miss Legg for evensong. These two are faithful stand-bys. Mrs. Welstead plays for the weekday services in Lent, and pleases the congregation with her sympathetic touch. Miss Legg plays for the children's service, and for the children's choir practice, every Sunday afternoon without fail. She has kept this up for two years. She is also the mainstay of the choir, and very rarely misses a sung service.

When the clergy of the Bridport Rural Deanery met in Loders Church on March 16th, they were much affected by the thought that the decoration of the church had been done in honour of their visit. But in fact, the decoration had been done for Master Edward Francis Le Breton Laskey, who had been brought to the font on the previous Saturday. The bad weather did not deter the muster of a good congregation for the christening, and it made all the more welcome the free refreshment offered in the inns of the village that night at the expense of the Lord of the Manor. Master Laskey sailed to New York with Mr. Bevin, which seems to mark him out for a career in diplomacy.

The Late Mrs. George Crabb was a native of Stoke Abbot. She passed to rest after a wearying illness, which imposed a great strain on her husband and daughter. Her years of devoted service at Yondover Farm are still remembered appreciatively. She used to be one of the most regular worshippers at the Uploders Chapel.

Congratulations to Mr. Clem Poole, who has won the gold medal of the St. John's ambulance for fifteen years' exemplary service. The wives and mothers of our ringers can take comfort from his regular attendance at the tower, where the consequences of a little carelessness may range from a skinned hand to a broken neck.

The Easter Vestry and Annual Church Meeting will take place in the school on Easter Tuesday at 8 p.m. it selects church-wardens, sidesmen and church council, and receives the church accounts for 1948. The last meeting was very well attended. We hope this one may be even better.

"When that April with his showers sweet

The drought of March hath pierced unto the root....

Then longen folk to goon on pilgrimages". (Chaucer)

The spring weather awakened the urge to pilgrimage in our mothers' union and on the gorgeous afternoon of Lady Day they joined a great concourse of Dorset mothers at a service in Sherborne Abbey. The Secretary, Mrs. Lenthall, had made the arrangements with her usual thoroughness. Our mothers were the guests at tea of their Enrolling Member, Mrs. Welstead, and the tea alone was worth the pilgrimage. Loders is very near the Bishop of Sherborne's idea of paradise. He said, after the Abbey service, that he still hoped to retire to Loders! But for the unexpected illness of a sister, he and his family would have spent their last summer holiday in Loders Vicarage.

Curious Meats. In one church tower of the Vicar's acquaintance is a ringer who cooks and eats snails by the peck; in another tower is a ringer who eats hedgehog, previously baked in clay. The Vicar was not altogether surprised to learn that a Loders ringer feeds on badger, and waxes lyrical over badger hams.

Parish Registers

Holy Baptism: March 12th. Edward Francis Le Breton Laskey.
March 27th. John Vivian Orford.

Burial: March 7th. Mary Elizabeth Crabb, aged 67.

Services for April

Loders. April 3rd. H.C.8, Matins 11.45, Children 2.15.
April 10th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.
April 17th. H.C.7 & 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45, Children 2.15, Evensong 6.30.
April 24th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.15.
Good Friday. Ante Communion 8, Matins 11, Evensong 8 p.m.

Dottery. April 3rd. H.C. 9.30.
April 10th. Evensong 3.30.
April 17th. Evensong 3.30.
April 24th. Evensong 6.30.
Good Friday, Evensong 6.30.

Loders & Dottery Notes (May, 1949).

Easter in Retrospect. Easter, 1949, was the ideal Easter, and the happiest that some of us can remember. We made our way to early Communion in sunshine that had the warmth of summer, while the leaves, the flowers, and the song of the birds, had the freshness of spring. There was just enough breeze to stir the flag of St. George on the tower battlements, and the air vibrated with the Easter bells. The old sanctuary of Lodors had been turned into a dream of beauty by the loving hands of women and children. The altar was a bank of arum lilies, blackthorn and narcissi, and not a niche nor cranny of the church was without its flowers. The throng of communicants included Miss Doreen Watts, who used to live in Lodors, and still loves it, but is now in exile in Shipton Gorge, whence her father motored her early. At Matins the church was full. This was a memorable service. The monks of Lodors Priory, and an unseen host of bygone worshippers seemed to be lending their voices to the triumphant shouts of Easter. It was pleasing to note how some hard working farming families came to church in relays, different members to each service, so as to leave somebody on duty at home. Yet, happy as the day was, it had its tinge of sadness. Some of God's family, who might have been in their Father's House on this greatest of days, were not there, and He must have missed them.

Easter Egg. Mr. and Mrs. Linee, of Lower Lodors, were delighted by the gift of a baby son, Terence Edward, born on Easter morning as the bells pealed out for matins. Mother and son are doing well.

Easter Offering. The Vicar says "Thank you very much indeed" for the contributions made towards his stipend on Easter Day. They reached the useful sum of £17-14-0. One Easter offering came from a parishioner in hospital, another from the Infirmary, and another from a grievous sick bed. Remembrance made in circumstances like these is precious indeed.

Comings - of - Age. Two young parishioners have lately celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their birthday, Miss Barbara Trivett, daughter of our popular village constable, and Ernest, the elder of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Crabb's two sons, who, like their father, are both keen bellringers.

Mrs. Ann Marsh, of The Bungalow, Uploders, was laid to rest on April 7th. She had reached the ripe age of 87. For twelve years she had been bedridden, crippled, and blind. Yet she was one of the most cheerful people in the village, rejoicing in the blessings of a good home, and always showing more interest in the lives of others than in her own. A sweet and aristocratic soul - one who, like her Lord, was made perfect through suffering!

A bad lapse. In his thanks to church workers, at the Easter Vosty, the Vicar left out one of the most important names, that of Mrs. Gale, of Dottery. She is a tireless district visitor, and usually manages to distribute the "Notes" through her scattered parish on the day she receives them. The local press did less than justice to the Easter decoration of Dottery church. Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Cleal, & Mrs. Gale were the decorators, and the font, done by Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Wensly, was, as usual, the piece de resistance.

Mrs. Palmer, wife of the previous Vicar, has come by air from New Zealand for a few months holiday in England. She paid a brief visit to Lodors Church, and called at the Vicarage and the Court. Both she and Mr. Palmer are enjoying better health.

Making history. For the first time that anybody remembers, Lodors is to have a contested election for its parish council. There are nine candidates for seven seats. One wonders why there was never a contest before. A reason may be that the cost of an election falls on the rates, and canny parishioners were loth to add to them. Another reason may be that parish councils are now virtually stripped of their powers, and may seem scarcely worth bothering about. But it is still to the advantage of a parish to have a good council. We might not have had a new surface to Yellow Lane, or a new bridge to Boarsbarrow, or a

telephone kiosk in Uploders, if the executive authorities hadn't a parish council to harry them. The limitations of a parish council are painfully clear in the matter of housing and of the railway halt. The parish badly needs new cottages, but the allocation of cottages is done by a higher authority, which cannot be circumvented when it says that it must first build houses where the need is greater than in Loders. Concerning the railway halt, British Railways have had at their disposal for several months a piece of ground which they have judged suitable; an energetic parish councillor has been writing to the M.P., interviewing the Railways, phoning the Ministry of Town & Country Planning; and the position to date is that British Railways blame Town & Country Planning for the delay, & T.C.P. hotly blames B.R. Now we know why in some parishes there are no candidates at all for the council.

New Ringers. On Monday nights in winter the male population of Loders seemed to concentrate in the church tower. Sometimes there was scarcely room to move. In consequence, we now have several promising new ringers - Messrs. C. Chard, R. Drako, F. Legg & C. Legg. It is specially gratifying to have four junior ringers who are keen - Bernard Harris, John Drake, Alan Goldie and Michael Goldie. Three of these live nearer Shipton Gorge than Loders Church, but nothing short of a blizzard keeps them from practice.

Mr. G. F. Gillard, our veteran churchwarden, retired from work in April. He had been at Loders Court for 25 years. Were he not very much alive, his wax effigy might be in Madame Tussaud's, to show the barbarous moderns a perfect specimen of that well nigh extinct race, the Victorian butler. The parish were relieved to know that he felt able to carry on as churchwarden in spite of his 75 years, and he proved it by walking from West Bay to Loders Church (for early Communion) in fifty minutes on Easter Day. On Low Sunday he went one better. He walked from West Bay to Loders and back on a leg badly swollen by a fall from a step ladder.

Mr. Edgar Bishop is going to Taunton for a new type of operation which is hoped to repair the leg he so badly damaged in an accident. H.C. reckons to be away for ten weeks. His wife will be staying in Taunton. We shall miss her help in the choir. Our best wishes and prayers will go with them. "P

"Plough" Sunday will be kept on May 22nd. We hope to have a service at 6.30 p.m., on the same lines as last year, when the farming community attended in force, and the church was crowded.

The son and heir of the vicarage did not choose the most convenient hour for his arrival on April 26th. His father had to go off to give the lunch hour talk to the Bridport Rotary Club, knowing that he was well on the way. His actual arrival coincided with that of six clerks of the Bridport Food Office, who were busy turning the hall into a ration book distributing centre while the doctor was busy upstairs. But, combined with his being a boy, the distractions seemed mere fun, and in the evening the bells of Loders - and the excited bell of Dottery - perfectly expressed the joy and gratitude of his parents, and perhaps of the parish.

Parish Register.

Burial, April 7th, Ann Marsh, aged 87.

Services for May.

Loders.

1st May, H.C. 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45, Children 2.15. Evensong 6.30.
8th May, H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.15.
15th May, H.C. 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45, Children 2.15.
22nd May, H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.15. Plough Service 6.30.
Ascension Day, H.C. 10.
29th May, H.C. 8, Matins 11, H.C. 11.45. Children 2.15.
Dottery.
1st May H.C. 8.30 8th May - - - - -