

Worms boring deep into the earth and a rash of hawthorne berries on the hedgerows were signs of a hard winter that had not arrived by Christmas. Warm air, lush green grass, ceanothus in flower, a lone lupin, primroses and the cooing of a dove made the time of year seem more like spring. At midnight on Christmas Eve the air was balmy, and a moon was running with the clouds. Not surprising that so lovely a night should bring a record crowd to the service in Loders Church. Latecomers had standing room only. By dawn the weather had changed out of knowing to torrential rain with a high wind. It made child's play of the defences the builders had put over their repair work on the tower roof. Water rained on the ringers on the ground floor as freely as if it had not had to get through the bells and two floors first. But they swept the water through the door, manned their ropes, and a "business as usual" peal brought parents and children to the family service, in which the Sunday School sang carols by the Christmas tree, and received sweets from it and prizes for good attendance. Some familiar faces were away on holiday, but lots of old familiar faces had come home to Loders for the festival, and the church was well filled.

Somebody who did not know the stuff the Dottery congregation are made of thought the Vicar was wasting his time in going there in such atrocious weather for the Christmas morning service. But he wasn't. In the little storm-swept church the congregation awaited him in full strength - whole families, old boys and girls who had come quite a step, and one keen farmer's wife who had also been at "the midnight" at Loders.

Askerswell also has a delightful Christmas to look back upon. The Sunday School wrote Christmas cards to everybody in the parish, with the times of services on them, and delivered them. It followed that nearly the whole parish attended the pre-Christmas carol service, and with the help of several former parishioners, quite filled the church, which is a large one for so small a population. The candlesticks in use before electricity were, for this service, restored to their slots in the pews, filled with red candles, which gave a gentle light for the hearing of the lessons. Thanks to the overhead heating, there were no draughts to make the candles gutter. There were no complaints of difficulty in reading the carol sheets, for the electric lights were switched on for the singing. Askerswell's pet baritone was unable to fly over from Rome this year to embellish the programme, but the organist sang two solos which went down well. Despite the weather, there was a sizeable congregation for the Christmas Communion. On behalf of the Sunday School, Margaret Bryan and Andrew Savage made a presentation to the church of wine for use at Communion.

The total of our Christmas communicants was 221, and of collections in church about £126. Both of these establish a new record. Of the collections it may be said that our people without being lectured on the subject, seem to realise that church expenses go up with everything else, and increase their giving accordingly. Of attendance it may be said that the real test of a church's stamina comes in the dark days of January and February, when the pull of bed can out-pull the bells, and God be denied his due of worship.

Loders School, like the church, plays a vital part in Christmas and we hope the headmaster, his wife and family, and his school staff, are not worn to a frazzle by their exertions. These they embark on with an enthusiasm which is in itself one of the real spiritual fruits of Christmas. The concert with which they open the mission sale is always different, and the current one always seems to excel the preceding one. This time it had a flavour of Greek drama. A chorus of children, accompanied by recorders and fiddles, etc., sang about Christmas, while shepherds and magi threaded through them to pay homage to Mother and Child. Child actors are unpredictable, and fortunately for the producer there is nothing the audience likes better than say for one of the Three Kings to be giving another a clout. Here the Mother was musical, jogging the Child to a beat so animated that He would have died of hiccups had He not been a doll. At the conclusion of the concert Mrs. Willmott thanked the school, the audience, and the givers of goods for sale, and came home with a splendid £70 for the work of the Church overseas.

Children, parents and friends met again, but in Loders church, for the annual carol service. Children read the lessons and led the singing, with Mrs. Tiltman at the organ. The collection, £11, was sent to the Army Benevolent Fund for the children of soldiers killed in Ulster. A few days later came the breaking up party at school, and the visit of Santa Claus with his sack of presents. Parents had provided the tea, and so abundantly that the children could have regaled themselves twice over.

It might be thought that because the Uploders Chapel has not yet appeared in our narrative of Christmas it is therefore unimportant, which is not so. The little chapel always set Christmas off on the proper foot, and would be much missed if it did not function. It is too small and over-furnished for a Nativity Play to be put on with professional aplomb, and perhaps for that very reason conjures up the inconvenience and poverty of the cave of Bethlehem in a touching way. Mrs. Stebbings was really

manipulating her team of Uploders boys and girls with skill. As their Minister put it, she succeeded in cramming a harp into a mini minor. The chapel was quite full, including the gallery, and the strangers heard for the first time a beautiful rendering of the Lodors carol. Service ended, rather after the fashion of the Bridport Operatic Society, with presents for the performers, and none gave greater pleasure than that to the chapel stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, the latter having come out for the first time after a month's illness.

This lengthy report of Christmas now ends with the perambulations of Lodors church choir. The juniors were as usual in attendance at Mr. and Mrs. Wood's party in the barn at Knowle Farm, singing carols and thereby earning good money for the C of E Children's Society. There are no flies on these juniors. Knowing that the vicarage transport which brought them up would have made a dignified retreat before the bacchanolia began, they had arranged their own carriage home. (In which they showed more foresight than the venerable Sidney Hansford). A full choir, augmented by many who like the fun of singing round the parish, serenaded Lodors Court, where they were suitably refreshed, and worked their way to Miss Mona Edwards', arriving later than they thought. She had gathered a party to listen, and the party must have been sorely tempted to fall on those delectable mince-pies and punch while the choir were so long in coming. The tour of Lodors ended with the usual feast before the fire at the vicarage. The Uploders tour ended pleasantly, first with soup in the courtyard at Uploders House, then with solid nourishment in Mrs. Rust's drawing room. There it was told how nervous some of the senior citizens are in opening their doors in these days of muggery and violence. One lady who had got her door unbolted in fear and trembling said, with relief, "Ah, it's only the sinners". Well, the sinners collected nearly £26 for the Children's Society.

Village inns are regarded in Lodors as a civilising influence almost on a par with the church. When it became known that Mr. Nightingale was giving up the Lodors Arms for West Bay it was cause for genuine concern who his successor might be, and whether he would be worthy to take his stand alongside mine hosts of The Crown and The Traveller's Rest. Only years of history can settle a question like this in the country, but if the opinion of the newcomer's immediate neighbours is ought to go by, then the omens are good. The new landlord is Mr. Reginald Brill. Fishes are lower in the order of creation than birds, but Mr. Brill comes with the aura of his experience in the Colonial Police Service, and is a father figure with wife and three children. We wish him well.

A swapping of Council cottages has resulted in Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gale removing from Well Plot to Bradpole with their four children, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Draper and their four children, aged four to ten, coming from Bradpole to Well Plot. Mr. Draper is a self-employed carpenter. Other newcomers to Lodors are Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gale, the dairyman at Boarsbarrow, who occupy a new farm cottage near the vicarage. They have three children, all under five, and come from Blandford. It is good to have an accession of young life.

After fond farewells from Guides and Brownies in Lodors Village Hall, Mrs. Cross, the District Commissioner, left Uploders with her husband and family for Cirencester, in the vicinity of which Mr. Cross will resume teaching, and where they will live in the warden's house of a Quaker meeting place. They were exemplary parishioners in their eleven years here, and we are keeping our fingers crossed while likely candidates for Mrs. Cross' work for the Guides are considering it.

SERVICES IN JANUARY

<u>LODORS</u>	5th	H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	12th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	19th	H.C. 8 and 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	26th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
<u>ASKERSWELL</u>	5th	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	12th	Matins 10
	19th	Family Service 10
	26th	H.C. 10
<u>DOTTERY</u>	5th	H.C. 9.30. All others at 3

All Adult Parishioners of Askerswell are earnestly invited to the Easter Vestry and Annual Church Meeting at the Village Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 11th, at 8 p.m. The chief business is to receive the church accounts, appoint churchwardens and other officers. It is also an opportunity for anybody with an opinion on any church matter to air it.

Loders Parochial Church Council will meet at the Vicarage on Friday, Feb. 7th, at 7.30 p.m. In addition to routing business there will be the celebration of the ninth centenary of the Diocese of Salisbury to consider.

The tower of Loders Church now has a new roof, and the scaffolders removed their apparatus without hurting the churchyard in the way they did when they brought it in. The job took a surprisingly long time. It was more intricate than the layman can imagine. It has been thoroughly done, so thoroughly indeed that the foreman thinks the architect was subconsciously securing the tower against cyclones that are gotten in Darwin, Australia. It is cause for thankfulness that the job was completed before the big pay rise for builders takes effect. The architect is hoping that as the roof is a new one, and not a repaired one, V.A.T. may be avoided. If V.A.T. is payable, then the total bill will be around three thousand pounds. Thanks to having a fete for the repair of the church every year, whether work is in prospect or not, the bill can be met without any special appeal. The church has now been entirely re-roofed in the present vicar's incumbency. Askerswell Church has also been re-roofed - and re-floored. Either parish may be excused a little self-gratulation on having got these vital works done before the economic blizzard really bites.

The Vicar feels he has started on the road to maturity now that the first Dottery girl he married, Margaret Harris, has, with her husband, Leslie Mudford, celebrated their silver wedding with a memorable party at West Mead Hotel. As if the warmth and jollity of this great family gathering were not in itself proof enough of the affection in which the silver bride and groom are held, the tables behind the throne on which they received homage were arrayed with presents enough to set up another home. It is the bridegroom's good fortune to have a nephew, Graham Walbrin, in Thames Television, and he kept everybody "in fits" with a radio programme national in stature but unmistakably local in thickness. In his speech the Vicar recalled that the bride was forty minutes late for her wedding on Jan. 21st 1950. Whereupon the bride piped up "That was father. He couldn't find his collar. Men are always like that." The Belshay end of Dottery was a happy, olde worlde backwater when all the Harris's were at The Farm, and all the Barnes's at The Dairy next door. But each establishment was true to its own nature. At The Farm Margaret was efficiently filling the place of her dead mother, and there you got a scolding if you did not wipe your boots. At The Dairy it was not at all unlikely that you might find yourself trying to be composed on a hard kitchen chair, while a pig of noble proportions, Sarah's pet, snoozed on the sofa.

Loders Church has Mr. Robert Ward mostly to thank for a recent augmentation of its A & M hymn and prayer books. Mr. Ward's refined conscience would be hurt if this act were construed as one of spontaneous altruism on his part. It was motivated by enlightened self interest. By the time he gets to church, the good books are taken, and he is fotted off with very inferior seconds, which strain his eyes, and try his patience. So he mentioned the matter in his casual schoolboy manner to other members of the congregation, and got subs enough from them to make his own - generous - donation equal to the rapacious demands of the publishers. Mr. Ward is known for getting things done, but this caps everything. He told the publishers he must have the books for Christmas, and pace the fact that the publishers think in terms of eternity, and posts are bad, Christmas came, and there were the books in Loders Church, each inscribed as belonging to Loders Church in the fair hand of Miss Juliet Willmot.

The ecclesiastical authorities have in their wisdom decreed that parishes must have a new official, called The Parochial Information Officer. Loders is notoriously unresponsive to the crack of the official whip, but is inclined to do something when the cracking degenerates into nagging. Looking about for a worthy recipient of this honour, the Vicarial eye alighted on Mr. Maurice Lawson, of Knowle Farm, who is a man of intelligence, prudence, and of pleasing presence. In a spirit of obedience becoming to a soldier of the Church Militant, Maurice accepted the news of his appointment with only the ghost of a wince. In due course the authorities may indicate who the recipient of the parochial information is to be. For the present Maurice is feeding it to the Vicar, and tasty stuff it is.

A new team, namely Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bellis, took over the running of Askerswell's new year party, to give Mr. George Bryan, Mr. Donald Marsh, and other hard worked veterans, a rest. The new boys excelled with so little apparent effort that it could well be they have had previous experience. There was a good turn-out of parishioners of all ages. Dances to the music of Mr. Hirst's band, expanded now to three performers, were relieved by games, and lavish refreshments. As so often happens in life generally, an item

that fell into the programme accidentally is the thing everybody recalls most pleasurably now. The band struck up a seductive Spanish air. Askerswell people are not notably cosmopolitan, or given to fandangoes and tarantellas, but Mrs. Bellis is. She took the floor. It was a blessing nobody was up to joining her. She whirled and strutted and pirouetted with authentic Latin abandon. The audience gasped in awe, and felt fortunate indeed to have her as president of their Women's Institute. Thanks to a kind donation of £10 from Mr. Alexander, the hire of the band did not figure in the expenses. Mr. Alexander is not an active member of the church, but he seems well versed in the principle of tithing. His kind offering was a tenth of the £100 he had lately won on the football draw which helps to finance the Hall.

The only snag in Mr. Derek Tiffin's prosperous leather business in Uploders is that it is too sedantary. To give him and his lady more exercise, he has presented a table tennis to the village hall, which they use when they can spare the time. Mr. Tiffin says that anybody caring to join them is welcome. Good to have the hall put thus to another use.

The air of Uploders seems more conducive to long life than that of Lower Lodgers, if the number of senior citizens domiciled in the former is anything to go by. Mrs. Sarah Read celebrated her ninetyeth birthday on January 6th, the feast of the Epiphany. She was not on her best form physically that day. She received the homage of family and friends in bed. This put new life in her, and now she is stronger. Whether she owes her long life to themaxim "hard works kills nobody" or to the devotion of her daughters, is a subject for debate. In her younger days she sarg in Lodgers choir, and was a pupil teacher in Lodgers School.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Denis Gibbs of Lodgers, on the birth of their first child, a son, at Portwey Hospital. He was expected to be a Christmas day baby, but arrived on December 28th.

The happy community of Gales, Symes and Mackenzie-Edwards at Vinney Cross has suffered grievous loss by the unexpected death of Miss Mackenzie-Edwards, who would have been eighty in April. She was up early and about in the cottage on Jan. 14th, then it became still, and Mr. Bill Symes, going in, found her dead. A post mortem revealed a thrombosis, which occurred mercifully when she was not in her car. The funeral service and burial was at Lodgers church, where she had been a regular member of the congregation. Somebody had the nice thought to put a posy in her pew. In his address the Vicar referred to her unusual combination of childlike awe for the wonders of the world with a high and sophisticated intelligence. She had been a keen traveller abroad, and that had doubtless increased her appreciation of Dorset.

A recent parish meeting agreed with the proposal to make Lower Lodgers a conservation area, and extracted from the planning people a promise to make Uploders one also. A benefit of conservation would be to have the mess of overhead wires put out of sight. It is a pity that conservation comes too late to preserve the distinguishing characteristic of Lodgers. It was not anciently called Long Lothor for nothing. It was more or less one street, stretching for two miles from Hole Farm to Matravers, with no development in depth. To preserve this, the council houses at Well Plot should have been continued along the road from Shatcombe, which was the first site suggested for them.

SERVICES IN FEBRUARY

LODERS 2nd H.C. 8 & 12; Matins 11; Children 2
9th H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2
Ash Wednesday: Children 9.15; Communion 10
16th H.C. 8 & 12; Matins 11; Children 2
23rd H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.

ASKERSWELL 2nd Children 10; Evensong 6.30
9th Matins 10
16th Family Service 10
Ash Wednesday: Communion 11
23rd H.C. 10.

LOTTERY 2nd H.C. 9.30; All others at 3.

The Bishop of Sherborne preaching to the people of Askerswell, Loders and Dottery on Sunday morning April 6th at Loders, is something we are looking forward to, and is a timely reminder that pleasant things have in the past emanated from Ireland even if they don't now. Victor Pike is Anglo-Irish, a former rugger international, and a former Chaplain-General to the Forces (Rugger seems to help promotion in the Army Chaplain's department: a room junior of the Vicar's at college is now Chaplain General and he was good at rugger). Bishop Pike's mother must be the most remarkable woman in the world. She begot three bishops, and perhaps as an afterthought, a colonial governor. The bishops are their lordships of Meath, Sherborne and Gambia - and - Rig Pongas. At one of the Lambeth conferences a trendy reporter described the third bishop as "The Bishop of Gambia and Miss Rio Pongas". Bishop Pike finds this perennially useful in his after-dinner speeches.

The Easter Vestry and annual church meeting at Askerswell was well attended. Mr. Frank Garrard reported that the number on the church roll is now 71, a proportion of the total population which would make England a godly country were it typical of the nation. Captain Michael Lumby accepted nomination as Rector's churchwarden, and Mr. Jack Stevens was elected people's churchwarden. The sidesmen are Messrs. N. Adams, F. Garrard, M. Evans, G. Bryan, and G. Bellis. The non-ex-officio members of the Church Council are Mrs. Mabbs, Group Captain Newall, Mr. N. Frost, Mrs. Lumby, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Brook, Mr. D. Marsh. The fund raising committee are Mr. Frost, Group Captain Newall, Mrs. Gordon-Hall, and Mrs. Clifford, with power to co-opt.

The Church accounts, presented by Mrs. Bryan, showed the financial position to have been strong at the year end of 1974, but it always looks less comfortable when the meeting considers the commitments for the current year. Receipts totalled £859.81, and expenditure £524.87, leaving a balance of £334.94. Collections and covenants accounted for £491.72 of the receipts, and donations for £112.25. All these were up on the previous year - and so, of course, were expenses.

The Quota which each parish pays to central church funds has been announced. It is proportionate to the total income of each parish. Loders is now £518, an increase of 20%, and Askerswell £133, an increase of over 50%. Our three parishes, with about one fiftieth of the population of the Lyme Bay Deanery, are paying one tenth of the Deanery quota.

A rustle of excitement in the Newberry clan of Loders, out of keeping with its usual sang froid, signalled the birth of a son to Sheila and Philip Passmore at Nottingham on Feb. 20th. He makes grandparents of our well beloved Steve and Gladys Newberry. Gladys is taking off from Cloverleaf Farm for Nottingham, pigs or no pigs. Granny and Grandpa Newberry become great grandparents. The radiance of Great Granny Newberry as she broke the news at breakfast time to the vicarage told it before she could speak. A shortage of breath suggested she might have sprinted all the way from the old post office.

A pang of sorrow went through the congregation of Loders Church when they heard prayers asked for the repose of Vera Graves, described later on the memorial card as being "for 41 years the beloved wife, companion and helpmeet of William Ernest Graves, of Woodsford, near Dorchester". It seemed monstrous of death to separate so devoted and closely knit a pair. Mr. and Mrs. Graves had been gone from Loders for sixteen years, having lived here for seven and a half. Their roots seemed to be here and the friendships they made here were enduring. A fine Sunday morning was apt to see them back in their old pew at Loders, and William passing the collecting plate with the twinkle in his eye that used to make anything less than half-a-crown seem mean. (He and Vera had a keen eye for the funny side of things). On their last visit together William told how she had been ill, and was going into hospital for an operation the following Thursday. There her morale was excellent. She joined in physical jerks in the gymnasium. But she did not long survive the operation. This turned out to be merciful; for the surgeon said he could not have prolonged her life for more than a year at the outside, and life under sentence of death would not have been life, at any rate to her, who had known little illness. The congregation for the funeral at Woodsford filled the church, and showed that Loders had no monopoly of esteem for Vera and William. At the invitation of the Vicar of Woodsford, the Vicar of Loders took part in the service and gave the address. Cremation followed, and at her wish the ashes were scattered in Loders churchyard.

The late Mrs. Dorothy Froud was another extra-parochial member of the Loders congregation who wished her obsequies to be in Loders. Cremation at Yeovil followed a sung service and the ashes were brought back to Loders. The profusion of flowers in the church which gave an unwonted brightness to the beginning of Lent were mostly hers.

Mr. Christopher Miles left Loders with the good wishes of the congregation to answer the call to higher service in the Minehead branch of Barclays Bank. He was organist

for the children's service at Loders, and also organist of Allington. He learned on the Loders organ, and made good progress. His sister Kathy may well do likewise. She is a pianist and violinist by choice, but is kindly accompanying the children's hymns on the organ.

Somebody at the Askerswell church meeting made the inspired suggestion that the repairs to the church flagstaff recommended in the architect's report be done as a memorial to the late Captain Edward Aylmer. It was seized with enthusiasm, and Mr. Bellis has kindly agreed to receive donations towards the cost. It was only at the previous church meeting that Captain Aylmer had called attention to the defunct flagstaff, and urged that something should be done. As a shining light of the Royal Navy he felt that the church was not properly dressed overall if it were not flying the flag on days like Easter and St. George's.

If the mild weather holds, there should be no lack of flowers for the children to distribute to our senior citizens on Mothering Sunday, March 9th. Doubtless Mrs. Garrard will be making arrangements for Askerswell. At Loders the service for mothers and children will be as usual, at two o'clock.

The windows of Dottery Church keep on attracting the attention of mischievous boys, and now three windows are either broken or badly cracked. This is no joke at any time, much less the present, when repairs cost so much. There is evidence enough to make a court case, but the churchwardens offer "one more chance", and trust there may be no repetition.

The volunteers who keep Askerswell churchyard in such excellent order find that curbstones of graves not clipped by relatives of the deceased are a burden to the volunteers. They hope the said relatives may rectify this. At the annual church meeting the spokesman of the volunteers aired the matter, and the meeting agreed to their request that no new curbs should be allowed. Headstones will continue to be, of course.

The ninth centenary of the founding of the diocese of Salisbury falls this year, and parishes are responding to the Bishop's urging them to do something unusual and worthwhile to mark it. Loders Church Council are resolved to hold a coffee morning in the summer and give the proceeds towards redecorating the interior of the Uploders Chapel, whose exterior has already been done. Askerswell church meeting offered to join Loders in this, and at a recent meeting of clergy the Archdeacon was much taken by the project as promoting true unity of spirit between the Christian denominations. We are all for unity, as opposed to uniformity. The second parochial enterprise to mark the ninth centenary will be a Sunday evening service, later in the year, chiefly for couples married by the present Vicar in Loders and Askerswell.

The Diocese will honour the ninth centenary by an open air service at Old Sarum, where the cathedral was first built, on Sunday June 1st at 3 p.m. when the preacher will be the Archbishop of Canterbury. A coach will leave Loders at 10 a.m. Would people wanting to join it give their names to the Vicar speedily if they have not already done so.

By a happy coincidence another Loders-inspired book by Mr. Leonard Clark on the Bridport - Maiden Newton railway theme, will be reaching the bookshops just as the question of closing the line or turning it into a private railway is hotting up. We have had a preview of the cover, which is most attractive. The illustrations are again by Miss Toffee Sanders, well known for her portraits in oil and pastel of children and dogs. This book's predecessor, "Mr. Pettigrew's harvest festival" was a godsend for those trying to find presents with a local flavour at a reasonable price. "Mr. Pettigrew's train" could be a further godsend.

SERVICES IN MARCH

<u>Loders</u>	2nd	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	9th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	16th	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2
	23rd	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
	Good Friday	Litany 9, Devotional 11
	Easter Day	H.C. 7, 8, 12, Matins 11, Children 2
<u>Askerswell</u>	2nd	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
	9th	Matins 10
	16th	Family Service 10
	23rd	Matins 10
	Good Friday	Devotional 10
	Easter Day	H.C. 10, Evensong 6.30
<u>Dottery</u>	2nd	H.C. 9.30,

A reminder herewith that the Bishop of Sherborne will be preaching at seven o'clock matins in Loders Church on Sunday, April 6th. There will be no service at Askerswell or Dottery that day. The eight o'clock communion and two o'clock children's service at Loders will be as usual.

There was an abundance of flowers for the children to bring to church on Mothering Sunday. At Askerswell two members of the Sunday School made an offering of posies at the altar during the first hymn of matins, and gave them to the congregation after service. The sun shone brightly on Loders children as they trooped out of Loders church clutching their flowers. They massed at the church gate, a pretty sight, and then reinforced by some of their parents invaded the village, bestowing their greetings on the senior citizens. Dottery has never before shown an interest in Mothering Sunday. This year there was delightful proof that a sense of the occasion is not absent. As the congregation were leaving church a shy little farmer's daughter with a basket of primroses took up position by the door and gave everybody a bunch.

A dull morning brightened up considerably for the blessing of the marriage of Judy Wood and Peter Watson in Loders Church. The bride is an unspoilt sister in a nest of brothers at Knowle Farm, and the groom is all that one would expect a member of the Dorchester banking fraternity to be. The ladies who do the church flowers made festal the setting with a few deft touches, and the bells chimed as the happy couple embarked on their new life. At the reception in the West Mead Hotel the feast of oratory matched up to the delectable viands on the table, and a splendid time was had by all.

The report in our previous issue that the Askerswell Easter Vestry decided to restore the church flagstaff in memory of the late Captain Aylmer has not yet drowned in a flood of donations the treasurer, who is Mr. Bellis of Sloehayes, Askerswell. At the time of writing it has produced only one donation, and this is perturbing the churchwardens as they solicit estimates for the work. We acknowledge our fault in not saying in the report that Mr. Bellis's home is called Sloehayes. But we cannot think that this rendered the resourceful and generous parishioners of Askerswell incapable of getting in touch with him. And such is the resourcefulness of the Post Office that a donation addressed simply to "Mr. Bellis, Dorset" by any outsider would find him.

Such a procession of cars followed the hearse bearing the late Mrs. Daisy Gudge to her funeral in Dottery Church that the narrow road was blocked to most traffic for the duration of the service. She had many relations, and was popular. Her working life was spent in Pymore Mills. She relished her own sense of humour, and rejoiced in her short rotund figure, which it was a tonic to see bobbing in and out of her tiny cottage in Pymore Buildings. Her puckishness quite belied her seventy-four years. Our times can ill afford the loss of the likes of her.

The proposal of our three parishes to mark the ninth centenary of the Salisbury Diocese by holding a coffee morning at the vicarage in aid of the interior decoration of the Methodist chapel, Uploders has been well received by the trustees of the chapel. The steward, Mr. Morris, writing to the vicar, says: "My wife and I and the trustees of our little Methodist church in Uploders read with much pleasure the generous interest being taken in the redecoration of our church by the members of your congregation, so much so that they intend having a coffee morning to help us raise the money needed. We feel, as you do, that we all live in a happy spirit of unity in Loders, and we hope this will always be so. Perhaps you will advise us of the date of the coffee morning in due course, as we are sure some of our members and friends would like to come along and give support". May we now give notice that the day will be Thursday, June 5th, which should give Askerswell time to flex its muscles again for the summer supper at South Eggardon House on Saturday, June 21st.

A youth club is meeting in Loders village hall on Monday nights with Mr. Price, Mr. Prideaux, Mr. Morris and Mrs. Dunn as its leaders. Mr. Price collected them by the simple expedient of writing to Loders children who attend Colfox School. Thirty children attended each of the first two sessions and amused themselves at table tennis, chess, darts and records. A County youth organiser looked in on them, was impressed by their good behaviour and murmured something about grants for equipment. Meanwhile the local Brownie pack under Mrs. Price and helpers caters for the girls of primary age. They have just had their Easter egg race down Boarsbarrow Hill. The eggs are hard boiled in coloured water and painted. Little survives the rough road to the bottom, but as the egg decreases the fun increases. This year's winner was Tessa Hyde, and Mrs. Willmott rewarded the competitors with chocolate eggs.

The number of pupils in Loders school will rise next term to sixty-seven, the highest for a long time. It is good for the school to be so popular, but when

this conjoins with a lack of space the work of the headmaster and staff is made harder.

A demonstration of repairing and making kneelers given by an expert to Askerswell Women's Institute has inspired them with a resolve to practise the art themselves to the ultimate benefit of Askerswell church. Permission from the Rector was sought beforehand so deferentially that he thought the W.I. were seeking a favour from him instead of conferring one. The brash world of today could do with more of this old world courtesy.

Waking up to the realisation that they had not had an annual meeting for three years, Lodgers suddenly decided to have one and Captain Harry Crabb decreed that it should be in the playroom of his hostelry, The Crown, with the landlord thereof kindly acquiescing. He was re-elected captain, and nominated tower warden by the Vicar, who remarked on the good fortune of both Lodgers and Askerswell in having their bells fully operational every Sunday with teams of young and old of both sexes. Miss Cynthia Newberry was elected vice-captain, and Mr. Frank Good secretary and treasurer.

Uploders House has been in the public eye of late. Creditably, we hasten to say. Coming up to her ninety-first birthday, Mrs. Dora Boyd fascinated the prayer group with a talk that seemed to be the distillation of all her rich religious experience. Few people could give such an address even in their prime. The pity was that it was not being heard all over the country. Mrs. Boyd's son-in-law, Mr. Nigel Wykes, has other talents. When he is not gardening he is drawing or versifying, and an illustrated poem of his, called "the asker", has just appeared in the Bridport bookshops. He was classics master of Eton, which accounts perhaps for an aura of "Paradise Regained" about this intense and beautiful evocation of our local scene.

Lodgers has had its meed of publicity through the Rev. Dr. Martin Thornton, Chancellor and Canon Residentiary Designate of Truro Cathedral. He preached the sermon and gave the commentary in a televised service from the chapel of his old college, King's, London. Locals watching his masterly performance with bated breath were delighted when he brought in Dorset, if slightly puzzled at the congregation's amusement.

For the first time in living memory Lodgers is without a resident family of Randalls. Mrs. Randall and her children have moved to a more convenient home in East Road and a family from Kennford, Exeter, are installed at The Croft. They are Mr. & Mrs. Tony Shaw, and their daughter Caroline, aged nine, and son Stephen, aged eight. Mr. Shaw is Director of Social Services for the West Dorset Health Authority and is based at Herrison. Mr. Morris, steward of the Uploders chapel, will rejoice in this reinforcement of the Methodist community.

Group Captain Derek Newall was unanimously re-elected chairman of the Askerswell Parish Assembly. He was able to announce that the tenants of the one-and-three-quarter-acres of parish land had agreed to increase their rent to a total of £11, which is the parish's only revenue. It was decided to put on the agenda for the next meeting a proposal to make a small precept on the rate for parish purposes. It was also decided to fill in the refuse tip on the parish land, as opportunity arises. Mr. Brook's concurrence in this was reluctant. He confessed to having recovered useful articles from the tip, including a roll of new wire.

The timing of Easter in relation to the typing of these notes has confined the reporting of it to this short paragraph, which will suit the mood of those who were not impressed by its performance weatherwise. Snow showers from Maunday Thursday to mid morning of Easter Day made it Christmas in the outside world, but inspired our decorators to superlative efforts to make seasonal the inside of our churches. The temporary state of the roads kept a few people away from Lodgers and Dottery on Easter Day but Askerswell excelled itself both morning and evening.

Services in April

Lodgers 6th H.C. 8. Bishop of Sherborne 11. Children 2.
13th H.C. 8 & 12. Matins 11. Children 2
20th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2
27th H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell 13th. Matins 10. 20th Family service 10. 27th H.C. 10

Dottery. 13th, 20th & 27th at 3.

The May Fair at Loders school is one of the events most looked forward to in our whole year. It will be on Saturday afternoon, May 17th, and Miss Muriel Smelt, that unfailing friend of good causes, has kindly consented to do the crowning at 2.30 pm. As usual the purpose of the fair is dual: the maypole dancing is a rite of spring; and the buying and selling is to replenish the school fund, whose only source of supply the fair is. The fund meets the cost of extras not supplied by the authority, and pays for the Christmas presents. Each year the takings of the fair show a healthy rise, and they need to if they are to neutralise the present soaring inflation.

Church people generally are allergic to the business side of church affairs. This combined with a cold snowy night to deter some from attending the Easter vestry and annual meeting in Loders school. But such readiness to trust affairs to the capable hands of present office holders could reduce the attendance to a state in which the office holders would have to elect themselves or absentees. Which would be far from satisfactory. The holders of office for the current year are: Mr. Ian Roberts, Vicar's warden of Loders, and Mr. Cecil Marsh, Vicar's warden of Dottery, Mr. Jack McDowall people's warden of Loders and Mr. John Marsh people's warden of Dottery, Sidesmen Messrs. H. Crabb, R. Price, R. Thomas and M. Lawson, Deanery Synod, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Male, Miss Glover and Miss Roberts, Church Council The Hon. Alexander Hood (ex officio), Mrs. F. Randall, Mrs. C. Wilkins, Miss M. Edwards, Colonel E.F.R. Stack, Mr. N. Prideaux, Mrs. L. Strachan, Mr. Harcombe and Mrs. Moreby, Secretary and treasurer, Miss Muriel Randall.

Mr. Cecil Marsh missed the Easter Vestry for the first time that anybody could remember. It was feared that he must be ill indeed. The meeting heard to their surprise that he was suffering from a wasp sting. Interest switched at once to the wasp. What manner of wasp was this, to be about in early April, and an April when there was snow on Eggardon?

It slipped out at the Easter vestry that Miss Randall had been secretary of the PCC for a quarter of a century. This drew attention to the pleasing fact that Loders church has some active members who have been active for a long time indeed. Our organist, Mr. Bill Tiltman, has been organist under four vicars - Palmer, Beardmore, Hutton, and most of the twenty-eight years of the present vicar. His wife Vera seems to have been in the choir all her life. Mrs. Margaret Brown, Mr. Sidney Tilley and Mrs. Willmott, easily top a quarter of a century in the choir and Mrs. Deacon has not a lot of leeway to make up. Among the ringers Harry Crabb has been going strong for nearly sixty years, and in the congregation are Mrs. Grace Hyde and Mrs. Mears who have been worshippers for approaching eighty years. Our newly confirmed members are compassed about with a goodly company of examples who "screwed their courage to the sticking place".

Another personal note was struck at this same Easter vestry when Mrs. Kit Shirley arrived late from another meeting and was warmly congratulated on being the new Mayor-elect of Bridport. She is but a babe alongside some of the other Loders veterans, showing however that quality of public service is a nice match for quantity.

In Askerswell Mr. Norman Adams has only just had to give up regular attendance at church as he comes within sight of ninety, and we suspect that the belles of the Dottery congregation, Mrs. Cecil Marsh, and Mrs. Reynish, could put Dottery honourably in the long service stakes were they not so modest. It is a great sadness to the Dottery congregation that another faithful veteran, Miss Gibbs, will shortly be leaving to live within reach of relatives at Great Yarmouth, and that Mrs. Knighton Hammond contemplates retreating into community life in Bridport.

Accounts of Loders church for the year ending 31st December 1974 showed receipts of £1633.06, expenses £1407.04 and a credit balance of £226.02., the repair fund stood at £3945.53, but most of this had since been spent on a new roof for the tower. Dottery receipts were £163.45, and expenses £187.90, leaving a debit balance of £24.45, but this was covered by a deposit account of £75.

The offer of Loders Court for the fete on August 2nd was gratefully accepted from the Hon. Alexander Hood, and a request granted from Askerswell for a stand at the fete in connection with a draw they are running throughout the summer. It was agreed to let the Loders village hall have a stall again if they wished to. Later the village hall secretary, Mr. Harold Brown, wrote to say that his committee felt they should "break out on their own" this year, and hoped to begin by holding a dance in the hall on the evening of the fete, instead of a stall.

The Easter Wedding of Miss Dulcie Newberry and Mr. Rodney Parr at Loders church was all that a nice girl could wish for. Her friends filled the church, and they included her sister's family who had battled their way down from Nottingham in the snow. The

Church was a veritable Temple of Flora in its festal dress and the day was sunny and springlike, delightfully different from what had been passing as holiday weather up till then. Ringers cannot modulate the sound of their bells to show that they themselves are cheerful, but on this occasion they were decidedly, for Dulcie was one of their number, and, better still, by making her new home in the village, is to remain one. The bridegroom had the support of his fellow footballers, and this of course was more apparent at the West Mead reception than in church.

Whether Easter Day was greater for Granny Newberry than for Sheila and Philip Passmore, the parents of young Robert Matthew who was christened in the maternal font that day, is not really open to doubt. Parting is such sweet sorrow, and Sheila could not get on the road back to Nottingham before she had solemnly promised her grandmother to come again in a few weeks time. And now we must mind our p's and q's. Gladys of Cloverleaf is Granny Newberry, and the original is Great Granny. It will probably resolve into old Granny Newberry and Young Granny Newberry, which will not infallibly indicate Gladys to the uninitiated, for the other is so perky.

We hear that the Women's Institute of Askerswell have quickly got their teeth into the business of making hassocks for the church. A foraging party has been to the Wilton carpet factory to buy wool at a reduced rate, and red has been decided on as the background colour most in keeping with the militant Michael and All Angels who are patrons of the church. Meanwhile the churchwardens have not been slothful in the business of getting a flagpole in memory of the late Captain Aylmer. It is already in the south aisle, painted white, enjoying the peace and quiet of the church before being launched into the less predictable elements that keep company with the top of the tower.

The late Mr. Randolph Cyril David Symes, of Bridport, who died in the General Hospital there was buried in Lodors cemetery after a sung service in the church. He was sixty-seven, and had endured years of illness with fortitude. At the family's request a collection was taken for the Disabled. Perhaps his father was a more familiar figure in Lodors then he; for the father used to ride out on his bicycle to cultivate the plot in New Street Lane near the Old Mill.

The twentieth day of April was an interesting Sunday because three widely scattered families of divergent callings all found it the best day for their offspring to be christened in Lodors church. Consequently the body of the church was filled with Sunday School, parents, god-parents, grandparents, and relatives and friends young and old; and the hymns were not the only noise that wafted heavenwards. To the satisfaction of the older generation some of the neophytes cried the devil entirely out of their systems, and everything was cheerful, which must have pleased the Lord. The one boy christened was Matthew Paul Gibbs, the firstborn of Dennis Arthur and Maxine Joy of 28 Lodors. One of the two girls was Jessamy Jane Upton firstborn of Michael John and Susan Elizabeth, of 45 Uploders, and treasured first grandchild of Mr. & Mrs. Young of that address. The other was Sharon Marie Tilley, the first born of Ronald Edward and Esther Louise, who had brought him all the way from their home near Lincoln. Ronald was a useful member of the ringers before he left Lodors. It was pleasing indeed to the whole Tilley clan that his niece Jane Davis, though sitting in a wheel chair, had recovered sufficiently from a long illness to be one of the godmothers.

Tailpiece. Undertakers, or morticians as they like to be called nowadays, are required by the nature of their profession to meet all situations with solemn inscrutable faces. We gather, however, that a local mortician did indulge in the flicker of an eyelid when he found that the corpse he had been summoned to make a coffin for and inter was a dog, a St. Bernard, who weighed fifteen stone.

Services in May

Loders: 4th. H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
Ascension Day H.C.8, Children 9.
11th H.C.8, Matins 11, Children 2.
18th. Whitsun, H.C.8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2.
25th. H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2.

Askerswell: 4th Children 10. Evensong 6.30. Ascension Day H.C.10.
11th Matins 10.
18th Whitsun H.C. 10.
25th Family Service 10.

Dottery: 4th. H.C. 9.30. All others at 3.

At evensong on Trinity Sunday the Dottery congregation said fond farewells to Miss Gibbs, who, after twenty years of participation in the local church life was moving to a bungalow near Great Yarmouth, where her relatives would be within easy reach of her. Spinning and weaving were her great hobby in Dottery. It was only the fact that her spinning wheel and loom were going with her that made the move tolerable.

Mr. Alan Goldie and his mother have been gone from Shipton Lane for many years but their soft spot for Loders Church is still soft. They and the rest of their family were there for the christening of Alan and Jane's latest child, a son, on Trinity Sunday. He was named Peter Alan Malcolm.

The reason for the refurbishing of the former Gillespie cottage in Uploders, now in progress, is that it has been acquired by two natives of Lancashire, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hughes, in the hope that they may be living in it in eighteen months time. At present Mr. Hughes is a lecturer in mathematics at a teacher training college in Maragoli, Kenya. A well known hazard of family life in the Services has befallen Major Martin Burnham, his wife Georgina and their two sons. He took the late Miss Taylor's cottage in Matravers, and began to do it up, becoming quite enchanted with West Dorset in the process, when he was posted to Hong Kong. He reckons to be there by Christmas, joined by his family. They all hope it may not be too long before they are back in Matravers.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Good, of Well Plot, on Whit Monday, in Brieport Hospital, a potential bell ringer, we hope, like his father.

At the annual meeting of Loders Parish Council, Mr. Lucas was re-elected Chairman, and Mr. Price Vice Chairman. Mrs. Skeats was appointed to the village hall committee; Mr. Wilfred Crabb and Mr. George Hyde to be trustees of the Uploders Charity; and Mrs. Maurice Crabb and Mr. John Hyde (if willing) to be managers of Loders School. The clerk announced that the 'bus company had raised the new shelter for old people outside the village hall to the status of a 'bus stop, and graced its interior with a timetable.

A village vignette. There was nothing in Yondover to make the passerby think about the mysterious ways of the local planning authority until a magnificent stone shelter, standing on a concrete lay-by, and set like a jewel in a half bracelet of stone walling, appeared, as if by magic, to form the portico of our sorry looking village hall, which at present is a discoloured hut of wood and corrugated iron, with a moss-infested roof, awaiting a facelift. When the hut is facelifted, it and its portico will cease to illustrate so vividly what the Sermon on the Mount says about putting a new patch on an old garment. The glazed stone shelter is quite a suntrap. The other day it was truly heart warming to see that devoted servant of the parish, Mr. Harold Brown, working at his papers in it, and conserving energy. The miniature in the jewel!

A sad side effect of the closing of the Bridport-Maiden Newton railway is that those of us who told the time by the passing to and fro of the little train now have to look more closely at our clocks. Vegetation is already restoring the track to Nature. It was such a personable little train. It would stop to render assistance if it saw a sheep on its back. Less prudently it would sometimes stop to let a passenger alight at Loders, where the absence of a platform and the precipitous step down could splay him for ever.

A pretty sight brought bank holiday traffic to a halt and customers streaming out of the Crown where New Road meets Old Road in Uploders (the Uploders of Mr. Kenneth Allsop). With a fine disregard for the modern world, a band of Morris dancers, in gay hats, black breeches, with knees gartered with jingling bells, were performing the ritual of the old Teutonic sword dancers - only with staves instead of swords - to the lilting music of fiddle and accordion. They had come all the way from Sussex, performing wherever they sensed a welcome, seeking alms for their sustenance, and conceding that third class riding, in a minibus, is better than first class walking. Their next stop was to be Spyway. The traditional green dragon collected the alms. You had to brave his champing teeth to put your piece down a neat hold in his gullet. He ate so much that he fell down dead. The burly Master of the Dance besought the fairest damsel among the spectators to give the dragon the kiss of life. She obliged. While he was reviving, all the other dancers hopefully fell down dead. When they revived, it was to find that they had received the kiss of life vicariously, through the good offices of the Master of the Dance, who had not been dead.

SERVICES IN JUNE

<u>LODERS</u> 1st	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2	<u>ASKERSWELL</u> 1st	Children 10, Evensong 6.30
8th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2		
15th	H.C. 8 & 12, Matins 11, Children 2	8th	Matins 10,
22nd	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2	15th	Family Service 10.00
29th	H.C. 8, Matins 11, Children 2	22nd	H.C. 10.00 29th Matins 10.00

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