

"Farm" Sunday. We seem to have got to this stage in the agricultural cycle very quickly this year, but here it is, on May 11th, when the Discussion Club, the Young Farmers, and those who have an interest in the land, come to church to ask God's blessing on the growing crops. Our annual "farm" service is now well established as the natural counterpoise to harvest festival. That is as it should be; for he who said "Be ye thankful" also taught us to say "Give us this day our daily bread". The farm service will be in Loders Church on May 11th, and the time will be 7 p.m., so that the milking can be finished.

The recent pilgrimage of the young people of this diocese to the cathedral church of Salisbury caught the imagination of the West Country. For days on end it held the headlines of the newspapers, figured in the B.B.C.'s local news, and appeared on television and the Gaumont News. Our representative pilgrims were the Misses Morwenna and Ruth Willmott, and they were joined by Miss Maureen Stephens, of Symondsburry. Carrying a banner they had made, and a purse containing about £6 worth of silver coins as a present to the mother church, they started from Loders Church at eight on a very windy Friday morning - on their bicycles. A salvo from a shotgun that nearly disrupted the village electricity supply (needless to say, not of the Vicar's shooting) set them off, and waving hands in bedroom windows, and doorways, helped them along. The livelier inhabitants of Uploders rang bells and flourished Union Jacks as the pilgrims made for the Dorchester road. After battling against a powerful headwind all across Salisbury Plain, they reached the general rendezvous at Combe Bissett at four, and marched with the other pilgrims into Salisbury. There they were put up for the night, and saw the magnificent spectacle of the cathedral floodlit for the first time in the seven hundred years of its history. Next morning they joined a great congregation of young people at early Communion in the Cathedral, and were then taken by coach to Old Sarum, which was the marshalling ground for the march on Salisbury. The newspapers say that the citizens of Salisbury were deeply impressed when they saw the two thousand young pilgrims enter the city in long and silent procession. But the pilgrims themselves were still more impressed, and will always remember the seventh centenary of Salisbury Cathedral. On the Saturday night our pilgrims were the guests of the Rev. and Mrs. Bernard Carver, late of Bradpole, at Whiteparish Vicarage. They started the cycle ride home at ten the following morning, came via Wimborne and the New Forest and over Eggardon, and arrived at tea time. Fortunately for them, the wind had kept up, and was at their backs all the way home. The satisfactory point about our pilgrims is that they went on their bicycles and came back on their bicycles. They look down their noses at the foot pilgrims who set out with a flourish of television cameras, and came back very quietly - by train.

The mountain goes to Mahomet. To mark the retirement of Miss Tuck after twenty-five years of faithful service as school caretaker, the people of Askerswell collected and bought her an armchair, in the hope that occasionally she would take a well deserved rest. The plan was for the two senior pupils, Jennifer Knight and Bill Hansford, to present the chair, in the presence of the school managers, on the first morning of term. But Miss Tuck's proverbial shyness caused the plan to be modified. Her legs refused to bring her down to the waiting school, and the gallant offer of the Rector to carry her only made them energetic in the wrong direction. The school thereupon formed a procession, and, headed by the managers bearing the chair, wound its way up to Miss Tuck's cottage, which looked very pretty in the morning sun. They arrived at the door just as Miss Tuck emerged all dressed for flight, and before she knew it she was enthroned on the chair, listening to a speech by the Rector. A lady's legs may fail her, but her tongue never, and Miss Tuck acknowledged the kindness of the subscribers and her sorrow at parting with the school most suitably.

The Lent Boxes, in aid of the work of the church overseas, produced £11.17.10d.

Dottery boxes were £4.9.8d, Loders £4.19/-, and Askerswell School £2.9.2d.

A gift for Loders Church. Miss Ursula Armitage, of Knight's Pightle, has presented a handsome flower stand in wrought iron, to replace the rather unsuitable coffin stool that had hitherto done duty on the chancel step. Mrs. McDowall gave the procelain water container, and the stand was used for the first time at Easter, with telling effect.

The Parish Clerk of Loders and Mrs. Thomas celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their wedding last month. Two events conspired to mark the occasion. First, their son George, flew from Canada to join the celebration; and second, the Guild of Clerical Ringers, whose annual tour was based on Bridport this year, and who happened to be ringing Loders bells on the wedding anniversary, dedicated a touch of Bob Minor to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Few people can say, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas can now, that the bells for their fortieth anniversary were rung by six vicars.

A son was born to Mrs. Jean Cornish, of Welplot, on April 1st.

A reference in the pulpit to flags flying from church towers on St. George's day jerked the officers of Askerswell Church into a reminder that their pole and rope were in no condition to fly a flag, so they got to work at once. Captain Aylmer, Mr. Adams and Mr. Donald Marsh ascended the tower, taking with them the Rector, not that there was work for more than two of them, but to save falling foul of the steeplejacks' union. Having reached the top with throbbing pulses and bulging blood pressures, they found

that most of the tools needed were down at Captain Aylmer's, and great was the relief when the youngest of the four toilers, Mr. Marsh, volunteered to fetch them. The pole was lowered and the new rope attached, and then it was decided that it would be a crime to put the pole back up without a coat of paint. The paint, of course, was down at Captain Aylmer's, and this time it was he who volunteered to descend and fetch it. To everybody's relief, he eventually re-appeared on the tower roof with the paint and no burst arteries, and the job was completed. As the workers lounged about the battlements admiring their skill, gossiping, and presenting a fine study in still life, they were hailed by Mr. George Bryan from the yard of Court Farm, who wanted to know what the party up aloft was all about, he being a son of the soil and not understanding the urban notions of work. Next day he knew; for there, fluttering from the tower flagstaff, was the emblem of St. George. At Lodgers Mr. Harry Legg and Mr. McDowall found themselves in a similar tussle with their flagstaff, but over this we had better draw the veil.

A welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Moorby, who are now settling into the cottage opposite the Lodgers Arms formerly occupied by Mrs. Giles. Mr. Moorby was a costs accountant in Sheffield, and retired last year. He has come here in search of better health, and we think he will find it. We are glad not to be losing Mrs. Giles, who is moving into the cottage vacated by Mr. Cannon's family, who have moved to Norfolk.

A help for Mrs. Lenthall. At their last meeting the Mothers' Union unanimously elected Mrs. T. Rudd, of Corfe, to the long-vacant post of treasurer. This should leave Mrs. Lenthall free to devote all her energies to the exacting job of Enrolling Member. P.C. Elliott was amused at our reference to the canary-yellow door and the mediterranean-blue door of his fine new police station at Welplot, and volunteers an answer to our query. He thinks the architect intended the blue door to be used by official callers, and the yellow door by private callers. The police station is now equipped with a blue and white lamp which illuminates the whole of Welplot. Seeing that our innkeepers have thought fit to safeguard the lives of their dwindling patrons at turning-out time by putting powerful lights over their doorsteps, it is to be hoped that the Parish Council will pursue the will-o-the-wisp of street lighting, no further. Why burden the rates when the police station and the inns do the job gratis?

At the Easter Vestries the Vicar thanked the parishes for their contributions to his stipend made through the Easter day collections, viz. Lodgers £25.13.9d, Askerswell £11.8/- and Dottery £4.7/-.

Plans for Askerswell Fete on June 7th are going ahead, and fingers are being crossed for a continuance of the present fine weather. Mr. Bernard Gale's dancers are doing a display on the afternoon of the fete; and there will be several days of skittling at a spot near The Three Horse Shoes, Spyway, for a pig kindly given by Mr. Sam Fry of Nallers. The ladies' working party have already sold goods to the tune of £30, and that by no means exhausts the stock of desirable things they still have for sale.

Finance. The Easter Vestries shewed that the finances of our three churches are tolerably healthy. Lodgers balance sheet shewed receipts at £918.6.3d, expenditure at £747.4.5d, and a credit balance of £171.1.10d, which was about £5 up on the balance brought forward from 1956. Askerswell balance sheet shewed receipts at £142.11.9d, expenditure at £94.5.9d, and a balance on the year of £48.6/- . Dottery balance sheet really related to several years, shewing receipts of £349.1.10d, expenses at £271.4.5d, and a balance of £77.17.5d. Mr. Harold Brown and Mr. John Barker were warmly thanked for auditing.

Easter in our churches was very inspiring. The decorators had done wonders despite the shortage of flowers, the singing was excellent, and the congregations were large, especially the eleven o'clock at Lodgers, which was packed tight. The Jehovah's Witnesses of Bridport chose Easter morning to do a blitz on the householders of Lodgers and Uploders. As the Vicar drove up to Lodgers Church from Askerswell, he chuckled to see a Witness tackling the landlord of the Lodgers Arms, on the latter's doorstep. The Witness could not have found a tougher defender of Church and State in all Lodgers.

Services in May

<u>Lodgers:</u>	4th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	11th.	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2; Farm Service 7.	
	15th.	(Ascension) Children 9; H.C. 10.	
	18th.	H.C. 8. Matins 11; Children 2.	
	25th.	(Whitsun) H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	4th.	Evensong 6.30.	11th. Matins 10.
	15th.	(Ascension) 11.	18th. Evensong 6.30.
	25th.	(Whitsun) H.C. 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	4th.	H.C. 9.30.	11th. Evensong 3.
	18th.	Evensong 3.	25th. (Whitsun) Evensong 6.30.

Askerswell Fete. The population of Askerswell, less than 150, is saddled with the upkeep of two substantial public buildings, the church and the school. Without appealing to the world at large, as so many small villages do, Askerswell has put its school in good order, and is now deep in the bigger task of putting its church in order. The roof of the tower has been repaired at a cost of nearly £300, and nearly £500 has been raised towards the £1,000 needed to rehang the bells, a very sweet-toned peal of five at present in a state of extreme dilapidation. Quite apart from all this expenditure on the tower, the stove is in need of repair, and the architect has recommended several small jobs on the fabric. Hence the fete on June 7th. At the kind invitation of Captain and Mrs. Aylmer it is to be held at Askerswell House, which, in its former role of rectory, must have been the scene of many similar functions, and have happy associations for the older parishioners. Operations will begin at 2 o'clock. The ladies' working party has been doing a roaring trade already, but we are told there will still be plenty of goods for their stall. It is whispered that some high-class jumble will also be coming on the market. As a relief to the buying, Mr. Bernard Gale's troupe of dancers will give an hour's entertainment in the pretty setting of the lawns behind the house, and there will be an exhibition of Askerswell curios inside the house. Skittling at Spyway for Mr. Sam Fry's pig and Mrs. Burt's port will be going on each evening of the week up to, and including, the fete day. All that remains to make the event pleasant is warm sunshine and a good crowd. We are sure that Loders will turn out in strength, if only to repay the support that Askerswell unfailingly gives Loders fete.

A second daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Derek Barnes, of Loders.

This year's rook shooting at Loders Court was graced by the Jeeves-like presence of Mr. Frank Gillard, former butler at the Court, who was fetched from his retirement at West Bay by Sir Edward so that he might enjoy once more the function over which he used to preside with such dignity. Mr. Gillard sat enthroned on the step of the verandah, receiving the homage of old friends, while the marksmen applied themselves to cakes and ale on the lawn. Because of his failing sight, Mr. Gillard could not see how picturesque the scene was, but he must have sensed the surrounding affection, and the whiff of "the dear dead days beyond recall".

When the newspapers announced the bombing and wrecking of the Shell tanker San Flaviano, off Borneo, those of us who knew that our friends Mr. and Mrs. Dick Waley, of Askerswell, were passengers of hers on their world tour, were distinctly alarmed, especially on reading that the bombing occurred at 7.20 a.m., when all godly passengers would be sound asleep in bed. To our surprise and relief, we learnt from Capt. Mason that he had received a cable from them that they were alive and well. Following the cable came a letter, giving details of their marvellous escape. "Our particular miracle", says Mr. Waley, "was that only at the last minute, due to delay in the ship's unloading, we decided, fatefully as it turned out, that we would spend one more night ashore at Shell's guest house in Palik Papan, because our bedroom there was air-conditioned, and our cabin aboard was not. Had we elected, as we very nearly did, to sleep aboard, we should undoubtedly have "had it", as the full force of the explosion hit precisely on our cabin, which instantly became a raging inferno of fire from which there was no escape, and at 7.20 we would certainly have been in our cabin. This is the unanimous verdict of all who were amidstships. We and the entire ship's company were extremely fortunate. Indeed it was a miracle that every single one escaped unscathed. At the moment we are staying in Raffles Hotel (Singapore) for about three weeks, and our first objective is to re-kit, as of course we lost everything except what we had with us. Those on board fared still worse. Our captain, for instance, got ashore with one pair of underpants and his wrist watch....We hope all goes well with you and our other friends in Askerswell and Spyway, to whom, as and when you see them, please remember us very kindly, including the Rector, lacking whose weekly sermon, I feel sure, our moral outlook is sadly deteriorating". The Rector has since had a card from them saying they are on their way to Japan and China, and hope to be back in mid-July.

News of the death of Captain George Welstead spread quickly in Loders, and was received with deep regret by all who knew him. He died of heart failure at his home near Dolgelly, North Wales, on May 19th. The manner of his passing suited his energetic, outdoor nature; for he was only in bed a week. The cremation was at Birkenhead. In deference to his wishes there were no flowers; he could no better bear to see flowers cut than he could to see trees felled, or a predatory pigeon shot. One wonders how so tender-hearted a man contrived to be so excellent a professional soldier. A special prayer for him was offered in Loders Church, where the memory of him will long be treasured. Winter or summer, rain or shine, he was usually in his pew on Sunday morning, having walked all the way from New Road, and he always arrived in good time, even when he was past his eightieth birthday. The choir liked his word of thanks for the singing as he came out of church, and the congregation liked his enquiry after their affairs as they went up the long path. "The Captain" was a sermon in himself; for he shewed how attractive Christianity can be when it is lived.

Loders Fete will be held on Saturday, August 2nd, at Loders Court, at the kind invitation of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton. Some of the helpers who did yeoman service last year are not available this year, but the Church Council have managed to produce a good team. The Uploders collector for stalls will be Mrs. Gilbert Miller; The Loders collectors Mrs. T. Rudd and Miss Peggy Pitcher. Brigadier Hammond and Mr. W. Graves have again undertaken the sideshows; and Mrs. Harry Legg the Teas. Miss Muriel Randall is again the fete secretary, and would be grateful for any new ideas about afternoon entertainment, or offers of help.

Both Askerswell, where she lived, and Loders, where she was governess of the school, were delighted to learn of the birth of a son to Mrs. Lindsay Thomas (nee Barbara Bryan). Both mother and son were very ill, but are now well, and stayed at Court Farm for Whitsun. The babe was christened Gavin Lindsay in hospital.

A further sum of £1.11/- has come in from Lent boxes in Loders.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, who took Captain Welstead's house in New Road, have now been joined by his parents and his brother Ernest, from Hebburn-on-Tyne. Mr. and Mrs. Moore senior are installed in the bungalow near The Crown, and are finding West Dorset very pleasant to look at after the North. Mr. Moore is enjoying a well-earned rest from a very energetic life, which included thirty-five years as chairman of his local branch of the Boilermakers' Union, for which he received a gold medal. As a mere sideline to his work on various committees, he and his wife reared a family of ten boys and one girl (triplets having put up the score with economy of effort). One boy died. All the family appear to have done well. Alan is a professional footballer. He formerly played for Notts Forest, and is now in the Swindon team.

Mr. William Coke, a widower with four children, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Dickie, have come to live at Nine Bottles. He is on the staff at Lower Sturthill, having worked with Mr. Forbes before the war. Mr. Coke had the distinction of rising from the bottom to be commander of a ship in the R.N.V.R. One of his children is away at school, and Miss McCombie is pleased to have her flock augmented by the other three.

Loders Sunday School took their annual ramble on Whit-Monday. They explored Powerstock Church, and had tea overlooking Powerstock forest, which the livelier spirits invaded. Coming after Saturday's sodden skies, the warmth of Monday was the more delightful.

The Dorset Archaeological Society recently visited Loders, and had the history of the church expounded to them by Sir Edward Le Breton. The Society later sent £2 for the repairs fund.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornish, of Welplot, was baptised Nigel on Whit Sunday, in Loders Church.

The Gentlemen beat the Pro's. A discussion between Mr. Michael Foot, of the Travellers' Rest, and Mr. Stuart Crabb, of the Bridport football team, as to the latter's merits, led to a duel of a gentle nature. Mr. Foot got together a team of amateurs, which included Tom Foot, J. Foot, F. Lloyd, and K. Saunders, with Godfrey Elliott in goal, and one evening, on the Bridport ground, they played a team largely recruited from the Bridport Football Club by Mr. Stuart Crabb. Not only did Mr. Foot's team win 4-3; at half-time it was leading 3-1. With a much-reduced estimate of their status in the world of football, the Pro's adjourned with the Gentlemen to the Travellers' Rest, where they were entertained to supper by the father of their challenger, Mr. Ron Foot.

Services in June

<u>Loders:</u>	1st.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11: Children 2.
	8th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11: Children 2.
	15th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45:	Matins 11: Children 2.
	22nd.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11: Children 2.
	29th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11: Children 2.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	1st.	Evensong 6.30.	8th. Matins 10.
	15th.	Evensong 6.30.	22nd. Matins 10.
	29th.	H.C. 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	1st.	H.C. 9.30.	8th. Evensong 3.
	15th.	Evensong 3.	22nd. Evensong 6.30.
	29th.	Evensong 3.	