

Compliments of the Season. We wish our readers a happy new year. The other day a friend to whom the appearance of these Notes is the event of the month asked how many readers we had. Well, we do not know. Each month we sell about two hundred copies, and it may be assumed that every copy is read by an average of three. Some copies do better than that; they are passed all over the world, and reach a state of extreme dilapidation before they are finished with. Not that the Notes are durable even when new from the press. At times we feel that they ought to go into proper magazine form. But this could not be achieved without raising the price. And people seem not to mind them as they are. Every now and again Bridport Deanery ask us to sink our individuality and share in a Deanery magazine. But the Church Council never wastes more than a minute in deciding to maintain the status quo. The Notes do, however, venture into the 1960s, not alone as hitherto, but in the company of a Diocesan Leaflet. The Parish Notes have a big-brotherly feeling towards the Leaflet; for the Leaflet began life as a magazine many years ago, and now discovers that it cannot survive without taking Note form. The Editor of the Leaflet has a much harder job than the Editor of the Notes; for the success of both depends on their being local; and it is easier to be local about three small country parishes than about five hundred town and country parishes spread over two whole counties. Our readers, when they have perused the accompanying Leaflet, will, we think, agree that it has made a good start, and will wish it success. After all, if it puts the Bishop in touch with his flock throughout the diocese, it will be doing a more vital job than the Notes. For it is the Bishop of Salisbury who is the pastor of Loders, Dottery, Askerswell, and, indeed, of every parish in the diocese. The vicars, rectors and curates are only his deputies. That is why he comes in person to institute a person to a parish, and why no resignation is valid till he has accepted it.

Christmas in Church was a satisfying experience for the many who spent some of it there. The sight of Messrs. David Crabb and Horace Read struggling from the school to the church with a large spruce was a reminder to the residents of Loders High Street that Christmas had come again. The same tree, festooned with fairy lamps, was the focal point of the decorations in church, and the delight of the large congregation who looked at it in the dim light of the midnight service. On Christmas morning the gales that were lashing the seas into mountains of fury were also sweeping the roads with rain that stung; yet practically all the junior population of Loders turned out to sing carols in the chancel, and to receive sweets from the tree at the hand of the Enroling Member of the Mothers' Union. The carol service of the nine lessons, on the evening of the following Sunday, was not quite as well attended as usual - presumably because it came close to Christmas - but the singing was excellent, and the reading of the lessons by representatives of parish organisations was clear and with feeling. At Dottery the Christmas morning service escaped the rain, which was a good thing for those esteemed old friends of the church who had come a mile or two on bicycles. Their presence was all that was needed to make the service complete. At Askerswell a nice congregation got to church dry, but were not so dry when they reached home. In spite of the shortage of berried holly, all the churches looked thoroughly christmassy. There were some prize chrysanthemums at Askerswell and Dottery. At Loders red cyclamen were the feature of the chancel.

Christmas Parties. The children had a good filling of these, and all before Christmas. At Askerswell there was first a nativity play, which the parents enjoyed seeing as much as the children enjoyed doing, and later a breaking-up party, with tree (from Nallers) and presents. At Loders the school managers and parents attended the breaking-up party and had tea with the children. The large tree which presided over the scene had been given, as usual, by Sir Edward Le Breton. For Loders children there was also the "Court Party", with Sir Edward and his Lady playing the role of host and hostess for about the fortieth year without a break. In the billiard room a conjuror found it no easy matter to bamboozle an audience of adroit infants, who knew all the answers, and were not very forthcoming with pound notes for his experiments. Mr. Punch, however, had no difficulty; for he brought out of his armoury not only St. George and the dragon, but a new Beatrix Potter menagerie. A procession from the billiard to the dining room put the children at the operational end of a tea which defeated even their seemingly insatiable appetites. On leaving, each child received an orange and a half-crown from a Santa Claus in whom the fanciful discerned a likeness to Master Edward Laskey. The vote of thanks was moved by Bernard Paul, who shewed promise of making a good after-dinner speaker.

The Sunday School Mission Sale was a great success, and for once was blessed with reasonable weather. Proceedings began with a most impressive nativity play, produced by the day school mistress, Mrs. Scott. The children were word-perfect, and reverent, in passages of the A.V. Bible (which, by the way, was infinitely preferable to the fashionable modern playlets), and the singing revealed a reserve of future talent for the church choir. The audience also noted a curtain arrangement which imparted an air of refinement to the stage not easily achieved when the stage has to be at floor level. Mrs. Willmott thanked the assembly for their support. The sum raised was a useful £28.

Not the same. The ritual of ringing in the new year at Loders followed the established pattern. The ringers rang a few touches early in the evening of the last day of the old year, and adjourned to their appointed snuggeries for comfort. (Long past are the days

when they could broach a keg of smuggled brandy in the tower itself, and wake to ring in the new year when it was some hours old). At a quarter to midnight they returned to the tower, rang until a quarter past, and then yielded to the spell of their snuggerly once more. This year, though, things felt different; for they were missing their captain, Mr. Harry Legg, who was out of the ritual for the first time in thirty-two years. He is in hospital. As a ringer Mr. Legg is valuable; as the only thatcher in the district he is almost indispensable; and everybody wishes him a speedy return. Loders Choir did their annual serenading of the parish with carols shortly before Christmas, for the benefit of the Children's Society. This year the element they had to contend with was not cold, but rain. They managed, however, to keep between the drops, and seemed to derive as much pleasure from the proceedings as they gave. In Uploders, General and Mrs. Rome fortified them with a posset in traditional style, and at Upton Peep Mrs. Lenthall reinforced them with another. The venture ended happily round a big punch bowl at the vicarage fire, and a counting of the collecting boxes made the financial result £9.2.7d, which everybody thought satisfactory. There were two christenings at Loders over Christmas. On Boxing Day Mr. and Mrs. Eric Joy, who were married at Loders, but who now live in Bradpole - where there is at present no Vicar - brought their daughter to be baptised Julia Ann. On the Sunday after Christmas, Major and Mrs. Robin Chater (nee Alison Scott), formerly of the Old Mill, attended matins with an imposing retinue of family and friends, and then clustered round the old font for the christening of their adopted son, who was named Angus Christopher Crafton. Choir and organist, pleased as ever to have "the Scottery" with them again, stayed and sang a hymn, and were invited to the slaying of a most worthy christening cake at the vicarage. The cake had come from Alison's own fair hand, and was the marvel of the hour. Major Robin's laurels rested no less firmly on a noble provision of champagne. The small fry of Court and Vicarage, who had been honoured above their merits by an invitation, disdained to toast the health of Angus in the lemonade which had been so thoughtfully provided, and amazed their seniors by doing it properly. The seniors feared the worst, but were rewarded with a peaceful Sunday afternoon; for the small fry, who are usually at their noisiest at this time, had a great disposition to sleep. The only member of the Scotts who could not be present on this great occasion, Dr. Ian Scott (who is in the United States) was not forgotten. Captain Donald Scott took a tape recording of the party to send to him. The company thought this an excellent idea - until Donald played back to them what the indiscriminating ears of the recorder had picked up.

Newspapers. Wirekss and Television have left nobody with an excuse for not knowing that the suffragan bishop of this diocese, the Bishop of Sherborne, has been nominated by the Queen as the new Bishop of Truro. For some unaccountable reason, suffragen bishops do not often become diocesans, which makes this a surprisingly happy choice. In his twelve years in this large diocese the Bishop has succeeded in getting to know the clergy, their families, and the parishes. He has a good memory for names, a huge capacity for friendship, and is universally liked. The Cornish people are fortunate indeed to have him as their new father in God. We shall miss him very much. He did the confirming of most of those who have been confirmed in these parishes in the last twelve years, and is more than a name here. As recently as October he took our confirmation. It was characteristic of him then that he did not confine his chatting to the company on the lawn, but sought out the back-room girls doing the work in the kitchen, and thanked them.

Loders Agricultural Discussion Club did themselves a good turn when they got Mr. Willoughby Bartlett, formerly of Loders, now of New Zealand, to give them a talk on farming in New Zealand. He produced out of his forty-odd years of experience one of the best and most entertaining talks the Club has had, belying - we hope - the saying that a good farmer is a bad talker. Mr. Bartlett noted that having been born in The Crown, it had taken him forty years "down under" to qualify as a speaker in the Uploders Room, next door to The Crown. He returns to New Zealand this month.

Services in January

<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. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
	31st. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	3rd. Evensong 6.30.	10th. Matins 10.
	17th. Matins 10.	24th. H.C. 10.
	31st. Matins 10.	
<u>Dottery:</u>	3rd. H.C. 9.30 .	10th. Evensong 3.
	17th. Evensong 3.	24th. Evensong 3.
	31st. Evensong 6.30.	

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

Monday, Jan. 25th, was a red letter day for Askerswell, although most of the parishioners were unaware of it. For something like thirty years they have been wanting their sweet-toned bells restored, and on Jan. 25th the work was begun. By the time these Notes are out, the five bells will have been lowered to the ground, ready to be taken by rail to the Taylor foundry at Loughborough. They will be away for several weeks, then they will return, with a new sixth bell, and a new wooden frame of iroka, and be rehung. Which means that for some weeks there will be no chimes to summon the parish to church. We enjoin the faithful, during "the silence", to be observant of the times of services in the Notes. The tackle for lowering the bells arrived a few days before Taylor's man. British Railways seemed to know by instinct who is the good angel of Askerswell Church; for their van-driver went straight to Mr. Adams to enlist his help in unloading. Finding accommodation near the church for Taylor's man was a problem until Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fry came to the rescue. The engineer's name, by the way, is John Walker. When he announced himself as "Johnnie Walker", Mr. Sidney's face lighted up, and he asked "Where's your bottle?"

The son and daughter of the late Mr. Dick Waley, of Askerswell, have offered to pay the difference in price between a wooden and an iron bell frame (which is £50), in memory of their parents. This further kindness from a family which was always generous to Askerswell Church will be deeply appreciated. Mrs. Plummer (the daughter) says in her letter:- "My brother and I would like to express our heartfelt thanks to all those in Askerswell who have shewn such friendship and kindness in our grief. They have left us with the comforting thought that despite the short time our parents lived in Askerswell, we have laid them to rest among very kind friends".

Other kind people in Askerswell have been asking if the bell fund is still open to contributions. The answer is an emphatic "yes". We have the money to meet the bell-founder's bill, but there will be ancillary bills for masonry and carpentry, adding up to quite a sum, which the kitty still lacks.

The many friends and admirers of the Bishop of Sherborne in this neighbourhood will be glad to know that the Diocese are organising a presentation to him before he leaves to take up his larger responsibilities as Bishop of Truro. We have received the following letter from the Bishop of Salisbury and the four archdeacons:- "So many people have written to Bishop and Mrs. Key to congratulate them on his elevation and to lament their departure from us that we feel there must be many who would like to share in giving them some token of our affection and good wishes. We feel they would appreciate it most if the gift were one in which everyone could have a share, and we therefore suggest that five shillings a head should be the sum in mind, though we realise some may wish to give more. We ask you, then, to bring this suggestion to the notice of your people, and we would be very grateful if you would send your contributions to Mr. T.A.M. Falkner, South Canonry, The Close, Salisbury, making cheques payable to him, not later than February 15th, and marking your envelope "Bishop Key Testimonial". Anybody who wants to be saved the trouble of writing to Salisbury can let the Vicar have it, and he will send a lump sum. The small donations will be as welcome as any.

The children of Askerswell School and their teacher have been thanked by the U.K. Committee of the World Refugee year for a donation of £4.5.3d collected in a night's carol singing at Christmas. Their intention was to go out on two nights, but the rain prevented this.

Dottery Church has suffered a grievous loss by the death of one of its most faithful members, Mrs. Annie Hopkins, of Pymore. Yet the sense of loss is tempered by pride in the magnificent way in which she contrived to live for ten years with a major disease. She carried on with her work at the mill, the running of her home, her few simple pleasures, and her church, as if she had no worries, and wherever she saw the need of a helping hand she offered hers. To the Vicar, and possibly to some of her many friends, she was a living commentary on the text "My strength is made perfect in weakness".

Mr. and Mrs. D.T. Goldring (nee Katherine Townsend) risked the weather to bring their infant daughter from Weymouth to be christened in Loders Church on Jan. 17th. She was named Julie Dawn. The Sunday School were in attendance, and sang appropriate hymns. Katherine remarked how short a while ago it seemed that she was one of their number, and sang for other people's babies.

Changes at Loders Police Station. With the swiftness and silence characteristic of the operations of the Law, our Police-Constable and Mrs. Elliott vanished overnight, and in their place were P.C. and Mrs. George Miller and their four children, who have already taken to Loders like the proverbial duck to water. We owe the loss of P.C. Elliott to his being so good at exams. He has been promoted to the C.I.D. at Dorchester. We regret his (and his wife's) departure, because they suited us, and villages are not every policeman's cup of tea. They have our best wishes. It will be a relief to the parish to know that the Vicar's first impressions of the new constable and his family are very favourable. In view of the Vicar's contacts with the police - which, unfortunately, are increasing - these impressions may be relied upon, especially as they are confirmed by the next door neighbour to the police station, Mrs. Darby.

The two elder children, Julie (aged 11) and Kenneth (9) are already established in day school and Sunday school; and Jaqueline (3) and Caroline (18 months) are having a taste of Loders measles. Here a friendly word to potential disturbers of the Queen's peace - with P.C. Miller it will always be wise to "come quietly". He was the star turn of the judo club at Parkstone, his last station, and is a holder of the Green Belt in judo. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Miller were stationed at Broadwindsor for four years before Parkstone, so they are not strangers to West Dorset.

It's an ill wind ... Seeing that he does not pay Mrs. Roper danger money for living there, the landlord of her cottage, which stands on the awkward Blue Ball crossroads at Dottery, has no cause to regret the accidents which have lately befallen the said cottage. The wind blew down the television aerial and the chimney with it. The television people had to build the landlord a new chimney. Later a bus backed into the porch, knocking it askew, and the bus people have to build the landlord a new one. The next door-neighbour, Mrs. Reynish, whose porch is a sort of Siamese twin with Mrs. Roper's, regrets that the impact was not sufficient to knock her porch dizzy too. It was unsteady before, and she is fearful of what may happen - and not at the bus people's expense this time - when the builders operate on Mrs. Roper's porch.

Man proposeth ... In a field near the road at East Hembury Farm, Askerswell, the foundations of a bungalow are being got out. It was to have been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Down, who retired from farming East Hembury last autumn. Now the future of the bungalow is problematical; for Mr. Down has had the great misfortune to lose his wife. The whole neighbourhood feels very deeply for him. Mrs. Down died in Bridport Hospital, after a long period of bad health. For the time being, Mr. Down is staying with his daughter at Beaminster. She is making a gallant recovery from polio.

Mrs. Martha Crabb, of Uploders, achieved her ambition of reaching her ninetieth birthday, which she and her family celebrated in high style on Jan. 6th, and then she passed quietly away, in her sleep, on Jan. 21st. Since the death of her husband, she had been the head of one of Loders' oldest families, and in old age had had the satisfaction of being nursed in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alice Gale, and of being regularly visited by her son, Mr. David Crabb, and her grandchildren. The doctors had considered her "delicate", and many were her illnesses, but she confounded them all. Her mind, and her outside interests, were lively to the end. On the Vicar's last visit, almost her first words were: "I believe in science, sir. It's no good sticking too tight to what is old-fashioned. We must go by what they can find out". These remarks did not seem very relevant to her birthday, which was the occasion of the visit, but were typical of her manner, and her good sense. She was fond of children. Generations of them at Loders School remember her as the nice old lady next door who used to pass them carrots and pears over the wall. (Those were the days when little boys and girls had teeth, of course). Before they went back to Salisbury in January, Nurse Poozey Willmott took her little brothers Mickey and Chuck to pay their customary homage to the matriarch. At the end of the audience Mrs. Crabb apologised for having no sixpences to give them. After her death, Mrs. Gale discovered the sixpences, put by, and duly passed them on. It was also typical of the great old lady that she wanted no money wasted on a tombstone, but a book for visitors to write their names in given to Loders Church instead.

Discovery at South Eggerdon. Further evidence that we in these parts live, and move, and have our being, over a gold mine of archaeological remains, has been furnished by Group-Captain Newall. A contractor, working in one of Mr. Newall's fields near Loderland, unearthed a disc of Kimmeridge shale, worked with a design, and some Roman roof tiles. The Dorset County Museum, with whom the disc now resides, acclaim it as a find of importance, although they cannot be sure of its original function. They suggest that it may be the wheel of a model chariot, of the kind which used to be put in very ancient tombs. The curator's letter to Mr. Newall says:- "Mr. R.A.H. Farrar, of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, has now seen the shale disc, and in his opinion it is an example of Celtic art, uninfluenced by Roman civilisation. Dating is at present difficult... In Mr. Farrar's opinion it is the best example of such a thing that he has seen. May we send it either to the Institute of Archaeology or else the Bristol Museum for treatment and restoration? Because of its probable importance, we are most anxious to add it to our collection."

Services in February

Loders: 7th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
14th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
21st. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
28th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.

Askerswell: 7th. Evensong 6.30. 14th. Matins 10.
21st. H.C. 10. 28th. Matins 10.

Dottery: 7th. H.C. 9.30. 14th. Evensong 3.
21st. Evensong 3. 28th. Evensong 6.30.

A personal note. The Vicar writes: I would like to thank all my parishioners and enquirers for the kindness they shewed my wife and me during my recent indisposition, especially Mr. McDowall for fixing up services; Captain Aylmer for taking service at Askerswell in an emergency; the motorists who brought over the Dottery congregation to matins at Loders; and Mrs. Cecil Marsh for seeing to the Dottery arrangements. I have been deeply touched, and wish I deserved being made such a fuss of. One of the old boys of Loders, Maurice Matterface, who is now a drummer in Cyprus, sent his condolences. He said "I am writing these few lines in hope to express how sorry I am to hear you are ill....Myself, I am getting on quite well, sir. Tomorrow I am starting on an N.C.O's cadre, so by the time I come home, I should have a stripe to show. This island is not very large, but it has caused a lot of trouble for us. We still have to be hot on security, even up to this very day. Honestly, sir, I really do miss the quaint old village church of your parish of Loders. I often think how much I would like to be there on Sunday. Well, I shall close now, hoping you will forgive any mistakes I have made". Who will take the church services in the near future is not clear at the time of writing, but somebody will, and I know I can rely on you to see they are well supported- especially as we are now in the season of Lent, that time of year when Christians embark on spiritual exercises to make them better soldiers of Christ. Mr. Peacock, the late Vicar of Chideock, who has been doing duty for me, is impressed by our congregations, and our singing. (Tell it not in Gath, but he fancies that Loders choir could make Bridport St. Mary's sit up!).

Loders bells were chimed in honour of the birth of the new prince. Sufficient ringers could not be mustered to ring on the day itself, because their number is depleted by sickness and by care of the sick. Sunday ringing has been maintained, however, and we owe this to the good offices of our new young ringers.

Our readers will have noted that Dr. Victor Pike, Chaplain-General of the Forces, is to be the new Bishop of Sherborne. This is an appointment which will please General Rome, of Uploders Place, who has seen much of the Chaplain-General, and greatly admires him; and also the Vicar, who served under him in Greece. He is one of a remarkable family of five brothers, who have all made their mark. When Dr. Pike is consecrated, his mother will have the rare distinction of being the mother of three bishops - the Bishop of Sherborne, the Bishop of Meath, and the Bishop of Gambia and Rio Pongas. When the last named came to England for the Lambeth Conference, the reporters, who are not quite at their best in reporting things ecclesiastical, put him down as "the Bishop of Gambia and Miss Rio Pongas". When his wife saw this in the paper, the Bishop had to do some quick thinking.

A daughter, Deborah Ann, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins (nee Janet Symes, of Loders) in Trowbridge Hospital on Feb. 8th. Which elevates Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Gale to the honourable company of grandparents. It is hoped that the christening will be in Loders Church on Easter Day.

"The luck of Askerswell" departs. For some years the roof of Askerswell Church has had bees in it, which was considered extremely lucky for Askerswell, and the probable reason why this little parish was so good at raising big sums for various projects. Now, alas, the bees are no more. Several slates were blown off the roof in the Christmas gales, and when the builders came to put them back on, they found this could not be done without opening up part of the roof, and putting in new timbers first. The affected part of the roof was where the bees were, and they did not thank the workmen for their intrusion. The blood of the workman most concerned, a fine Dorset type from Little Bredy, must be entirely alkaline; for the scores of stings it rendered neutral would have been enough to kill an ordinary mortal twice over. Mrs. Aylmer, who came to his rescue with a powerful squirter of "flit", was surprised to see him at work next day, apparently none the worse. As a reward for his pains, he got out of the roof a bucket of honey. There was much more, but this had atrophied, and was useless. With clusters of bees still sticking to it, this was put on the rubbish heap, where the poor bees fought a protracted but losing battle against night frosts, which killed them.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Bryan, of Stancombe, on the birth of a daughter at Dorchester. Mother and babe are doing well.

Obituary. Last month saw the decease of two old inhabitants of New Road, Uploders.

Mr. Adolphus Brake died, rather unexpectedly, at the age of 85. He was born in Bridport, and grew up to be a mason. He did a lot of work on the prison at Portland, and was for a time in South Wales, where he was badly gassed in helping rescue operations in a mine disaster. He also served in the Great War. For the past twenty-one years he had been in retirement in Uploders. He was buried in his first wife's grave in Bridport cemetery, the Curate of Bridport officiating on behalf of the Vicar of Loders. The other funeral was that of Mrs. Annie Stevens, which was taken in Loders Church by the Rev. R. Chamberlain. Mrs. Stevens had died at Nettlecombe in the home of her niece. For twenty years of their retirement, she and her late husband lived in New Road. Previous to that, they had farmed at Powerstock, where at one time Mrs. Stevens was president of the W.I. She was also a keen member of the M.U.

Newcomers to Loders. Mr. and Mrs. Harbren, and their small daughter, have come from Bradpole to live in Court Cottages, and are now well established. They were familiar figures in Loders before they came to live here. Mr. Harbren works at Cheney's Garage. Mrs. Eveleigh's bungalow in Uploders has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Hallett. As one works in Bridport, and the other travels, our reporter has not had the pleasure of catching them in, but he hopes they will like Loders. The old name of the bungalow was Buds Cot. It is now Rustic Glen - what Shakespeare would call a sea change.

Mr. Denis Laskey, son-in-law of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, who is in the Diplomatic Service, has been made a Counsellor to the British Embassy in Rome. He, his wife, and the younger members of his family, go into residence there at the beginning of this month. He was private secretary to the Foreign Secretary during the Suez crisis. Some of us feel that if only he could publish his memoirs, they would make Sir Anthony Eden's very small beer indeed.

Conscience Money. A tall stranger came into Loders Church and put two sixpences in the guide book box. He did not take a book. He told the vergier it was the price of two guides he had taken earlier in the week and forgotten to pay for. He had made a special journey, to clear his conscience. Good to know that some tender consciences survive the present moral climate!

A service for young people will be held in the Uploders Chapel at three on the afternoon of Easter Day. The steward, Mr. Pope, has a party of young people coming from Dorchester, and says that any of ours would also be welcome.

Long Service. Reporters of the local newspapers find Loders a gold mine of interesting news items. The other day they dug out our esteemed parish clerk, Mr. David Thomas, and gave his thirty years of service to Loders Church a good write up, and also published with it a photograph of him which we all liked. The only fault to be found with the article was that it called him the sexton, which, of course, he is not. The sexton attends to the churchyard and the digging of graves, which Mr. Thomas does not. He is the vergier, because he keeps the church clean, but what we prize him most for is that he must be one of the few remaining parish clerks, whose chief business was to lead the responses. We have a photograph of the interior of Loders Church, taken shortly before the restoration. Midway down the north wall of the nave is a three-decker pulpit. The bottom deck was for the parish clerk, to lead the responses; the middle and upper decks were for the parson to pray in and preach in respectively. Were the old three-decker still functioning, Mr. Thomas would be saying his "awmens" and responses from the lower deck. As things are now, he officiates from the region of the choir. We hope he may be spared to lead us for many years yet. Without him the service is horribly lacking, and we feel all at sea. Another record of still longer service to Loders Church is held by Mr. Harry Sanders. For the last thirty-four years he has been either sidesman or churchwarden, and a practising one at that. He has lately retired from his job with Bridport Industries, and has given the church the benefit of his leisure by roughing up some of the paving stones that tend to be slippery near the south porch. This will earn him the thanks of not a few ladies who have measured their lengths there.

Mr. Donald Marsh, of Askerswell, earned the gratitude of some forty people who attended the Bournemouth pantomime under the auspices of the Discussion Club. As secretary, he made the arrangements, right down to ensuring that the party got fish and chips afterwards without queuing for them, and a memorable evening was had by all.

Services in March

Loders: 6th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
13th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
20th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
27th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.

Askerswell: 6th. Evensong 6.30.
13th. Matins 10.
20th. Matins 10.
27th. H.C. 10.

Dottery: 6th. H.C. 9.30.
13th. Evensong 3.
20th. Evensong 3.
27th. Evensong 3.

The Vicar writes:- "When I wrote my personal note in the March number, I had a surgical operation before me. As I take up pen to write this one, I can look back on the operation as a thing of the past. It could be a dream, but for the screw of lint in a secret drawer, which contains twenty-five stones, of uniform size and shape. They look like overgrown beech nuts. They were the cause of the trouble. The morning after the operation, the surgeon asked if I had seen "the trophies". He had sent them up because he thought they would make my wife a rather unique necklace. (It is good to know that when surgeons are groping about in one's innards they are thinking nice homely thoughts like this). But my own ideas raced ahead to the church fete. Why not show the Vicar's interior stonework at sixpence a peep in aid of the church's exterior stonework? Whether it comes to pass will depend, I suppose, on how many letters I get saying "Don't be revolting". At the Weymouth and District Hospital I found I had fallen among friends. It may be that I owed my bed in the bay window to the fact that Sister Frodsham, of the Golden Rod Cafe, considered herself duty bound to do something for somebody from Bridport; and I had Nurse Christine Harris, of Uploders, to come and cheer me up when the lights were low. Not that one could ever be low-spirited with neighbours like mine, who might have been characters straight out of Hardy. There was Mr. Jack Fancy (aged 80), a scrap-iron merchant of Portland; Mr. George Bool (aged 80), a stone mason, also of Portland; and a plump farmer with a face like Winston Churchill, from Osmington. The Portlanders referred to him as "Farmer", and insisted on calling him "The ole man", though he was but 64. These three were constitutionally incapable of talking without saying something funny. To save my stitches, I had to stuff my ears. Their stitches were never in danger; for they never smiled. They swore eternal friendship for me when I left, and promised to be at Loders Fete. The kindness of my flock here at home was overwhelming. They sent letters and cards, nice things to eat - and drink; they relieved me of anxiety by cutting the churchyard, planting the vicarage garden, and taking service when no parson could be obtained. One was prepared to get me into Queen Victoria's convalescent home for officers at Osborne, Isle of Wight. Perhaps the nicest thing of all was a fat envelope containing a letter from every child who could write in Loders School, and posies of violets and daffodils from the School to welcome me home. Many Askerswell children sent cards. It was all very touching. One I must not forget to thank is the late Sir Alexander Flemming. When I was two days home from hospital, I blotted my copy-book by falling to a murderous attack of pleurisy. But a concentration of penicillin cleared it miraculously in three days....

"I hope to be allowed to take services on Good Friday, and Easter Day, and that Easter Day will see every communicant at The Lord's Table. I have missed parish visiting since Christmas, and look forward to seeing you in your homes as soon as I can. Meanwhile, I know I can rely on mothers to encourage the young communicants to come with them to acclaim the Resurrection on Easter Day".

At Dottery the Easter Communion will be at 9 a.m. The Rector of Bridport has kindly offered to take evensong at 3 p.m.

At Askerswell the Easter Communion will be at 10 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Bryan's infant daughter is to be christened at 3 p.m., and there will be evensong at 6.30 p.m.

At Loders the Easter programme is: Holy Communion at 7, 8 and 12 noon; matins at 11; and children's service at 2 p.m. Two young mothers, known to Loders as Janet Symes and Mary Pitcher, are bringing their babes to be christened at the children's service.

Lent Weddings. There were two weddings at Loders Church within an hour of each other on March 26th. The day was a pleasant one for March, and the merry pealing of the bells informed the countryside of what was going on in church. In the first party the bride was Miss Patricia French, of Matravers Cottage, and the bridegroom Mr. Norman Percival Green, a farm worker, of Poxwell, Dorchester. In the second the bride was Miss Muriel Ethel Henning, of King Charles Estate, and the bridegroom Mr. Frank Kennedy King, an engineer, of South Croydon. The church was well furbished with spring flowers, and was the perfect setting for the homely pageantry. Mr. Tiltman saw that the organ made its own proper contribution. In the absence of the Vicar, the services were kindly taken by the Rev. A.L. Luker, Vicar of Allington.

We have received the following advertisement: WANTED URGENTLY VOLUNTEERS to assist in keeping Loders churchyard tidy. All applying should possess a strong pair of arms, a stout pair of legs, and a love for their village church. Full particulars of duties from Mr. M. McDowall, "Raikes", Loders.

A visitors' book, in memory of the late Martha Crabb, has been put in Loders Church. It is in good time for the visitors, who usually make their first appearance at Easter. The passing of Granny Hyde. Uploders can never be the same without Granny Hyde and the little corner shop she presided over for fifty years. She was the village's oldest inhabitant, having reached 94. The will to live, which had brought her through many illnesses, seemed to forsake her shortly after Christmas. She took to her bed over the shop, and never fully came to life again, while her friends did their braiding in the parlour below, and kept ward. Mrs. Hyde was born in South Street, Bridport, the second of the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. John Gurd, who kept a fruit and fish shop there. She began work at the age of nine, and had to sell a box of bloaters each morning before she could go to school. On leaving school she worked at Pymore Mill, her day being from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. She married Mr. George Hyde at St. Mary's, Bridport, in 1886. There

was no honeymoon. She went straight to the cottage opposite Askerswell Church, her new home. She worked in the fields picking stone, and at harvest time she gleaned. On top of this she did the Rectory washing - often ten blankets at a time - and she made butter for "the Marshes" at a shilling a day. Nor was it often that her place in Askerswell Church was vacant on Sunday. Later she moved to "the cottage up in the garden on the right-hand side going into Askerswell", and started a shop, and began to keep her beloved hens. In 1906 she moved to Loders to the house at the top of New Street Lane now occupied by Mrs. Steve Newbery, and opened shop there. She used to go reed-drawing in the nearby barn. In 1910 she bought the shop in Uploders, and there enjoyed many happy hours with her hens in the orchard. She celebrated her golden wedding in 1936, and lost her husband in 1941. She had one son, and a daughter who died at the age of two. It is thanks to her grandson, Mr. George Hyde, his wife Dora, and their son Brian, that Granny Hyde was able to maintain till the end the independence she so greatly treasured. Although they lived many yards up the road from her, they waited on her hand and foot for nineteen years, Mrs. Hyde junior often having her own mother to care for as well. They set a fine example of duty to the aged - as did her kind neighbours.

The Rev. A.L. Luker, who kindly took Granny Hyde's funeral for the Vicar, said hers was the fifth funeral he had taken within the past few days, and the combined ages of the five deceased were 454 years!

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newbery on the birth of a daughter (in Bridport Hospital).

The Askerswell Easter Vestry will be held in the School on the Tuesday in Easter week at 7.30 p.m. Loders' will be held on the Wednesday in the same week, in the School, at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. Harry Legg, Captain of Loders ringers, and the one and only thatcher in the neighbourhood, died in Dorchester Hospital on March 27th, after having lain there nearly four months from an operation. His passing has plunged us all into a gloom, and evoked heartfelt sympathy for his widow. Every owner of a thatched house in this district is wondering what he will do about repairs in future. Harry had always been at beck and call, obliging, conscientious, a master of his craft, and one whose nice quiet ways made his employer almost regret the completion of the job and Harry's departure. His one real hobby was bell ringing, and for thirty-two years he was the staunchest member of Loders tower. Not being given to annual holidays, he would go for years on end without missing a Sunday ringing or a week-night practice. And he was there in good time, as if he secretly prized his record of being always the first arrival. The ringers' annual outing was perhaps the event in the year he most looked forward to. He was of a serious disposition, and this was the one day we found him quite relaxed and boylike. Only a few hours before his death, he was reminiscing over an outing to Lynton and Lynmouth. Loders ringers honoured his memory with half-muffled peals on the evening of March 28th. He was laid to rest in the grave of his niece, in Loders churchyard not far from the tower he loved.

The best wishes of Loders congregation will go with Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin and family on their removal from Uploders to Christchurch. Their departure gave us a pang; for they were such nice people, and so exemplary in church attendance. The pair of them on their bikes, each with a child behind, on their way to matins, was a familiar sight which, alas, we shall see no more - though Christchurch may.

Services in April

<u>Loders:</u>	3rd. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	10th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	Good Friday. Matins 11.
	Easter Day. H.C. 7, 8, 12: Matins 11: Children 2.
	24th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	3rd. Evensong 6.30. 10th. Matins 10.
	Good Friday. Matins 10.
	Easter Day. H.C. 10: Evensong 6.30.
	24th. Matins 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	3rd. H.C. 9.30. 10th. Evensong 6.30.
	Good Friday. Litany 7.30.
	Easter Day. H.C. 9: Evensong 3.
	24th. Evensong 3.

A Happy Easter. People always have a merry Christmas. But not always a happy Easter. The weather can make or mar Easter. When the first holiday of the year is a matter of driving rain and windswept promenades, nobody can be happy. This year the weather left nothing to be desired, except, perhaps, a little more warmth, and in view of the large congregations all over the country, the Church, as well as the holiday resorts, can look back on Easter as happy. We in these three parishes are a small population of less than eight hundred, spread over a large area. It was therefore gratifying to have nearly two hundred communicants, and for all the Easter services to command an attendance of over five hundred. But numbers are not everything. Much of the joy of the festival lay in having with us former parishioners home on holiday, and in worshipping in churches which loving hands had turned into temples of flowers. We marvelled at the painstaking which had gone into some items of decoration - for instance, into the pavement of flowers round the font at Askerswell, with the words "Christ is risen" picked out in primroses; and into the Easter sepulchre in Loders porch, which had taken one little pair of hands a day to do. It is a comforting thought that had there been no crowds to admire these works of art, they still would have caught the eye of God. The matins congregation at Loders, where the church was tight packed, were also grateful for the impetus given to their singing by choir and organ, and for the brisk and cheerful anthem.

In one quarter another cause for Easter happiness was the marked rise in the Easter Offering. (As the initiated know, the Easter Offering is the parish's annual contribution to the parson's stipend). Loders E.O. was £30.16.9d, Dottery, £6.6.6d, and Askerswell £14.13.3d - £51.16.6d in all. For the benefit of the querulous, it can be stated that the spring ensemble in which the Vicar's lady blossomed forth on Easter Day, was not another example of feminine intuition, and has no connection with the E.O.

Office-bearers. We use this name for the heroes who take on jobs for the Church because the word "officials" has a slightly unpleasant savour, and ours are all nice people. As a result of the Easter Vestry, and because the canny countryman hangs on to a good thing when he has it, there are few changes in the list of office-bearers. Captain Aylmer and Mr. H. Spiller remain churchwardens for Askerswell; Mr. M. McDowall and Mr. H. Sanders for Loders; and Mr. C. Marsh and Mr. W. J. Lock for Dottery. Askerswell church council were re-elected en bloc, with Miss Eileen Collier in place of the late Mr. G. F. Waley, and with Mr. N. C. Adams in Mr. Waley's place as representative on the R.D. Conference. Loders church council were also re-elected en bloc, with Mr. Spillman filling the vacancy left by Mr. Graves, and Mrs. Harry Legg filling the vacancy among the R.D. representatives. Askerswell Vestry, requested by the Diocesan Council of Education to nominate three managers of Askerswell School for the ensuing three-year period, elected Miss Edwards, Mrs. Newall, and Mr. D. Marsh in place of Mr. R. Fry, who had resigned.

An Ambulance was parked outside Loders School when parishioners trooped into the school for the Easter Vestry. This was pure coincidence, and not a precaution against a rowdy meeting (the ambulance driver, Mr. Herbert, happens to live opposite). Yet the ambulance outside the vestry meeting could well be a portent, if the cost of running a church - which is the vestry's main business - keeps rising. Everybody knows the cost of living, and of running a home, but few people realise, when they look at a peaceful country church, that that too is bedevilled by a cost of living. Take Loders as an example. Last year its running expenses - and these are cut to the bone by voluntary labour - were £185.9.7d; it had to pay £96.19/- to the Diocese for vital needs like the training of new clergy; it paid £75 to the equally vital missionary work of the Church; and £40.1.4d to various good claims on its charity. The sum of these expenses is £397.9.11d. To meet them, there was an income of £313.18.1d from collections, and £88.4/- from other sources, making a total income of £402.2.1d. The credit balance arising out of this is only £4.2.2d, but were this the whole story, the vestry would be in no danger of needing an ambulance. What puts up their blood pressure is the cost of maintaining the church fabric and its contents. Only those who have to keep their own homes in repair know that £100 goes nowhere. Since 1950 the vestry have spent, on repairing the roofs £1,500, on the windows £200, on whitewashing and distempering £180, on heating equipment and tower screen £600, on cleaning the organ £340, in all £2,820, and this is over and above the annual running expenses covered by the church collections. Under the quinquennial survey authorised by act of Parliament, the vestry is now ordered to execute another batch of repairs, chiefly to the exterior stonework, and £600 is not likely to cover them. Past repairs were mightily assisted by a large private benefaction, and by the sale of old lead. Present repairs will have to depend on the annual fete, which is the only appeal made to parishioners in the course of a year to maintain the fabric of their church. The vestry could only gasp when it was told that some parishioners considered church repairs did not need all the £200 per annum raised by the fete! If the repairs are to be done, the fete may need to be reinforced by additional means of money raising.

Askerswell collections for 1959 were £102.1.2d, and total receipts £124.14.11d. Expenditure, which included some non-recurring items, was £155.2.7d, which reduces the credit balance in the current account to £53.1.1d. In recent years the parish has spent £300 on re-roofing the tower, and raised £1,200 for the restoration of its bells. This year it was the first parish in the deanery, and probably in the whole diocese, to pay its quota (£30.10.0d). But there are limits to what a population of 140 can do. As a further illustration of the cost of maintaining a church, Askerswell has just learnt that the price of renewing such a simple machine as its old chiming apparatus would be £120.

Dottery collections for 1959 were £54.1.8d, and total receipts £80.14.2d. Expenses were £59.17.8d, leaving a credit balance on the year of £20.16.6d. Repairs to even a church of wood and iron, like Dottery, have lately cost £225, which is well outside the scope of the collections.

The absence of General F.D. Rome, of Uploders Place, from his well-worn seat in church, is due to an honour bestowed on him by the War Office. He was appointed military adviser to film producer Otto Beminger, who is making a film of the book "Exodus", in Thrace and Cyprus. "Exodus" is not the Biblical one, but tells the story of the large scale Jewish return to Palestine after the war, and their underground fight against the British to establish the state of Israel contrary to the rules and quotas drawn up by the United Nations. The book itself is violently anti-British, but the film, while remaining pro-Jewish, presents the British in a much fairer light. General Rome says the story is a moving one, and should make a fine film if well directed. Mrs. Rome has flown out to join him for three weeks.

A reminder. The collections in all three churches on Sunday, May 8th, will be for the Refugees. Their name makes a pleading of their plight unnecessary.

Another reminder. Sunday, May 22nd, is Rogation Sunday, or, as we call it, Farm Sunday. Loders Church will have the usual service for the growing crops, and the congregation will be joined by the Agricultural Discussion Club, the Askerswell Young Farmers' Club, and local Farm Workers. As some people have to come from a distance, the service will be at 7 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde offered, and the Easter Vestry promptly accepted, a flower stand of wrought iron to go in the blocked-up north doorway of Loders Church. A stand regularly borrowed from Mrs. R. Pitcher at festivals has proved the effectiveness of this spot as a background for flowers. The new stand will be in memory of the late Granny Hyde.

Loders Sunday School were pleased to receive a picture card from one of their members, Master Edward Laskey, who spent the Easter holiday with his parents, now stationed in Rome. The card reads as if he greatly admired St. Peter's, and its thronging multitudes, but would not exchange Loders Church and Sunday School for it, even with a make-weight thrown in. There's loyalty for you!

Babies. Easter was always in the early years of the Church the most popular time for christenings, but Loders could rarely have had such a plethora of them as it did on Easter afternoon. Five sets of babies and godparents were around the font at once. Their christening had to be a one way traffic, and as some of them were weighty, we cannot think what their holders' arms felt like. The names were Stuart Andrew Shaw, Deborah Anne Wilkins, Carol Anne Thorp, Ian John Thorp, and Mark Richard Manning. On the same afternoon Susan Jane Bryan was baptised at Askerswell, and on the following Sunday Andrew Thomas Scadden at Dottery.

....And more babies. Congratulations to Mrs. Record on the birth of a son, to Mrs. Wood on a son, and to Mrs. Harbren on a daughter. They are all of Loders.

Captain and Mrs. Mason, on leaving Askerswell for Chideock, sent the Church Council a cheque for £5, with which they decided to buy some new hymn books as a memorial of Captain Mason's fine voice, and help in the singing. Both he and his wife suffered ill health, but she helped with the working parties, and he was staunch in his church-going. We shall miss them.

Services in May

<u>Loders:</u>	8th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	15th.	H.C. 8 & 11.50:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
	22nd.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2: Farm Service 7.
	29th.	H.C. 8:	Matins 11:	Children 2.
<u>Askerwell:</u>	8th.	Matins 10.	15th.	Evensong 6.30.
	22nd.	Matins 10.	29th.	H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	8th.	Evensong 3.	15th.	Evensong 3.
	22nd.	Evensong 3.	29th.	Evensong 3.

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

The Bridport News reported more Rogationtide services in this neighbourhood this year than it has ever done before. Not so long ago, Loders was the only local church which kept up this ancient ceremony. It is all to the good that more parishes are reminding their people, in the words of one of our own Rogationtide lessons, that Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but it is God who gives the increase. This year our service made history by having a few empty seats (although the churchwardens noted with satisfaction that the collection was up to standard). The reason for this may have been the near collision of the service with the Young Farmers' rally at Wimborne, due to the lateness of Easter. However, it was a good congregation. The amateurs, as usual, shewed the professional how to do things properly. Mr. John Colfox, president of the Young Farmers, read the prayers at the plough in a fine manly voice; Mr. C. Gale, of the Discussion Club, and Mr. R. Dennett, of the Farm Workers, gave us the benefit of previous years' practice in reading the lessons; and Miss Bowditch, of the Young Farmers, was not deterred by a predominantly male congregation from reading her Good Shepherd lesson with feminine sympathy. The choir were in good form for their anthem. We happened to have in the congregation that evening the sub-organist of Salisbury Cathedral. He enjoyed the service, and congratulated us on our organ, organist, choir, and on the way in which the congregation join in the singing. Comment like that is not to be disregarded when it comes from the accompanist of what is obviously the B.B.C.'s favourite cathedral service for broadcasting.

Ascension Day saw practically all the young people of Loders who were confirmed last year at the communion service. They went on to school fortified by breakfast at the Vicarage, and recognising, we hope, that the Ascension, though not a public holiday, is the third great festival in the Church's year. Which is a reminder that the fourth and last of the great festivals, Whitsuntide, is upon us. She is distinguished by a public holiday, but remains a cinderella of religious observance, which is all wrong, seeing that Whitsun is the birthday anniversary of the Christian Church.

Lent Boxes. The receipts to date from these are £7.14.6d. There are still some boxes to come in.

A request from Loders School. The teacher, Mrs. Scott, writes: "We are holding a school sale on the afternoon of Saturday, June 18th, in aid of school funds. We shall be grateful for any help the parish can give us. Cakes, vegetables, clothes old or new, books, magazines, ornaments, in fact, anything saleable, will be welcome". Everybody has a soft spot for the school, and we are sure this appeal will not go unheeded.

Dottery Churchyard. Mr. George Legg has been obliged by bad health to give up his work on Mr. Cecil Marsh's farm, where his skill as a rick and hedge maker was highly prized. He also, to our regret, had to surrender the care of the churchyard. It is fortunate that this has passed to a young man of rather startling energy, Mr. Reginald Bagg, who works hard on the farm at Ash, and then finds time to tend half the gardens, and sweep all the chimneys, in Dottery. "I scarcely see him in the summer" was his lady wife's rueful comment at her press conference on the appointment.

Bad and Good Luck. Mr. Graham Roper, of Dottery, has been in the news for having turned his car over one day and passed his driving test a couple of days later. This compensates the disappointment he suffered on his twenty-first birthday. The celebration had to be postponed because the Portway Hospital at Weymouth chose that day, of all days, to call in his mother, who had been waiting for months, for an operation. We are glad to say that Mrs. Roper is home again, and recovering from a rather grim experience. Mrs. Maurice Crabb and Mrs. Greening, of Loders, are also home from successful operations, and so is Miss Agnes Hansford from a spell in Bridport Hospital, which she rather enjoyed.

Askerswell Bell Fund has received a second donation, this time of two guineas, from the Salisbury Guild of Ringers. It is a good thing that money keeps trickling in. The bellfounders have just sent a note of their requirements of masonry work in the tower before they can fit the new frame, and this is not included in the estimate, nor covered by the bell fund. It looks as if a jumble sale of the grand variety will be needed to pay the builder.

The anniversary services of the Uploders Chapel will be on Sunday, June 12th. Loders Sunday School will take their usual part in the service at 3 p.m. The evening service is at 6.30.

"The unchanging countryside" is a figure of speech which strikes us strangely in these parts, where the personnel of the population is in such a state of flux that the question of the lawyer in the parable - "Who is my neighbour?" - might also be our own. Five Loders houses have lately changed occupants, and more changes are imminent, both here and at Askerswell. Our readers will like to know that the new arrivals are enchanted with the countryside, and shew promise of making pleasant neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who are at Uploders Place, are, unfortunately, not here for long. They are on leave from the Kuwait oilfield, in Persia, and will be returning soon. They have got themselves established in Uploders against their retirement two years hence, which we shall look forward to almost as keenly as they. The bungalow

at Loders Cross has been given a new look by its new owner, Mrs. Appleyard, a widow, who lives there with her daughter, a teacher of commercial subjects at the Colfox School. They come from Carshalton, Surrey, and hope they have finished moving. The cottage in Uploders vacated by Mr. Sherwin is now well and truly filled by Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, who have with them their two sons, who are at work, their daughter, and her two children, who have made a welcome addition to the roll of Loders School. Their previous home was Hinton St. George, Crewkerne. The late Granny Hyde's cottage in Uploders is now occupied by her son, Mr. Frederick Hyde, from Burton. Since the death of his wife he has fended for himself, and proposes to continue doing so. The little window of Granny Hyde's shop now has a pot plant in it, eloquent of Mr. Hyde's intention not to continue the shop. This poses a problem for those parishioners of Uploders who cannot afford to smoke AND drink, who found that buying cigarettes from Granny Hyde, rather than round the corner at The Crown, kept them out of temptation. But they need not fear the worthy landlord of The Crown. He scarcely drinks himself. The late Mrs. Tiltman's bungalow in New Road is now the domain of a brisk young widower, Mr. Rideout, who has a paper round in Bridport. He comes from Halstock. His only child, Carolyn, is a boarder at Beaminster Grammar School. The cottage in Shatcombe occupied for so long by Mrs. Wallbridge, Mr. Hawkins and their century-old parrot is at present empty. Passers-by miss the chats they used to have with Mrs. Wallbridge as she and the parrot sat sunning themselves at the front door. They miss, too, their colloquies with Mr. Hawkins on the cursed ways of late frosts and the villainies of pigeons (He was a great gardener). Mr. Hawkins is now in the infirmary at Stoke Abbot, and Mrs. Wallbridge is with relations at Montacute.

Loders Sunday School were glad to have their old friends of the Elliott family who live at Burton back in Loders Church for the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Wood's (nee Carrie Elliott) baby son. He was named James Stuart. The christening was on May 29th, the third centenary of Charles Stuart's restoration. The seeming connection between this and the baby's name was not intentional, said Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who, none the less, seemed pleasantly confused at the imputation of having gone all historical, as it was once the fashion for christenings to do.

Gray's Elegy has shed an aura of peace, quiet, and masterly inactivity over country churchyards and ivy-mantled towers, which the activities of busy bees in Loders churchyard and tower belie. Mr. and Mrs. McDowall have toiled with the grass in its spring flush and kept the churchyard beautifully mown. Mr. Clem Poole made light of his own illness and performed a successful operation on a nasty drain in the churchyard. Mr. Sanders and a bevy of Willmotts trimmed verges and administered killer to the thirsty weeds. But the finest heroes were unseen - though not unheard - as they laboured, in the persons of Mr. Spillman and Mr. Bradshaw, high in the belfry, rubbing the rust of the bellframe, removing pecks of dust from the floor, and giving the frame two coats of lead oxide, as prescribed by the architect. One needs to have seen the dust beforehand, and the intricacies of the bellframe, to appreciate what they have done. Much of the paint had to be laid on in unnatural, cramped positions, which only seemed to make our heroes the more cheerful. Their charge was under three pounds, just the price of paint and brushes. Thus they have saved the parish quite fifty pounds. The workers in the churchyard are also saving the parish quite a bit; for various acts of Parliament have made a closed churchyard like Loders a legitimate charge on the rates. If it had such ornaments, doubtless the parish council would shew its gratitude by making aldermen of these parish benefactors.

A flourish of bells and organ, and perfect summer weather, helped to make the wedding of Miss Janice Trump and Mr. Geoffrey Dean in Loders Church on May 28th, a very pleasing service. The large congregation included the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. Darby senior, who was in church for the first time after her several long and serious illnesses. Miss Trump's home is at Dottery, and Mr. Dean's at Nettlecombe.

The first phase of the repairs to Loders Church ordered by the quinquennial survey have been estimated by a builder to cost £550. So there is plenty of scope for the fete on July 30th.

We contributed £40.7.8d to the Christian Aid Week for Refugees. Our church collections were £32.6/- (Loders £25.14.6d, Dottery £3, Askerswell £3.11.6d), and the house-to-house collections £8.1.8d (Loders £4.9.5d, Dottery £2.13.6d, Askerswell 18/9d). One feels about the refugees that private charity is left to play the Good Samaritan while Governments, whose misdeeds made refugees of these poor people, pass by on the other side. Nothing shews up so well the impotence of the United Nations; for they have not the unity nor the will to do anything really effective even in a humanitarian cause to which all nations do lip service.

Services in June

<u>Loders:</u>	5th. <u>Whitsunday</u> . H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.
	12th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	19th. H.C. 8 & 11.50: Matins 11: Children 2.
	26th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2: Evensong 6.30.
<u>Askerswell:</u>	5th. <u>Whitsunday</u> . Evensong 6.30. 12th. Matins 10.
	19th. Evensong 6.30. 26th. H.C. 10.
<u>Dottery:</u>	5th. <u>Whitsunday</u> . H.C. 9.30. 12th. Evensong 6.30.
	19th. Evensong 3. 26th. Evensong 3.