

The scene of the Century. We live in rare times. The wireless tells us, as we write these Notes that Bridport's road communications with the outside world are cut off, and that the blizzard which kept us and the West country under thick snow for days on end was the worst for eighty two years. Those of us who haven't to tackle the problems this has made for the farms, may be able to admire samples of nature's artistry which have not been seen here before in the twentieth century (and which many hope will not be seen again). It is at night time that Loders is most picturesque. Mr. Wells had put a Christmas tree outside the post office, and hung it with baubles and coloured lights. When the snow came, the tree, lighted by night, made us look like the home of the sugar-plum fairy somewhere in the Black Forest.

Miss Morwenna Willmott, her bridegroom Mr. Richard Lloyd, and the multitude of people who were interested in their wedding, are never likely to forget it. Some have said to her, ruefully, "When you ordered a white wedding, we'd no idea you were going the whole hog like this". Most of the guests were from a distance. Some had the tantalising experience of getting as near as the Askers Road House, and then having to abandon car and return home by train. Some were marooned for days at the Vicarage - and with the left-overs from the wedding to comfort them, wished it could have been longer. Some, like Dr. & Mrs. Maxwell Jones, managed to get to the wedding, but were stuck on the way home (these two at Shaftesbury for two days). But for the valour of Mrs Knight and her family at Cuckold's Corner - so aptly named - the Vicar and a cargo of Bridesmaids might have perished in the snow. They were trying to get to Dorchester. At Cuckold's Corner they met a "Road Closed" sign. A gentleman, (or was he?) directed them down the Shipton road, where they turned a corner, and ran nose deep into a snow drift. Mrs. Knight, Jennifer and Deborah, worked like Trojans with spades, sacks and straw to free the car, in the full fury of the blizzard. They finally succeeded. The car, weighted on bumper and bonnet with every available body, see-sawed backwards and forwards up and down the hill until it gathered enough impetus to go over the top to safety. But it was not out of trouble for long. After the party at The Hut that night it was descending Yonder Hill with a cargo of helpers, when it slithered on the ice patch there, narrowly avoided a party trying to push Mr. Radley's car up the hill, and came to rest on Mr. Symes car garaged under a tarpaulin at the end of his cottage. A bit of pushing freed it, and it reached its stable with no more damage than battered optics. For all this, the wedding itself went very well. The Bride and her maids looked lovely in their white and red velvet; a skeleton choir from Salisbury Cathedral gave a marvellous account of an anthem composed by the bridegroom; and half of the 120 parishioners who had intended the parish party in the evening managed to get there and had a gay time. But what of the honeymoon, which was to have been in Cornwall? The Hon. Alexander Hood kindly offered his cottage at Denhay, but almost before it could be accepted it was snowed up. The blissful couple's whereabouts were in doubt for a day after the wedding. Then they had the bad luck to sneak out of The Bull in Bridport right into the arms of a small and leering brother. They were last reported to have been seen at Charmouth. The bride wishes, through these Notes, to convey her warmest thanks to the long list - too numerous to thank individually - of Loders people who clubbed together and gave her a washing machine. She browses over the list, and "thanks every name in her heart".

The Askerswell coffee morning, run by Mrs. Aylmer on behalf of the organ fund, has raised the very satisfactory sum of £33 when we were last informed. The Loders children's mission sale made £28 10s., and the Loders W.I. Sale £20; which is satisfactory to both parties seeing that they had the misfortune to clash this year.

Loders Choir collected £9 3s. for the Children's Society by their Christmas carol singing through the parish. At Uploders Place they received an old time welcome from Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Sanctuary. This took place in the yard, which looked quite Edwardian, with its lighted street lamp, its brazier of glowing coke, and its hurricane lamp up in the fir tree. Several neighbours had filtered into the



yard and after the carols joined the choir in enjoying an ample supply of hot soup, sausages, mince-pies and beer, which Mr. & Mrs. Sanctuary dispensed from an open ground-floor window. But such was the coldness of the night that they were ready for Mrs. Lenthall's unfailing hospitality when they reached Upton Peep. There they were made so comfortable, and took such moving on, that some of the householders received their ration of carols in bed.

Christmas at our school followed the usual well-liked routine. In addition to the parties there were nativity plays, beautifully done, and at Askerswell a school carol service in church. The weather has caused the cancellation of the party which Loders children were to have had on Jan. 4th.

At church Christmas attendances were not much diminished by the bitter cold. Loders was comfortably peopled for the midnight service, and again for the family service on Christmas morning. Askerswell was also good on Christmas morning, and Dottery especially so, seeing that the time was 9 a.m., and that Dottery catches the full force of any wind. On the Sunday after Christmas the snow drifts caused all services to be abandoned, except the communion at Loders. (The Churchwardens are hoping that the faithful will make good their collections when they do get through) Even the traditional ringing-in of the New Year at Loders suffered. Ten minutes tolling of the tenor bell marked the demise of 1962, and 1963 was welcomed by a duet on the treble and third, which sounded like a fanfare on Tutankamen's trumpets.

We have kept until the end the account of the deaths of three valuable parishioners which overshadowed the Christmas of many of our people. Mrs. Giles, of Loders, an invalid for several months, mustered courage to do her christmas shopping in Bridport, spent a happy day at it, wrote about it to her daughter at Taunton, then has a seizure the same night, and never recovered consciousness. She was buried at Loders cemetery leaving us the memory of one who would not let illness "get her down" and who continued the utmost participation on parish life that circumstances would allow. Mrs. Rendall, of Dottery, died at the same time, and her death was likewise sudden. She had been sitting knitting and watching television in her daughters home the previous evening, and died early the following morning. The difficulty of living with in-laws is notorious, but she achieved it. She was absolutely one of the family at New Close Farm, the home of her daughter and they were devastated by the sudden loss. At Loders the death of Mrs. Darby, of Wellplot, was also sudden. She died within an hour or so of setting out for a party at Nettlecombe. She was also the focus of devotion of a large family, and one whose cheerfulness a whole battery of diseases could not impair. Many young people remember her fondly as caretaker of Loders School.

#### SERVICES IN JANUARY.

LODERS. 6th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
13th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2  
20th HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2  
27th HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2

ASKERSWELL 6th Matins 10  
13th Matins 10  
20th Matins 10  
27th H. C. 10

DOTTERY 6th Evensong 3  
13th Evensong 3  
20th Evensong 3  
27th Evensong 3



The "Shell" Petroleum Company has more than once been commended for producing lovely glossy pictures of the English countryside as it looks in each of the twelve months. The Company gives a set to every school, and teachers like to have the picture of the month hanging on the wall. The picture for January is one of the most engaging of the lot. It shows a father and his children sporting on a frozen pond, against a parklike background of winter trees, and with a happy concentration of all the birds one notices in the snow. In normal times a delightful picture. But it was not without significance that in one of our schools the January picture vanished from the wall before the month was out. True, the children, and not a few grown-ups, have had a glorious time tobogganning- and even skiing by moonlight as well as sunlight; the shooting men have wrought great slaughter on fields of kale and rape crawling with pigeon. But there can be too much of a good thing, pigeon for breakfast, pigeon for lunch, pigeon for tea, and pigeon with a cup of cocoa before bed is no stimulant of the hunting instinct; and coming back home to frozen milk, burst pipes, and a rate where two poor little coals try to do the work of ten, is apt to damp the toboggannists' ardour. When the great frost ends, and the snow with which we have lived for a month has melted, and neighbours get together again, there will be wonderful tales to tell. Askerswell will have most. It's remotest farm Nallers, is still asking how Farmer Tom Foot managed to drive the milk cross-country over the lynchets and the ravines to the collecting point without breaking his neck. South Eggardon is still chuckling over the sight which greeted Group-Captain and Mrs. Newall on their return from the winter sports in Switzerland, a sight causing them seriously to consider whether their journey had been necessary. Uploders now has a high opinion of the County Council, who saw the seriousness of the situation, and sent a snow-plough when they were cut off from The Crown. Dottery noted with satisfaction that not even snow of these Alpine proportions could stop their Miss Pearson from walking into Bridport.

The snow has had a paralysing effect on our church services. At Askerswell and Dottery services in January were not feasible. It is hoped they can be resumed on the first Sunday in February, with ten o'clock matins at Askerswell, and three o'clock evensong at Dottery. Services have been kept going at Loders, and the last Sunday of January. When conditions underfoot were easier, the number of worshippers was getting back to normal. The distant ones who hadn't seen each other for a month, were inclined to note how they had aged. But many remembered to bring their back-log of collections, hence the spring in the of the churchwardens after service. Lent begins on Feb. 27th. After so long a holiday from church, we should be able to answer it's call like young eagles.

Who are the heroes of the great freeze? When we mentioned the roadman, the coalman treading the ice with hundred weight sacks, the newspaper man, the milk man, the bread man, the postman, and the railwaymen who kept open our only link with civilisation, the gentleman with whom we were conversing said, "How about the undertakers?" (He happened to be one). Our own parishioners were too wild behaved to die at a time like this, but in less christian places it seems that people did die and undertakers had the dickens of a job to locate the proper grave site beneath the churchyard snow; a harder job still to dig the frozen soil, and the hardest job of all to fill in the grave with soil that froze harder on being brought to light. Hanking as they were after the warmth of the crematorium, it is to the credit of undertakers that they did not limit their services to cremations, only during the emergency.

The feature most lacking in the January services at Loders Church was the voice of Mr. David Thomas leading the responses and capping the prayers with his honest "awmens". Loders is aware of it's good fortune in having a parish clerk in the ancient tradition, and scarcely knows itself when illness keeps him away. We are happy illness to say that he looks to have pulled through another, and hopes to be back at his duties as soon as his legs, which were the trouble, will carry him. Snowdrops may or may not be blossoming beneath the snow, but the stork has been working overtime in bringing us other harbingers of spring and new life in form of six babies. At Dottery Mrs. Oxenbury has a daughter (the day she went to hospital was Dec. 29th, and as the ambulance could not get nearer to her than The Blue Ball, she had to walk to it).



Mrs. Wright, formerly Genevieve Scadden, has a daughter; and Mrs. Scadden at The Gardeners Arms has another son - her fifth son in succession. At Loders Mrs. Homer has a daughter; Mrs. Raymond Crabb also has a daughter; and to the joy of Mrs. Elliott, wife of our former policeman, a son was born to her in the home of her friend Sister Francis at Yondover. Snowdrifts seem to have quenched the spirit of Askerswell.

Two families in our congregation have had, or are about to have the mixed feelings attendant on beloved daughters getting married to nice bridegrooms but too far away for the bride's family to attend the service and to be hosts at the reception. Miss Shirley Rudd, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Rudd, of Corfe Farm, was lately married in Tasmania to Mr. Fred Laking, engineer in charge of the public works department, Hobart. They spent their honeymoon on a South Sea island. In mid-February Miss Pat Ascott, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Reg Ascott, of Upton Farm, is to marry Mr. Peter Reed, in St. Albans Church, at Laura, in N.S.W. Australia. This is a bit too far away for her own family to be present, but their thoughts, and the good wishes of her friends here, will be with her on the great day. Her bridegroom is manager of a grocery store.

We are repeatedly asked whether Mr. & Mrs. Richard Lloyd succeeded in getting through the snow to Cornwall for their honeymoon. They did, and found Falmouth almost free of snow. Commiseration with them on the weather they had for their wedding is wasted. They say it was the happiest possible wedding. And now they are snug in their cottage in The Close, Salisbury.

Mrs. Maddison, of the Farmer's Arms, is safely home, and making good progress, after an operation at Weymouth. The state of the road between here and there ensured that she was not exhausted by visitors, and made every visit from her husband something of an adventure for him. He was lucky not to end up in a hospital bed.

Mrs. Wilkins, of Cloverleaf Farm, is back from Portland hospital, showing little outward sign of the ordeal that put her there, and able now to laugh at it, although she was lucky to come through alive. She and her husband were near the auctioneer's ring at Yeovil market when a twelve hundredweight steer took fright and broke loose. He knocked Mr. Wilkins down, but it was Mrs. who got the real savaging, resulting in a broken arm, a gashed leg and a damaged nose. It seems that she has to thank the leather coat she was wearing for her life. By all accounts she was more scared of losing her new hat and handbag than she was of the stampageous steer, and she saved these, though she didn't her arm. Wondrous are the ways of women.

Loders read with regret of the death of a familiar figure, Mrs. Wallbridge, formerly of Shatcombe, and lately of Montacute, where she had been cared for by her niece, Mrs. Budden. She was only a year short of ninety. Even at that she was a decade or so younger than her parrot, which had been the chief interest of her declining years. She was buried in the grave of her husband at Litton Cheney, her birthplace.

#### SERVICES IN FEBRUARY.

LODERS. 3rd. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
10th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
17th. HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.  
24th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
Ash Wed. Children 9. Litany & Communion 10.

Askerswell. 3rd, 10th Matins 10. 17th HC 10.  
24th Matins 10. Ash Wednesday 11.

DOTTERY. 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, Evensong 3.  
Ash Wednesday, Litany & Communion. 7.30.



Too many cooks....? To help hungry people to become self-supporting is a nobler cause. And to see the Mayor of Bridport and the Chairman of the R.D.C. getting their backs into it by aiming to raise £1500 in three weeks was a tonic for the clergy, who were overjoyed to have volunteers taking on themselves some of the burden of collecting for de serving causes. Alas, the joy was transient- for the Loders cleric if for nobody else. First, he noted that the timing of the Mayor's effort was unfortunate. It came plumb in the midst of Lent, when Sunday School, Mothers Union and Congregation already have out collecting boxes for missions caring for the hungry. It also came only a month previous to the house-to-house collection carried out for the hungry by the Church every year in May. "A pity", mused the Loders cleric, "that the Mayor could not have made his effort at the other end of the year. People will not like a bombardment of collections for the same object continued without a let-up over March, April and May." Second on reading further in the Mayor's letter, he was startled to find that he of all people, was being asked to operate the Mayor's scheme in his parishes. "In the rural district," wrote the Mayor, "we can only turn to each incumbent for help." He went on to ask each incumbent to get up a local committee, distribute envelopes from house to house, and arrange for their collection. The times we live in are acknowledged to be topsy-turvy and this is another instance: Get cracking on a job that the poor old vicar is already doing, and flatter him into doing it for you!

Where it is warmer. Miss Dorothy Fooks left Askerswell early in the new year to resume nursing for the Grenfell Mission. This time among the Esquimaux and Indians of Labrador. Shortly after her arrival there she spoke on the telephone to her sister, Mrs Savage, at Askerswell Post Office, excited at the discovery that Labrador was warmer than Askerswell. So the ill winds of Askerswell have blown the Grenfell Mission quite a bit of good.

The disruption of communications by the snow may have prevented some of the parishioners of Askerswell from hearing that Mr. & Mrs. Hile (nee Pam Fry) now have a son to go with their daughter. With Askerswell not very accessible, the churching was at Loders. Pam had been housebound for two months, and this was her first outing.

Mr. Bryan Wheeler, of Loders, was married to Miss Carole Ann Huges at Bridport Parish Church on 23rd. Until they can find a place of their own they will be living with Bryan's parents in Loders. Another Loders lad is getting married, on March 30th- Mr. Frank Good, of Bell, now serving with the R.A.F. at West Raynham, Norfolk. His bride is Miss Sallie Loades, and the wedding will be in the parish church of Gresham, Norfolk.

Friends. of Mrs. Hilda Robertson, formerly of the Old Post Office, Loders and at one time a lodger in the Vicarage, will be surprised and sorry to learn that she has died in Boscombe Hospital after falling and breaking a hip. It was only last autumn that she did a tour of her old ports of call in the parish, and though her apparent good health seemed to give the lie to it, she prophesied that this visit would be her last.

A surprise. of a pleasanter sort to the congregation of Dottery was to have Miss. Wallace and Miss. Hornsby back in church after their long sojourn in London for an operation on Miss. Wallaces thrice broken leg. With help, Miss. Wallace was able to get to church with a stick, which augurs well we hope, for her future mobility.

Like the parish clerk of Loders, the vergers of Dottery and her husband (Mrs & Mr. George Gale) have been going through a tough time. Marooned at the end of their long lane by snow, they have scarcely been out of doors since Christmas. But they have not been out of mind at Dottery Church, where they are much missed; neither were they forgotten by the neighbours, who ministered to their needs in a way which drew from Mrs. Gale the warmest praise. She is now celebrating her 78th birthday. The congregation are grateful to Mrs. Rhenish for doing Mrs. Gale's duties for the time being.

Question: "Hoy, Vicar, why did you omit the farmers from your list of herors of the Great Freeze?" Answer: " Personal modesty. "

The children of Loders School and their teacher, Mrs. Scott, seems to have registered a bull's eye with the exponent of the new "Cuissnaire" method of learning arithmetic which the County is trying to encourage.



After his recent visit to the school he sent a letter of thanks (a) to Mrs. Scott, in which he said he had never met a better behaved class of children; and (b) to the children that they were lucky to have such a wonderful teacher as Mrs. Scott. Their response to his exposition had been better than that of any other village school. No need for Askerswell parents to be jealous at this stage! A visit to that school is still a pleasure in store for him.

Page from a preacher's diary: "And so to Dottery Church, where I delivered my Lenten sermon. I endeavoured to take my flock in imagination of an aeroplane flight over the Wilderness of the Temptation. They being of a specially earthbound disposition after Sunday dinner took much endeavour on my part to get airborne, but no sooner were we nicely in flight than I noticed from the overt agitation of their countenances that something was gravely amiss. A matron in the back row had me pierced by her eye as she whispered to her neighbour; another in the front row was endeavouring to concentrate attention on me by a reverent use of the toe; another was motioning the children not to panic; and the churchwarden's wife was getting redder and redder, never had I known such a focus of interest on my humble person; and I could not think why! Had a bat alighted unperceived on my head? Or was there one of those church mosquitoes on my nose, about to launch his dart? Then I perceived that it was something slightly to the right and rear of me that was holding all eyes so awfully enwrapped. At the same time a wisp of smoke impinged on the confines of my vision, and a smell of burning assailed my nostrils. Taking a crafty glance to the right of me, but not stopping the sermon, I beheld the altar, and lo, the two wooden candlesticks thereon were afire, the candles having burnt out, and the altar draperies were much imperilled. In aeronautical parlance, the sermon looped the loop and nosed-dived to a sudden conclusion. With all the outward composure I could command, I announced a hymn, and made for the altar. My powerful blowing only increased the conflagration at first, but what can altogether withstand a clerical gush? The fire went out, and clouds of tallowy fumes came in, but a judicious snuffing with the fingers ultimately separated these from their fons et origo. A discreet cough at my rear betokened that the alms needed elevation. I hoisted them high, then turned me about to bestow the Church's blessing on my little flock. With one accord, they dropped on reverent knee, and vanished beneath the clouds. But I, declaiming the benison from above, knew that they were somewhere beneath. And so to bed!"

Mothering Sunday is on March 24th The children of Loders Sunday School invite their mothers and friends to join in the flower-service at two o'clock. Daffodils and primroses have been growing in the snow.

The County Archivist tells us that Mrs. I. Pridaux, daughter of a former vicar of Loders, has deposited in the County archives the architect's report on the state of Loders Church in 1899, the minutes of the Restoration Committee, the list of subscribers, and other documents.

#### SERVICES IN MARCH.

<u>LODERS</u>	3rd.	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	10th	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.
	17th	HC 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
	24th	HC 8, Matins 11, Mothering Service 2.
	31st	HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL. All services at 10 a.m., with Holy Communion the 17th.

DOTTERY. All services at 3 p.m.



Growing Popularity. A recent newspaper article contends that Mothering Sunday has now become the third most popular festival, Christmas being first, and Ester second. The observance of Mothering Sunday originated in Mother Church, but commercial intrests have done more than Mother Church to raise it to it's present eminence. The newspaper article said that the makers of greeting cards hoped to sell twenty nine million Mothering cards this year, and that Mothering Sunday is now a considerable item in the calculations of chocolate and cosmetic manufacturers, and also of florists. The commercialisation of the Christian festivals is often bemoaned, but is it really the evil that it is made out to be? On Mothering Sunday Dottery Church was pleasingly full of mothers, children, and grown-up children who had come home for the day. One large family had even got father there. The vicar was agreeably surprised, and a little conscience stricken by the thought that Woolworth had done all the advertising. At Loders the advertising is not all left to Woolworth. It has long been the custom to send out notes beforehand, inviting the mothers. This year there was nearly a hundred-percent response, and a splendid service. But the nice Uploders father who eschewed his Sunday nap to drive to church a load of children could not screw up enough courage to go in. He sat outside enveloped in the Sunday newspaper - whether a respectable one we could not see. As the Sunday arrangements at Askerswell did not allow of a Mothering service in church, Miss Grigg held one in school on the Friday before, which the mothers say they greatly enjoyed. The Rector's absence did not mean his disapproval of the service. He was in Bridport being bled for the hospital blood transfusion service ( When they have bled you for fifty years they give you the O.B.E. ).

The Queen of Seasons is almost upon us. After the hardest of winters for eighty years, we hope that Easter will live up to her name, and that the day will be one of sunshine and birds, with bells pealing, and a crowd converging on the flower-bedecked church for what - in Loders at any rate - has been called " the Easter shout. " The resurrection of nature and the resurrection of her Lord are better acclaimed by a merry noise than by argument, and in our opinion the Easter sermon has never been excelled of that ancient vicar who mounted his pulpit on Easter Day, threw his skull-cap in the air, shouted " The Lord is risen, hip hip hooray! " and came down. Easter has always been THE day for making one's communion. In the Anglican churches alone between two and three millions of people will be going to communion. At Loders there will be the usual 7a.m. communion in addition to those at 8 and 12. Mothers with breakfasts to get, and those who like to have their duty done betimes, find the 7a.m. very convenient. Doubtless matins, with it's anthems and singing, will not fail to draw a crowd at 11, and there will be children's service at 2. Dottery will keep to it's usual Easter programme of communion at 9, and evensong at 3. At Askerswell there has been a request for a second service on Easter Day, so, in addition to communion at 10, there will be evensong at 6.30.

On the heels of Easter comes the annual business meeting for the receiving of church accounts, and the appointment of officers. In the services of our three churches we try to keep references to money to an irreducible minimum. When people come to worship God they do not want to hear about money. But public worship, like public anything else, involves money, and it is a duty of every adult churchman to be concerned with it. By attending the Easter Vestry worshippers can find out what happens to the collections, and why there are such things. As a matter of interest, the Easter Vestry handles more of public money than it's brother the Annual Parish Assembly ( In 1962 Loders Easter Vestry handled over £1400 ). This year the Easter Vestry for Loders and Dottery will be in Loders School on Wednesday April 17th, at 7.30 p.m. For Askerswell it will be in the School on Thursday, April 18th, also at 7.30 p.m. All parishioners are welcome.

At Last! The public water supply which has been coming to Loders for years and never arrived, is now only just round the corner. Loders Parish Assembly were informed that water from the new reservoir at Dottery will get to the railway bridge in Loders by the autumn, and will there be met by water from the reservoir above the Travellers Rest, perhaps a bit later than the autumn.



Mr. Wells, of the village shop, who has the misfortune to be where not water mains, but open drains, meet, made his annual threat of suicide if the noisome drains were not quisted immediatly, but was assured by the Clerk that the water must come before the drains. Two further matters of interest to emerge from the Parish Assembly were (a) that a tablet is to be put on the wall of the Hut recording that the land on which it stands was presented to the parish by Mrs. Denis Laskey, in memory of her father, the late Sir Edward Le Breton; and (b) that Ioders Woman's Institute has to date, raised, and presented to the Hut, £140 for improvement. The Hut is now more in use than it was, and this is a helpful source of revenue. But hats off to the W.I.

Baby News. Mrs Norman Marsh, of Askerswell, has presented her husband with a baby daughter, the second daughter. The son of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Aylmer, now a year old, was christened Thomas Bartholomew at Askerswell on March 17th. Dr. Aylmer is a professor of History in the new University of York. His ambition was to have "Bartle" christened at home, but various obstacles prevented it till now, when there still had to be last minute changes of plan.

Uploders Farm has been sold, and the buyer is Mr. Donald Morey. Mr. Money served some of his apprenticeship under the late Mr. Eli Lenthall at Upton, and thus is no stranger to the parish, although he returns to it, we gather, with a wife and two children. We had hoped against hope that the former occupant, Miss Martha Newbury, would make another home in the parish, and, incidentally, continue all her good works here, but it was not to be. She has answered the call of a relative in need in the Midlands, her former home. As we wish her god-speed, we feel mighty sorry for ourselves. Her sort do not come our way every day.

Sympathy from Canada. Mr. Fred Vacher of Toronto, writing about our recent winter says: "You sure had a tough winter, which was not exactly news to us, as we had gotten it on the T.V. Radio, and in the press. You need not apologise for your fuss about the snow. English snow is more difficult to contend with than Canadian snow. Ours is drier, and more easily pushed out of the way. Eight years ago, when I was driving from Dorchester to Bridport, the highway was completely plugged with snow, and we had to follow the snow-plough along the side of the hill instead of on top of it. If the highway had been full of Canadian snow there would have been enough give in it for the plough to have gone along the highway. Your wet snow is really bad." Canadian snow may be nicer than English, but Mr. Vacher gives it a wide berth. He writes from Daytona Beach, Florida.

The shape of things to come is now emerging from the chaos of building activity about Ioders Court. Freed of it's Victorian accretions, the fine outline of the Georgian mansion is clearly discernible; against a new vista of Boarsbarrow Hill. But there is a spot in the park whence on Mondays the washing of Court Cottages looks to be hanging on a yard arm from one of the Court walls. When this is brought to the attention of the Hon Alexander Hood, we can see the wives of Court Cottages being presented with spin driers.

#### SERVICES IN APRIL.

IODERS. 7th. HC 8, Matins 11. No children's service.  
Maundy Thursday HC 10  
Good Friday. Litany 9, Matins 11  
21st. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.  
28th. HC 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

DOTTERY. 7th HC 9.30. Good Friday, Evensong 7.30.  
21st. Evensong 3. 28th Evensong 3.

ASKERSWELL. 7th Evensong 6.30. Good Friday, Matins 10.  
21st. Matins 10. 28th Matins 10.



Easter in the Churches. It should not be, but the weather is always a regulating factor in the attendance at Easter services. The day began with leaden skies and a steady drizzle of rain; it ended in a heavy downpour. The between was not at all bad. Church attendance closely followed the pattern of the weather. In the drizzle the early communions at Loders were reduced in numbers; by ten o'clock the weather had brightened and attendance at Askerswell was quite up to standard; by eleven the sun was poking through and Loders was well filled for the "Easter shout" (at which the choir gave a good account of itself in an anthem from the "Messiah", and the new Lay Rector, the Hon. Alexander Hood, read his first lesson at a Loders Festival). Dottery had a good attendance in the afternoon, increased by a party who had come for the christening of David Richard Scadden. But by evening rain was lashing the windows and a wind was growling in the chimneys. This had a slimming effect on the Askerswell evensong. Luckily some of Loders choir got a last minute inspiration that their voices might be useful at Askerswell, with the result that the service was much enjoyed by all who came. In the morning Loders ringers kindly reinforced Askerswell ringers. The total number of communicants was around 150. It is usually not far short of 200. Happily, the weather, or shortage of flowers, never seem to defeat the ladies who decorate. Primroses and violets were in short supply - though enough had been found to work "Christ is risen" into the mossy pavement of the Askerswell font - so the body of each church was ablaze with the yellow of daffodils and forsythia, and the contrasting white of tulip & iris was reserved for the altar. Much work goes into this labour of love. The gratitude of the worshippers may not be very vocal, but it is truly felt.

Public Interest fixes on the Easter Day collections because from time immemorial they have been a kind of parson's benefit. The Easter Offering is a thoroughly English institution, affording parishioners an opportunity of giving parson a smack in the eye or a pat on the back, and saving him from the sin of pride by putting his services to annual valuation. This year's Easter collection's were a record, £68.10. (Loders £50.10.; Askerswell £13.2.6. & Dottery £4.17.6.) Which can mean either that parson has been behaving himself for once, or that new parishioners have not yet "found him out", or that there is gratitude to Mr. Macmillan in at least one quarter for relieving the Easter collections of income tax, which was always a sore point with congregations in general. In the Prime Minister's defence it should be said that he is not favouring the clergy of the C of E, but merely extending to them a privilege always enjoyed by priests and ministers of other denominations. At rock bottom the privilege is really no privilege at all; for expenses of office or business are allowed against income tax in every walk of life, and parson incurs many expenses of office such as visiting of distant hospitals - which are not covered by his stipend. So here the Vicar, or Rector as the case may be, would like warmly to thank all the kind people who made this contribution to his expenses of office. Three christenings in one month, an unusual experience for so small a parish, brought goodly congregations to Askerswell Church. On Palm Sunday a large gathering of the Fry, Hile & Pryer families saw the son of Mr. & Mrs. L.T. Hile (nee Pam Fry) baptised Colin Leslie; and the son of Mr. & Mrs. K. Pryer baptised Robin. On April 28th another large assembly presented itself for the christening of the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P.J. Wykes, of The Three Horse shoes. She was named Carole Anne.

In Loders Mrs. Horace Read, who arranges these things nicely, has presented her husband with a daughter, and her son with a sister, which, for the sake of those who rush to conclusions, does not, repeat not, mean twins. A sharp pang of sorrow and regret went through Loders when it was learnt that a former parishioner, Mrs. Welstead, living with her daughter Rosemary in Wales, had died after a road accident. It seems that she was knocked down by a car while shopping. For many years she and her late husband Captain Welstead had been a pocket of the Edwardian era still surviving in Uploders, faintly amusing and charming us all, she the mother of our Mother's Union, and he the embodiment of the British tradition a la Pooné. While we are still sounding personal notes we would like to say how pleased we, and the M.U. and the W.I., and all nice people, are to have Mrs. Tom Rudd safely back home at Corfe, after an alarming illness ending in a critical time at the Weymouth Ear Nose & Throat Hospital. Assisted by a tonic visit from her daughter Alison from Sheffield, she is now on the road to recovery. We hope this may soon be true of another sick member of Loders congregation Mrs. William Graves. It is a sure sign that she is on the mend that her devoted husband was able to attend the Easter vestry and make his first appearance of the year at church, administering a spring tonic to us all, because nought can dim his sense of humour.



The summer evensongs at Loders Church will begin on Rogation Sunday at 7.p.m.Rogation Sunday is May 19th.

Easter Vestries. Here are some of their interesting points:- Askerswell: In 1962 church collections, covenanted offerings and tax refund on covenants amounted to £199.12.7. Special efforts in aid of the overhaul of the organ produced £208. The organ fund (target £300) now has £250.14.8. in hand. The balance in the current account was £61.2.5. All this is greatly to the credit of a parish which contains only 80 odd of local government electors. Captain & Mrs. Aylmer hope to go a long way to raising the £50 still needed for the organ by holding a coffee evening on their lawn in the summer. Because of the snow, work on the organ was not begun in January as planned. The backlog of work which the firm now has to wrestle with makes its hope of beginning soon after Easter look rather optimistic. But the time when Askerswell may rest on its laurels is still in the distant future. No sooner is one thing mended than another wears out. The church stove is getting crochety. Inquiries were made in the hope that it might be replaced by an electrical system which would release the noble army of stokers from their servitude. Southern Electricity are suggesting a scheme for heating part of the church at a price within reach. But the question is Can part of a church be heated? The experience of Salisbury Cathedral says no. There, electrical floor heating was put in at great cost to keep the choir warm. It proved to be useless, and the old coke stoves are now doing the job better, but using £70 worth of coke a week. Loders: Collections, covenanted offerings & tax refunds for 1962 were £396.0.2. Special efforts for church repairs and other objects were £266.7.8. The balance on the current account was £293.3.6. The fund which Mrs. F. Gill is raising at her own expense by the sale of sketches of the church, to replace the electric light fittings in Loders Church with worthier ones has now reached the impressive level of £102. Dottery Collections at £55.19.7. were somewhat down on the previous year, and special efforts produced £21.10. Mrs. Rhenish was warmly thanked for "holding the fort" as verger for Mrs. George Gale during the latter's continued indisposition; and Mr. John Marsh, at his re-election as people's warden, was congratulated on succeeding his father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather in this office.

Boys of the Old Brigade. Mr. Ernest Samways, the venerable sexton of Askerswell, had to make a speedy exit from his old thatched cottage when it shewed new signs of disintegration. He went to his son's home at Litton. But he assures the parish that he will still be able to get over to his work in the churchyard. Mr. Samways is well into his eighties. In Loders over-sleeping is the malaise of the younger generation. Only the older generation are given some times to under sleep. The other Sunday Mr. David Thomas, parish clerk, chimed his hymn tunes at 7 a.m. for the 8 a.m. service. He has yet to soothe the ruffled feelings of Primrose, the Vicarage cow, whose reverend milker kicked the bucket and rocketed through the cow-house door.

#### Services in May.

Loders.

5th. H.C.8. & 12. Matins 11, Children 2.  
12th. H.C.8. Matins 11, Children 2.  
19th. H.C.8. & 12. Matins. 11, Children 2, Evensong 7.  
23rd. Ascension Day, H.C.8, Children 9.  
26th. H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell.

5th. Evensong 6.30. 12th Matins 10.  
19th. H.C.10. Ascension Day. 11. 26th, Matins 10.

Dottery.

5th. H.C.9.30. 12th Evensong. 3 .  
19th. Evensong 3 . 26th, Evensong 3.



A date. The Bishop of Sherborne is in process of meeting and getting to know the people of this diocese. It is a big undertaking on his part; for the diocese of Salisbury covers the two counties of Wiltshire and Dorset, and is almost the largest in England. We are honoured to be receiving a visit from the Bishop comparatively early in his episcopate. He is coming to preach to our three parishes on Sunday, June 23rd, at 6.30.p.m. The service will be in Loders Church, which is central and most accessible to the bulk of the population. On that Sunday there will be no service at Askerswell or Dottery. Arrangements will be made for the people of those places to be brought to Loders. As the loss of a collection is no light matter for Askerswell and Dottery after the losses inflicted by the weather earlier in the year, they will take a share of the collection at this service. A soldier who sat under the Bishop when he was Chaplain General of the Forces speaks of his addresses in terms of tonics and blood transfusions. This would be supported by the members of Colfox School, who say that the Bishop's performance at their speech day was easily the best they had had. The Bishop is an Irishman, and was a rugger international. He is "honest to God" in a way that does not befuddle and bemuse, and is warmly appreciated by people of common sense. His mother must be unique. She had four sons. Three of them are bishops, and the other is high in the colonial service.

The Rogationtide service. at Loders was much enjoyed. A sizeable congregation included members of the Loders Discussion Club and the Askerswell Young Farmers. Mr. Tom Foot, chairman of the former, and Miss. Elizabeth Forbes, secretary of the latter, read the lessons. The prayers for the growing crops were read before the plough by that bright new star of the agricultural firmament, Commander John Streatfield, Chairman of the County N.F.U. Mr. Wilfred Crabb kindly lent the plough, and this one, being a size smaller than usual, went through the chancel door a bit more easily than the proverbial camel through the needle's eye. Choir and organ made a contribution of bright music, honouring the occasion with an anthem. It was good to see that indifferent health could not prevent that old stalwart of the Discussion Club, Mr. Charlie Gale, from filling the seat he has occupied on this occasion for the last fifteen years. Nevertheless, the service was overshadowed by the sudden death of an active member and former chairman, of the Discussion Club, Mr. Harold Saunders, of Rookhams Farm. On the previous Tuesday he had arranged to bring some club members to the service; the same evening he was at a football match; and the next morning at six he died while making his wife the usual early cup of tea. She and her two sons have borne the loss and the shock with great fortitude, helped, no doubt, by all the tokens of sympathy shown by a large circle of friends.

Askerswell Parish Records. When the present Rector of Litton Cheney sent his parish records to Dorchester the other day for safe keeping in the county archives, the archivist discovered among them a volume of accounts, and loose bills, relating to Askerswell glebe, and covering the years 1749-1804. They concerned a former rector, the Rev. Gregory Syndercombe, and his son, and were mostly to do with sales of wheat, sheep shearing, threshing, hurdle making and carpentry. It looks as if these interesting documents strayed to Litton when Canon Daniell held Askerswell in plurality with Litton. The county archivist has catalogued them with the Askerswell records. The boom in baptisms continues, but with the focus moving from Askerswell to Loders. On May 5th Police Officer Gordon Elliott and his wife, supported by a large company of friends, brought their first-born to be christened Mark Andrew. Mr. Elliott is now stationed at Poole. On May 19th, Mr. & Mrs. A.J. Budden, also supported by many friends, came all the way from Little Chalfont in Buckinghamshire to have their son Martin James christened in Loders. The name Budden is to be found in the Loders registers right back to the seventeenth century. And Martin James is the only male in the youngest generation. Which accounts for the willingness to make a long journey to the font in which Buddens have been christened for three centuries. This is the right paragraph in which to congratulate Mr. & Mrs. Graham Roper of Dottery; and Mr. & Mrs. Tait, recently of Uploders, on the birth of a son. Mrs. Samuel Fry, of Nallers, gently reproaches us for not having recorded the birth of a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. Ron Fry on May 13th, and of a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. Michael Biss a year ago. Both are now living down Hawkchurch way. The fault lies not with our channels of information, but with the long and bumpy track up to the fastnesses of Nallers. We must be readier to risk broken axles; for he who wants to know what is going on in Askerswell can only discover it in this, the parish's remotest farmstead.



Goings and Comings. Court Cottages, Loders, are in their normal state of flux. Mr. & Mrs. Harbron and family have moved to West Bay as a step towards finding a more permanent home, and Mr. & Mrs. Homer and family have gone to new work and a bungalow at Burstock. Mrs. Harbron's cottage is now occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Roy Drewitt and their son Stephen, aged two. In Uploders Mr. & Mrs. Tait have gone to Axminster, which is better for his work as a salesman. In Loders Mr & Mrs Penfold are now living permanently in the cottage next the school, whose interior they have made modern and comfortable. Where the parish of Loders meets West Milton a young couple who work in County Hall, Dorchester, have marvellously transformed the bungalow known as Spinney Cot, and restored to it its rightful name of Lowsey Knap. They are Mr. & Mrs. Brunt. Their many interests include the Scout movement, and a way is being sought to use this to the good of the youth of the parish.

Peng boxes yielded £11 for the work of the Church overseas.

Viscount Hood, elder brother of the new owner of Loders Court (the Hon. Alexander Hood) had his first look the other day at Loders Court, which is still very much in builder's splints. The weather was good, Loders looked at it's best, and the viscount was well pleased. He also had his first taste of service in Loders Church, and that was to his liking. Which is well; for he has been assigned a niche in Loders Court, and will be a frequent visitor. Until a few months ago he was second in command of the British Embassy in Washington. He is now back at the Foreign Office. He is a bachelor. The Hon. Alexander Hood is his heir presumptive. Mr & Mrs. Reg Ascott held a reception at Spyway to mark the wedding of their daughter Patricia to Mr. Peter Reed in Laura, N.S.W. Australia. Four generations of the Lenthall family were present, at one extreme the late Mr. Eli Lenthall's mother, now in her ninetyfourth year, and still in undisputed possession of her faculties, and at the other Miss Alice Ascott. The highlight of an enjoyable evening was the playing of a recording of part of the wedding service, which came out clearly. Some of the party recorded messages of good will to be sent to Australia. When the evening ended it was some consolation to the departing guests - if not to host and hostess - that one marriagable daughter remained to the Ascotts.

The enthronement of Dr. Joseph Fison (no connection with fertilisers) as Bishop of Salisbury was up to the best English tradition in ceremonies of this sort. As our new bishop looked down from the pulpit on the sea of three thousand faces he seemed very tiny, yet his thirty-five minute sermon on the duty of everybody to look up to everybody else shewed that he had the mastery of the multitude, and occasional rumbles of laughter shewed that he and the multitude were in tune. When, after service, he entered the chapter house for a private word of greeting to his clergy, they clapped him in and clapped him out. Rarely does Barchester expose its feelings so.

#### Services in June.

LODERS. 2nd. H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.

9th. H.C. 8, Mattins 11, Children 2.

16th. H.C. 8 & 12, Mattins 11, Children 2.

23rd. H.C. 8, Mattins 11, Children 2, Bp. Sherborne 6.30.

30th. H.C. 8, Mattins 11, Children 2.

ASKERSWELL. 2nd. H.C. 10. 9th Matins 10. 16th Mattins 10.

23rd Bp. Sherborne at Loders. 30th. Mattins 10.

DOTFERY. 2nd. H.C. 9. 9th Evensong 3. 16th Evensong 3.

23rd. Bp. Sherborne at Loders. 30th Evensong 3.